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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED ROVER," "THE PIONEERS," "LE FEU-FOLLET," ETC.

CERTAIN moral philosophers, with a due disdain of the flimsy foundations of human pride, have shown that every man is equally descended from a million of ancestors, within a given number of generations; thereby demonstrating that no prince exists who does not participate in the blood of some beggar, or any beggar who does not share in the blood of princes. Although favored by a strictly vegetable descent myself, the laws of nature have not permitted me to escape from the influence of this common rule. The earliest accounts I possess of my progenitors represent them as a goodly growth of the *Linum Usitatissimum*, divided into a thousand cotemporaneous plants, singularly well conditioned, and remarkable for an equality that renders the production valuable. In this particular, then, I may be said to enjoy a precedency over the Bourbons themselves, who now govern no less than four different states of Europe, and who have sat on thrones these thousand years.

While our family has followed the general human law in the matter just mentioned, it forms a marked exception to the rule that so absolutely controls all of white blood, on this continent, in what relates to immigration and territorial origin. When the American enters on the history of his ancestors, he is driven, after some ten or twelve generations at most, to seek refuge in a country in Europe; whereas exactly the reverse is the case with us, our most remote extraction being American, while our more recent construction and education have taken place in Europe. When I speak of the "earliest accounts I possess of my progenitors," authentic information is meant only; for, like other races, we have certain dark legends that might possibly carry us back again to the old world in quest of our estates and privileges. But, in writing this history, it has been my determination from the first, to record nothing but settled truths, and to reject everything in the shape of vague report or unauthenticated anecdote. Under these limitations, I have ever considered my family as American by origin, European by emigration, and restored to its paternal soil by the mutations and calculations of industry and trade.

The glorious family of cotemporaneous plants from which I derive my being, grew in a lovely vale of Connecticut, and quite near to the banks of the celebrated river of the same name. This renders us strictly Yankee in our origin, an extraction of which I find all who enjoy it fond of boasting. It is the only subject of self-felicitation with which I am acquainted that men can indulge in, without awakening the envy of their fellow-creatures; from which I infer it is at least innocent, if not commendable.

We have traditions among us of the enjoyments of our predecessors, as they rioted in the fertility of their cis-atlantic field; a happy company of thriving and luxuriant plants. Still, I shall pass them over, merely remarking that a bountiful nature has made such provision for the happiness of all created things as enables each to rejoice in its existence, and to praise, after its fashion and kind, the divine Being to which it owes its creation.

In due time, the field in which my forefathers grew was gathered, the seed winnowed from the chaff and collected in casks, when the whole company was shipped for Ireland. Now occurred one of those chances which decide the fortunes of plants, as well as those of men, giving me a claim to Norman,

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instead of Milesian descent. The embarkation, or shipment of my progenitors, whichever may be the proper expression, occurred in the height of the last general war, and, for a novelty, it occurred in an English ship. A French privateer captured the vessel on her passage home, the flax-seed was condemned and sold, my ancestors being transferred in a body to the ownership of a certain agriculturist in the neighborhood of Evreux, who dealt largely in such articles. There have been evil disposed vegetables that have seen fit to reproach us with this sale as a stigma on our family history, but I have ever considered it myself as a circumstance of which one has no more reason to be ashamed than a d'Ivré has to blush for the robberies of a baron of the middle ages. Each is an incident in the progress of civilization; the man and the vegetable alike taking the direction pointed out by Providence for the fulfilment of his or its destiny.

Plants have sensation as well as animals. The latter, however, have no consciousness anterior to their physical births, and very little, indeed, for some time afterwards; whereas a different law prevails as respects us; our mental conformation being such as to enable us to refer our moral existence to a period that embraces the experience, reasoning and sentiments of several generations. As respects logical inductions, for instance, the *linum usitatissimum* draws as largely on the intellectual acquisitions of the various epochas that belonged to the three or four parent stems which preceded it, as on its own. In a word, that accumulated knowledge which man inherits by means of books, imparted and transmitted information, schools, colleges, and universities, we obtain through more subtle agencies that are incorporated with our organic construction, and which form a species of hereditary mesmerism; a vegetable *clairvoyance* that enables us to see with the eyes, hear with the ears, and digest with the understandings of our predecessors.

Some of the happiest moments of my moral existence were thus obtained, while our family was growing in the fields of Normandy. It happened that a distinguished astronomer selected a beautiful seat, that was placed on the very margin of our position, as a favorite spot for his observations and discourses; from a recollection of the latter of which, in particular, I still derive indescribable satisfaction. It seems as only yesterday—it is in fact fourteen long, long years—that I heard him thus holding forth to his pupils, expatiating the marvels of the illimitable void, and rendering clear to my understanding the vast distance that exists between the Being that created all things and the works of his hands. To those who live in the narrow circle of human interests and human feelings, there ever exists, unheeded, almost unnoticed, before their very eyes, the most humbling proofs of their own comparative insignificance in the scale of creation, which, in the midst of their admitted mastery over the earth and all it contains, it would be well for them to consider, if they would obtain just views of what they are and what they were intended to be.

I think I can still hear this learned and devout man—for his soul was filled with devotion to the dread Being that could hold a universe in subjection to his will—dwelling with delight on all the discoveries among the heavenly bodies, that the recent improvements in science and mechanics have enabled the astronomers to make. Fortunately, he gave his discourses somewhat of the progressive character of lectures, leading his listeners on, as it might be step by step, in a way to render all easy to the commonest understanding. Thus it was, I first got accurate notions of the almost inconceivable magnitude of space, to which, indeed, it is probable there are no more positive limits than there are a beginning and an end to eternity! Can these wonders be, I thought—and how pitiful in those who affect to reduce all things to the level of their own powers of comprehension, and their own experience in practice! Let them exercise their sublime and boasted *reason*, I said to myself, in endeavoring to comprehend infinity in any thing, and we will note the result! If it be in space, we shall find them setting bounds to their illimitable void, until ashamed of the feebleness of their first effort, it is renewed, again and again, only to furnish new proofs of the insufficiency of all of earth, even to bring within the compass of their imaginations truths that all their experiments, inductions, evidence and revelations compel them to admit.

"The moon has no atmosphere," said our astronomer one day, "and if inhabited at all, it must be by beings constructed altogether differently from ourselves. Nothing that has life, either animal or vegetable as we know them, can exist without air, and it follows that nothing having life, according to our views of it, can exist in the moon:—or, if any thing having life do exist there, it must be under such modifications of all our known facts, as to amount to something like other principles of being." "One side of that planet feels the genial warmth of the sun for a fortnight, while the other is for the same period without it," he continued. "That which feels the sun must be a day, of a heat so intense as to render it insupportable to us, while the opposite side on which the rays of the sun do not fall, must be masses of ice if water exist there to be congealed. But the moon has no seas, so far as we can ascertain; its surface representing one of strictly volcanic origin, the mountains being numerous to a wonderful degree. Our instruments enable us to perceive craters, with the inner cones so common to all our own volcanoes, giving reason to believe in the activity of innumerable burning hills at some remote period. It is scarcely necessary to say, that nothing we know could live in the moon under these rapid and extreme transitions of heat and cold, to say nothing of the want of atmospheric air." I listened to this with wonder, and learned to be satisfied with my station. Of what moment was it to me, in filling the destiny of the *linum usitatissimum*, whether I grew in a soil a little more or a little less fertile; whether my fibres attained the extremest fineness known to the manufacturer, or fell a little short of this excellence. I was but a speck among a myriad of other things produced by the hand

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of the Creator, and all to conduce to his own wise ends and unequaled glory. It was my duty to live my time, to be content, and to proclaim the praise of God within the sphere assigned to me. Could men or plants but once elevate their thoughts to the vast scale of creation, it would teach them their own insignificance so plainly, would so unerringly make manifest the futility of complaints, and the immense disparity between time and eternity, as to render the useful lesson of contentment as inevitable as it is important.

I remember that our astronomer, one day, spoke of the nature and magnitude of the sun. The manner that he chose to render clear to the imagination of his hearers some just notions of its size, though so familiar to astronomers, produced a deep and unexpected impression on me. "Our instruments," he said, "are now so perfect and powerful, as to enable us to ascertain many facts of the deepest interest, with near approaches to positive accuracy. The moon being the heavenly body much the nearest to us, of course we see farther into its secrets than into those of any other planet. We have calculated its distance from us at 237,000 miles. Of course by doubling this distance, and adding to it the diameter of the earth, we get the diameter of the circle, or orbit, in which the moon moves around the earth. In other words the diameter of this orbit is about 456,000 miles. Now could the sun be brought in contact with this orbit, and had the latter solidity to mark its circumference, it would be found that this circumference would include but a little more than half the surface of one side of the sun, the diameter of which orb is calculated to be 882,000 miles! The sun is one million three hundred and eighty-four thousand four hundred and seventy-two times larger than the earth. Of the substance of the sun it is not so easy to speak. Still it is thought, though it is not certain, that we occasionally see the actual surface of this orb, an advantage we do not possess as respects any other of the heavenly bodies, with the exception of the moon and Mars. The light and warmth of the sun probably exist in its atmosphere, and the spots which are so often seen on this bright orb, are supposed to be glimpses of the solid mass of the sun itself, that are occasionally obtained through openings in this atmosphere. At all events, this is the more consistent way of accounting for the appearance of these spots. You will get a better idea of the magnitude of the sidereal system, however, by remembering that, in comparison with it, the distances of our entire solar system are as mere specks. Thus, while our own change of positions is known to embrace an orbit of about 200,000,000 of miles, it is nevertheless so trifling as to produce no apparent change of position in thousands of the fixed stars that are believed to be the suns of other systems. Some conjecture even that all these suns, with their several systems, our own included, revolve around a common centre that is invisible to us, but which is the actual throne of God; the comets that we note and measure being heavenly messengers, as it might be, constantly passing from one of these families of worlds to another."

I remember that one of the astronomer's pupils asked certain explanations here, touching the planets that it was thought, or rather known, that we could actually see, and those of which the true surfaces were believed to be concealed from us. "I have told you," answered the man of science, "that they are the Moon, Mars and the Sun. Both Venus and Mercury are nearer to us than Mars, but their relative proximities to the sun have some such effect on their surfaces, as placing an object near a strong light is known to have on its appearance. We are dazzled, to speak popularly, and cannot distinguish minutely. With Mars it is different. If this planet has any atmosphere at all, it is one of no great density, and its orbit being without our own, we can easily trace on its surface the outlines of seas and continents. It is even supposed that the tinge of the latter is that of reddish sand-stone, like much of that known in our own world, but more decided in tint, while two brilliant white spots, at its poles, are thought to be light reflected from the snows of those regions, rendered more conspicuous, or disappearing, as they first emerge from a twelvemonths' winter, or melt in a summer of equal duration."

I could have listened forever to this astronomer, whose lectures so profoundly taught lessons of humility to the created, and which were so replete with silent eulogies on the power of the Creator! What was it to me whether I were a modest plant, of half a cubit in stature, or the proudest oak of the forest—man or vegetable? My duty was clearly to glorify the dread Being who had produced all these marvels, and to fulfill my time in worship, praise and contentment. It mattered not whether my impressions were derived through organs called ears, and were communicated by others called those of speech, or whether each function was performed by means of sensations and agencies too subtle to be detected by ordinary means. It was enough for me that I heard and understood, and felt the goodness and glory of God. I may say that my first great lessons in true philosophy were obtained in these lectures, where I learned to distinguish between the finite and infinite, ceasing to envy any, while I learned to worship one. The benevolence of Providence is extended to all its creatures, each receiving it in a mode adapted to its own powers of improvement. My destiny being toward a communion with man—or rather with woman—I have ever looked upon these silent communications with the astronomer as so much preparatory schooling, in order that my mind might be prepared for its own *avenir*, and not be blinded by an undue appreciation of the importance of its future associates. I know there are those who will sneer at the supposition of a pocket-handkerchief possessing any mind, or *esprit*, at all; but let such have patience and read on, when I hope it will be in my power to demonstrate their error.

It is scarcely necessary to dwell on the scenes which occurred between the time I first sprang from the earth and that in which I was "pulled." The latter was a melancholy day for me, however, arriving prematurely as regarded my vegetable state, since

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it was early determined that I was to be spun into threads of unusual fineness. I will only say, here, that my youth was a period of innocent pleasures, during which my chief delight was to exhibit my simple but beautiful flowers, in honor of the hand that gave them birth.

At the proper season, the whole field was laid low, when a scene of hurry and confusion succeeded, to which I find it exceedingly painful to turn in memory. The "rotting" was the most humiliating part of the process which followed, though, in our case, this was done in clear running water, and the "crackling" the most uncomfortable. Happily, we were spared the anguish which ordinarily accompanies breaking on the wheel, though we could not be said to have entirely escaped from all its parade. Innocence was our shield, and while we endured some of the disgrace that attaches to mere forms, we had that consolation of which no cruelty or device can deprive the unoffending. Our sorrows were not heightened by the consciousness of undeserving.

There is a period, which occurred between the time of being "hatcheled" and that of being "woven," that it exceeds my powers to delineate. All around me seemed to be in a state of inextricable confusion, out of which order finally appeared in the shape of a piece of cambric, of a quality that brought the workmen far and near to visit it. We were a single family of only twelve, in this rare fabric, among which I remember that I occupied the seventh place in the order of arrangement, and of course in the order of seniority also. When properly folded, and bestowed in a comfortable covering, our time passed pleasantly enough, being removed from all disagreeable sights and smells, and lodged in a place of great security, and indeed of honor, men seldom failing to bestow this attention on their valuables.

It is out of my power to say precisely how long we remained in this passive state in the hands of the manufacturer. It was some weeks, however, if not months; during which our chief communications were on the chances of our future fortunes. Some of our number were ambitious, and would hear to nothing but the probability, nay, the certainty, of our being purchased, as soon as our arrival in Paris should be made known, by the king, in person, and presented to the dauphine, then the first lady in France. The virtues of the Duchesse d'Angoulême were properly appreciated by some of us, while I discovered that others entertained for her any feelings but those of veneration and respect. This diversity of opinion, on a subject of which one would think none of us very well qualified to be judges, was owing to a circumstance of such every-day occurrence as almost to supersede the necessity of telling it, though the narrative would be rendered more complete by an explanation.

It happened, while we lay in the bleaching grounds, that one half of the piece extended into a part of the field that came under the management of a *legitimist*, while the other invaded the dominions of a *liberal*. Neither of these persons had any concern with us, we being under the special superintendence of the head workman, but it was impossible, altogether impossible, to escape the consequences of our *locales*. While the *legitimist* read nothing but the Moniteur, the *liberal* read nothing but Le Temps, a journal then recently established, in the supposed interests of human freedom. Each of these individuals got a paper at a certain hour, which he read with as much manner as he could command, and with singular perseverance as related to the difficulties to be overcome, to a *clientèle* of bleachers, who reasoned as he reasoned, swore by his oaths, and finally arrived at all his conclusions. The liberals had the best of it as to numbers, and possibly as to wit, the Moniteur possessing all the dullness of official dignity under all the dynasties and ministries that have governed France since its establishment. My business, however, is with the effect produced on the pocket-handkerchiefs, and not with that produced on the laborers. The two extremes were regular *cotés gauches* and *cotés droits*. In other words, all at the right end of the piece became devoted Bourbonists, devoutly believing that princes, who were daily mentioned with so much reverence and respect, could be nothing else but perfect; while the opposite extreme were disposed to think that nothing good could come of Nazareth. In this way, four of our number became decided politicians, not only entertaining a sovereign contempt for the sides they respectively opposed, but beginning to feel sensations approaching to hatred for each other.

The reader will readily understand that these feelings lessened toward the centre of the piece, acquiring most intensity at the extremes. I may be said, myself, to have belonged to the *centre gauche*, that being my accidental position in the fabric, when it was a natural consequence to obtain sentiments of this shade. It will be seen, in the end, how prominent were these early impressions, and how far it is worth while for mere pocket-handkerchiefs to throw away their time, and permit their feelings to become excited concerning interests that they are certainly not destined to control, and about which, under the most favorable circumstances, they seldom obtain other than very questionable information.

It followed from this state of feeling, that the notion we were about to fall into the hands of the unfortunate daughter of Louis XVI. excited considerable commotion and disgust among us. Though very moderate in my political antipathies and predilections, I confess to some excitement in my own case, declaring that if royalty *was* to be my lot, I would prefer not to ascend any higher on the scale than to become the property of that excellent princess, *Amélie*, who then presided in the Palais Royal, the daughter and sister of a king, but with as little prospects as desires of becoming a queen in her own person. This wish of mine was treated as groveling, and even worse than republican, by the *coté droit* of our piece, while the *coté gauche* sneered at it as manifesting a sneaking regard for station without the spirit to avow it. Both were mistaken, however; no unworthy sentiments entering into my decision. Accident had made me acquainted with the virtues of this estimable wo-

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man, and I felt assured that she would treat even a pocket-handkerchief kindly. This early opinion has been confirmed by her deportment under very trying and unexpected events. I wish, as I believe she wishes herself, she had never been a queen.

All our family did not aspire as high as royalty. Some looked forward to the glories of a banker's daughter's *trousseau*,—we all understood that our *price* would be too high for any of the old nobility—while some even fancied that the happiness of traveling in company was reserved for us before we should be called regularly to enter on the duties of life. As we were so closely connected, and on the whole were affectionate as became brothers and sisters, it was the common wish that we might not be separated, but go together into the same wardrobe, let it be foreign or domestic, that of prince or plebeian. There were a few among us who spoke of the Duchesse de Berri as our future mistress; but the notion prevailed that we should so soon pass into the hands of a *femme de chambre*, as to render the selection little desirable. In the end we wisely and philosophically determined to await the result with patience, well knowing that we were altogether in the hands of caprice and fashion.

At length the happy moment arrived when we were to quit the warehouse of the manufacturer. Let what would happen, this was a source of joy, inasmuch as we all knew that we could only vegetate while we continued where we then were, and that too without experiencing the delights of our former position, with good roots in the earth, a genial sun shedding its warmth upon our bosom, and balmy airs fanning our cheeks. We loved change, too, like other people, and had probably seen enough of vegetation, whether figurative or real, to satisfy us. Our departure from Picardie took place in June, 1830, and we reached Paris on the first day of the succeeding month. We went through the formalities of the custom-houses, or *bassières*, the same day, and the next morning we were all transferred to a celebrated shop that dealt in articles of our *genus*. Most of the goods were sent on drays to the *magazin*, but our reputation having preceded us, we were honored with a *fiacre*, making the journey between the Douane and the shop on the knee of a confidential *commissionaire*.

Great was the satisfaction of our little party as we first drove down through the streets of this capital of Europe—the centre of fashion and the abode of elegance. Our natures had adapted themselves to circumstances, and we no longer pined for the luxuries of the *linum usitatissimum*, but were ready to enter into all the pleasures of our new existence; which we well understood was to be one of pure parade, for no handkerchief of our quality was ever employed on any of the more menial offices of the profession. We might occasionally brush a lady's cheek, or conceal a blush or a smile, but the *usitatissimum* had been left behind us in the fields. The *fiacre* stopped at the door of a celebrated perfumer, and the *commissionaire*, deeming us of too much value to be left on a carriage seat, took us in her hand while she negotiated a small affair with its mistress. This was our introduction to the pleasant association of sweet odors, of which it was to be our fortune to enjoy in future the most delicate and judicious communion. We knew very well that things of this sort were considered vulgar, unless of the purest quality and used with the tact of good society; but still it was permitted to sprinkle a very little lavender, or exquisite *eau de cologne* on a pocket handkerchief. The odor of these two scents, therefore, appeared quite natural to us, and as Madame Savon never allowed any perfume, or *articles* (as these things are technically termed,) of inferior quality to pollute her shop, we had no scruples about inhaling the delightful fragrance that breathed in the place. *Distrèi*, the *commissionaire*, could not depart without permitting her friend, Madame Savon, to feast her eyes on the treasure in her own hands. The handkerchiefs were unfolded, amidst a hundred *dieux! ciels!* and *l'amis!* our fineness and beauty were extolled in a manner that was perfectly gratifying to the self-esteem of the whole family. Madame Savon imagined that even her perfumes would be more fragrant in such company, and she insisted on letting one drop—a single drop—of her *eau de cologne* fall on the beautiful texture. I was the happy handkerchief that was thus favored, and long did I riot in that delightful odor, which was just strong enough to fill the air with sensations, rather than impressions of all that is sweet and womanly in the female wardrobe.

Notwithstanding this accidental introduction to one of the nicest distinctions of good society, and the general exhilaration that prevailed in our party, I was far from being perfectly happy. To own the truth, I had left my heart in Picardie. I do not say I was in love; I am far from certain that there is any precedent for a pocket-handkerchief's being in love at all, and I am quite sure that the sensations I experienced were different from those I have since had frequent occasion to hear described. The circumstances which called them forth were as follows:

The manufactory in which our family was fabricated was formerly known as the Château de la Rocheaimard, and had been the property of the Vicomte de la Rocheaimard previously to the revolution that overturned the throne of Louis XVI. The vicomte and his wife joined the royalists at Coblentz, and the former, with his only son, Adrien de la Rocheaimard, or the Chevalier de la Rocheaimard, as he was usually termed, had joined the allies in their attempted invasion on the soil of France. The vicomte, a marechal du camp, had fallen in battle, but the son escaped, and passed his youth in exile; marrying, a few years later, a cousin whose fortunes were at as low an ebb as his own. One child, Adrienne, was the sole issue of this marriage, having been born in the year 1810. Both the parents died before the restoration, leaving the little girl to the care of her pious grandmother, la vicomtesse, who survived, in a feeble old age, to descant on the former grandeur of her house, and to sigh, in common with so many others, for *le bon vieux temps*. At the restoration, there was some difficulty in establishing the right of the De Rocheaimards to their share of the indemnity; a difficulty I never heard

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explained, but which was probably owing to the circumstance that there was no one in particular to interest themselves in the matter, but an old woman of sixty-five and a little girl of four. Such appellants, unsupported by money, interest, or power, seldom make out a very strong case for reparation of any sort, in this righteous world of ours, and had it not been for the goodness of the dauphine it is probable that the vicomtesse and her grand-daughter would have been reduced to downright beggary. But the daughter of the late king got intelligence of the necessities of the two descendants of crusaders, and a pension of two thousand francs a year was granted, *en attendant*.

Four hundred dollars a year does not appear a large sum, even to the *nouveau riches* of America, but it sufficed to give Adrienne and her grandmother a comfortable, and even a respectable subsistence in the provinces. It was impossible for them to inhabit the château, now converted into a workshop and filled with machinery, but lodgings were procured in its immediate vicinity. Here Madame de la Rocheaimard whiled away the close of a varied and troubled life; if not in absolute peace, still not in absolute misery, while her grand-daughter grew into young womanhood, a miracle of goodness and pious devotion to her sole surviving parent. The strength of the family tie in France, and its comparative weakness in America, has been the subject of frequent comment among travelers. I do not know that all which has been said is rigidly just, but I am inclined to think that much of it is, and, as I am writing to Americans, and of French people, now, I see no particular reason why the fact should be concealed. Respect for years, deference to the authors of their being, and submission to parental authority are inculcated equally by the morals and the laws of France. The *conseilles de famille* is a beautiful and wise provision of the national code, and aids greatly in maintaining that system of patriarchal rule which lies at the foundation of the whole social structure. Alas! in the case of the excellent Adrienne, this *conseille de famille* was easily assembled, and possessed perfect unanimity. The wars, the guillotine and exile had reduced it to two, one of which was despotic in her government, so far as theory was concerned at least; possibly, at times, a little so in practice. Still Adrienne, on the whole, grew up tolerably happy. She was taught most that is suitable for a gentlewoman, without being crammed with superfluous accomplishments, and, aided by the good *curé*, a man who remembered her grandfather, had both polished and stored her mind. Her manners were of the excellent tone that distinguished the good society of Paris before the revolution, being natural, quiet, simple and considerate. She seldom laughed, I fear; but her smiles were sweetness and benevolence itself.

The bleaching grounds of our manufactory were in the old park of the château. Thither Mad. de la Rocheaimard was fond of coming in the fine mornings of June, for many of the roses and lovely Persian lilacs that once abounded there still remained. I first saw Adrienne in one of these visits, the quality of our little family circle attracting her attention. One of the bleachers, indeed, was an old servant of the vicomte's, and it was a source of pleasure to him to point out any thing to the ladies that he thought might prove interesting. This was the man who so diligently read the Moniteur, giving a religious credence to all it contained. He fancied no hand so worthy to hold fabrics of such exquisite fineness as that of Mademoiselle Adrienne, and it was through his assiduity that I had the honor of being first placed within the gentle pressure of her beautiful little fingers. This occurred about a month before our departure for Paris.

Adrienne de la Rocheaimard was then just twenty. Her beauty was of a character that is not common in France; but which, when it does exist, is nowhere surpassed. She was slight and delicate in person, of fair hair and complexion, and with the meekest and most dove-like blue eyes I ever saw in a female face. Her smile, too, was of so winning and gentle a nature, as to announce a disposition pregnant with all the affections. Still it was well understood that Adrienne was not likely to marry, her birth raising her above all intentions of connecting her ancient name with mere gold, while her poverty placed an almost insuperable barrier between her and most of the impoverished young men of rank whom she occasionally saw. Even the power of the dauphine was not sufficient to provide Adrienne de la Rocheaimard with a suitable husband. But of this the charming girl never thought; she lived more for her grandmother than for herself, and so long as that venerated relative, almost the only one that remained to her on earth, did not suffer or repine, she herself could be comparatively happy.

"*Dans le bon vieux temps*," said the vicomtesse, examining me through her spectacles, and addressing Georges, who stood, hat in hand, to hearken to her wisdom; "*dans le bon vieux temps, mon ami*, the ladies of the château did not want for these things. There were six dozen in my *corbeille*, that were almost as fine as this; as for the *trousseau*, I believe it had twice the number, but very little inferior."

"I remember that madame," Georges always gave his old mistress this title of honor, "kept many of the beautiful garments of her *trousseau* untouched, down to the melancholy period of the revolution."

"It has been a mine of wealth to me, Georges, in behalf of that dear child. You may remember that this *trousseau* was kept in the old *armoire*, on the right hand side of the little door of my dressing-room—"

"Madame le Vicomtesse will have the goodness to pardon me—it was on the *left* hand side of the room—Monsieur's medals were kept in the opposite *armoire*."

"Our good Georges is right, Adrienne!—he has a memory! Your grandfather insisted on keeping his medals in my dressing-room, as he says. Well, Monsieur Georges, left or *right*, *there* I left the remains of my *trousseau* when I fled from France, and there I found it untouched on my return. The manufactory had saved the château, and the manufacturers

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had spared my wardrobe. Its sale, and its materials, have done much toward rendering that dear child respectable and well clad, since our return."

I thought the slight color which usually adorned the fair oval checks of Adrienne deepened a little at this remark, and I certainly felt a little tremor in the hand which held me; but it could not have been shame, as the sweet girl often alluded to her poverty in a way so simple and natural, as to prove that she had no false feelings on that subject. And why should she? Poverty ordinarily causes no such sensations to those who are conscious of possessing advantages of an order superior to wealth, and surely a well-educated, well-born, virtuous girl need not have blushed because estates were torn from her parents by a political convulsion that had overturned an ancient and powerful throne.

From this time, the charming Adrienne frequently visited the bleaching grounds, always accompanied by her grandmother. The presence of Georges was an excuse, but to watch the improvement in our appearance was the reason. Never before had Adrienne seen a fabric as beautiful as our own, and, as I afterwards discovered, she was laying by a few francs with the intention of purchasing the piece, and of working and ornamenting the handkerchiefs, in order to present them to her benefactress, the *dauphine*. Mad. de la Rochcaimard was pleased with this project, it was becoming in a de la Rochcaimard; and they soon began to speak of it openly in their visits. Fifteen or twenty napoleons might do it, and the remains of the recovered *trousseau* would still produce that sum. It is probable this intention would have been carried out, but for a severe illness that attacked the dear girl, during which her life was even despaired of. I had the happiness of hearing of her gradual recovery, however, before we commenced our journey, though no more was said of the purchase. Perhaps it was as well as it was; for, by this time, such a feeling existed in our extreme *coté gauche*, that it may be questioned if the handkerchiefs of that end of the piece would have behaved themselves in the wardrobe of the dauphine with the discretion and prudence that are expected from every thing around the person of a princess of her exalted rank and excellent character. It is true, none of us understood the questions at issue; but that only made the matter worse; the violence of all dissensions being very generally in proportion to the ignorance and consequent confidence of the disputants.

I could not but remember Adrienne, as the *commissionaire* laid us down before the eyes of the wife of the head of the firm, in the rue de ——. We were carefully examined, and pronounced "*parfaits*," still it was not in the sweet tones, and with the sweeter smiles of the polished and gentle girl we had left in Picardie. There was a sentiment in *her* admiration that touched all our hearts, even to the most exaggerated republican among us, for she seemed to go deeper in her examination of merits than the mere texture and price. She saw her offering in our beauty, the benevolence of the dauphine in our softness, her own gratitude in our exquisite fineness, and princely munificence in our delicacy. In a word, she could enter into the sentiment of a pocket-handkerchief. Alas! how different was the estimation in which we were held by *Desirée* and her employers. With them, it was purely a question of francs, and we had not been in the *magazin* five minutes, when there was a lively dispute whether we were to be put at a certain number of napoleons, or one napoleon more. A good deal was said about Mad. le Duchesse, and I found that it was expected that a certain lady of that rank, one who had enjoyed the extraordinary luck of retaining her fortune, being of an old and historical family, and who was at the head of fashion in the fauhourg, would become the purchaser. At all events, it was determined no one should see us until this lady returned to town, she being at the moment at Rosny, with *madame*, whence she was expected to accompany that princess to Dieppe, to come back to her hotel, in the rue de Bourbon, about the last of October. Here, then, were we doomed to three months of total seclusion in the heart of the gayest capital of Europe. It was useless to repine, and we determined among ourselves to exercise patience in the best manner we could.

Accordingly, we were safely deposited in a particular drawer, along with a few other favorite *articles*, that, like our family, were reserved for the eyes of certain distinguished but absent customers. These *specialités* in trade are of frequent occurrence in Paris, and form a pleasant bond of union between the buyer and seller, which gives a particular zest to this sort of commerce, and not unfrequently a particular value to goods. To see that which no one else has seen, and to own that which no one else can own, are equally agreeable, and delightfully exclusive. All minds that do not possess the natural sources of exclusion, are fond of creating them by means of a subordinate and more artificial character.

On the whole, I think we enjoyed our new situation, rather than otherwise. The drawer was never opened, it is true, but that next it was in constant use, and certain crevices beneath the counter enabled us to see a little, and to hear more, of what passed in the *magazin*. We were in a part of the shop most frequented by ladies, and we overheard a few *tête-à-têtes* that were not without amusement. These generally related to *cancan*. Paris is a town in which *cancans* do not usually flourish, their proper theatre being provincial and trading places, beyond a question; still there *are cancans* at Paris; for all sorts of persons frequent that centre of civilization. The only difference is, that in the social pictures offered by what are called *cities*, the *cancans* are in the strongest light, and in the most conspicuous of the grouping, whereas in Paris they are kept in shadow, and in the background. Still there are *cancans* at Paris; and *cancans* we overheard, and precisely in the manner I have related. Did pretty ladies remember that pocket-handkerchiefs have ears, they might possibly have more reserve in the indulgence of this extraordinary propensity.

We had been near a month in the drawer, when I

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recognized a female voice near us, that I had often heard of late, speaking in a confident and decided tone, and making allusions that showed she belonged to the court. I presume her position there was not of the most exalted kind, yet it was sufficiently so to qualify her, in her own estimation, to talk politics. "*Les ordonnances*" were in her mouth constantly, and it was easy to perceive that she attached the greatest importance to these ordinances, whatever they were, and fancied a political millennium was near. The shop was frequented less than usual that day; the next it was worse still, in the way of business, and the clerks began to talk loud, also, about *les ordonnances*. The following morning neither windows nor doors were opened, and we passed a gloomy time of uncertainty and conjecture. There were ominous sounds in the streets. Some of us thought we heard the roar of distant artillery. At length the master and mistress appeared by themselves in the shop; money and papers were secured, and the female was just returning to an inner room, when she suddenly came back to the counter, opened our drawer, seized us with no very reverent hands, and, the next thing we knew, the whole twelve of us were thrust into a trunk up stairs, and buried in Egyptian darkness. From that moment all traces of what was occurring in the streets of Paris were lost to us. After all, it is not so very disagreeable to be pocket-handkerchiefs in a revolution.

Our imprisonment lasted until the following December. As our feelings had become excited on the questions of the day, as well as those of other irrational beings around us, we might have passed a most uncomfortable time in the trunk, but for one circumstance. So great had been the hurry of our mistress in thus shutting us up, that we had been crammed in in a way to leave it impossible to say which was the *coté droit*, and which the *coté gauche*. Thus completely deranged as parties, we took to discussing philosophical matters in general; an occupation well adapted to a situation that required so great an exercise of the quality.

One day, when we least expected so great a change, our mistress came in person, searched several chests, trunks and drawers, and finally discovered us where she had laid us, with her own hands, near four months before. It seems that, in her hurry and fright, she had actually forgotten in what nook we had been concealed. We were smoothed with care, our political order established, and then we were taken below and restored to the dignity of the select circle in the drawer already mentioned. This was like removing to a fashionable square, or living in a *beau quartier* of a capital. It was even better than removing from east Broadway into *bonâ fide*, real, unequaled, league-long, eighty feet wide, Broadway!

We now had an opportunity of learning some of the great events that had recently occurred in France, and which still troubled Europe. The Bourbons were again dethroned, as it was termed, and another Bourbon seated in their place. It would seem *il y a Bourbon et Bourbon*. The result has since shown that "what is bred in the bone will break out in the flesh." Commerce was at a stand still; our master passed half his time under arms, as a national guard, in order to keep the revolutionists from revolutionizing the revolution. The great families had laid aside their liveries; some of them their coaches; most of them their arms. Pocket-handkerchiefs of *our* calibre would be thought decidedly aristocratic; and aristocracy in Paris, just at that moment, was almost in as bad odor as it is in America, where it ranks as an eighth deadly sin, though no one seems to know precisely what it means. In the latter country, an honest development of democracy is certain to be stigmatized as tainted with this crime. No governor would dare to pardon it.

The groans over the state of trade were loud and deep among those who lived by its innocent arts. Still, the holidays were near, and hope revived. If revolutionized Paris would not buy as the *jour de l'an* approached, Paris must have a new dynasty. The police foresaw this, and it ceased to agitate, in order to bring the republicans into discredit; men must eat, and trade was permitted to revive a little. Alas! how little do they who vote, know *why* they vote, or they who dye their hands in the blood of their kind, why the deed has been done!

The duchesse had not returned to Paris; neither had she emigrated. Like most of the high nobility, who rightly enough believed that primogeniture and birth were of the last importance to *them*, she preferred to show her distaste for the present order of things, by which the youngest prince of a numerous family had been put upon the throne of the oldest, by remaining at her château. All expectations of sellings to *her* were abandoned, and we were thrown fairly into the market, on the great principle of liberty and equality. This was as became a republican reign.

Our prospects were varied daily. The dauphine, madame, and all the de Rochefoucaulds, de la Tremouilles, de Grammonts, de Rohans, de Crillons, &c. &c., were out of the question. The royal family were in England, the Orleans branch excepted, and the high nobility were very generally on their "high ropes," or, *à bouder*. As for the bankers, their reign had not yet fairly commenced. Previously to July, 1830, this estimable class of citizens had not dared to indulge their native tastes for extravagance and parade, the grave dignity and high breeding of a very ancient but impoverished nobility holding them in some restraint; and, then, *their* fortunes were still uncertain; the funds were not firm, and even the honorable and worthy Jacques Lafitte, a man to ennoble any calling, was shaking in credit. Had we been brought into the market a twelvemonth later, there is no question that we should have been caught up within a week, by the wife or daughter of some of the operatives at the Bourse.

As it was, however, we enjoyed ample leisure for observation and thought. Again and again were we shown to those who, it was thought, could not fail to yield to our beauty, but no one would purchase. All appeared to eschew aristocracy, even in their pocket-

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handkerchiefs. The day the fleurs de lys were cut out of the medalions of the treasury, and the king laid down his arms, I thought our mistress would have had the hysterics on our account. Little did she understand human nature, for the *nouveaux riches*, who are as certain to succeed an old and displaced class of superiors, as hungry flies to follow flies with full bellies, would have been much more apt to run into extravagance and folly, than persons always accustomed to money, and who did not depend on its exhibition for their importance. A day of deliverance, notwithstanding, was at hand, which to me seemed like the bridal of a girl dying to rush into the dissipation of society.

The holidays were over, without there being any material revival of trade, when my deliverance unexpectedly occurred. It was in February, and I do believe our mistress had abandoned the expectation of disposing of us that season, when I heard a gentle voice speaking near the counter, one day, in tones which struck me as familiar. It was a female, of course, and her inquiries were about a piece of cambric handkerchiefs, which she said had been sent to this shop from a manufactory in Picardie. There was nothing of the customary alertness in the manner of our mistress, and, to my surprise, she even showed the customer one or two pieces of much inferior quality, before we were produced. The moment I got into the light, however, I recognized the beautifully turned form and sweet face of Adrienne de la Rochemard. The poor girl was paler and thinner than when I had last seen her, doubtless, I thought, the effects of her late illness; but I could not conceal from myself the unpleasant fact that she was much less expensively clad. I say less expensively clad, though the expression is scarcely just, for I had never seen her in attire that could properly be called expensive at all; and, yet, the term mean would be equally inapplicable to her present appearance. It might be better to say that, relieved by a faultless, even a fastidious neatness and grace, there was an air of severe, perhaps of pinched economy in her present attire. This it was that had prevented our mistress from showing her fabrics as fine as we, on the first demand. Still I thought there was a slight flush on the cheek of the poor girl, and a faint smile on her features, as she instantly recognized us for old acquaintances. For one, I own I was delighted at finding her soft fingers again brushing over my own exquisite surface, feeling as if one had been expressly designed for the other. Then Adrienne hesitated; she appeared desirous of speaking, and yet abashed. Her color went and came, until a deep rosy blush settled on each cheek, and her tongue found utterance.

"Would it suit you, madame," she asked, as if dreading a repulse, "to part with one of these?"

"Your pardon, mademoiselle; handkerchiefs of this quality are seldom sold singly."

"I feared as much—and yet I have occasion for only *one*. It is to be worked—if it—"

The words came slowly, and they were spoken with difficulty. At that last uttered, the sound of the sweet girl's voice died entirely away. I fear it was the dullness of trade, rather than any considerations of benevolence, that induced our mistress to depart from her rule.

"The price of each handkerchief is five and twenty francs, mademoiselle—" she had offered the day before to sell us to the wife of one of the richest *agents de change* in Paris, at a napoleon a piece—"the price is five and twenty francs, if you take the dozen, but as you appear to wish only *one*, rather than not oblige you, it may be had for eight and twenty."

There was a strange mixture of sorrow and delight in the countenance of Adrienne; but she did not hesitate, and, attracted by the odor of the *eau de cologne*, she instantly pointed me out as the handkerchief she selected. Our mistress passed her scissors between me and my neighbor of the *coté gauche*, and then she seemed instantly to regret her own precipitation. Before making the final separation from the piece, she delivered herself of her doubts.

"It is worth another franc, mademoiselle," she said, "to cut a handkerchief from the *centre* of the piece."

The pain of Adrienne was now too manifest for concealment. That she ardently desired the handkerchief was beyond dispute, and yet there existed some evident obstacle to her wishes.

"I fear I have not so much money with me, madame," she said, pale as death, for all sense of shame was lost in intense apprehension. Still her trembling hands did their duty, and her purse was produced. A gold napoleon promised well, but it had no fellow. Seven more francs appeared in single pieces. Then two ten-sous were produced; after which nothing remained but copper. The purse was emptied, and the reticule rummaged, the whole amounting to just twenty-eight francs seven sous.

"I have no more, madame," said Adrienne, in a faint voice.

The woman, who had been trained in the school of suspicion, looked intently at the other, for an instant, and then she swept the money into her drawer, content with having extorted from this poor girl more than she would have dared to ask of the wife of the *agent de change*. Adrienne took me up and glided from the shop, as if she feared her dear bought prize would yet be torn from her. I confess my own delight was so great that I did not fully appreciate, at the time, all the hardship of the case. It was enough to be liberated, to get into the fresh air, to be about to fulfil my proper destiny. I was tired of that sort of vegetation in which I neither grew, nor was watered by tears; nor could I see those stars on which I so much doated, and from which I had learned a wisdom so profound. The politics, too, were rendering our family unpleasant; the *coté droit* was becoming supercilious—it had always been illogical; while the *coté gauche* was just beginning to discover that it had made a revolution for other people. Then it was happiness itself to be with Adrienne, and when I felt the dear girl pressing me to her heart, by an act of volition of which pocket-handkerchiefs

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are little suspected, I threw up a fold of my gossamer-like texture, as if the air wafted me, and brushed the first tear of happiness from her eye that she had shed in months.

The reader may be certain that my imagination was all alive to conjecture the circumstances which had brought Adrienne de la Rocheaumard to Paris, and why she had been so assiduous in searching me out, in particular. Could it be that the grateful girl still intended to make her offering to the *Duchesse de Berri?* Ah! no—that princess was in exile; or, rather, she was forming weak plots in behalf of her son, which a double treachery was about to defeat. I have already hinted that pocket-handkerchiefs do not receive and communicate ideas, by means of the organs in use among human beings. They possess a *clairvoyance* that is always available under favorable circumstances. In their case the mesmeritic trance may be said to be ever in existence, while in the performance of their proper functions. It is only while crowded into bales, or thrust into drawers for the vulgar purposes of trade, that this instinct is dormant, a beneficent nature scorning to exercise her benevolence for any but legitimate objects. I now mean legitimacy as connected with cause and effect, and nothing political or dynastic.

By virtue of this power, I had not long been held in the soft hand of Adrienne, or pressed against her beating heart, without becoming the master of all her thoughts, as well as of her various causes of hope and fear. This knowledge did not burst upon me at once, it is true, as is pretended to be the case with certain somnambules, for with me there is no empiricism—every thing proceeds from cause to effect, and a little time, with some progressive steps, was necessary to make me fully acquainted with the whole. The simplest things became the first apparent, and others followed by a species of magnetic induction, which I cannot now stop to explain. When this tale is told, I propose to lecture on the subject, to which all the editors in the country will receive the usual free tickets, when the world cannot fail of knowing quite as much, at least, as these meritorious public servants.

The first fact that I learned, was the very important one that the vicomtesse had lost all her usual means of support by the late revolution, and the consequent exile of the dauphine. This blow, so terrible to the grandmother and her dependent child, had occurred, too, most inopportunely, as to time. A half year's pension was nearly due at the moment the great change occurred, and the day of payment arrived and passed, leaving these two females literally without twenty francs. Had it not been for the remains of the *trousseau*, both must have begged, or perished of want. The crisis called for decision, and fortunately the old lady, who had already witnessed so many vicissitudes, had still sufficient energy to direct their proceedings. Paris was the best place in which to dispose of her effects, and thither she and Adrienne came, without a moment's delay. The shops were first tried, but the shops, in the autumn of 1830, offered indifferent resources for the seller. Valuable effects were there daily sold for a twentieth part of their original cost, and the vicomtesse saw her little stores diminish daily; for the *Mont de Piété* was obliged to regulate its own proceedings by the received current values of the day. Old age, vexation, and this last most cruel blow, did not fail of effecting that which might have been foreseen. The vicomtesse sunk under this accumulation of misfortunes, and became bed-ridden, helpless, and querulous. Every thing now devolved on the timid, gentle, unpracticed Adrienne. All females of her condition, in countries advanced in civilization like France, look to the resource of imparting a portion of what they themselves have acquired, to others of their own sex, in moments of urgent necessity. The possibility of Adrienne's being compelled to become a governess, or a companion, had long been kept in view, but the situation of Mad. de la Rocheaumard forbade any attempt of the sort, for the moment, had the state of the country rendered it at all probable that a situation could have been procured. On this fearful exigency, Adrienne had aroused all her energies, and gone deliberately into the consideration of her circumstances.

Poverty had compelled Mad. de la Rocheaumard to seek the cheapest respectable lodgings she could find on reaching town. In anticipation of a long residence, and, for the consideration of a considerable abatement in price, she had fortunately paid six months' rent in advance; thus removing from Adrienne the apprehension of having no place in which to cover her head, for some time to come. These lodgings were in an entresol of the Place Royale, a perfectly reputable and private part of the town, and in many respects were highly eligible. Many of the menial offices, too, were to be performed by the wife of the porter, according to the bargain, leaving to poor Adrienne, however, all the care of her grandmother, whose room she seldom quit, the duties of nurse and cook, and the still more important task of finding the means of subsistence.

For quite a month the poor desolate girl contrived to provide for her grandmother's necessities, by disposing of the different articles of the *trousseau*. This store was now nearly exhausted, and she had found a milliner who gave her a miserable pittance for toiling with her needle eight or ten hours each day. Adrienne had not lost a moment, but had begun this system of ill-requited industry long before her money was quite exhausted. She foresaw that her grandmother must die, and the great object of her present existence was to provide for the few remaining wants of this only relative during the brief time she had yet to live, and to give her decent and Christian burial. Of her own future lot, the poor girl thought as little as possible, though fearful glimpses would obtrude themselves on her uneasy imagination. At first she had employed a physician; but her means could not pay for his visits, nor did the situation of her grandmother render them very necessary. He promised to call occasionally without fee, and, for a short time, he kept his word, but his benevolence soon wearied of performing offices that really were not

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required. By the end of a month, Adrienne saw him no more.

As long as her daily toil seemed to supply her own little wants, Adrienne was content to watch on, weep on, pray on, in waiting for the moment she so much dreaded; that which was to sever the last tie she appeared to possess on earth. It is true she had a few very distant relatives, but they had emigrated to America, at the commencement of the revolution of 1789, and all trace of them had long been lost. In point of fact, the men were dead, and the females were grandmothers with English names, and were almost ignorant of any such persons as les de Rochemarards. From these Adrienne had nothing to expect. To her, they were as beings in another planet. But the *trousseau* was nearly exhausted, and the stock of ready money was reduced to a single napoleon, and a little change. It was absolutely necessary to decide on some new scheme for a temporary subsistence, and that without delay.

Among the valuables of the *trousseau* was a piece of exquisite lace, that had never been even worn. The vicomtesse had a pride in looking at it, for it showed the traces of her former wealth and magnificence, and she would never consent to part with it. Adrienne had carried it once to her employer, the milliner, with the intention of disposing of it, but the price offered was so greatly below what she knew to be the true value, that she would not sell it. Her own wardrobe, however, was going fast, nothing disposable remained of her grandmother's, and this piece of lace must be turned to account in some way. While reflecting on these dire necessities, Adrienne remembered our family. She knew to what shop we had been sent in Paris, and she now determined to purchase one of us, to bestow on the handkerchief selected some of her own beautiful needle work, to trim it with this lace, and, by the sale, to raise a sum sufficient for all her grandmother's earthly wants.

Generous souls are usually ardent. Their hopes keep pace with their wishes, and, as Adrienne had heard that twenty napoleons were sometimes paid by the wealthy for a single pocket-handkerchief, when thus decorated, she saw a little treasure in reserve, before her mind's eye.

"I can do the work in two months," she said to herself, "by taking the time I have used for exercise, and by severe economy; by eating less myself, and working harder, we can make out to live that time on what we have."

This was the secret of my purchase, and the true reason why this love-y girl had literally expended her last *sou* in making it. The cost had materially exceeded her expectations, and she could not return home without disposing of some article she had in her reticule, to supply the vacuum left in her purse. There would be nothing ready for the milliner, under two or three days, and there was little in the lodgings to meet the necessities of her grandmother. Adrienne had taken her way along the quays, delighted with her acquisition, and was far from the *Mart de Paris* before this indispensable duty occurred to her mind. She then began to look about her for a shop in which she might dispose of something for the moment. Luckily she was the mistress of a gold thimble, that had been presented to her by her grandmother, as her very last birth-day present. It was painful for her to part with it, but, as it was to supply the wants of that very parent, the sacrifice cost her less than might otherwise have been the case. Its price had been a napoleon, and a napoleon, just then, was a mint of money in her eyes. Beside, she had a silver thimble at home, and a brass one would do for her work.

Adrienne's necessities had made her acquainted with several jewellers' shops. To one of these she now proceeded, and, first observing through the window that no person was in but one of her own sex, the silversmith's wife, she entered with the greater confidence and alacrity.

"Madame," she said, in timid tones, for want had not yet made Adrienne bold or coarse, "I have a thimble to dispose of—could you be induced to buy it?"

The woman took the thimble and examined it, weighed it, and submitted its metal to the test of the touchstone. It was a pretty thimble, though small, or it would not have fitted Adrienne's finger. This fact struck the woman of the shop, and she cast a suspicious glance at Adrienne's hand, the whiteness and size of which, however, satisfied her that the thimble had not been stolen.

"What do you expect to receive for this thimble, mademoiselle?" asked the woman, coldly.

"It cost a napoleon, madame, and was made expressly for myself."

"You do not expect to sell it at what it cost?" was the dry answer.

"Perhaps not, madame—I suppose you will look for a profit in selling it again. I wish you to name the price."

This was said because the delicate ever shrink from affixing a value to the time and services of others. Adrienne was afraid she might unintentionally deprive the other of a portion of her just gains. The woman understood by the timidity and undecided manner of the applicant, that she had a very unpracticed being to deal with, and she was emboldened to act accordingly. First taking another look at the pretty little hand and fingers, to make certain the thimble might not be reclaimed, when satisfied that it really belonged to her who wished to dispose of it, she ventured to answer.

"In such times as we had before these vile republicans drove all the strangers from Paris, and when our *commerce* was good," she said, "I might have offered seven francs and a half for that thimble; but, as things are now, the last *sou* I can think of giving is five francs."

"The gold is very good, madame," Adrienne observed, in a voice half-choked, "they told my grandmother the metal alone was worth thirteen."

"Perhaps, mademoiselle, they might give that much at the mint, for there they coin money; but, in this shop, no one will give more than five francs for that thimble."

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Had Adrienne been longer in communion with a cold and heartless world, she would not have submitted to this piece of selfish extortion, but, inexperienced, and half frightened by the woman's manner, she begged the pittance offered as a boon, dropped her thimble, and made a hasty retreat. When the poor girl reached the street, she began to reflect on what she had done. Five francs would scarcely support her grandmother a week, with even the wood and wine she had on hand, and she had no more gold thimbles to sacrifice. A heavy sigh broke from her bosom, and tears stood in her eyes. But she was wanted at home, and had not the leisure to reflect fully on her own mistake.

Occupation is a blessed relief to the miserable. Of all the ingenious modes of torture that have ever been invented, that of solitary confinement is probably the most cruel—the mind feeding on itself with the rapacity of a cormorant, when the conscience quickens its activity and feeds its longings. Happily for Adrienne, she had too many positive cares, to be enabled to waste many minutes either in retrospection, or in endeavors to conjecture the future. Far—far more happily for herself, her conscience was clear, for never had a purer mind, or a gentler spirit dwelt in female breast. Still she could blame her own oversight, and it was days before her self-upbraidings, for thus trifling with what she conceived to be the resources of her beloved grandmother, were driven from her thoughts by the pressure of other and greater ills.

Were I to last a thousand years, and rise to the dignity of being the handkerchief that the Grand Turk is said to toss toward his favorite, I could not forget the interest with which I accompanied Adrienne to the door of her little apartment, in the *entresol*. She was in the habit of hiring little Nathalie, the porter's daughter, to remain with her grandmother during her own necessary but brief absence, and this girl was found at the entrance, eager to be relieved.

"Has my grandmother asked for me, Nathalie?" demanded Adrienne, anxiously, the moment they met.

"Non, mademoiselle; madame has done nothing but sleep, and I was getting *so* tired!"

The sou was given, and the porter's daughter disappeared, leaving Adrienne alone in the ante-chamber. The furniture of this little apartment was very respectable, for Madame de la Rocheaimard, besides paying a pretty fair rent, had hired it just after the revolution, when the prices had fallen quite half, and the place had, by no means, the appearance of that poverty which actually reigned within. Adrienne went through the ante-chamber, which served also as a *salle a manger*, and passed a small saloon, into the bed-chamber of her parent. Here her mind was relieved by finding all right. She gave her grandmother some nourishment, inquired tenderly as to her wishes, executed several little necessary offices, and then sat down to work for her own daily bread; every moment being precious to one so situated. I expected to be examined—perhaps caressed, fondled, or praised, but no such attention awaited me. Adrienne had arranged every thing in her own mind, and I was to be produced only at those extra hours in the morning, when she had been accustomed to take exercise in the open air. For the moment I was laid aside, though in a place that enabled me to be a witness of all that occurred. The day passed in patient toil, on the part of the poor girl, the only relief she enjoyed being those moments when she was called on to attend to the wants of her grandmother. A light *potage*, with a few grapes and bread, composed her dinner; even of these I observed that she laid aside nearly half for the succeeding day, doubts of her having the means of supporting her parent until the handkerchief was completed beginning to beset her mind. It was these painful and obtrusive doubts that most distressed the dear girl, now, for the expectation of reaping a reward comparatively brilliant, from the ingenious device to repair her means on which she had fallen, was strong within her. Poor child! her misgivings were the overflowings of a tender heart, while her hopes partook of the sanguine character of youth and inexperience!

My turn came the following morning. It was now spring, and this is a season of natural delights at Paris. We were already in April, and the flowers had begun to shed their fragrance on the air, and to brighten the aspect of the public gardens. Mad. de la Rocheaimard usually slept the soundest at this hour, and, hitherto, Adrienne had not hesitated to leave her, while she went herself to the nearest public promenade, to breathe the pure air and to gain strength for the day. In future, she was to deny herself this sweet gratification. It was such a sacrifice, as the innocent and virtuous, and I may add the tasteful, who are cooped up amid the unnatural restraints of a town, will best know how to appreciate. Still it was made without a murmur, though not without a sigh.

When Adrienne laid me on the frame where I was to be ornamented by her own pretty hands, she regarded me with a look of delight, nay, even of affection, that I shall never forget. As yet she felt none of the malign consequences of the self-denial she was about to exert. If not blooming, her cheeks still retained some of their native color, and her eye, thoughtful and even sad, was not yet anxious and sunken. She was pleased with her purchase, and she contemplated prodigies in the way of results. Adrienne was unusually skilful with the needle, and her taste had been so highly cultivated, as to make her a perfect mistress of all the proprieties of patterns. At the time it was thought of making an offering of all our family to the *dauphine*, the idea of working the handkerchiefs was entertained, and some designs of exquisite beauty and neatness had been prepared. They were not simple, vulgar, unmeaning ornaments, such as the uncultivated seize upon with avidity on account of their florid appearance, but well devised drawings, that were replete with taste and thought, and afforded some apology for the otherwise senseless luxury contemplated, by aiding in refining the imagination, and cultivating

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the intellect. She had chosen one of the simplest and most beautiful of these designs, intending to transfer it to my face, by means of the needle.

The first stitch was made just as the clocks were striking the hour of five, on the morning of the fourteenth of April, 1831. The last was drawn that day two months, precisely as the same clocks struck twelve. For four hours Adrienne sat bending over her toil, deeply engrossed in the occupation, and flattering herself with the fruits of her success. I learned much of the excellent child's true character in these brief hours. Her mind wandered over her hopes and fears, recurring to her other labors, and the prices she received for occupations so wearying and slavish. By the milliner, she was paid merely as a common sewing-girl, though her neatness, skill and taste might well have entitled her to double wages. A franc a day was the usual price for girls of an inferior caste, and out of this they were expected to find their own lodgings and food. But the poor revolution had still a great deal of private misery to answer for, in the way of reduced wages. Those who live on the frivolities of mankind, or, what is the same thing, their luxuries, have two sets of victims to plunder—the consumer, and the real producer, or the operative. This is true where men are employed, but much truer in the case of females. The last are usually so helpless, that they often cling to oppression and wrong, rather than submit to be cast entirely upon the world. The *marchande de mode* who employed Adrienne was as *rusée* as a politician who had followed all the tergiversations of Gallic policy, since the year '89. She was fully aware of what a prize she possessed in the unpracticed girl, and she felt the importance of keeping her in ignorance of her own value. By paying the franc, it might give her assistant premature notions of her own importance; but, by bringing her down to fifteen *sous*, humility would be inculcated, and the chance of keeping her doubled. This, which would have defeated a bargain with any common *couturière*, succeeded perfectly with Adrienne. She received her fifteen *sous* with humble thankfulness, in constant apprehension of losing even that miserable pittance. Nor would her employer consent to let her work by the piece, at which the dear child might have earned at least thirty sous, for she discovered that she had to deal with a person of conscience, and that in no mode could as much be possibly extracted from the assistant, as by confiding to her own honor. At nine each day she was to breakfast. At a quarter past nine, precisely, to commence work for her employer; at one, she had a remission of half an hour; and at six, she became her own mistress.

"I put confidence in you, mademoiselle," said the *marchande de mode*, "and leave you to yourself entirely. You will bring home the work as it is finished, and your money will be always ready. Should your grandmother occupy more of your time than common, on any occasion, you can make it up of yourself, by working a little earlier, or a little later; or, once in a while, you can throw in a day, to make up for lost time. You would not do as well at piece-work, and I wish to deal generously by you. When certain things are wanted in a hurry, you will not mind working an hour or two beyond time, and I will always find lights with the greatest pleasure. Permit me to advise you to take the intermissions as much as possible for your attentions to your grandmother, who must be attended to properly. *Si*—the care of our parents is one of our most solemn duties! *Adieu, mademoiselle; au revoir!*"

This was one of the speeches of the *marchande de mode* to Adrienne, and the dear girl repeated it in her mind, as she sat at work on me, without the slightest distrust of the heartless selfishness it so ill concealed. On fifteen *sous* she found she could live without encroaching on the little stock set apart for the support of her grandmother, and she was content. Alas! the poor girl had not entered into any calculation of the expense of lodgings, of fuel, of clothes, of health impaired, and as for any resources for illness or accidents, she was totally without them. Still Adrienne thought herself the obliged party, in times as critical as those which then hung over France, in being permitted to toil for a sum that would barely supply a *grisette*, accustomed all her life to privations, with the coarsest necessaries.

I have little to say of the succeeding fortnight. Mad. de la Rocheaimard gradually grew feebler, but she might still live months. No one could tell, and Adrienne hoped she would never die. Happily, her real wants were few, though her appetite was capricious, and her temper querulous. Love for her grandchild, however, shone in all she said and did, and so long as she was loved by this, the only being on earth she had ever been taught to love herself, Adrienne would not think an instant of the ills caused by the infirmities of age. She husbanded her money, with the utmost frugality, and contrived to save even a few sous daily, out of her own wages, to add to her grandmother's stock. This she could not have done, but for the circumstance of there being so much in the house of their early stores, to help eke out the supplies of the moment. But, at the end of a fortnight, Adrienne found herself reduced to her last franc, including all her own savings. Something must be done, and that without delay, or Madame de la Rocheaimard would be without the means of support.

By this time Adriennne had little to dispose of, except the lace. This exquisite piece of human ingenuity had originally cost five louis d'or, and Adrienne had once shown it to her employer, who had generously offered to give two napoleons for it. But the lace must be kept for my gala dress, and it was hoped that it would bring at least its original cost when properly bestowed as an ornament on a fabric of my quality. There was the silver thimble, and that had cost five francs. Adrienne sent for the porter's daughter, and she went forth to dispose of this, almost the only article of luxury that remained to her.

"*Un dé, ma bonne demoiselle!*" exclaimed the woman to whom the thimble was offered for sale; this is so common an article as scarcely to command any price. I will give thirty sous, notwithstanding."

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Adrienne had made her calculations, as she fancied, with some attention to the ways of the world. Bitter experience was teaching her severe lessons, and she felt the necessity of paying more attention than had been her wont to the practices of men. She had hoped to receive three francs for her thimble, which was quite new, and which, being pretty, was cheap at five, as sold in the shops. She ventured, therefore, to express as much to the woman in question.

"Three francs, Mademoiselle!" exclaimed the other—"*Jamais*, since the three days! All our *commerce* was then destroyed, and no one would think of giving such a price. If I get three for it myself I shall be too happy. *Cependant*, as the thimble *is* pretty, and the metal looks good, we will say five and thirty *sous*, and have no more words about it."

Adrienne sighed, and then she received the money and returned home. Two hours later the woman of the shop met with an idle customer who had more money than discretion, and she sold this very thimble for six francs, under the plea that it was a new fashion that had sprung out of the Revolution of July. That illustrious event, however, produced other results that were quite as hard to be reduced to the known connection between cause and effect as this.

Adrienne found that by using the wine which still remained, as well as some sugar and arrowroot, her grandmother could be made comfortable for just ten sous a day. She had been able to save of her own wages three, and here, then, were the means of maintaining Madame de la Rocheaimard, including the franc on hand, for just a week longer. To do this, however, some little extra economy would be necessary. Adrienne had conscientiously taken the time used to sell the thimble from her morning's work on me. As she sat down, on her return, she went over these calculations in her mind, and when they were ended, she cast a look at her work, as if to calculate its duration by what she had so far finished. Her eye assured her that not more than one fourth of her labor was, as yet, completed. Could she get over the next six weeks, however, she would be comparatively rich, and, as her lease would be out in two months, she determined to get cheaper lodgings in the country, remove her grandmother, purchase another handkerchief—if possible one of my family—and while she lived on the fruits of her present labors, to earn the means for a still more remote day. It is true, she had no more lace with which to decorate another handkerchief, but the sale of this would supply the money to purchase anew, and in this way the simple minded girl saw no reason why she might not continue on as long as health and strength would allow—at least as long as her grandmother lived.

Hope is as blessed a provision for the poor and unhappy as occupation. While oppressed with present ills they struggle to obtain a fancied existence under happier auspices, furnishing a healthful and important lesson to man, that never ceases to remind him of a future that is to repair every wrong, apply a balm to every wound, if he will only make a timely provision for its wants.

Again did Adrienne resume her customary round of duties. Four hours each morning were devoted to me. Then followed the frugal breakfast, when her commoner toil for the milliner succeeded. The rest of the day was occupied with this latter work, for which she received the customary fifteen sous. When she retired at night, which the ailings and complaints of her grandmother seldom permitted before eleven, it was with a sense of weariness that began to destroy sleep; still the dear girl thought herself happy, for I more than equaled her expectations, and she had latterly worked on me with so much zeal as to have literally thrown the fruits of two weeks' work into one.

But the few francs Adrienne possessed diminished with alarming rapidity. She began to calculate her ways and means once more, and this was no longer done as readily as before. Her own wardrobe would not bear any drain upon it. Early in the indisposition of her grandmother, all of *that* had been sold which she could spare; for, with the disinterestedness of her nature, when sacrifices became necessary her first thoughts were of her own little stock of clothes. Of jewelry she never had been the mistress of much, though the vicomtesse had managed to save a few relics of her own ancient magnificence. Nevertheless, they were articles of but little value, the days of her exile having made many demands on all such resources.

It happened, one evening when Adrienne was receiving her wages from the milliner, that the poor girl overheard a discourse that proved she was not paid at the rate at which others were remunerated. Her eyes told her that her own work was the neatest in the shop, and she also saw that she did more than any other girl employed by the same person. As she knew her own expertness with the needle, this did not surprise her; but she felt some wonder that more and better work should produce the least reward. Little did she understand the artifices of the selfish and calculating, one of the most familiar of their frauds being to conceal from the skillful their own success, lest it should command a price in proportion to its claims. The milliner heard Adrienne's ladylike and gentle remonstrance with alarm, and she felt that she was in danger of losing a prize. But two expedients suggested themselves; to offer a higher price, or to undervalue the services she was so fearful of losing. Her practiced policy, as well as her selfishness, counseled her to try the latter expedient first.

"You amaze me, mademoiselle!" she answered, when Adrienne, trembling at her own resolution, ceased speaking. "I was thinking myself whether I could afford to pay you fifteen sous, when so many young women who have been regularly brought up to the business are willing to work for less. I am afraid we must part, unless you can consent to receive twelve sous in future."

Adrienne stood aghast. The very mirror of truth herself, she could not imagine that any one—least of all any woman—could be so false and cruel as to practice the artifice to which the milliner had resorted; and, here, just as she hoped she saw a way

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opened by which she might support both her grandmother and herself until the handkerchief was completed, a change threatened her, by which she was to be left altogether without food. Still her conscience was so tender that she even doubted the propriety of accepting her old wages were she really incompetent to earn them.

"I had hoped, madame," she said, the color coming and going on cheeks that were now usually pale—"I had hoped, madame, that you found my work profitable. Surely, surely I bring home as much at night as any other demoiselle you employ."

"In that there is not much difference, I allow, mademoiselle; but you can imagine that work done by one accustomed to the art is more likely to please customers than work done by one who has been educated as a lady. *Cependant*, I will not throw you off, as I know that your poor dear grandmother—"

"*Si—si*," eagerly interrupted Adrienne, trembling from head to foot with apprehension.

"I know it all, mademoiselle, and the dear old lady shall not suffer; you shall both be made happy again on fifteen. To ease your mind, mademoiselle, I am willing to make a written contract for a year; at that rate, too, to put your heart at ease."

"*Non—non—non*," murmured Adrienne, happy and grateful for the moment, but unwilling to defeat her own plans for the future. "Thank you, thank you, madame; to-morrow you shall see what I can do."

And Adrienne toiled the succeeding day, not only until her fingers and body ached, but, until her very heart ached. Poor child! Little did she think that she was establishing precedents against herself, by which further and destructive exertions might be required. But the apprehension of losing the pittance she actually received, and thereby blasting all hopes from me, was constantly before her mind, quickening her hand and sustaining her body.

During all this time Madame de la Rocheaimard continued slowly to sink. Old age, disappointments and poverty were working out their usual results, and death was near to close the scene. So gradual were the changes, however, that Adrienne did not note them, and accustomed as she had been to the existence, the presence, the love of this one being, and of this being only, to her the final separation scarce seemed within the bounds of possibility. Surely every thing around the human family inculcates the doctrine of the mysterious future, and the necessity of living principally that they be prepared to die. All they produce perishes, all they imagine perishes, as does all they love. The union of two beings may be so engrossing, in their eyes, have lasted so long, and embraced so many ties, as to seem indissoluble; it is all seeming; the hour will infallibly come when the past becomes as nothing, except as it has opened the way to the future.

Adrienne at length, by dint of excessive toil, by working deep into the nights, by stinting herself of food, and by means of having disposed of the last article with which she could possibly part, had managed to support her grandmother and herself, until she saw me so far done as to be within another day's work of completion. At such a moment as this all feeling of vanity is out of the question. I was certainly very beautiful. A neater, a more tasteful, a finer, or a more exquisitely laced handkerchief, did not exist within the walls of Paris. In all that she figured to herself, as related to my appearance, the end justified her brightest expectations; but, as that end drew near, she felt how insufficient were human results to meet the desires of human hopes. Now that her painful and exhausting toil was nearly over, she did not experience the happiness she had anticipated. The fault was not in me; but in herself. Hope had exhausted her spirit, and as if merely to teach the vanity of the wishes of men, a near approach to the object that had seemed so desirable in the distance, had stripped off the mask and left the real countenance exposed. There was nothing unusual in this; it was merely following out a known law of nature.

The morning of the 14th June arrived. Paris is then at its loveliest season. The gardens in particular are worthy of the capital of Europe, and they are open to all who can manage to make a decent appearance. Adrienne's hotel had a little garden in the rear, and she sat at her window endeavoring to breathe the balmy odors that arose from it. Enter it she could not. It was the property, or devoted to the uses, of the occupant of the *rez de chaussée*. Still she might look at it as often as she dared to raise her eyes from her needle. The poor girl was not what she had been two months before. The handkerchief wanted but a few hours of being finished, it is true, but the pale cheeks, the hollow eyes and the anxious look, proved at what a sacrifice of health and physical force I had become what I was. As I had grown in beauty, the hand that ornamented me had wasted, and when I looked up to catch the smile of approbation, it was found to be care worn and melancholy. Still the birds did not sing the less sweetly, for Paris is full of birds, the roses were as fragrant, and the verdure was as deep as ever. Nature does not stop to lament over any single victim of human society. When misery is the deepest, there is something awful in this perpetual and smiling round of natural movements. It teaches profoundly the insignificance of the atoms of creation.

Adrienne had risen earlier than common, even, this morning, determined to get through with her task by noon, for she was actually sewing on the lace, and her impatience would not permit her to resume the work of the milliner that day, at least. For the last month she had literally lived on dry bread herself; at first with a few grapes to give her appetite a little gratification, but toward the last, on nothing but bread and water. She had not suffered so much from a want of food, however, as from a want of air and exercise; from unremitting, wasting toil at a sedentary occupation, from hope deferred and from sleepless nights. Then she wanted the cheering association of sympathy. She was strictly alone; with the exception of her short interviews with the milliner, she conversed with no one. Her grandmother slept most

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of the time, and when she did speak, it was with the querulousness of disease, and not in the tones of affection. This was hardest of all to bear; but Adrienne did bear up under all, flattering herself that when she could remove Mad. de la Rocheaimard into the country, her grandmother would revive and become as fond of her as ever. She toiled on, therefore, though she could not altogether suppress her tears. Under her painful and pressing circumstances, the poor girl felt her deepest affliction to be that she had not time to pray. Her work, now that she had nothing to expect from the milliner, could not be laid aside for a moment, though her soul did pour out its longings as she sat plying her needle.

Fortunately, Madame de la Rocheaimard was easy and tranquil the whole of the last morning. Although nearly exhausted by her toil and the want of food, for Adrienne had eaten her last morsel, half a roll, at breakfast, she continued to toil; but the work was nearly done, and the dear girl's needle fairly flew. Of a sudden she dropped me in her lap and burst into a flood of tears. Her sobs were hysterical, and I felt afraid she would faint. A glass of water, however, restored her, and then this outpouring of an exhausted nature was suppressed. I was completed! At that instant, if not the richest, I was probably the neatest and most tasteful handkerchief in Paris. At this critical moment, *Désirée*, the *commissionaire*, entered the room.

From the moment that Adrienne had purchased me, this artful woman had never lost sight of the intended victim. By means of an occasional bribe to little Nathalie, she ascertained the precise progress of the work, and learning that I should probably be ready for sale that very morning, under the pretence of hiring the apartment, she was shown into my important presence. A brief apology explained all, and Adrienne civilly showed her little rooms.

"When does your lease end, mademoiselle?" demanded *Désirée*, carelessly.

"Next week, madame. I intend to remove to the country with my grandmother the beginning of the week."

"You will do very right; no one that has the means should stay in Paris after June. *Dieu!* What a beautiful handkerchief! Surely—surely—this is not your work, mademoiselle!"

Adrienne simply answered in the affirmative, and then the *commissionnire's* admiration was redoubled. Glancing her eye round the room, as if to ascertain the probabilities, the woman inquired if the handkerchief was ordered. Adrienne blushed, but shaking off the transient feeling of shame, she stated that it was for sale.

"I know a lady who would buy this—a *marchande de mode*, a friend of mine, who gives the highest prices that are ever paid for such articles—for to tell you the truth certain Russian princesses employ her in all these little matters. Have you thought of your price, mademoiselle?"

Adrienne's bloom had actually returned, with this unexpected gleam of hope, for the affair of disposing of me had always appeared awful in her imagination. She owned the truth frankly, and said that she had not made herself acquainted with the prices of such things, except as she had understood what affluent ladies paid for them.

"Ah! that is a different matter," said Désirée, coldly. "These ladies pay far more than a thing is worth. Now you paid ten francs for the handkerchief itself."

"Twenty-eight," answered Adrienne, trembling.

"Twenty-eight!" mademoiselle, they deceived you shamefully. Ten would have been dear in the present absence of strangers from Paris. No, call *that* ten. This lace would probably bring a napoleon—yes, I think it might bring a napoleon."

Adrienne's heart sunk within her. She had supposed it to be worth at least five times as much.

"That makes thirty francs," continued Désirée, coldly; "and now for the work. You must have been a fortnight doing all this pretty work."

"Two months, madame," said Adrienne, faintly.

"Two months! Ah! you are not accustomed to this sort of work and are not adroit, perhaps."

"I worked only in the mornings and late at night; but still think I worked full hours."

"Yes, you worked when sleepy. Call it a month, then. Thirty days at ten sous a day make fifteen francs. Ten for the handkerchief, twenty for the lace, and fifteen for the work, make forty-five francs—*parole d'honneur*, it does come to a pretty price for a handkerchief. *Si*, we must ask forty-five francs for it, and then we can always abate the five francs, and take two napoleons."

Adrienne felt sick at heart. Want of nourishment had lessened her energies, and here came a blow to all her golden visions that was near overcoming her. She knew that handkerchiefs similar to this frequently sold for twenty napoleons in the shops, but she did not know how much the cupidity of trade exacted from the silly and vain in the way of sheer contributions to avarice. It is probable the unfortunate young lady would have lost her consciousness, under the weight of this blow, had it not been for the sound of her grandmother's feeble voice calling her to the bedside. This was a summons that Adrienne never disregarded, and, for the moment, she forgot her causes of grief.

"My poor Adrienne," whispered Madame de la Rocheaimard in a tone of tenderness that her granddaughter had not heard for some weeks, "my poor Adrienne, the hour is near when we must part—"

"Grand-mamma!—dearest grand-mamma!"

"Nay, love, God wills it. I am old, and I feel death upon me. It is happy that he comes so gently, and when I am so well prepared to meet him. The grave has views that no other scene offers, Adrienne! Noble blood and ancient renown are as nothing compared to God's mercy and forgiveness. Pardon me if I have ever taught thy simple heart to dwell on vanities; but it was a fault of the age. This world is all vanity, and I can now see it when it is too late. Do not let *my* fault be *thy* fault, child of my love. Kiss me, Adrienne, pray for my soul when all is over."

"Yes, dearest, dearest grand-mamma, thou know'st I will."

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"Thou must part with the rest of the *trousseau* to make thyself comfortable when I am gone."

"I will do as thou wishest, dearest grand-mamma."

"Perhaps it will raise enough to purchase thee four or five hundred francs of *rentes*, on which thou may'st live with frugality."

"Perhaps it will, grand-mamma."

"Thou wilt not sell the thimble—*that* thou wilt keep to remember me."

Adrienne bowed her head and groaned. Then her grandmother desired her to send for a priest, and her thoughts took another direction. It was fortunate they did, for the spirit of the girl could not have endured more.

That night Madame de la Rocheaimard died, the wife of the porter, the *bon curé*, and Adrienne alone being present. Her last words were a benediction on the fair and gentle being who had so faithfully and tenderly nursed her in old age. When all was over, and the body was laid out, Adrienne asked to be left alone with it. Living or dead, her grandmother could never be an object of dread to her, and there were few disposed to watch. In the course of the night, Adrienne even caught a little sleep, a tribute that nature imperiously demanded of her weakness.

The following day was one of anguish and embarrassment. The physician, who always inspects the dead in France, came to make his report. The arrangements were to be ordered for the funeral. Fortunately, as Adrienne then thought, Désirée appeared in the course of the morning, as one who came in consequence of having been present at so much of the scene of the preceding day. In her character of a *commissionaire* she offered her services, and Adrienne, unaccustomed to act for herself in such offices, was fain to accept them. She received an order, or rather an answer to a suggestion of her own, and hurried off to give the necessary directions. Adrienne was now left alone again with the body of her deceased grandmother. As soon as the excitement ceased, she began to feel languid, and she became sensible of her own bodily wants. Food of no sort had passed her lips in more than thirty hours, and her last meal had been a scanty breakfast of dry bread. As the faintness of hunger came over her, Adrienne felt for her purse with the intention of sending Nathalie to a neighbouring baker's, when the truth flashed upon her, in its dreadful reality. She had not a *liard*. Her last *sou* had furnished the breakfast of the preceding day. A sickness like that of death came over her, when, casting her eyes around her in despair, they fell on the little table that usually held the nourishment prepared for her grandmother. A little arrowroot, and a light *potage*, that contained bread, still remained. Although it was all that seemed to separate the girl from death, she hesitated about using it. There was an appearance of sacrilege, in her eyes, in the act of appropriating these things to herself. A moment's reflection, however, brought her to a truer state of mind, and then she felt it to be a duty to that dear parent herself, to renew her own strength, in order to discharge her duty to the dead. She ate, therefore, though it was with a species of holy reverence. Her strength was renewed, and she was enabled to relieve her soul by prayer.

"Mademoiselle will have the goodness to give me ten francs," said Désirée, on her return; "I have ordered every thing that is proper, but money is wanting to pay for some little articles that will soon come."

"I have no money, Désirée—not even a *sou*."

"No money, mademoiselle? In the name of heaven, how are we to bury your grandmother?"

"The handkerchief—"

Désirée shook her head, and saw that she must countermand most of the orders. Still she was human, and she was a female. She could not altogether desert one so helpless, in a moment of such extreme distress. She reflected on the matter for a minute or two, and opened her mind.

"This handkerchief might sell for forty-five francs, mademoiselle," she said, "and I will pay that much for it myself, and will charge nothing for my services to-day. Your dear grandmother must have Christian burial, that is certain, and poor enough will that be which is had for two napoleons. What say you, mademoiselle—will you accept the forty five francs, or would you prefer seeing the *marchande de mode?*"

"I can see no one now, Désirée. Give me the money, and do honor to the remains of my dear, dear grandmother."

Adrienne said this with her hands resting on her lap in quiescent despair. Her eyes were hollow and vacant, her cheeks bloodless, her mind almost as helpless as that of an infant. Désirée laid down two napoleons, keeping the five francs to pay for some necessaries, and then she took me in her hands, as if to ascertain whether she had done too much. Satisfied on this head, I was carefully replaced in the basket, when the *commissionaire* went out again, on her errands, honorably disposed to be useful. Still she did not deem it necessary to conceal her employer's poverty, which was soon divulged to the porteress, and by her to the bourgeois.

Adrienne had now the means of purchasing food, but, ignorant how much might be demanded on behalf of the approaching ceremony, she religiously adhered to the use of dry bread. When Désirée returned in the evening, she told the poor girl that the *convoi* was arranged for the following morning, that she had ordered all in the most economical way, but that thirty-five francs were the lowest *sou* for which the funeral could be had. Adrienne counted out the money, and then found herself the mistress of just *four francs ten sous*. When Désirée took her leave for the night, she placed me in her basket, and carried me to her own lodgings, in virtue of her purchase.

I was laid upon a table where I could look through an open window, up at the void of heaven. It was glittering with those bright stars which the astronomers tell us are suns of other systems, and the scene gradually drew me to reflections on that eternity which is before us. My feelings got to be gradually soothed, as I remembered the moment of time

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that all are required to endure injustice and wrongs on earth. Some such reflections are necessary to induce us to submit to the mysterious reign of Providence, whose decrees so often seem unequal, and whose designs are so inscrutable. By remembering what a speck is time, as compared with eternity, and that "God chasteneth those he loveth," the ills of life may be borne, even with joy.

The manner in which Désirée disposed of me, shall be related in another number.

(To be continued.

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

Source of the grand, the beautiful, the true,
Awake thy spell, thy sacred glow renew!
Teach me to trace the influence divine
That warms the hero and bedecks the shrine,
Steals like a shadow at the twilight hour,
Broods o'er the mountain, nestles in the flower,
Bold as the eagle, gentle as the dove,
To scale the stars or plume the wings of love!
Why go we forth impatient to explore
The storied wonders of a distant shore
Hallowed by peerless art and glory's tomb,
Or clad by warmer suns in richer bloom!
When on the ear first breaks the seaman's strain,
Blent with the clanking of the rising chain,
The dreary signal sounding to depart,
Each long, wild cry thrills through the burdened heart,
Home visions, thrice endeared, usurp the place
Of foreign pictures fancy loved to trace;
Hope's siren voice becomes a mournful knell
When quivering lips breathe forth a long farewell;
But when sad thoughts are quelled, tears dashed away,
Old ocean greets us with his glistening spray,
And while around the sullen waters roll
Their solemn murmur pacifies the soul.
O it is glorious to sojourn awhile
Upon the trackless deep, to know its smile
At summer eve, when gorgeous sunsets throw
O'er the foam crests an amethystine glow,
Through flying cloud-rifts watch the orbs on high,
Like angel's censers waving in the sky,
And hear the wind-hymns pealing loud and clear,
To sound their triumph o'er the boundless sphere;
Or watch the moon hang soothingly above,
Like a pure crescent for the brow of love,
While her rays tremble on the ocean's breast
Like childhood's locks by sportive airs caressed.
And earth's fair scenes—the river's lucent vase,
That mirrors mountains in its crystal face,
The autumn-tinted woods whose branches sway,
Like mighty hosts in festival array,
The cascade's anthem and the incense sweet
Wafted from thickets nestled at its feet,
The cloistral silence of the forest aisles,
And charms that live where floral beauty smiles,
Palms whose high tops the upper breezes woo,
And amber clouds that fleck a heaven of blue,
Are all symbolic to the poet's sight
Of higher glory and supreme delight.
Who has looked forth upon a southern vale,
When o'er it sweeps spring's renovating gale,
To wave the vine-stalks pendant from the trees,
Like garlands dallying with the sun and breeze,
Shake off the dew-drops in their jeweled pride
From jasmin bud and aloe's thorny side,
Stir the meek violet in its dim retreat,
And die in zephyrs at the mountain's feet;
Who that has rocked upon Lake George's tide,
When its clear ripples in the moonlight glide,
And heard amid the hills and islets fair
The bugle's echo wake the summer air,
Or stood on Ætna's brow at break of day,
When crimson lines first tinge the pearly gray,
While wreaths of smoke and lurid flames rose nigh,
Flashing like altar fires against the sky,
And streaming with a wild and fitful glow
O'er the black lava crags and glittering snow;
And who Niagara's loveliness has known,
The rainbow diadem, the emerald throne,
Nor felt thy spell each baser thought control
And with delicious awe subdue the soul?
And whence the pleasure sad and undefined,
That steals like autumn twilight through the mind,
From monuments of eld—the relics gray
Of men and eras long since passed away?
Visions of bygone worlds in shadows throng
Through memory's vestibule, when night's calm song
Mingles its cadence with the moaning breeze
That stirs the weeds upon the crumbling frieze,
Plays o'er the prostrate column's fluted side
As painted lizards round it fearless glide,
Waves the untrodden grass that rankly grows
Over a buried city's long repose,
While every echo of our footsteps there
Fills the deep silence of the pulseless air.
'Tis the enchantment of poetic thought,
With such a magic charm divinely fraught
As can resummon ages, spread once more
The ruined temple's gaily pictured floor,
Its arches rear, and bid the concave ring
With minstrel strains or priestly worshiping.
And thus Time's calm and mystic spirit calls
At midnight through the Coliseum's walls,
Or in the old Cathedral's mellow air
The musing stranger lures to silent prayer,
Weaves moss upon the rocks, with ivy twines
War's mouldering tower and faith's deserted shrines,
Smooths the carved line, imprints the forehead meek,
Silvers the hair and pales the glowing cheek
And would ye feel the sacred charm of Art
Prove its poetic empire o'er the heart?
Beneath the unpillared dome go stand and gaze
As o'er its frescos sunshine faintly plays;
See genius radiant with immortal grace,
Beaming so godlike from Apollo's face,
And Mary's smile, by Raphael's touch beguiled,
Bent in meek gladness on her slumbering child,
The poor, forgiven one, with golden hair
Gemmed by the dew-drops of subdued despair,
Or Egypt's queen in orient beauty drest,
Holding the viper to her snowy breast.

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Nor gaze alone, let thine enchanted ear
Catch every note that music scatters near;
When the soft echo of the village bell,
Or peasants' reed comes floating down the dell,
When winter gales, with leafless boughs at play,
Wake dirges wild to mourn the year's decay,
And sylvan choristers in myriad tones
Welcome back summer to the northern zones;
Or when some queen of sweet Euterpe's train
Pours forth her spirit to a master strain,
How quickly high, impassioned fancies rise
Arrayed in melody's ethereal guise!
Won from our clay, without death's fearful strife,
We taste the glories of ideal life.
Divine Bellini! as I wandered o'er
The fertile valleys of thy native shore,
Each crystal wave upheaving seemed to sigh
For the last harp whose strains can never die:
Though cold thy brow beneath the laurel crown,
Thy country's name enshrines thy young renown,
Thy melody, in tones of fervent truth,
Embalms the ardor of thy gifted youth;
There the soul triumphs, vanished bliss deplores,
With joy exults, in adoration soars,
Freedom's appeal sweeps every heart along,
And love's own rapture gushes forth in song.
O for a lyre of melody profound,
That I might sing the poetry of sound!
That thrilling language worthy to unroll
The deep emotions of an earnest soul,
On which glad angels from the realms above
Brought to the earth their embassy of love,
Whose airy spell in Miriam's triumph rose,
And won from Saul the memory of his woes;
Cheered Milton's blindness, harmonized his lays,
And wove a charm for Mary's captive days;
Love's true expression caught from young Mozart,
And drove death's shadow from his trembling heart.
O if there be an art familiar here,
Whose welcome waits us in a higher sphere,
'Tis that which now so winningly reveals
All that the fancy paints or spirit feels.
Hence we invoke the moving grace of song,
When stars or clouds around our pathway throng,
Kindle young valor by the trumpet's note
And from the lute bid love's soft pleadings float,
Wake holy musing in the organ's peal,
And joy's blithe echo from the clarion steal,
Cheer the bride's visions, ere in sleep they fade,
With the sweet cadence of the serenade,
And to the altar move with measured tread
To breathe a requiem o'er the honored dead.
  There are who all poetic worship deem
The vague conception of an idle dream,
All hues romantic dash away with scorn,
As sickly mists of morbid fancy born;
Would quench in years the spirit's richest gift,
And wed brave manhood to ignoble thrift,
Boast of the age when reason's cool defence
Can vanquish sentiment by common sense,
And feeling's pristine earnestness control
By the firm barrier of a frozen soul,
Draw down blithe fancy from her joyous flight,
And still the music of unbought delight.
Not such the faith which court and tented glade
Cherished through ages lost in mental shade,
Nor such the hope of that immortal day
That ancient bards have rescued from decay,
When for poetic empire sages strove,
In temple porch and academic grove,
The free and patient votaries of truth
Invoking reverence for the dreams of youth!
Each has his pharos—some the twinkling ray
Of glow-worm joys that glimmer by the way,
Thought's prime apostates who profess to be
Vibrating ever from repose to glee,
All buoyant float down life's tumultuous stream,
And hail each bubble's transitory gleam;
Others, of deeper mood, compelled to think,
Their vassal natures to a dogma link,
By meteors led, and, like the quarry slave,
Dig in opinion's mine a living grave,
Or tamely drudge where'er the mass may lead,
And swear allegiance to the reigning creed;
While the false flame and serpent-woven fold
Of appetite a baser order mould.
Though lofty hopes and fancies high and free
Oft wage relentless war with destiny,
Heed not the voice that bids thee turn aside
And yield time's crowning grace to worldly pride;
With calm devotion to this solace cling,
And trust thy soul to its angelic wing,
And as the sun upon an ice-clad scene,
Pours golden radiance, dazzling yet serene,
Earth's cold arena and life's melting ties,
Warm with effulgence borrowed from the skies!
  Alas! that as the strains of childhood's lute
Pass into hoarser music, or grow mute,
The light that made existence half divine
Should fade unheeded from the spirit's shrine!
And yet, in after years, when falls the tear
O'er Joy's dregged chalice or Ambition's bier,
We seek the fount whose bright and fragrant shower
Cooled our flushed brows in being's morning hour,
And whose sweet murmur filled the heart of youth
With the deep tones of Nature's living truth.
We live to see our fondest dreams betrayed,
And sadly watch each hopeful vision fade,
Yet, still assured, bid fresh illusions spring
And to the promise of the future cling;
Nay, on the shadows of departed days
Delight to cast imagination's rays,
And seasons all unheeded in their flow,
Learn to contemplate with affection's glow.
Thus the blest spirit that I sing can lend
New charms to hope, with memory's visions blend,
Call back the smiles of time forever fled,
Round time to come benign allurements shed,
Grief's misty shades and pleasure's burning sun
By a celestial arch unite in one,
And to the gladdened pilgrim's weary eye
Reveal the rainbow of life's troubled sky.
  How soon would custom disenchant the earth,
Bid wonder cease, and quench the zest of mirth,
Did thy sweet voice not mingle with our strife,
And oft revive the miracle of life!
As the dim pavement, rich in ancient hues,
When sprinkled o'er, its primal tint renews,
So freshens Nature as thy holy tears
Baptize the soul and melt the frost of years.
Benignant spirit! still thy smile impart,
Exalt the mind and renovate the heart,
Some better moments let us cherish still,
Some flowers spare our shattered urns to fill,
Hallow and cheer a few green spots below,
Where love can meditate and fancy glow,
Where at thy shrine a vigil we may keep,
And feel our lives are "rounded with a sleep!"

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There lies a land far down a southern sea
Whose air, though balmy, is no longer free;
The briny gale and mountain's cordial breath
Circle a race that sleep in civic death,
Yet matchless graces to that sleep belong,
For o'er it floats the atmosphere of song.
Though withered crones sit spinning in the sun,
Where Cæsar's rule and Tully's fame begun,
Though moaning beggars crowd the fair domain,
And bigot priests usurp a pampered reign,
Still beauty lives, enamored of the clime,
And twines her garlands round the wrecks of time;
Drives from the patriot's brow its hopeless gloom,
With light that streams from Dante's lonely tomb,
Bids him, the airy dome beholding nigh,
Hail Angelo a tenant of the sky,
Muse on the trophies, by the Dorian shore,
Columbus bravely won and sadly wore,
Or Galileo's honored name revere,
Borne on the rays of every golden sphere.
Poetic charms the peasant's olive face
In Arno's vale adorn with placid grace,
Flash from Venetian oars that tuneful sway,
When moonlight gilds the Adriatic bay,
With warlike memories stir the verdant grain
That waves luxuriant on the Lombard plain,
Waft citron blossoms as the vesper bell
Dies faintly down Palermo's golden shell,
O'er sweet Parthenope in triumph stream,
Like beacon flames, in each volcanic gleam,
Brood in the stillness of Rome's saintly piles,
And scent the breeze from Como's fairy isles.

Read the great law in Beauty's cheering reign,
Blent with all ends through matter's wide domain;
She breathes hope's language, and with boundless range
Sublimes all forms, smiles through each subtle change,
And with insensate elements combined
Ordains their constant ministry to mind.
The breeze awoke to waft the feathered seed,
And the cloud fountains with their dew to feed,
Upon it many errands might have flown,
Nor woke one river song or forest moan,
Stirred not the grass, nor the tall grain have bent,
Like shoreless billows tremulously spent;
Frost could the bosom of the lake have glassed,
Nor paused to paint the woodland as it passed,
The glossy seabird and the brooding dove
Might coyly peck with twinkling eye of love,
Nor catch upon their downy necks the dyes,
So like the mottled hues of summer skies;
Mists in the west could float, nor glory wear,
As if an angel's robes were streaming there;
The moon might sway the tides, nor yet impart
A solemn light to tranquilize the heart,
And leagues of sand could bar the ocean's swell,
Nor yield one crystal gleam or pearly shell.
The very sedge lends music to the blast
And the thorn glistens when the storm is past,
Wild flowers nestle in the rocky cleft,
Moss decks the bough of leaf and life bereft,
O'er darkest clouds the moonbeams brightly steal,
The rainbow's herald is the thunder's peal;
Gay are the weeds that strew the barren shore,
And anthem-like the breaker's gloomy roar.
As love o'er sorrow spreads her genial wings
The ivy round a fallen column clings,
While on the sinking walls, where owlets cry,
The weather stains in tints of beauty lie;
The wasting elements adorn their prey
And throw a pensive charm around decay;
Thus ancient limners lade their canvass glow,
And grouped sweet cherubs o'er a martyr's wo.

Nor does the charm of poetry disdain
In forms instinctive to assert her reign;
With graceful sweep the startled curlews fly,
And the struck deer will turn aside to die;
How moves the steed majestical and free,
How builds the beaver, and how stores the bee!
The patient glow-worm lights a torch of love,
And to her goal flies on the faithful dove,
Rare colors o'er the dying dolphin play,
And coral groves an insect's art betray.

But not alone where verdure, wave and sky
Serenely blend to captivate the eye,
In the still woods or soothing voice of streams
Does poetry derive her moving themes.
The city mark, its motley crowd survey,
Decked with the trophies of blind Fortune's sway;
Trace the procession mingling from afar,
The gaudy chariot and the funeral car,
The tattered wretch, the belle in proud array,
The anxious plodder and the child at play.
Walk by the port, at sunset, to descry
A leafless forest painted on the sky,
Those masts are winged triumphantly to sweep
The cold green bosom of the mighty deep,
Spread wisdom's beams, dissevered worlds unite,
Trade's guerdon win, or dare the billowy fight,
Each nation's ensign rear to foreign gales,
And whiten ocean with a thousand sails.
At eve, the lights from every casement shed
Illume the feast or glimmer o'er the dead,
Shine on a band who mutual blessings share,
Or mock the haggard visage of despair;
Here the pleased infant's wondering sight engage,
And there proclaim the vigil of the sage,
The gable-roof and lofty palace door,
The ancient spire with moonbeams silvered o'er,
The sunken tombstone and the cheerful street
Humanity's great lesson still repeat.

And home's calm privacy thy presence cheers,
To wake its smiles and consecrate its tears.
We trace thee in the harp, the vase, the bust,
That calls the dear departed from the dust,
The pictured ceiling, and mosaic floor,
The woodbine trained around the cottage door,
The sculptured chalice brimmed with sparkling wine,
And "flow of soul" that makes the feast divine.

And when the eye can scan thy gifts no more,
When fancy's revel on the earth is o'er,
In some blest spot where groups of noble trees
Spread their dense foliage to the summer breeze,
Where the oak yields its rich autumnal hue,
And drip the pine leaves with the morning dew,
Where moans the cypress, or the lindens wave,
Allured by thee we find a quiet grave.
At *Père la Chaise* thy holy genius dwells,
Hangs on each cross a wreath of *immortels*,
And thy bright dreams with hopeful emblems fill
The shades of Auburn and fair Laurel Hill;
Through the dark firs a pyramid behold,
On which the patriot's sacred deeds are told,
A broken shaft speaks of departed youth,
And a white urn proclaims a maiden's truth;
By the dark portal of the silent tomb
The wild birds warble and the roses bloom,
Poetic graces round the scene are shed,
And Beauty cheers a city of the dead.

[*End of Part I.*

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THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE FISH.

A FAIRY TALE.

BY T. C. GRATTAN.

INTRODUCTION.

The world, and particularly that part of it which patronizes periodical literature, is very tolerant of nonsense in general, and especially of that which is not mischievous, and which comes in the shape of a snake or fish story. The following effusion may therefore hope for indulgence. Its history is scarcely worth telling—perhaps it will tell it itself. But, to guard against obscurity, it may be well to state that the manuscript was first discovered in a basket, which contained, moreover, a very fine Turbot, that found its way—it never was rightly explained how—from the sea side to a capital city, and was there left at the house of a lady, who at first declined receiving what she thought could not be meant for her. But there was no use in resisting what evidently came to her under the influence of a spell. Besides which, every one, except an envious few, would have been ready, and rejoiced, to confirm the correctness of the *address*—to come at which you must turn to the next page, and read to the end of the story.

Some time back—it was about sixteen or seventeen hundred years ago—an Irish Philosopher was taking a walk by the sea side in a foreign country. He was an old man, though not a single one. He had many queer notions of his own, and cared very little for those of other people. He firmly believed the world to be round; yet he was always hoping for a snug corner in it. It was he who first said (though Sir Boyle Roche got the credit of originality for translating the sayings into English) that "no one could be in two places at once unless he was a bird;" that "the best way to avoid danger was to meet it plump;" and several other "wise saws," equally perspicuous, and almost as easy to be understood. He lived at the top of an inaccessible mountain, which nobody could reach without going up the back way. Whenever he was bent on doing a good turn, he did it in an upright manner, quite the contrary of some people, who go straight to their bad objects by the crookedest path they can find. He always looked upon money—though it was not often he had any to look upon—as a very respectable sort of a thing; yet he had small respect for many who had the most of it. He thought that great people were very often mighty little; and that the best way to make them stick close to you, is to hold them at arm's length. He was by nature a bit of an aristocrat. But he saw nobility so idolized by ignobility, that he took a dislike to what he actually loved for its own sake, only because its worshipers knew not how to do it honor without debasing themselves. In fact, he loved rank and title—but he loved the dignity of human nature better; and whenever he met a *man* who could stand mentally upright in presence of a *lord* (and that was not often) or a *lord* who could meet a *man* without seeming to think he must stoop (and that was seldomer) he loved one quite as much as the other, and would willingly wear both of them in his heart's core. In his youth he was rather fond of fighting; but he gave that up as he grew older, for he met few worth quarreling with. He rarely took the trouble of contradicting any one, because he found that most folks, if left alone, were pretty sure, some time or other, to give themselves the lie. He had a great deal of fun in him; and was very quick in finding out the joke in most serious matters; and he frequently took refuge in his own nonsense from the stupid good sense of other people. He saw dishonesty, hypocrisy and impudence paid so much attention to, and get on so well in life, that whenever he was asked out to dinner, or the like, he thought he must (unknown to himself) have been guilty of some dirty action. He was, in one word, what my first sentence has already repeated, an Irish Philosopher, which means a lover of all good things; because wisdom (*sophos*) being a good thing, it is sound (Irish) logic that a lover (*philo*) of every thing good must be a lover of wisdom. And on that principle, this philosopher (that is to say, disliking every thing that was bad, bad taste among the rest) eschewed tobacco, while others were chewing it—gave up pipes and cigars, out of hatred of puffery—never *snuffed*, except "the gale" or the candle—and took no physic, if it was'nt the *Psuches Iatreion*—but that is Greek to many people, and whatever you please to more—and so now for my story.

Well, as I was saying, he was taking a walk all alone by himself, and the sun was going down, and the tide was coming up, and thinking very deeply of nothing at all, when a curly white wave, for all the world like the Lord Chancellor's wig, came rolling in, after the fashion of the Master of the Rolls, and wet him all over his clothes, which were rather long and very expensive—a perfect Chancery suit, to carry out my metaphor. This put him in a great passion,

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for there was nothing he hated so mortally as water, unless half of it was whiskey. But before he could rap out an oath, shake himself dry, or in any other manner give himself comfort, he remarked a fish sprawling close to him in the spray, and tumbling about in a very outlandish fashion. It was flat on both sides, like the wit of some of the Philospher's male friends; and spotted on one, like the reputation of his female ones. It had a head at one end, and a tail at the other; and a fin at each side, with which it was flapping itself (the day being warm) and which made the Philosopher conclude that it was some blood relation of Fan-me-cool,* the great Irish giant.

"That must be a flounder," said the Philosopher, as the Fish continued to tumble about.

"You 're out," said the Fish, making a spring clear over upon the sand.

"And so are you," said the Philosopher.

"Never mind whether I 'm in or out," replied the Fish; "what 's out to-day may be in to-morrow—and there 's no great difference between them."

"What good English you have, for a fish!" exclaimed *he*.

"May be I have, and Irish too," replied *it*. And then it added, "I 'll tell you a bit of a secret."

"Musha! that 's kind of you, agra," said the Philosopher, opening his ears and eyes and mouth, all at once, with the curiosity natural to his tribe.

"I 'm a fairy," said the Fish.

"Why thin, are you, avick? That 's the first time I ever hard tell of a fish bein' a fairy—so I suppose that the say is fairy land?"

"May be it is."

"Be gorra! thin, it must be the bottom of it," said the Philosopher, and he chuckled (like some others) at his own wit.

"None of your goather!" cried the Fish, as if it was uneasy at any one cracking a joke but itself (like some people, but I wont say who) and with that it jumped up, like a pancake out of a frying pan on Shrove Tuesday; giving a couple of curls in the air, and then coming clean down with the white side uppermost.

"Well, that bates!" cried the amazed Philosopher, who did not know how easy it is to change sides, "jump about, and wheel about," and look mighty pure and innocent after all.

"I 'm afeard you hurt yourself; you look very pale in the face," said the compassionate Philosopher.

"Not in the least—what do you think of this? This is what I call defining my position," said the Fish, standing on its tail and wagging its head, and then standing on its head and wagging its tail, just like a great big Irish agitator.

"By my sowl! I dunna what to think of it," muttered the Philosopher, "if it is n't that when one 's about defining their position they do 'nt know whether they 're on their head or their tail."

"Then if you do 'nt know what to think, do 'nt be standing there, like an open mouthed *omadthaun*, as you are," said the Fish, jumping up, and giving the Philosopher a slap in the face with its tail.

"Thank you for your civility," said he, wiping the salt water out of his eyes, like Ophelia, Belvidera, or Sterne's Maria; "faith, an' there 's a great dale of fun in that tail of yours."

"To be sure there is—do 'nt you know it 's a fairy tail?"

Upon which the Philosopher was silent, and looked very glum; as every philosopher does who hates a bad pun—because he can 't make a good one.

"Well, then, why do n't you do what you 're bid?" said the Fish, rather sharp.

"What 's that?" asked the Philosopher, very much afraid he was going to get another slap in the face.

"Just this," said the Fish; "there 's a most beautiful princess that lives somewhere or another, but I do n't know exactly where."

"Nor I neither," said the Philosopher.

"Never mind that," said the Fish; "but just take me up, and pack me in a basket, and send me to her."

"How the divil can I do that, when you wont tell me where she lives?"

"Leave that to me," said the Fish; "I 'll find her out."

"Why, then, how will you do that, alanna?" asked he, on the stretch for information.

"By putting myself to sleep, and taking a slight dose of *clairvoyance*," said the Fish, shutting its eyes and yawning, "I 'll tell you another secret—I 'm a somnambulist."

"A what?—a somnyambulist?"

"A somnambulist," answered the Fish; "did you never see one before?"

"To be sure I did, thousands," replied the Philosopher—for philosophers would say any thing, rather than acknowledge their ignorance; "I caught them often asleep in the big bog, near Banogher."

And upon that the Fish winked at him, and said—"*nabocklish*."

"By my sowl, you 're an odd Fish!" said the Philosopher.

"Then there 's a pair of us, and that makes us even, otherwise dual," said the Fish; "and there 's an 'orphic saying' for you, what do you think of it?"

"I think it 's like the rest of them, as clear as mud," grunted the Philosopher, looking grave again.

"Well, well, make haste; I want to set out on my travels," said the Fish. Upon which the Philosopher took it up, and stroked it down the back, and tickled its fins a little, and smoothed the curl out of its tail, and said—

"I see you 're getting rather drowsy; and as I now pronounce you in the magnetic state, may be you 'd tell me something about the princess you 're going to."

"I 'll do that same," said the Fairy, stretching itself out, and yawning again. "It is that most beautiful princess that 's doomed to eat me," continued the Fairy, as we must now call our heroine, as the novel writers say.

* Common pronunciation, rather than correct orthography, has affected the inditing of this name.

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"To ate you, darlin'!" exclaimed the Philosopher, dropping his jaw very low, and the tears coming into his eyes.

"Yes, indeed," said the Fairy, "she alone—that is to say, with her husband and her small children, and the other ladies and gentlemen she asks to dine with her."

"I 'm very sorry the princess is married," said the Philosopher, drawing down his mouth all at one side.

"Why so?" asked the Fairy.

"Bekase I was thinking of axing her for myself?"

"Get along home, you thieving deceiver, to your own wife and children," said the Fairy, giving him another flap with her tail.

Well, thim fairies is the divil for finding one out," said the Philosopher, wiping his face once more.

"Yaw-aw-aw-aw!!!" said the Fairy.

"Arah, now that you 're fast asleep entirely, my honey, will you be jist after telling me about what time you 'll reach the princess's palace?"

"It wont be long—about a thousand years, or nearer two."

"That 's a long time for a Fish to keep fresh."

"Yes, but it 's nothing at all for a Fairy—so good night to you."

"*Banaslaath!* Pleasant dhrames to you!" said the Philosopher, covering the Fish with the flap of his great coat. And upon that he walked home with himself. And when he got there he was greatly tempted to boil the Fish, and ent it for his supper; but just as this notion crossed his mind, he felt it pinching him in the little finger, and half frightened out of his life at being in such close magnetic communication, he packed it up in some straw and a basket, and writing on the back of a gilt-edged visiting card—

"FOR THE MOST BEAUTIFUL,"

(being certain sure that no one could mistake the direction) he sent it off by the stage, which—there being no steam-carriages in those days—he thought the *role-way* for despatching a Fish on its travels; and he had no doubt but that when, in the course of time, it would come to its destination, it would be just as fresh as if it were caught only yesterday.

What may happen to the Fish whenever it shall reach the palace of the beautiful princess, may be left to the imagination of the intelligent reader. And we, at the same time, leave "our heroine" to the tender mercies of the gentleman who officiates at the head of the princess's table, and who "sarves her (our heroine) out," with lobster sauce, to the company.

FRIENDSHIP.

BY "MARIA DEL OCCIDENTE."

To meet a friendship such as mine
Such feelings must the soul refine
As are not oft of mortal birth—
'T is love, without a stain of earth.

Looks are its food, its nectar sighs,
Its couch the lips, its throne the eyes,
The soul its breath, and so possest,
Heaven's rapturous reign in mortal breast.

Though Friendship be its earthly name,
Purely from highest Heaven it came;
'T is seldom felt for more than one,
And scorns to dwell with Venus' son.

Him let it view not, or it dies
Like tender hues of morning skies,
Or morn's sweet flower, of purple glow,
When sunny beams too ardent grow.

A charm o'er every object plays—
All looks so lovely while it stays,
So softly forth in rosier tides
The vital flood ecstatic glides,

That, wrung by grief to see it part,
Its dearest drop escapes the heart;
Such drop, I need not tell thee, fell
While bidding it, for thee, farewell.

SONNET.

ON THE LATE S. T. COLERIDGE.

BY WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

And thou art gone, most lov'd, most honor'd Friend!
No—never more thy gentle voice shall blend
With air of Earth its pure ideal tones—
Binding in one, as with harmonious zones,
The heart and intellect. And I no more
Shall with thee gaze on that unfathom'd deep,
The Human Soul; as when, push'd off the shore,
Thy mystic bark would through the darkness sweep—
Itself the while so bright! For oft we seem'd
As on some starless sea—all dark above,
All dark below—yet, onward as we drove,
To plough up light that ever round us stream'd.
But he who mourns is not as one bereft
Of all he lov'd: thy living Truths are left.

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THE COQUETTE;

OR THE GAME OF LIFE.

BY MRS. FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

The brilliantly lighted saloon in which Mrs. Clifford's company were assembled was suddenly darkened. At the same moment the curtain rose, and displayed to expectant eyes the first "tableau vivant." It was strikingly beautiful. A dark, fierce looking slave-dealer stood behind a Persian girl, from whose graceful form and face he had just withdrawn the veil, thereby revealing to the gaze of a voluptuous looking Turk, seated on a pile of cushions, so rare a galaxy of charms, that not only his eyes, but those of all the spectators, were riveted upon her. The shrinking timidity of her attitude, as she stood with her drooping hands locked languidly and meekly before her, was exquisitely graceful—her downcast eyes were "darkly, deeply blue," "and auburn waves of gemmed and braided hair" fell glistening over her rounded form, in its becoming vest of scarlet cashmere, and reached nearly to the feet, which peeped out beneath the full white satin pantaloons, in slippers gorgeous with jewels and embroidery.

For a moment the lovely vision glittered, and was gone—and seen no more until the closing tableau, which represented Retzch's thrilling picture, called "The Game of Life." A youth with Satan playing at chess—his stake, a soul! The guardian spirit of the latter is seen at his side, with half averted face, gazing in mingled sorrow and compassion on the game, which he has almost lost. And in that white-robed angel, the beautiful form and features of the Persian girl again appeared, so touchingly lovely, so pure and spiritual, that the gazers held their breath in rapture.

"Tell me—tell me her name!" exclaimed a young artist, as the curtain fell.

"It is Lilian Clifford, the daughter of our hostess," was the answer.

"But where is Fanny?" said another.

"Oh! she is nursing her little brother, I suppose. He is an invalid, you know, and she is devoted to him. But we shall see her by and by, for her mother insists upon her appearing at the ball, though she could not persuade her to take part in the tableaux. But hark! I hear the band—let us join the dancers."

A fancy ball followed the tableaux, and as the artist stood near the door, watching for the entrance of the angel, a young and blooming girl, in the ancient dress of a French marquise, glided by him, and with a low and playful courtesy to Mrs. Clifford, took her station by her side, whence she was immediately led to the dance by the Lucifer of the tableau. Could it be Lilian? The transformation was so complete, that he could hardly believe his eyes. The beautiful hair powdered—drawn back from the brow, and raised to an enormous height—tiny black patches here and there setting off her exquisite complexion—the dark stiff brocade looped up over white satin—the monstrous fan—the dainty French lisped out at intervals of the quadrille—the stately, graceful minuet motions—all, all was perfect!

"What a study!" murmured the fascinated artist, who, by the way, looked very picturesque himself, as he stood leaning against a pillar, in a Spanish costume, worthy of Murillo.

"My guardian angel!" whispered the youth who had been Lucifer's antagonist in the tableau, and who now appeared in the garb of a sailor, "will you not dance the next quadrille with me? I need your protection more than ever, amid the temptations of such a scene as this."

"Je toujours veille sur toi!" replied the lady, with an eloquent smile, and a bow of assent. Lucifer scowled malignantly, and muttered in the sailor's ear—

"Julian Delancy, you will lose the game!"

The young man's eyes flashed fire as he answered,

"You are a skillful player, Burton, but I, for one, defy your arts!"

A slight sneer was the reply, but Delancy passed on without deigning further notice of his rival. At the same time, a modest looking, dark-eyed girl, in the simple dress of a quaker, approached, and whispered—

"Lilly, dear, I wish you could come to the nursery for a moment, after this dance; Willie wants to see your dress."

"Nonsense, Fanny, I can't leave till the ball is over. Willie must wait—"

"But he will be asleep then, Lilly!"

"Well, well, I can't help it if he is!" and with a bewitching smile, and the grace of a Hebe, she turned her partner in the dance.

Fanny sighed, and the artist sighed too, and soon after begged an introduction, not to the coquettish marquise, but to the timid quaker girl.

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"Who is that noble-looking being with my sister?" suddenly exclaimed Lilian Clifford to a friend, struck for the first time, by his manly form, and dark, but beautifully chisseled face, lighted up by a pair of brilliant Byron eyes, and a mouth full of expression.

"That? Why, Frank Russell, the artist, to be sure. Don't you know—he has just returned from Italy. What do you think of him?"

"Think of him? He looks like *a man*—and that is more than you can say of any one else in the room. Look at that attitude! and then his voice!—hark! did you ever listen to such tones—so rich—so deep? I should like to hear him read poetry—and his manner, too—there is a calm and gentle dignity about it, which makes one involuntarily look up to him as to a superior being. I must go and speak to Fanny." And tripping up to her sister, she tapped her cheek with her fan, exclaiming, "A penny for your thought, Fanny. How abstracted you look!"

"A thousand guineas for the thought, Miss Clifford," said Russell, in a low tone, and with an earnest gallantry, which well became his chivalrous beauty and bearing.

"Tell him you will give your thought for his," whispered Lilian, playfully, "for he too was in a reverie."

"Nay, I would give an age's thought of mine, for one moment's of yours, and rejoice in the exchange," murmured Russell, with a smile, still bending his dark eyes upon Fanny's drooping lids.

"Come, Fanny, you shall tell it now," continued her sister.

"I cannot—don't ask me, Lilian," faltered Fanny, while a deep blush stole into her pure, pale cheek.

"Well, at least have the sense to introduce me to your new beau—can't you?" whispered Lilian, pettishly.

The introduction took place, and the graceful coquette tried all her sportive and beguiling wiles, without any apparent effect upon the heart of the handsome stranger.

While thus engaged, Delancy claimed her hand for the dance.

"Oh! Julian—you will excuse me, I know, and dance with Fanny this tune, for dear little Willie has sent for me. I will be back soon. Mr. Russell, may I trouble you for your arm through this crowd?"

"That's right, dear Lily, I am so glad," cried Fanny, her sweet face beaming with joy, at her sister's supposed kindness to the little invalid.

"You are Willie's guardian angel, too, then, Lilian," said Delancy, with a look of admiring affection.

The artist sighed again—but gave his arm to the lady, and accompanied her to the foot of the stairs. On their way she contrived to tell a dozen different people where she was going.

"Wait for me here a few moments, Mr. Russell—I shall hate to enter the room alone," and she glided up the stairs, and vanished from his gaze, like a dream of light.

The artist leant against the balusters, and lost himself in thought—how long he knew not; but he was awakened by a low melodious laugh at his side, and starting, he found the soft hand of Lilian Clifford on his arm, and her lovely eyes raised smilingly to his.

"Is it your pleasure, noble don, that we re-enter the saloon? I have had my arm in yours for some three minutes, patiently awaiting your movements."

Russell colored, as he asked her forgiveness, and unable to resist the witchery of her every word and look, abandoned himself to her influence during the rest of the evening.

CHAPTER II.

Luxurious as a lady's boudoir, was the studio in which Frank Russell was seated, three weeks after the ball at Mrs. Clifford's. Lounges, ottomans, damask drapery, mirrors, paintings, statues and books, were all arranged with a graceful and careless elegance, which told of the artist throughout—while he himself, in his rich crimson tunic, his dark hair waving beneath an embroidered velvet cap, completed the beauty of the picture.

Before him, on his easel, was the half-length of a girl in a Spanish costume. She was looking over her shoulder, with an arch smile—the tip of a superb fan, which she held, was pressed to her dimpled chin, and a black lace mantilla, thrown back on her head, fell over her snowy shoulder to her waist; while clusters of soft dark hair mingled their golden glow with its shade, and softened the brilliant beauty of a face radiant with youth, love, and happiness.

"My own, my precious Lilian," murmured the artist, as he gazed at his own exquisite creation, "I am sure she loves me—just so she looked last night, when I begged her to grant me an interview this evening. She guessed my purpose, and her whole soul was in her eyes, as she looked her reply. But I must touch that arm once more—it is hardly round enough yet."

He passed behind a marble pedestal, on which was a statue of Love, to a table, where lay his palette and brushes. Ere he reappeared, a party of ladies and gentlemen entered the room.

"Lilian Clifford, it is you to perfection!" exclaimed one of the former.

"Is it a likeness of the laughing elf?"

"A likeness! No! by heaven—'tis she herself!" exclaimed a gentleman of the party, and then the cold, sneering voice of Burton, the tableau Lucifer, was heard—

"But where is your artist lover, Miss Clifford? We thought to find him at his devotions, before your portrait. Report declares the sittings to be *not* 'like angel visits,' but most unreasonably prolonged."

Frank waited to hear her indignant reply to this impertinence. How was he confounded by what followed.

"Nay, Burton, report can hardly accuse me of so preposterous a purpose, as that of encouraging a nameless artist."

"It accuses you of encouraging a nameless poet, as well."

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"You refer to Julian Delancy. Be assured, sir, that they themselves know me better."

The statue fell with a crash at her feet, and the artist confronted her with folded arms, and flashing eyes.

"Thank God, madam, I *do* know you, ere it is too late!" and bowing haughtily, he left the room.

Lilian turned pale, but forced a laugh, and began to criticise the pictures.

Fanny Clifford sat alone that evening by the fireside, when Mr. Russell was announced.

"I have come to thank you for your kindness during my sojourn here, my dear Miss Clifford, and to bid you 'good bye.'"

Fanny started, but by a brave effort restrained her emotion, and said, in a low tone—

"Are you to be long absent?"

"Only a year or two!"

Only a year or two! Fortunately for Fanny, at that moment the door opened, and Lilian, attired for a ball, and radiant in beauty, entered. She colored, when she saw her lover—her eyes filled with tears, and springing forward, she caught his hands.

"Frank! dear Frank! forgive me!"

"Lilian Clifford, you little know the heart your lightness has lost you. Farewell!"

"As you please, sir!"

With a light laugh, she drew up her graceful figure, and walking with the step of a queen, a fairy queen, to the glass, adjusted a gem in her hair, as calmly as if nothing had happened to ruffle or to grieve her.

He turned again to her sister. He took her hand—it trembled violently in his—he gazed on her blushing and downcast face, and wondered that he had never seen its beauty before. Pure, soft and spiritual, with an exquisite delicacy and transparency of complexion, and an expression ever varying with her varying emotions, Fanny's face was not one to strike the beholder at first sight, but it grew upon his heart, and once seen in all its beauty, lighted up by the full warmth of her lofty and generous soul, it left an impression which was never afterwards effaced. Fanny *lived* in the truest sense of the word. Her heart was in all she did, and said, and looked, and a great heart it was—but alas! how little appreciated by those around her.

Well! Frank departed, and Lilian, as he closed the door, threw herself into her sister's arms, and poured out her sorrow and repentance. And Fanny soothed her with her loving voice, and half forgot her own deeper grief, in pity for her sister's.

CHAPTER III.

Three years passed, and again was the artist, no longer a nameless one, seated in his studio, in Bond street, New York; and again stood Fanny and Lilian Clifford by his side. They were in mourning for the little brother, mentioned in the commencement of my story, and Fanny was paler and sadder than of yore; but Lilian was gay, and brilliant, and beautiful as ever.

"Mr. Russell," she said, with her sweet, persuasive smile, "I *will* have a look at this picture turned to the wall."

Russell colored, as he sprang forward to prevent her. It was too late—she had turned it and revealed a striking likeness of her sister, in the quaker dress which she had worn at the fancy ball!

For one instant, Fanny's eyes met the thrilling gaze of Frank's. The next, the lashes fell, but they were wet with tears, as she turned away, touched to the soul by this proof of his remembrance. And Lilian, after gazing at both, with a proud curl of her beautiful lip, exclaimed—

"Oh! I see it all now—excuse me, good people—I would be the last to interrupt so interesting a *tête-à-tête*. Good morning."

And ere Fanny could move to detain her, she was gone. They were alone, and Russell turned to the trembling and bewildered girl at his side with a look of mingled reverence and affection.

"Fanny, you see there a proof that I have treasured your image in my heart—would to Heaven I might wear the original there. Speak, dearest, will you—can you be mine?"

Fanny's eye and cheek grew luminous, with the rapture of that moment. But the light, the glow died away, as suddenly as it came. She thought of Lilian, and though she blamed her coquetry and folly, she pitied her disappointment. With one glorious effort she repressed her tears—the sighs, that struggled for liberty, and replied in a low, but clear voice,

"Mr. Russell, I can never be your wife!"

Struck by her calm, decided tone, he stood for a moment gazing at her in despair; but that gaze called to her cheek a blush so speaking, that hope revived, and with all the glowing eloquence of which he was master, he besought her to retract her resolution. Overcome by his passionate entreaties, Fanny could only falter, half unconsciously, in reply—

"But Lilian—"

"Lilian has wronged me—but that light dream is over. Do not, oh! do not disappoint me in one far dearer and holier love."

Poor Fanny! it was a moment of strange trial, but her heart was strong. She raised her clear, sad eyes to his, and again replied—

"Russell, I can never be your wife!"

He dropped her hand. With a slow but unfaltering step she passed from the room—reached home—locked herself into her chamber, and for once giving way to the full tide of her emotions, wept for hours unceasingly. Her tears relieved her, and after a fervent prayer to Heaven for strength, she was able to resume her occupations, with a subdued and self-approving heart.

"Mr. Russell, you have grown very stupid of late, do read me something," said Lilian, one evening, as they sat with a few friends in the library.

"And what?" said Frank.

"Oh! there is a new, fresh, uncut volume of poems by Tennyson on the table. Isn't that delightful?"

"But I shall want a paper knife."

"That you shall have, and keep it, too, as a reward

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for your trouble,—and oh! congratulate me! I have just had an idea!—while you are cutting the leaves, I will scribble it down. Lend me your pencil, Frank!" And ere he had divided half a dozen leaves, she had traced in fairy characters the following lines:

Ah! had I power, I'd charm my gift
To be a magic treasure;
For it should never part a page
That should not give you pleasure!

Rolling the paper in as small a compass as possible, she screwed it into the top of the pencil-case and returned it to him with a grace so bewitching, that his old dream began to disturb him again. He hurriedly turned over the leaves of the book and smiled half in bitterness, as a few lines caught his glance and *told* upon his heart.

Fixing his eyes earnestly upon Lilian's face, he said in a deep meaning tone, "I have found a poem which I think you will appreciate. Shall I read it?"

The poem was that strangely moving one, called "Clara Vere de Vere," and his low, rich, manly, but melancholy voice thrilled to her very soul as he proceeded.

The second verse commences as follows:

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
I know you proud to bear your name;
Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
Too proud to care from whence I came.

These lines, and those which follow, called the fire into Lilian's eyes and cheeks; but she tossed back her graceful head with a proud and careless smile.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Some meeker pupil you must find;
For were you queen of all that is,
I could not stoop to such a mind.

But when he came to the words—

Not thrice your branching limes have flown
Since I beheld young Lawrence dead.

Oh! your sweet eyes, your low replies,
A great enchantress you may be;
But there was that across his throat
Which you had hardly cared to see.

Poor Lilian struggled for a moment as if suffocating, and then fell at his feet insensible.

Fanny sprung forward to raise her, exclaiming, "Oh, Frank! why did you read that verse? You surely could not have heard—"

"What—what—Fanny?" he cried, as he hung over the lovely, lifeless form of her whom he now felt to be dearer to him than ever.

Too soon, he heard the truth! Too soon? *Too late* for his revived affection. Julian Delancy, who, as the reader already knows, was passionately devoted to Lilian, had been, during Frank's last visit in July, alternately petted and scorned as the attentions of his rich rival Burton had varied from cold to warm; until at length the growing empressement of the latter's manner had decided her to dismiss, at once and forever, the unfortunate and interesting victim of her coquetry. That very day his lifeless body was borne home to a widowed mother,

"And there was that across his throat
Which Lilian had not cared to see!"

The same paper which announced this tragic event, also announced the elopement of the Lucifer of my tale, with the wife of his most intimate friend. Lilian recovered from her fainting fit to find her artist lover bending over her with a gaze in which his whole soul spoke to hers; but the instant he met her eye he turned away, determined never again to betray his feelings to her scorn. Still he visited the house from time to time, and was often allured to the very verge of a declaration by her bewildering beauty and the childlike, pleading, playful sweetness of her manner.

One day he took up a book, in a blank page of which she had been scribbling some lines. When she saw him turn to them, she sprung up with a bright blush, and sportively placed her little hand over the words. Unable to resist the temptation, he pressed his lips to it involuntarily.

She immediately withdrew it, but leaned over his shoulder as he read—

My bark is on a dangerous sea,
A wintry sky above it,
And no one minds the helm for me,
And no one seems to love it.

Oh! would that in a kinder world,
Ere storms its frail mast shiver,
Oh! would to God its sails were furl'd
Forever and forever!

Touched by the sad sentiment, he looked up in her face. Her eyes, filled with tears, were bent upon him, and her hand trembled as he took it. "Are the verses yours, Lilian?"

"Oh, Frank! I should not have let you read them!" He was thrown off his guard.

They *are* yours, then? And I—may not *I* "mind the helm?" Dear Lilian! say that I may.

She hid her eyes upon his shoulder. Her soft hair touched his face. He laid his cheek to hers—their destiny was sealed. The next moment she raised that beautiful face, bathed in blushes and smiles, and clasping her hands with a sweet, low, ringing laugh, exclaimed in the words of one of our finest poets—

"Now, helmsman, for a hundred lives,
Oh! steer the bark aright!"

He caught her to his heart.

Ah, Frank! you little know what a frail, light thing you have undertaken to guide. Be happy while you may.

CHAPTER IV.

A twelvemonth after the wedding—a charming cottage in Brookline—Lilian, Frank and Fanny in the former's boudoir. A beautiful infant lying on the rich cushions of the couch. There is a light cloud on the noble brow of the artist;—he has been looking over a milliner's bill! His young wife looks listless and weary.

"Will you lend me your pencil, Frank?" said Fanny. He handed it to her; there was no lead in it. She unscrewed the top—and out fell the little roll of paper, placed there long ago by Lilian.

"May I read it, Frank?"

"Certainly, dear."

She read it—started—changed color; but without farther sign of emotion, quietly returned it to the pen-

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cil-case. Lilian looked imploringly at her, and Fanny rose to leave the room. Frank saw it all. "Stay, Fanny; did *you* compose those lines?" Fanny was silent—she trembled like a leaf. Russell continued, "I saw in your scrap-book, the other day, signed by your name, a copy of some verses which Lilian gave me on the day of our engagement. Here they are. Are they yours or hers?

Fanny shrunk back; but he insisted, and she took the paper—read the first line—

"My bark is on a dangerous sea,"

and burst into tears. He stood before her pale, but resolute.

"Speak, Fanny, I implore you, *are* they yours?"

She hesitated; but she could not lie. She looked at Lilian and flew to her side.

"Oh, Frank! she is fainting; come to her quick!"

"Let her come to *herself*; she has deceived me. Let her *forgive* herself, if she can!"

The sternness of his tone aroused her.

She rose, and tottering toward him, threw herself in tears at his feet. "Oh, Frank! do not look at me so! They *are* Fanny's lines; but it was to win your love that I deceived you! Will you see your Lilian suffer and not forgive her?" Who could resist those eyes—those sweet, imploring tones—that almost angel loveliness. Frank could not. She was forgiven, and the game of life went on.

CHAPTER V.

"Lilian, is not that the ring Burton was showing you the other day? I am astonished you should have kept it so long. It was imprudent, dear, very."

"I shall see him to-morrow, and will return it then, dear Frank. There, now, smile again—do, there's a darling."

The next evening the ring had disappeared, and Frank smiled approvingly as he took her hand in his. "I could not bear to touch this dear little hand yesterday, Lilian, but I love it now."

"Oh! because Burton's ring is gone. He was glad to have it back, for he thought it lost."

Six weeks afterward, Frank found the ring in a box, where she had requested him to look for a missing bracelet. Inside the ring was an inscription—"My heart goes with it, Lilian." It was a *gift*, then! not a loan as she had declared! His heart grew chill with the thought. He looked at her and murmured, "So lovely, yet so light and false!" She was half dressed for a ball, and oh! how exquisitely beautiful she looked! She was braiding her rich brown hair, and those slight, snowy, jeweled fingers glanced down the luxuriant tresses with the speed and light of a snow-flake gleaming in the sun. She turned toward him; the truth flashed upon her. She remembered the ring, and pale with fear, she staggered to his side. He looked up, without a word, placed the ring in her hand and left the room. The ring was returned to the giver; but not to Lilian returned the love and confidence of her husband.

She had never been strong, and from that day she faded. Frank watched over her with Fanny tenderly and truly; but she felt his trust was gone. In a few months he followed her to her untimely grave. For years he wandered mourning and alone. At length, he renewed to Fanny the offer of his hand and heart. Firm, but sad was her reply.

"Dear Frank, I can never be your wife; but I will be a mother to your precious child." "Take her, then, and teach her to love me, as none have ever loved me yet." And Fanny hushed the beating heart that still worshiped the very shadow of that noble form, and devoted her life, with all a mother's tenderness, to the child of her lost and lamented Lilian.

TIME.

Oh! it is strange, how man will dream
Of coming years, of joy, and fame,
That speak of glory's distant beam
Encircling with its light his name;
And tell of pleasures yet to be
Hid in a dim futurity!

Will while his present hours away,
In useless indolence and ease,
Still whispering to himself, "A day
Of brighter joys and hopes than these,
Upon my life, will yet arise,
And yield what now stern fate denies."

'T is wonderful how oft is shown
Unfaithful Hope's futility!
The warning record still is thrown
To darkened eyes that will not see;
To ears where adder deafness dwells
How vain, oh Time! thy solemn knells.

'T is sad! 't is fearful! thus to see
Age loitering through Life's little span,
And mark the imbecility
Of God's most perfect creature, *man*,
In heedless youth his brightest powers
Wasting away like summer flowers!

'T is worse than sad! for he *should* know
Time's fleetest pinion e'er is spread,
And that the pride, the hope, the wo,
The joy, which have their influence shed
Upon his life, and checked its stream,
Are borne along its course—*a dream!*

Ah! he *should* know, for all things teach
The mournful, moral, startling truth;
The ruined pile—pale floweret—each
Alike proclaim departed youth!
And man should learn from their decay
How his own life sands drop away.

Yes! he *should* take the lesson home,
Throughout creation sternly taught,
Nor let the daily warning come
Unhallowed still by act and thought;
A little while—how long—alas!
He knows not—and *his time will pass!*

"Moina"

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COUNT POTTS' STRATEGY.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

"L'Esprit est un faux monnayeur, qui change continuellement les gros sous en louis d'or, et qui souvent fait de ses louis d'or des gros sous."

THERE were five hundred guardian angels (and of course as many evil spirits,) in and about the merry premises of Congress Hall. Each gay guest had his pair; but though each pair had their special ministry, (and there was here and there a guest who would not have objected to transform his, for the time being, into a pair of trotting ponies,) the attention of the cherubic troop, it may fairly be presumed, was directed mainly to the momentous flirtations of Miss C. Sophy Onthank, the dread disposer of the destinies of eighty thousand innocent little dollars.

Miss Chittaline Sophy—(though this is blabbing, for that mysterious "C." was generally condemned to travel in domino)—Miss Chittaline Sophy, besides her good and evil spirit already referred to, was under the additional watch and ward of a pair of bombazine aunts, Miss Charity Onthank and Miss Sophy the same, of whom she was the united namesake—"Chittaline" being the embellished diminutive of "Charity." These Hesperian dragons of old maids were cut after the common pattern of such utensils, and of course would not dignify a description; though this disparaging remark (we must stop long enough to say) is not at all to the prejudice of that occasional love-of-an-old-maid that one *does* sometimes see—that four-leaved clover of virginity—that star apart in the spilled milk of the Via Lactea:—

> "For now and then you find one who could rally
> At forty, and go back to twenty-three—
> A handsome, plump, affectionate 'Aunt Sally,'
> With no rage for cats, flannel and Bohea."

But the two elderly Misses Onthank were not of this category.

By the absence of that Junonic assurance, common to those ladies who are born and bred heiresses, Miss C. Sophy's autograph had not long been an object of interest at the bank. She had all the air of having been "brought up at the trough," as the French phrase it,

> "Round as a cypher, simple as good day,"

and her belle-ship was still a surprise to her. Like the red-haired and freckled who find, when they get to Italy, that their flaming peculiarities are considered as captivating signs of a skin too delicate for exposure, she received with a slight incredulity the homage to her unseen charms—homage not the less welcome for exacting from the giver an exercise of faith and imagination. The same faith and imagination, she was free to suppose, might find a Venus within her girdle, as the sculptor sees one in the goodly block of marble, lacking only the removal of its clumsy covering, by chisel and sand paper. With no visible waist, she was as tall as a pump, and riotously rosy like a flowering rhododendron. Hair brown and plenty of it. Teeth white and all at home. And her voice, with but one semitone higher, would have been an approved contralto.

Having thus compressed into a couple of paragraphs what would have served a novelist for his first ten chapters, permit us, without the bother of intermediate mortar or moralizing, (though this is rather a mixed figure,) to lay on the next brick in the shape of a hint at the character of Miss Onthank's two prominent admirers.

Mr. Greville Seville was a New York beau. He had all the refinement that could possibly be imported. He had seen those who had seen all that is visible in the fashionable man of London and Paris, and he was well versed in the conduits through which their several peculiarities found their way across the Atlantic. Faultlessly booted, pantalooned, waistcoated and shirted, he could afford to trust his coat and scarf to Providence, and his hat to Warnock or Leary. He wore a slightly restrained whisker, and a faint smut of an imperial, and his gloves fitted him inexorably. His figure was a matter of course. He was brought up in New York, and was one of the four hundred thousand results (more or less) of its drastic water—washy and short. And he had as good a heart as is compatible with the above personal advantages.

It would very much have surprised the "company" at Congress Hall, to have seen Mr. Chesterfield Potts put down as No. 2 in the emulous contest for the two hands of Miss Onthank. The count (he was commonly called "Count Potts," a compliment to good manners not unusual in America,) was, by his own label, a man of "thirty and upward"—by the parish register possibly sixty-two. He was an upright, well preserved, stylish looking man, with an expensive wig, fine teeth, (commonly supposed not to be indigenous,) and a lavish outlay of cotton batting, covering the retreat of such of his muscular forces as were inclined to retire from the field. What his native qualities might be was a branch of knowledge long since lost to the world. His politeness had superseded the necessity of any particular inquiry into the matter—indeed we are inclined to believe his politeness had superseded his character altogether. He was as incapable of the impolite virtues, (of which there are several,) as of the impolite vices. Like cricketing, punning, political speech making and

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other mechanical arts, complimenting may be brought to a high degree of dexterity, and Count Potts, after a practice of many years, could, over most kinds of female platitude, spread a flattering unction humbuggative to the most suspicious incredulity. As he told no stories, made no puns, volunteered but little conversation, and had the air of a modest man wishing to avoid notice, the blockheads and the very young girls stoutly denied his fascination. But in the memory of the riper belles as they went to sleep night after night, lay snugly lodged and carefully treasured, some timely compliment, some soothing word, and though credited to "old Potts," the smile with which it was gratefully reacknowledged the next morning at breakfast, would have been warm enough for young Ascanius. "Nice old Potts!" was the faint murmur of many a bright lip turning downward to the pillow in the "last position."

And now, dear reader, you have an idea of the forces in the field, and you probably know how "the war is carried on" at Saratoga. Two aunts and a guardian angel *versus* an evil spirit and two lovers—Miss Onthank's hand, the (well covered) bone of contention. Whether the citadel would speedily yield, and which of these two rival knights would bear away the *palm of* victory, were questions upon which the majority of lookers-on were doomed to make erroneous predictions. The reader of course is in the sagacious minority.

Mr. Potts' income was a nett answer to his morning prayer. It provided his "daily bread," but no provender for a horse. He probably coveted Miss Onthank as much for her accompanying oats as for her personal avoirdupois, since the only complaint with which he ever troubled his acquaintances, was one touching his inability to keep an equipage. Man is instinctively a centaur, he used to say, and when you cut him off from his horse and reduce him to his simple trunk, (and a trunk was all the count's worldly furniture,) he is but a mutilated remainder, robbed of his natural locomotive.

It was not authenticated in Wall street that Mr. Greville Seville was reasonably entitled to horse flesh and comparison; but he *had* a trotting wagon and two delicious cropped sorrels; and those who drove in his company were obliged to "down with the dust," (a *bon mot* of Count Potts'.) Science explains many of the enigmas of common life, however, and the secret of Mr. Seville's equipment and other means of going on swimmingly, lay in his unusually large organ of hope. He was simply anticipating the arrival of 1840, a year in which he had reason to believe there would be paid in to the credit of the present Miss Onthank a sufficient sum to cover his loosest expenditure. The intermediate transfer to himself of her rights to the same, was a mere filling up of an outline, his mind being entirely made up as to the conditional incumbrance of the lady's person. He was now paying her some attentions in advance, and he felt justified in charging his expenses on the estate. She herself would wish it, doubtless, if she could look into the future with *his* eyes.

By all the common data of matrimonial skirmishing, a lover with horses easily outstrips a lover with none. Miss C. Sophy beside was particularly fond of driving, and Seville was an accomplished whip. There was no lack of the "golden opportunity" of *tête-à-tête*, for, with a deaf aunt and somebody else on the back seat, he had Miss Onthank to himself on the driving box, and could talk to his horses in the embarrassing pauses. It looked a clear case to most observers; and as to Seville, he had studied out a livery for his future footman and tiger, and would not have taken an insurance at a quarter per cent.

But Potts—ah, Potts had traced back the wires of women's weaknesses! The heiress had no conversation, (why should she have it and money too?) and the part of her daily drive which she remembered with most pleasure, was the flourish of starting and returning—managed by Potts with a pomp and circumstance that would have done honor to the goings and comings of Queen Victoria. Once away from the portico, it was a monotonous drag through the dust for two or three hours, and as most ladies know it takes a great deal of chit-chat to butter so large a slice of time; for there was no making love, *parbleu!* Miss Chittaline Onthank was of a stratum of human nature susceptible of no sentiment less substantial than a kiss, and when the news, and the weather, and the virtues of the sorrel ponies were exhausted, the talk came to a stand still. The heiress began to remember with alarm that her education had been neglected, and it was a relief to get back to old Potts and the portico.

Fresh from his nap and warm bath, the perfumed count stepped out from the group he had purposely collected, gave her his hand with a deferential inquiry, spread the loungers to the right and left like an "usher of the black rod," and with some well-studied impromptu compliment, waited on her to her chamber door. He received her again after her toilet, and for the remainder of the day devoted his utmost powers to her aggrandizement. If talking alone with her, it was to provoke her to some passage of school girl autobiography, and listen like a charmed stone to the harp of Orpheus. If others were near, it was to catch her stupidities half uttered and twist them into sense before they came to the ground. His own cleverenesses were prefaced with "as you remarked yesterday, Miss Onthank," or "as you were about to say when I interrupted you." If he touched her foot, it was "so small he didn't see it." If she uttered an irredeemable and inimitable absurdity, he covered its retreat with some sudden exclamation. He called her pensive when she was sleepy and vacant. He called her romantic when he couldn't understand her. In short, her vanity was embodied—turned into a magician and slave—and in the shape of Count Chesterfield Potts, ministered to her indefatigably.

But the summer solstice began to wane. A week more was all that was allotted to Saratoga by that great American commander, General Consent.

Count Potts came to breakfast in a shawl cravat!

"Off, Potts?"

"Are you flitting, my dear count?"

"What—going away, dear Mr. Potts!"

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"Gracious me! don't go, Mr. Potts!"

The last exclamation was sent across the table in a tone of alarm by Miss C. Sophy, and responded to only by a bow of obsequious melancholy.

Breakfast was over, and Potts arose. His baggage was at the door. He sought no interview with Miss Onthank. He did not even honor the two bambazinities with a farewell. He stepped up to the group of belles, airing their demi-toillettes on the portico, said "Ladies! au revoir!" took the heiress's hand and put it gallantly toward his lips, and walked off with his umbrella, requesting the driver to pick him up at the spring.

"He has been refused!" said one.

"He has given Seville a clear field in despair!" said another. And this was the general opinion.

The day crept on. But there was an emptiness without Potts. Seville had the field to himself, and as there was no fear of a new squatter, he thought he might dispense with tillage. They had a very dull drive and a very dull dinner, and in the evening, as there was no ball, Seville went off to play billiards. Miss Onthank was surrounded, as usual, by the belles and beaux, but she was down flat—un-magnetized, un-galvanized. The magician was gone. Her stupid things "stayed put." She was like a glass bead lost from a kaleidoscope.

That weary week was spent in lamentations over Potts. Every body praised him. Every body complimented Miss Onthank on her exclusive power of monopoly over such porcelain ware. The two aunts were his main glorifiers—for, as Potts knew, they were of that leathery toughness that only shines on you with rough usage.

We have said little, as yet, of Miss Onthank's capabilities in the love line. We doubt, indeed, whether she rightly understood the difference between loving and being born again. As to giving away her heart, she believed she could do what her mother did before her, but she would rather it would be one of her back teeth, if that would do as well. She liked Mr. Potts because he never made any difficulty about such things.

Seville considered himself accepted, though he had made no direct proposition. He had asked whether she preferred to live in country or town—she said "town." He had asked if she would leave the choice and management of horses and equipages to him—she said "be sure!" He had asked if she had any objection to his giving bachelor dinners occasionally—she said "la! no!" As he understood it, the whole thing was most comfortably arranged, and he lent money to several of his friends on the strength of it—giving his note, that is to say.

On a certain morning, some ten days after the departure of the count from Saratoga, Miss Onthank and her two aunts sat up in state in their parlor at the City Hotel. They always went to the City Hotel because Willard remembered their names, and asked after their uncle the major. Mr. Seville's ponies and wagon were at the door, and Mr. Seville's father, mother, seven sisters, and two small brothers, were in the progress of a betrothal visit—calling on the future Mrs. Greville Seville.

All of a sudden the door was thrown open, and enter Count Potts!

Up jumped the enchanted Chittaline Sophy.

"How *do* you *do*, Mr. Potts!"

"Good morning, Mr. Potts!" said the aunts, in a breath.

"D'ye-do, Potts!" said Seville, giving him his fore-finger, with the air of a man rising from winning at cards.

Potts made his compliments all round. He was about sailing for Carolina, he said, and had come to ask permission of Miss Onthank to leave her sweet society for a few years of exile. But as this was the last of his days of pleasure, at least till he saw Miss Onthank again, he wished to be graced with the honor of her arm for a promenade in Broadway. The ladies and Mr. Seville doubtless would excuse her if she put on her bonnet without further ceremony.

Now Potts' politenesses had such an air of irresistible authority that people fell into their track like cars after a locomotive. While Miss Onthank was bonneting and shawling, the count entertained the entire party most gaily, though the Sevilles thought it rather unceremonious in the affianced miss to leave them in the midst of a first visit, and Mr. Greville Seville had arranged to send his mother home on foot, and drive Miss Onthank out to Harlem.

"I'll keep my horses here till you come back!" he shouted after them, as she tripped gaily down stairs on the count's arm.

And so he did. Though it was two hours before she appeared again, the impatient youth kept the old aunt's company, and would have staid till night, sorrels and all—for in that drive he meant to "name the day," and put his creditors at ease.

"I would 'nt even go up stairs, my dear!" said the count, handing her to the wagon, and sending up the groom for his master, "it 's but an hour to dinner, and you'll like the air after your fatigue. Ah, Seville, I've brought her back! Take good care of her for *my* sake, my good fellow!"

"What the devil has *his* sake to do with it, I wonder?" said Seville, letting his horses off like two rockets in harness.

And away they went toward Harlem. And in about an hour, very much to the surprise of the old aunts, who were looking out of the parlor window, the young lady dismounted from an omnibus! Count Potts had come to dine with them, and he tripped down to meet her with uncommon agility.

"Why do you know, aunties," she exclaimed, as she came up stairs, out of breath, "do you know that Mr. Seville—when I told him I was married already to Mr. Potts—stopped his wagon, and p-p-put me into an omnibus!"

"Married to Mr. Potts!" screamed Aunt Charity.

"Married to Mr. Potts!" screamed Aunt Sophy.

"Why—yes, aunties; he said he must go South, if I did n't!" drawled out the bride, with only a *very* little blush indeed. "Tell aunties all about it, Mr. Potts!"

And Mr. Potts, with the same smile of infallible

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propriety, which seemed a warrant for every thing he said or did, gave a very sketchy account of his morning's work, which, like all he undertook, had been exceedingly well done—properly witnessed, certified, etc., etc., etc. All of which shows the very sound policy of first making yourself indispensable to people you wish to manage.

Or—put it receipt-wise:—

To marry a flat.—First, raise her up till she is giddy. Second, go away, and let her down. Third, come back, and offer to support her, if she will give you her hand.

"*Simple comme bonjour*," as Balsac says.

THE CONQUEROR WORM.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Lo! 'tis a gala night
Within the lonesome latter years—
A mystic throng, bewinged, bedight
In veils and drowned in tears,
Sit in a theatre to see
A play of hopes and fears,
While the orchestra breathes fitfully
The music of the spheres.

Mimes, in the form of God on high,
Mutter and mumble low,
And hither and thither fly—
Mere puppets they, who come and go
At bidding of vast shadowy things
That shift the scenery to and fro,
Flapping from out their Condor wings
Invisible Wo!

That motley drama—oh, be sure
It *shall* not be forgot!
With its Phantom chased forevermore,
By a crowd that seize it not,
Through a circle that ever returneth in
To the self-same spot,
And much of Madness and more of Sin,
And Horror the soul of the plot.

But see, amid the mimic rout,
A crawling shape intrude!
A blood-red thing that writhes from out
The scenic solitude!
It writhes!—it writhes!—with mortal pangs
The mimes become its food,
And the angels sob at vermin fangs
In human gore imbued!

Out—out are the lights—out all!
And, over each dying form,
The curtain, a funeral pall,
Comes down with the rush of a storm,
And the seraphs, all haggard and wan,
Uprising, unveiling, affirm
That the play is the tragedy "Man,"
And its hero the Conqueror Worm.

LINES

WRITTEN FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF A BENEVOLENT SOCIETY

BY WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

O was erblickt sich meinem Blicke?
Was wird nur für ein Schauspiel kund?
Wie ich mich irdisch abwärts bücke,
Beherrscht der Erden weites Rund? *Drollinger.*

O HARK to the breeze that sweeps over the ocean
From empires where nations are gathered at bay!
It comes with the tumult of armies in motion,
By pride or ambition sped on to the fray:
No pleading of justice or mercy can weaken
The impulse that spurs them to rapine or wrath;
And wo to the city whose towers are their beacon,
And wo to the hamlet that lies in their path!

Ah when shall the sword to the ploughshare be beaten,
The olive bough wave over havoc's spent flood,
And the story of empires no longer be written,
O Truth! on thy tear-blotted tablets in blood?
We know not, yet know that the records of sages
To hope's yearning heart a sweet promise afford,
That earth once again, in the fullness of ages,
Shall see her first Eden to beauty restored.

O promise of mercy! O prospect Elysian,
To truth's loony prophets revealed from above!
Be it ours, with full faith in their purified vision,
To gird up our souls for the labors of love:
And true to our cause, to our race, to each other,
Though discord around us remorselessly lowers,
Let us trust that the earth shall yet bear not a brother
Whose hopes and whose joys are unmingled with ours

Though life's silver chords be disparted forever
In these failing hearts ere that era shall dawn,
Be it ours, brothers, still with unceasing endeavor,
To cherish the virtues which hasten it on:
When meekness and outrage shall nestle in union,
The lamb with the lion, the hawk with the dove,
And nations all joined in the blessed communion
Of peace, ever smile in the sunshine of love!

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HOW TO TELL A STORY.

BY MRS. SETH SMITH.

No character is more genial to a child than a good story-teller—one that with a serene fullness pours out incident and narrative, peril and "hair-breadth 'scape," tale of enormous serpent or deadly beast, of wild or chivalric adventure, till the old clock behind the door is heard to tick with a solemn loudness, and the elders begin to yawn and stir the ashes in token of weariness. Most heartily do I pity either man or woman who has no such delicious reminiscence. It was my good fortune when a child to pass much of my time at an old country farm-house, where the many retainers, the primitive and exact ordering of the household had in it much of the baronial style of which we read amongst our Saxon ancestors. The principal apartment for ordinary occasions was a long hall, or dining-room, in the centre of which was spread a table capable of holding the whole family—from the head down to the youngest servant. Our New England gentry are exact observers of precedence, and in the old families where any degree of state is observed, a single glance at the ordering of the table betrays the relative position of each member. At the head sit the master and mistress, then occasional visiters, next the children ranged according to the age of each, and then come the upper domestics, as they might be termed, old, respectable retainers, who sometimes join a few words in the conversation at the head of the table; but always in a subdued and respectful voice—followed next by the younger servants, "to the manor born" as it were, but as yet too young to share in its dignities.

After the morning and evening meal, which is announced by the blowing of a horn, each member places his chair to the wall, and the patriarch of the family reads a portion of scripture from the "big ha' bible, once his father's pride," and then,

"The saint, the husband, and the father prays."

At night, when the household arrangements were completed, this long room with its dim recesses, its antique furniture and quaint ornaments, was the place to give impressiveness to a story. Here might one shudder at the supernatural, stare at the marvelous, and thrill at the bold and magnanimous. Here was the place, too, to bemoan the cruelty of "Queen Eleanor" to "Fair Rosamond," to weep for the lover by "Yarrow flowing," and to rejoice in the retribution of the proud and "cruel Barbara Allen." These and many other ballads, such as the "Milk White Doe," "Fair Margaret and Sweet William," "Lord James and Fair Eleanor," were preserved in rude manuscript and learned orally, and must have been in this way preserved by tradition and brought over to this country by the first settlers; the writer having never seen them in print till he found them in Perry's reliques and long after she had been familiar with them as chanted in the old farm-house.

The city is no place for story-telling—nothing is in harmony. A story to go well must be either in a rich antique room, or old-fashioned farm-house, where things have an air of quaintness and permanency; in our rough cottage with smoky rafters; or, better still, in some rude cabin upon the wild frontier. In such places we abandon ourselves to any fantastic illusion, and are not ashamed to yield faith, nor to be swayed by the emotions of the tale. A sea story need be told by some weather-beaten tar by the sea shore, or by a dim wood fire with a fierce tempest raging without; unless you have the good fortune to hear it by the forecastle itself. A good story-teller should be exceedingly careful never to mis-time, nor mis-place his narrative. If his miserable fortune afford him nothing better than a carpeted room, with sofas and chandeliers, be sure to make the light dim; let it come from behind some piece of statuary or heavy-stuffed chair, a rose bush, or large geranium, that outline and faint shadows be cast—then if he have a quiet voice, and not too much of the detail, a very good illusion may be produced.

Children, in whom the love of the marvelous is alway predominant, and who never weary at the twice-told tale, will adopt all sorts of expedients to hear one. They may be found in the garret turning over musty relics and old records, in the desire for suggestion; and they drag forth triumphantly a rusty sword, a cocked hat, a worm-eaten log book, or time hallowed garment, any one of which may afford material for a story. The boy sits on the steps of the grocer, lolls upon the pump at the corner, or leans over the tafferel of the ship, and he is listening to some history of stirring adventure. Do not call him away, he is building up the materials for a man—a man firm, enterprising and self-sustained—the only wealth, the only true dignity.

A story-teller should never hurry, least of all be interrupted—as for himself he should think for the time being only of his story; give himself up and become a part of what he relates. Nothing mars a story like pre-occupation. I believe all I am writing was suggested to me when about eight years old, from the fact of having unfortunately asked Mrs. Smith, a respectable country woman, rejoicing in that rarest of names,

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to tell me the story of a Catamount. Her husband was also happy in the name of John, but as these two favorite names happened to conjoin in union as well as many of his neighbors, it was not always easy to determine the individual specified. In a transition state of society, a man frequently receives a soubriquet, indicating some quality of mind, person or achievement, by which he is distinguished from those about him. It is an ancient practice sanctioned by history, and one mode by which names were created. The aborigines in this way named their chiefs and warriors. Mr. John Smith, of the country town of which I am speaking, was hence called Catamount Smith.

Great was my curiosity to learn why. I questioned every one. Why is Mr. Smith called Catamount John?

"Why? Because he killed the Catamount."

There was the fact; but I wanted the story—all the details—the enormous size of the animal, his growl, his tremendous leap, the fierce contest, the peril, and finally to be in at the death. Once seduced by the good-natured face of Catamount John, I ventured to crave the story, blushing up to the eyes while I did so.

"Mr. Smith, will you tell me how you killed the Catamount?"

He turned his bland face full upon mine, placed his rough, broad palm upon my head and answered,

"My dear, I shot him."

"But how, Mr. Smith, how?"

"I took my gun and pointed, so—'suiting the action to the word,' and shot him through the ——." I ran out of the room to hide my vexation.

At this moment, Mrs. Catamount Smith passed by me, bearing an enormous pan of butter, fresh from the churn. Now Mrs. Smith would never have deluded any thing but a child into a belief that she could tell a story. She was entirely deficient in that quality of repose, so essential to the thing. She was a little, plump, bustling dame, forever on the alert to see that all was neat and tidy. Her sleeves were always up at the elbow, her apron white as snow, and the frill of her cap blowing back with her quick tread. Short people never stoop, and Mrs. Smith being very short and very round, tipped somewhat backward when she walked.

That night, when all the family were in bed, except a faithful domestic named Polly, I seated myself beside the good old lady, to hear the story of the Catamount. The reader must bear with me while I relate the thing just as it transpired.

Mrs. Smith gave one keen look about the apartment, to convince herself that all was right, and then stuck her needle into a sheath affixed to her belt, and commenced knitting and talking at the same moment.

"John and I began house-keeping in the log house down by the pond, about a mile from the place where the meeting-house now—(tu, Polly, there 's Jacob's buskins on the back of your chair, and they must be bound round to-night; do go right to work on them) —where did I leave off?—where the meeting-house now stands. 'Twas another thing to be fixed out then, to what it is now-a-days. I was considered very well off—my father gave me a cow and a pig—and I had spun and wove sheets and kiverlids, besides airning enough to buy a chist of draws, and a couple of chairs. Then my mother launched out a nice bed, a wheel, and some kettles. We had n't much company in them times, our nighest neighbor was over the mountain, five mile off—(now did you ever—I liked to forgot them are trousis of Ephraim's—he 's tied his handkercher round his knee all day, to kiver up the hole—Polly, get my wax and thimble, and the patches, and I 'll go right to work.) Well, what was I sayin'? Oh, we had n't much company, and my old man made a settle, with a high back, and bought chairs two at a time, as our family grew larger."

"But, my dear ma'am, you promised to tell me about the Catamount."

"Yes, yes, I 'm comin along to it. Well, John had got together a yoke of oxen, some sheep, and other cattle, and we began to be pretty considerable forehanded. He was a nice, smart man, and nobody should say he had a lazy wife. (Polly, just sweep the hearth up.)

We had no machines then to card our wool, and I had to card it all myself—for I never hired *help* till after our Jacob was—"

"Dear Mrs. Smith, the Catamount!"

"Yes, child, I 'm comin most to it. Let me see—till after Jacob was born—then I hired Lydia Keene, as smart a girl she was, as ever wore shoe leather. By this time we had eighteen or twenty sheep, and John used to drive them into the pen and count them every night, to be sure that the wolves or panthers had n't got any of 'em; for the beasts were pretty thick about the mountain, and many a time I 've stood to the door, and heard them howl and cry, to say nothing of the foxes and screech-owls that kept up a rumpus all night long. (Dear me, this snappy wood now has burnt a hole in my apron—it looks just like a pipe hole—I do so hate to see it. I 'll mend it now, and then 'twill be done with. I never put off any thing till to-morrow, that can be done to-day—that 's the way to—) Now do n't fidget, child, you see I 'm almost to it; that 's the way to get fore-handed, as I was saying. Well, one morning John went out, and found the sheep all huddled together into a corner, trembling pitifully. He counted them, and one was missing. This was a loss, for I needed the wool for winter kiverlids. (There, Polly, you 've forgot the apples you 're a goin to pare for the pan-dowdy, now the buskins is done, you better get them under way.)

"Well, the next night John took Rover—now Rover was the largest dog I ever see, near about as large as a heifer, and the knowingest critter I ever laid eyes on. Well, John took him out to the pen, and told him to watch the sheep. John 'll never forget how that critter looked up in his face, and licked his hand when he left him, just as if he knew what would come of it, and wanted to say good bye; nor how he crouched down before the bars, and laid his nose upon his paws, and looked after him solemn-like. Poor Rover! The next morning John was up airly, for he felt kind a worried. He went out to the sheep pen, and sure enough the first thing he see, was—(Polly, you 've just cut a worm-hole into your

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apples)—the first thing he see, was poor Rover dead by the bars, his head torn right open, and another sheep gone. John's dander was fairly up—he took down the gun, there it hangs on the hooks, took his powder-horn and bullets, and started off. I tried to coax him to set a trap, or to watch by the sheep-pen. But John always had a will of his own, and was the courageousest man in the town, and he declared he 'd have nothing to do with any such cowardly tricks. He 'd kill the critter in broad day-light, if 'twas only to revenge poor Rover. So he started off. He tracked the critter about a mile round by the mountain, which in them days was covered with trees to the very top. (Polly, jist take them are trousis, and lay them down by Ephrim's chamber door; he 'll want them in the morning.)

Well, John now missed Rover dreadfu'ly, to scent out the beast—he moved along carefully, searching into the trees—expectin he might be down upon him every minit. All at once he heard the bark ripped up from a tree almost over his head, and then a low, quick growl, and there was the Catamount jist ready for his spring—(my conscience, Polly, there 's that new soap all running out o' the barrel into the cellar, I saw it had sprung a leak about supper time, and then I forgot all about it again.")

The word "spring" had been the unlucky association, and away she darted to the cellar, followed by the faithful Polly.

"Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Smith, do finish the story!"

"La! child—John shot him!" she screamed from the foot of the stairs.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

In the market-place of Bruges stands the Belfry old and brown
Thrice consumed and thrice re-builded, still it watches o'er the town;
As the summer morn was breaking on that lofty tower I stood,
And the world threw off the darkness, like the weeds of widowhood.

Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams and vapors gray
Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the landscape lay.
At my feet the city slumbered. From its chimneys here and there
Wreaths of snow-white smoke ascending, vanished ghost-like into air.

Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour,
But I heard a heart of iron beating in that ancient tower.
From their nests beneath its rafters sang the swallows wild and high,
And the world beneath me sleeping seemed more distant than the sky.

Then most musical and solemn, bringing back the olden times
With their strange, unearthly changes, rang the melancholy chimes,
Like the psalms from some old cloister, when the nuns sing in the choir,
And the great bell tolled among them, like the chanting of a friar.

Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms filled my brain!
They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth again!
All the Foresters of Flanders, mighty Baldwin Bras-de-Fer,
Lyderick du Bucq, and Cressy, Philip, Guy de Dampierre!

I beheld the pageants splendid, that adorned those days of old,
Stately dames, like queens attended, knights who bore the Flower of Gold,
Lombard and Venetian merchants with deep-laden argosies,
Ministers from twenty nations—more than royal pomp and ease.

I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling humbly on the ground;
I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with her hawk and hound;
And her lighted bridal chamber, where a duke slept with the queen,
And the armed guard around them, and a sword unsheathed between.

I beheld the Flemish weavers, with the brave Count of Namure,
Marching home to Ghent and Bruges, from the Battle of the Spure;
Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the White Hoods moving west,
Saw great Arteveldt, victorious, scale the Golden Dragon's nest.*

And again the whisker'd Spaniard all the land with terror smote,
And again the wild alarum sounded from the tocsin's throat,
Till the bell of Ghent responded, o'er lagoon and dike of sand,
"I am Roland! I am Roland! there is victory in the land!"†

Then the sound of drums aroused me. The awaken'd city's roar
Chased the phantoms I had summoned back into their grave once more.
Hours had passed away like winter; and before I was aware,
Lo, the shadow of the Belfry crossed the sun-illumined square.

* The Golden Dragon, taken from the Church of St. Sophia in Constantinople in one of the Crusades, and placed on the Belfry of Bruges, was afterward transported to Ghent by Philip Van Artevelde, and still adorns the Belfry of that city.

† The inscription on the alarm bell at Ghent is "*Mynen naem is Roland: als ik klep is er brant; en als ik luy is er victorie in het landt.*"

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THE FATAL MISTAKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HENRI QUATRE; OR THE DAYS OF THE LEAGUE."

'T was mid-day in Verona—the season, summer—the air, warm, close, voluptuous, between the double lines of stately palaces which adorned the magnificent old city, but quickening into life and playful activity, as it stole over the gardens and terraces which fringed the broad and rapid Adige.

The streets were hushed in the mid-day quietude of southern climes—the few pedestrians loitered with noiseless step—the richly chiseled marble palaces (their projecting balconies shaded with overhanging drapery unruffled by breeze or zephyr) seemed to slumber on the deep cast shadows—the long bearded, tattered mendicant reposed with closed eyes against the church pillar, or encumbered the cool steps where the sun's rays crept not, or found no access.

In such an hour what makes the noble count—the brave Lorenzo Della Scala—quit his palazzo, seek to breathe the hot air of the streets? Trace Verona through, who should be held happier than Della Scala? Of illustrious birth, claiming descent from rulers of the city in the olden times, with wide spread reputation, acquired by the conduct of armies in Germanic warfare, he returned to his native place, still young, though of years beyond the opening flush of manhood, to live in the respect of the citizens, to taste the enjoyment of long neglected wealth amidst the splendor of a Veronese palazzo, or the deep seclusion of forest girt villas and pavilions. Scarcely domiciled in his patrimonial mansion, he fell in love with Bianca Guidoni, sole daughter of the count of that name. Lorenzo first beheld her at a *festa di campagna*, at her father's suburban villa, was smitten with her youth and beauty, whilst the nascent passion was enhanced and piqued by the indifference and coldness with which she—the centre of a host of worshipers—treated their lavish attentions. Such pride and reserve, he thought, would well become the house of Della Scala, and so—impetuous in love as in war—he sought the maiden, poured forth his passion, and construing her embarrassed replies favorably, betook himself to her father, by whom he was gladly accepted as future son-in-law. The Count Guidoni, anxious not to compromise the offer of so rich a suitor, or suffer accident or contingency to intervene, hurried on the marriage, as regardless of the presumed or known state of his daughter's affections, as a despotic father, or Italian noble—whose word in his own household was law even to death—could by harsh, precipitate conduct evince. So Bianca was wedded, and amidst the costly magnificence which distinguished the ceremonies of the Veronese nobility, installed mistress of the palazzo Della Scala.

Why, therefore, in the third week of marriage, should the noble Lorenzo be found walking lonely through Verona's streets at an hour consecrated by the Italians to repose, or the quietude of domestic intercourse? Certainly it bespoke a restless spirit. The count was indeed sorely troubled, his pride hurt by the indifference of his young wife. Though the wooing was short, and certainly on his part rather unceremonious, he had married the countess for beauty, in utter absence of sordid motive or consideration, and believing in his pride—it must be confessed—rather than in his judgment, that he had made a favorable impression on her affections, his expectations of wedded happiness were as feasible as ardent. But alas! for short lived hope—the affection was not reciprocated. Bianca was dutiful, obedient, attentive to his wishes—no wife could be more so—yet her conduct was ever cold, constrained, devoid of affection. He missed the happiness he sought, which he perhaps thought his due after years of warlike fatigue, and often wandered forth a secret prey to discontent and gloomy forebodings.

In this mood, chance and desire of solitude led him to the margin of the Adige, to seek amidst the shade of the river's embowered banks the tranquillity which he found not at home. To avoid recognition by a group of cavaliers, lounging after the fashion of the hour in a pavilion, near to and overlooking the circling stream, though far above its banks, he bent his steps to a small path which intersected, amidst flowering shrubs and underwood, a narrow space between the base of the edifice and the edge of the water. As he was passing beneath—his footsteps unheard on the soft velvet turf—the echo of his own name from the pavilion caused the count to pause.

"For rarest beauty," continued the speaker, "I give the palm to Ubaldini—her face is Juno's own—The Signora—I mean, as you may suppose, the old man's wife—Signora Cavalcanti—she I allow is peerless in form and figure—but Della Scala I would crown Queen of Grace and witching Elegance!"

"Bravo, Guiseppe!" cried another, "thy eloquence is warm and luscious like the hour—but Della Scala is too cold and reserved for my fancy—I worship the Cavalcanti—my very soul is in bondage to Signora Cavalcanti. O! that I could wrest her from the old man's arms!"

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"And what is the harshness of thy fate to mine?" uttered a fresh voice, in deep sepulchral tone, mocking the passion of the last speaker. "My very body is in bondage to Signor Cavalcanti—I owe old Plutus eight thousand crowns—O! that I could wrest my attested bond from the old man's money chest!"

Lorenzo had been absent many years from his native city; his acquaintance with youthful cavaliers of his own rank was necessarily very slight, and of the prevailing themes of scandal, and of its victims, he was almost wholly ignorant; but it were easy to perceive he was listening to a group of young coxcombs, endued with all the arrogance and mendacity characteristic of the class; and Della Scala would fain have walked onward with a sneer on his moustached lip—but no! he was no longer master of himself! A thorn was in his side—the venom of distempered fancy already at work—and he heaved a sigh of self reproach, as he felt himself riveted to the spot.

"It would be well for the peace of our poor Visconti," exclaimed one, in sentimental tone, "if he could transfer his passion to this universal idol, Cavalcanti—but he has been frantic since his return from Spain to find his Bianca wife of the proud count."

"What does the lover deserve who seeks the Spanish shore when he should be watching nearer home?" asked Giuseppe.

The reply of Visconti's friend was to the purpose, that he believed himself safe in that quarter, so long as Francesca, the artful intriguing Francesca, attendant and waiting-woman of Bianca, remained faithful to his interests. She had sufficient art to scare away a fresh lover, and was in the pay of Visconti.

As the young cavalier proved himself so well acquainted with his friend's affairs, and seemed much disposed to babble thereon, he was not suffered to remain silent, but plied with fresh questions, till the whole detail of the lovers' history was laid bare to the chagrined and enraged listener beneath. It appeared Guidoni was not altogether ignorant of his daughter's attachment, but as he had never countenanced the Signor Alberto Visconti, he was not disposed to make his love for Bianca an obstacle to the suit of the rich and illustrious Della Scala. The repugnance of the daughter, and the finesse and stratagem of the waiting-maid, were of no avail against a despotic father, more especially in the absence of the lover, who might have conjured a more desperate resistance to parental authority.

"I know Visconti well," exclaimed his friend, "and he would never have suffered the shame of that marriage if he had been in Verona."

"Indeed!" muttered Lorenzo between his teeth. His hand grasped the hilt of his poniard, but he quickly recovered presence of mind, and was again an attentive listener.

"It matters little," observed one of the party sarcastically, "what he would have done if he had been here—the all-important question is, what will he do now? Can you answer that, Signor Jeronimo Fabrizio?"

"Can you tell when the fox was ever caught sleeping?" replied Fabrizio contemptuously. "Visconti has too much prudence, caution and reserve to suffer his plans to travel to your ears!"

"If he show as much prudence in future movements as he exhibits caution in choice of a confidant," remarked the other, "he will speed as well as those ought to do, who deposit secrets with the discreet Signor Fabrizio!—but see! the pinnace heaves in sight—who will follow me?"

"Stay, you have forgotten, signor," exclaimed his antagonist, in anger, "take that with you."

Lorenzo, from his place of concealment, heard a slight, hurtling noise, as though a missive had been flung by Fabrizio at the offender. It was followed by the reiterated cries of the party that they would have no quarreling on that day, but all should embark in the pinnace. The count took occasion of the confusion, and stole away unperceived.

"*His* Bianca!" muttered Della Scala, as he walked gloomily onward. "*Visconti's* Bianca! Have a care, Alberto Visconti! thy ancestors and mine fought for the mastery of Verona—will thou revive the old feud?"

But anger gave way to grief as he contemplated the abyss in which his happiness was wrecked. The coldness and constraint of Bianca were now fearfully, harrowingly, accounted for. Why was he kept ignorant of what was already common talk? Had the house of Della Scala no friend or kinsman to warn its chief? Was he then dupe of the avaricious Guidoni? But if he were dupe of the old man, shall he continue blind to the threatened practices of Visconti? let him look to it, and dread the vengeance of Della Scala!

The count's thoughts lent accelerated speed to his movements—he retraced his way to the city, endeavoring to conceal, by open brow, the agony at heart. The streets of Verona were now alive with the busy steps of citizens—the stately signor or magnifico walked heedless of the continually recurring mendicant's prayer from porch or pillar, *per amor di Dio*, while the signora, whether masked, veiled, or disclosing her features, accompanied by ancient attendant or youthful waiting-maid, tripped by with busier step, yet found leisure to listen to and requite the vagrant's appeal—perchance through pure charity—perchance out of propitiation, with view of invoking indulgence toward sinful nature—or, may be, deed of atonement for past peradillo. Approaching the church San Zeno, Lorenzo saw, among others, ascending the steps, a lady so much resembling the Countess Bianca, in figure and deportment, that he felt certain of the identity. He smiled with contempt. For whom prays she? if for herself, 'tis well—she needs it—for her father, for me? no! no! the one she deems a cold, tyrannical old man, the other an obstacle to her passion. For Visconti, dare she proffer prayers? Hah! let both beware!

He entered the church, alike impelled by jealousy, lest her visit to the sanctuary were the fulfillment of an assignation, and prompted by savage curiosity to pry unseen on devotions which, to him, were the

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semblance of profunity and mockery. In the spacious interior, there was scarcely a chapel or shrine without one or more votaries, deeply absorbed in silent prayer, all unheedful of the many visiters, whose only aim was to escape the wearisomeness of idleness, or enjoy the cooler air and pavement of the holy precincts. Lorenzo at length beheld the lady he sought, kneeling at the entrance to a small chapel, decorated with a large painting of the Blessed Virgin, represented in act of bestowing alms to the aged and destitute. He approached stealthily, and stopping at only a short distance from the suppliant, stood gazing at her with strong yet suppressed emotion. Her veil was uplifted—the face presently averted momently from the shrine—he drew back to avoid being seen, but the clatter on the pavement caused her to look in that direction—it was not Bianca! To escape the imputation of being a spy on the lady's actions, he feigned to have been deeply engrossed with the pictorial embellishment of the shrine, but the fair dame once disturbed, renewed not her devotions—perhaps frightened by the presence of the cavalier. She crossed herself devoutly and hastily withdrew.

What tempts Lorenzo to linger before that picture? He looked long, earnestly, sadly, even till a tear came to the eye! True, it is the Holy Virgin assuaging the sorrows of crowding petitioners, whilst others, recipients of relief, are hastening joyfully away. The Catholic hierarchy, with subtlest policy, ever employed the ideal breathing pencil of genius to array the Virgin with tenderness and grace more than human, so that the portraiture wore a divine, beatific aspect. Was it this character moved Lorenzo? Not wholly—but the secret charm was in the strong resemblance borne to the Countess Bianca—'t was her features, beatified, purged from trace of earthly passion. The masters of the art were accustomed to paint from nature, even for ideal subjects; perhaps an ancestress of Bianca was chosen "to sit" for the representation on which Della Scala now gazed. He looked, the eyes of Bianca beamed mildly, innocently upon him, suffused with that divine, tender light, snatched only by genius in moments of inspiration. The heart of the Italian was softened—jealousy buried in saddened admiration. Should he not, he at length asked himself, yet endeavor to win Bianca to the bosom of her lord? 'T was not her crime she loved another ere she beheld him—she was yet innocent in act, if not in intention—might yet be recovered to a sense of duty first, and then affection! One jarring discord alone broke the harmony of his thoughts; it was as the images of Visconti and the pert, intriguing favorite of Bianca stole upon the mental vision. His fingers crept toward his breast, the lips writhed, but anger lasted only a moment—he bent reverently and lowly before the shrine, and left the arching domes of old San Zeno.

Evening approached, and the count was ascending the staircase which conducted to the principal floor in the Palazzo Della Scala, with intention of visiting the countess, when Francesca suddenly presented herself in the act of passing down. The count had taken a secret dislike to Francesca, even before he heard her character so freely commented on in the pavilion; her features were handsome, her form light, elegant, attractive, but an expression of deep cunning and *espièglérie*, from which the face was never wholly free, counterbalanced the effect of high personal charms—at least in the eyes of a husband whose wife had chosen such an attendant. Francesca started on seeing the magnifico—she murmured a few words expressive of intention to acquaint the countess of monsignor's approach, and was about to retreat up the staircase for that purpose, when Della Scala seized her by the wrist.

"Nay," he exclaimed, looking intently at the girl, "I will be my own herald—you may retire."

Francesca uttered a slight scream, accompanied by a contortion of features expressive of physical pain, which first made the count aware that he had unconsciously grasped her wrist with extreme violence; 't was, indeed, a grip worthy to embrace throat of Turk or Tartar in mortal conflict, but far beyond the endurance of slim, Christian maiden. He smiled at this proof of emotion, and told Francesca in kindly strain, that she should have a bracelet of gold to hide the bruise. The waiting-woman's evident eagerness to prepare her mistress for the visit, reawoke Lorenzo's jealousy, but pride and love strove with the bitter passion, mastered it—and so Della Scala determined not to intrude his suspicions on the countess' privacy, but retired to his own chamber, and sent an attendant to notify his purposed visit.

Bianca rose to meet her lord, but she could not sustain his ardent glance; her eyes fell, her step faltered, and she could scarcely find speech to welcome him. He led her to the window which overlooked the garden of the palazzo. The perfumed air, rich with fragrant breath of flowers, wandered over the saloon; the red light of the departing orb of day threw its golden shafts across the cool verdure of the lawn, flickered over the scroll work of the chamber wall, lit up and surrounded the face of Bianca with a halo which concealed its deadly paleness and dismay. The count gazed with admiration; illumined by the rich glow, the features beamed angelic, like the Madonna of the shrine.

"Bianca," he exclaimed, "when the guests unmask to-morrow at midnight at the Palazzo Cavalcanti, let these pearls reflect the softened lustre of a brow—Verona's boast and Della Scala's pride!"

"How large and lustrous!" said Bianca, bending over the gift, the rather that her eyes might not encounter the glance of Lorenzo, "such as these, nay, not so large, came lately from Aleppo—brought there by the Indian Caravan—and were sent to Venice. Not finding a buyer there the goldsmith came to Verona with his rich freight, and every day—as the countess tells me—Count Ubaldini feasts his eyes upon them, tells his wife at evening what a rich second dower he will bring home on the morrow; but when morning comes he shakes his head, talks of the mortgage on his forest-lands, and bids her wait another day!"

"I know it well, Bianca," rejoined Lorenzo, "these are the pearls which Ubaldini dallied with—

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and now his countess loses. I bought them this afternoon, after a prayer for the welfare of our house, put up in old San Zeno."

"I cannot go to Cavalcanti's house—O! no! I am sure not," cried Bianca, hysterically; "O! pray excuse me!" And she burst into tears.

Lorenzo, at first deeply angered by the sudden intimation of staying away from Cavalcanti's *festa*, was softened by her tears, and leading the countess away from the window, grew alarmed at her continued hysterical sobbing. With vain fondness he believed her heart was touched, that it struggled against its affection for Visconti—that she was moved by the solicitude shown by him to whom alone affection was due. He endeavored to soothe her by painting the future in the brightest colors, displaying sources of happiness yet at command—but his eloquence proved in vain—its reiteration seemed to add to her misery. She at length pleaded illness, prayed to be left alone—that repose would bring back her wonted spirits, which had—she knew not how—fallen into a melancholy train. If Della Scala would but leave her till the morning, she said—sinking on her knee—she would meet him with happier face, and thank him for all he had done to make her happy.

"The Countess Della Scala," exclaimed Lorenzo, in a tone grave though not unkind, "is not a child asking a blessing of a parent. Let her remember her own dignity—the most illustrious in Verona—to her all hearts vow honorable fealty and courtesy. 'T is hers to command, not to entreat! Signora," he added, with an attempt at a smile, "I obey your request, and take my leave, yet fail not to send for Agostino."

He led her to a seat, and again pressing her to command the attendance of the house physician, Signor Agostino, quitted the saloon with the deference of a gallant lover.

Bianca reposed on a rich couch, her beauty disordered with weeping. 'T was night—and the saloon was illumined by the many-branching lustre. Francesca stood beside her mistress.

"This is no more than I expected, signora, from his visit," said the favorite, "a demon's fire glowed in his eyes when I met him, which made me tremble for you, signora—the incarnate brute!"

"Whom mean you, Francesca?" cried the countess starting up.

"Whom should I mean, signora, but the count?" replied the girl.

"You do him wrong—Alberto does him wrong—you are both bent on my ruin," cried Bianca, with eyes flashing indignation; "have I not told you all he said—how tenderly he spoke! those princely pearls he gave? Alas! ungrateful wretch that cruel fate has made me!"

"Yes," uttered Francesca with a sneer, "and I can boast his gifts—a gold bracelet—and for what? look at this arm, signora—this is the work of the *tender* Count Della Scala! There may not be more generosity in the gift to the mistress. But let us forget the proud tyrant. I have news, good news, in store; Alberto prays to see you this evening in the garden, at the same hour as he saw the signora last night."

"Did I not solemnly declare, Francesca," cried Bianca, grasping her maid's arm with frenzied agitation, "did I not vow, that last night should be the first and last interview I granted Alberto—till—till—"

"Till the signor was prepared to carry us both off to some happier land," cried the attendant; "I know it well! but the signora gripes as tightly as monsignor."

Bianca flung off the woman contemptuously.

"I meet rare treatment at all hands!" remarked Francesca in petulant tone; "I had well nigh forgotten the signor's letter."

"Where—where is it?" cried Bianca with eagerness.

The countess snatched her lover's epistle, and, retiring to a distance, read it o'er and o'er till her eyes melted into tears. Francesca watched with secret joy the effect of Visconti's soft pleading. Bianca's heart again renewed the fetters which bound her to her first love.

"Yet I cannot—dare not—see him to-night!" exclaimed she, unconsciously giving utterance to thought.

"I dread telling poor Alberto this," said Francesca, who overheard the soliloquy; "not see him! How often has he lamented to me his bitter fate, deprived of the delight when you stole to see him, after the old Count Guidoni had gone to rest—and those moonlight walks on the shore of the lake in the Tyrol! Poor signor! he is not the same gentleman he used to be before his fatal journey. Did not the signora mark the change?"

In this strain continued the artful Francesca, when she found Bianca was touched, bringing to fond memory all happy, blissful records, when love was innocent, or guilty of no higher crime than refraining to seek a harsh father's approving glance. Bianca's heart was torn in twain—Lorenzo's generosity, still more, his lofty disinterestedness, won upon her gratitude, if not her love—but alas! she had, as she confessed, yielded the previous evening to an interview with Visconti. It took place in a balcony which overlooked the garden, whither the daring lover ventured, spite of the imminent danger. Reluctantly she consented; assent was only won by Francesca declaring Alberto's intention, in the event of refusal, to force his way through the palazzo and die at her feet. But this fatal meeting served to rivet the links of a passion now criminal. Alberto, warned of her irresolution and wavering, was not slow to detail his scheme of flying with her and Francesca to Spain, where were situate his lately acquired estates, and to gain possession of which had caused the disastrous journey. Once beyond reach of Della Scala, or the Veronese and Venetian authorities, leisure would be afforded to set at work his interest with the Spanish court to procure a dispensation from Rome, annulling her marriage with Lorenzo, on the plea of being forced to the union by a despotic father, when she was, as it might be well averred, secretly betrothed to the absent Visconti. Francesca, in such a suit,

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would prove an invaluable witness, her zeal readily supply what was wanting in her testimony. The time selected by Alberto was nightfall, when all Verona would be in commotion with the bustle of guests approaching the magnificent, masked *festa*. The countess and her attendant might easily pass through the streets, masked, without especial observation, and repair to the spot where Visconti would be found waiting with horses and servants. A sloop, well manned, was in readiness at a small port, and would be under weigh so soon as they were on board—long ere pursuit was available. The countess, as Alberto suggested, might accompany Della Scala to the palazzo, mix awhile with the guests, then retire to where the faithful Francesca stood prepared to escort her mistress. Nay, if the signora thought Lorenzo would grow jealous if he missed his wife's mask at an early hour, it might be remedied by hiring one, in the same costume, and bearing resemblance to the figure and style of the countess, to wear the disguised honors of the house of Della Scala. Several, he knew, would play the part to admiration, and take a pleasure in it, without knowing more than need safely be told.

Such was the nature of the proposed elopement, consented to by Bianca, amidst tears, weeping, fainting. Attend the *festa!* accompany Lorenzo, to quit him with such bitter mockery, she could not! He was, indeed, worthy of a love which she could not requite—but his affection she dare not so coldly insult. Then must she plead illness! Poor Bianca! with lover, dearly loved, at thy feet, threatening to slay himself if thou didst not link thyself with his fortunes! and the artful serpent of thy own sex, with skillful pleading, making the worse appear the better reason, what snares beset thee!

It was the day subsequent to this interview that witnessed the meeting we have narrated, between Bianca and her lord. Noble Lorenzo! wert thou not a day too late? What might not have been hoped if thou hadst displayed thy generous feelings but one day earlier?

The distracted Bianca was but too glad when Della Scala quitted her presence—she was humbled, even to the dust, by consciousness of her criminal hypocrisy—penetrated with a keen sense of the wrong and misery she was about to inflict on one who, at her hands, deserved a happier fate.

It was Visconti's letter which, while a prey to remorse after Lorenzo quitted her, rekindled the shattered soul, reawoke the lamp of life and affection. That handwriting! the sight of which, in days gone by, gave such intense delight, now renewed old and irresistible associations. He should linger, he said, through the evening, hovering near the palazzo with the hope that she would grant even but a moment's interview, but if cruel prudence forbade, then let her remember, that on the evening of the morrow, so soon as Della Scala had departed—and sharp watch should be kept on the count's exit—he would repair to the little balcony, close to the door leading to the domestic offices, and ring the bell, a signal for Francesca to appear above. On receiving assurance that no obstacle interposed delay, his intention was to retire immediately to the shrine of Santa Croce—a wayfarer's ruined chapel beyond the walls of the city—where horses and two faithful domestics would be in waiting. It might excite suspicion, he said, if he joined the countess immediately she quitted the palazzo. But should any obstacle occur—as Della Scala through sickness or jealous feeling staying at home, or remaining on the watch—then let not Francesca await his appearance beneath the balcony, but forewarn him by signal at the post whence he intended to watch the count's departure. Impressing these precautionary measures on Bianca, the epistle relapsed into the lover's strain.

Francesca, beholding her mistress resolute not to see Visconti that night, and foreseeing the danger of too much pressing, which might occasion a relapse favorable to Lorenzo's happiness, she immediately undertook to pacify Alberto with the assurance that all matters should be ordered as advised. Night closed upon the palazzo Della Scala, but peace and calm repose were banished its walls!

Lorenzo, on leaving his countess, quitted her with mind ill at ease. He was vexed that he had not succeeded better with Bianca—there was a mystery in her conduct which he could not unravel. 'T was plain his munificence, joined to solicitude which she could not mistake, had moved her—had caused distress of mind, to cover which she pleaded sickness. But yet—yet—there was no effort made to soothe him—to carry hope to his heart! How delighted would he have been with the bare intimation that she must strive to regain health to accompany him the morrow night! But no—on bended knee, she pleads fatigue, and craves till to-morrow—to join in his pursuits—share his happiness? alas! no—coldly to thank her lord for all he had done to make her happy!

Restless with these sad reflections, he sought not chamber or study, but strayed out in the cool air of evening. Occasional solitude had become habitual. Whilst general of a numerous and well disciplined army, many a time had he strolled at night, alone, through the camp, reviewing past enterprises, maturing the steps of future achievements. Now in Verona's streets was brought to mind how oft in the hush of the tented field had he thought of home, of the happiness that might be enjoyed there!

But who is that damsel tripping by so furtively? The air and step are familiar to the count. It is Francesca! Whither strays she? Her appearance in the street, at that hour, when evening is fading into night, bodes no good. He watches closely—follows her steps, hidden by the shade of lofty walls—she is accosted by a cavalier—they confer awhile—he hands a letter, which she places away carefully, and then returns in the direction of the palazzo. The cavalier departs in an opposite direction. Lorenzo hangs on his footsteps—tracks from street to street—till the stranger halts at the portal of the dwelling in which Signor Visconti has resided since his return from Spain.

"Thy hour, Visconti, has not yet come," muttered

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Lorenzo, as he turned on his heel, "but it approaches on quickened wing!"

The dark cloud again lowered over the domestic fortunes of Lorenzo. He could not, would not believe Bianca in correspondence with the enemy to his peace, but he could not avoid the conviction, that as Visconti and Francesca were in league, the billet given to the latter was intended for the eye of the countess. Another pang! what if there were indeed a connection between this secret correspondence and the expressed intention of Bianca to absent herself from the masked revel? A planned assignation whilst he was in the halls of Cavalcanti? He could not pursue the train of thought—'t was too harrowing, suicidal of happiness.

The count was visited next morning by the family physician, to report the state of Bianca's health. The disorder, he said, was neither imminent nor dangerous—a lowness of spirits and melancholy, in fact, hysteria. To Lorenzo's question, whether she could bear the fatigue of a visit, the physician thought it advisable—though his opinion was formed from a wish hinted by the countess, rather than from the nature of the malady—that monsignor should defer seeing the patient. But she had one request to make—one favor to ask the count.

"Ah!" exclaimed the pleased magnifico, "it is granted ere asked."

It was to the effect, as the learned doctor said, that the count would not defer his promised pleasure of partaking the festivities through her indisposition—it would add to her illness and distress if she knew he staid away. The count let fall a beadroll of gold, which he had been passing through his fingers.

"Is monsignor sick?" exclaimed the physician, remarking the paleness and agitation of his patron.

"No!" replied Lorenzo impatiently; "tell me—did the countess herself say what you have just recounted?"

The Esculapian replied that he had already quitted the signora's chamber, ere the request was entrusted to his delivery by the waiting-woman, Francesca.

"The accursed fiend!" exclaimed the count emphatically. The physician betrayed a discreet surprise, but Lorenzo bade him be silent as death as to what had escaped his lips. He was then commissioned to return to the sick chamber, and make happy the invalid with the assurance that Della Scala should be found among the maskers that night, and would as carefully absent himself from the side of his wife's sick couch.

"Monsignor?" exclaimed the medical retainer in tone expostulatory.

"Nay—then soften it as you will, Signor Agostino," rejoined Lorenzo with a curl of the lip.

Evening approached, and the count stood alone in his dressing-room, contemplating in silence a magnificent suit of apparel, the costume of a mixed monastic and warlike order of German knighthood, of which he was a leading dignitary. This was the array chosen to adorn a form worthy to sit beside the peerless Bianca, on an occasion in which he felt touched by vanity to display to his countrymen how improved was the half forgotten youth who, in years long past, had forsaken the vales of sunny Italy, and a *dolce far niente* existence for the turbulence of grim war—how worthy to match with the loveliest mate Verona boasted!

The rich robes were presently flung aside with a bitter smile. He selected a far humbler suit, a close habit of dark velvet, sprinkled by the embroiderer's hand with leaves of gold, which, with cloak, domino-mask and cap, without plume or decoration, completed an equipment that rather betokened intention of intrigue or adventure than desire of reveling in the merriment and grandeur of the scene.

"Now the fox against the fox—if it must be so!" exclaimed the count sorrowfully. Over the dark cloak he threw a military mantle of bright scarlet, and surmounted the close velvet cap-in-ordinary with a plumed hat.

Though loath to indulge in suspicion, yet once suspecting, Lorenzo exhibited a wary subtle spirit, which had oft outwitted the warlike foe, and now rendered him a dangerous adversary to Visconti. He made no confidant, employed no spy, lest the honor of Bianca should be compromised; but, acting on the impression that his departure would be watched, kept a wary eye, searching everywhere through the gloom in his progress to the mansion of the Signor Cavalcanti. Foiled in the first survey, he entered the wide spread doors, but turned aside from the halls of revel, and doffing mantle, mask and plumed hat, found exit by the garden gate, and was again in Verona's streets, the dark cloak shading the face, hiding the well-known figure of the count. He approached stealthily his own domicile, sometimes forced to turn aside to avoid being recognized in the glare of torch and flambeau lighting beauty to the scene of gaiety.

The night was gloomy but quiet—the Palazzo Della Scala in view. Should he—yes—the thought must have utterance though it choke him—should he find Visconti within? A shade moved along the wall—it pauses—turns the western angle, stops beneath a balcony, projecting from a window, which Della Scala remembered gave light to a corridor leading to Bianca's suite of chambers. Will the intruder dare scale the palazzo? The count approaches warily, his hand on his poniard. Is it Visconti? No, for the stranger pulls the chain affixed to the bell—it is a love affair with some menial of the household. Ah! no—it is the enemy to his honor! Lorenzo has caught a glimpse of his face. "Bianca—hasten—our moments are precious!" murmured Alberto, unconscious of his chiding soliloquy being overheard.

"Ah! that name profaned by thee!" exclaimed the count, seizing his rival by the throat.

"Della Scala!" cried Alberto, in utter alarm and confusion, feeling for his weapon.

"Visconti!" rejoined Lorenzo. The sharp dagger's stroke was sole echo to the exclamation.

"The traitor's path—the traitor's law!" muttered the count, as he flung the inanimate, bleeding corpse out of view from the balcony window.

The frame of Lorenzo shook with the strong indig-

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nation of his soul—should he rush in and wreak vengeance on—whom? Francesca—Bianca? Were they both guilty? Had he proof of Bianca's guilt? The window opened above, and the count stepped moodily beneath the balcony, with scarcely mastery over his feelings to practice the dissimulation. "Signor—are you below?" was whispered by the well-known voice of Francesca. Della Scala ground his teeth in silent rage—he could not speak, but his very soul was bent on knowing to what extent the tempted as well as the tempters had erred—so he thrust up his hand to intimate his presence. No words were spoken, but he felt a billet placed between his fingers—he grasped it—and the window was immediately closed. Lorenzo withdrew to the lamp suspended over the side entrance to the offices.

Good heavens! what sees he? 'tis the handwriting of Bianca! her own slightly traced, delicate character! In one hour from the present, she will quit the palazzo with Francesca—meet him behind the ruined Santa Croce Chapel to fly to a happier land—may God forgive her the flight!

Lorenzo was unnerved, reclined stupified against his palazzo—'t was a total wreck of happiness he experienced—no hope, no sympathy. He wept the ruin which had fallen—which love had blinded him to! But vengeance was yet unsatisfied, its torch could only be extinguished by the punishment of all—the tempter and the tempted—the destroyer and the destroyed!

In one hour! the time was but short to prepare the means of vengeance. He had no near kinsman, no cherished friend in whom he might confide, was almost the only scion of the ancient house whose name he bore. With a sigh, he called to his aid Roberto, a military valet who had shared the dangers of his many campaigns. By Roberto's assistance, the corpse of Visconti was removed to a place of security, and the trustiest household retainers of Della Scala arrayed in secret, under cover of the night.

In Bianca's dressing-chamber was a silver crucifix, before which she had often bowed in prayer. How fearfully and askance she now looked at it—now, whilst the ready, active Francesca was preparing for flight! Poor Bianca! she would have knelt, but dare not. Sunk on her couch, she turned an idle eye on the rapid movements of the waiting-maid.

"Signora, I am ready, pray have courage for the last effort!"

"Would I knew the end of this—I fear the count will die of grief!" said Bianca.

"Not he—the race of them are made of stronger stuff," replied Francesca; "but I know the ending—I have had it foretold. The signora has heard of her they call the Sybil, who lives in a tower in the Strada di Vicenza?"

"I know her not," rejoined the countess with a vacant stare.

"I will relate all to the signora as we walk to the Santa Croce," said Francesca, who, seeing the necessity of acting a resolute part, tendered her arm to assist her mistress to rise. Bianca obeyed the gentle force—she cast a look toward the toilet over which hung the crucifix—but amidst the golden coin which Lorenzo had placed at her disposal, her eyes encountered the casket which held his peerless gift. She hurried away, whilst the maid thought her mistress uttered a slight cry.

Beyond the walls of Verona, to the northward, far from any habitation, stood the ruins of the Santa Croce, where, in ancient times, had dwelt a small brotherhood of monks, whose principal vocation was the dispensation of food and shelter to poor travelers, more especially pilgrims coming from the far north to visit the miraculous shrines and relics of Italy. Hither wended alone, not without fear and trembling, Bianca and her attendant, both concealed from the recognition of prying eyes by masks, and shrouded in riding mantles.

"See, signora! they are coming to meet us!" cried Francesca to encourage her mistress. She pointed out three horsemen who emerged from behind the ruins. The chief approached, and dismounting, placed his finger across his mask, a signal accompanied by a half turn of the head in the direction of his companions, as though he were afraid the voice of Bianca or her maid would be recognized, and wished to impress the necessity of silence. He conducted the countess with great show of tenderness to a commodious litter, whose burthen was borne by two horses harnessed abreast.

"I fear Alberto expects pursuit—how he trembles! his hand quite shook as it grasped mine," whispered Bianca to her attendant, as the latter was placed beside her mistress; "horror surrounds me—I dread evil will befall us—I feel cold, forlorn—pray for me, Alberto," exclaimed the grief-struck lady, now addressing her lover, as he drew close the curtains of the litter and was preparing to mount.

"Pray for us both, Bianca!" replied he, in a low voice, as he spurred forward to take the lead.

The night wore on in gloom, but occasionally the wind made rent in the driven cloud rack, and the moon or stars peering through, distinctly marked the character of the territory in which they traveled. On the left lay the broad river, on the right a hilly country, softened by vineyards, gardens, villas, and backed by mountains which mingled with the Tyrolean masses.

Often, during the journey, did Bianca silently wonder Alberto came not to the litter to soothe her, whilst the same feeling found vent in Francesca in loud lamentation, mixed with reproaches against the whole tribe of unfeeling lovers. Left to their own consolation, however, they came to the conclusion that it behoved Visconti to be ever on the alert, and that he could not trust himself with tender thoughts. The road after awhile grew more rugged and uneven, and the litter was much jolted. On drawing aside the curtains, they found themselves ascending a steep, winding hillside, shadowed by overhanging forest trees. Gloomy and more gloomy grew the path, the sound of rushing water was heard, and, turning a sharp angle, they crossed a bridge spanning an abyss, beneath which roared the sullen cataract.

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Branching from this road, the cavalcade entered a dense forest track, and emerging thence, Francesca, who had been on the lookout, uttered a cry of delight on beholding the façade of a country palazzo with long colonnade. Lights gleamed to and fro—indication of guests being expected—and even Bianca felt a comparative freshness of spirits, which she had been a stranger to during the journey. Crossing a sluggish canal, they halted beneath the piazza. Lorenzo came forward, assisted Bianca from the litter, and led her into a handsome vestibule. Francesca was prevented following her mistress by one of the horsemen, on some plea unheard by Bianca.

Lorenzo, without unmasking, conducted the countess from the vestibule to a saloon brilliantly lighted.

"How grand! Is the villa thine, Alberto? Would I had the spirits to be pleased with this splendor! But why retain the mask—is there a meaning in it? some sportive fancy? alas! the occasion is unsuited for mirth!"

Lorenzo only replied by placing his finger across the mask, and leading the astonished countess to a second saloon; it was yet more magnificent, and elicited her admiration.

"Have you guests, Alberto? Are we safe so near Verona?" exclaimed she.

He replied only by pointing to a half closed door, from which gleamed forth light. They entered—it was the most superb saloon of the suite. She looked round in amazement. The most conspicuous decoration was a large portrait, representing a youth in hawking costume. She started.

"How like it is to *him*!" exclaimed Bianca, "let us leave this room, dear Alberto—those eyes follow me!" and she assumed a winning, playful look to persuade him to return.

"It is *him*—and I am *he*!" cried the figure in a stern voice, whilst the falling mask disclosed the face of Della Scala.

Bianca's hand was held in the firm grasp of Lorenzo. Her features yet retained somewhat of their mirthful expression, as though conviction of the awful change came slowly—was too great for the mind to realize. Bereft of utterance, she gazed on the unexpected apparition—appalled, petrified with dismay—and as horror gradually fixed its seal on her features her form shrunk crouching from the fixed gaze of Lorenzo. He loosened his grasp, and, with a wild cry, she sunk on the floor.

"Bianca Guidoni!" exclaimed Della Scala.

"Lorenzo! O! cover me, earth!" cried the unhappy lady, burying her face in her hands. She heard him move, and beholding in imagination the uplifted poniard, threw herself on her knees, imploring by silent gesture his mercy. To and fro, he several times passed before her, with slow step, as though debating the mode of revenge—his stern unbending glance cast upon her beseeching figure, whilst the thick breathing denoted the inward struggle of his soul. Tears at length came to her relief, and she ejaculated—

"Have you brought me here to die?"

Why wantest thou to know—hast any parting wish?" asked Lorenzo.

"O! spare Alberto, if he is thy captive," she exclaimed, "judge him not too harshly—we loved when love was no offence, and did intend to fly together beyond my cruel father's reach. I crave only mercy for him—with me is the fault, let mine be the penalty—it was I who tempted him!"

"Liar!" cried Lorenzo fiercely, "it was he who tempted thee—but he is dead!"

Bianca shrieked fearfully, as though her soul were flown, and fell prone on the floor in a deep swoon. Lorenzo contemplated her prostrate form in silence. Tears fell from his eyes.

"Yes! he is dead! and dead be now my revenge! O! Bianca!" exclaimed the count, bearing the insensible lady to a couch, "if we had known each other earlier, how happy might have been our fate! Farewell! and since thou knowest it not, one more adieu!"

Bending over her, Lorenzo for the last time placed his lip to hers, and fled the saloon.

Francesca, by the count's secret order, had been hurried into the litter and conducted back to Verona, whither Della Scala repaired, having first conveyed his instructions to the household respecting the countess. After a long conference with Count Guidoni, followed by interviews with the kinsmen of Visconti (whose domestics at the Santa Croce had been captured and held in durance by Della Scala's retainers, who took their post,) and with the authorities of the city, he quitted Verona, quitted Italy, a forlorn, unhappy man, seeking, in the military struggles of European warfare, the happiness he missed in domestic life.

Bianca found an instance of the clemency of Lorenzo in her permitted retention of the honors and privileges attached to the house of Della Scala, together with life use of the villa to which she had been conveyed. But she preferred the penitential seclusion of a convent, and lived to regret and mourn, not the fatal mistake of Francesca, which betrayed the lover's plans, but her own fatal mistake in yielding to temptation, which urged her to fly to the indulgence of a criminal affection, from hallowed bonds which cannot be broken without infringing laws both human and divine.

Francesca, unworthy of Lorenzo's vengeance, was banished the state of Verona, at the instance of Count Guidoni, whilst the sad history we have narrated was long talked of, and added one more to the time-honored legends of Verona.

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PASSAGES FROM AYLMERE.*

BY ROBERT T. CONRAD.

NEGLECT.

Lacy. Would'st be loved?
My son, remember, love hath but one life;
And smitten by the frosts of chill neglect,
Ne'er blooms again. Its winter knows no spring.
Mowbray. Not if the wanderer return again,
Contrite and loving?
Lacy. Not even then! His love
Beams out like morning's light upon the form
That stiffen'd in the night-snow. It can ne'er
Warm it to life again.

THE RICH AND POOR.

The poor have no friends but the poor; the rich,
Heaven's stewards upon earth, rob us of that
They hold in trust for us, and leave us starveling.
They shine above us like a winter moon,
Lustrous but freezing.

HEREDITARY HONOR.

Clifford. This crazy priest, his crazy couplet 's right—
"When Adam delv'd and Eve span,
Where was then the gentleman?"
A potent question! Answer it, if you may.
Say. Why, Heaven ne'er made the universe a level.
Some trees are loftier than the rest; some mountains
O'er-peak their fellows; and some planets shine
With brighter ray above the skyey rout
Than others. Nay, even at our feet, the rose
Out-scents the lilly; and the humblest flower
Is noble still o'er meaner plants. And thus
Some men are nobler than the mass, and should,
By nature's order, shine above their brethren.
Clifford. 'T is true the noble should; but who is noble?
Heaven, and not heraldry, makes noble men.
Say. Art dead to all the heaving thoughts that speak
A glorious past, transmitted through bright ages?
Clifford. Men cannot put their virtues in their wills.
'T is well to prate of lilies, lions, eagles,
Flourishing in fields *d'or* or *d'argent*; but
Your only heraldry, its true birth traced,
Is the plough, loom, or hammer—dusk-brow'd labor
At the red forge, or wall-eyed prudence o'er
The figured ledger. Without them, pray tell me,
What were your nobles worth? Not much, I trow!
Say. Thou speak'st as fame were nothing—fame, the thirst
Of gods and god-like men, to make a life
Which nature makes not; and to steal from Heaven
Its imaged immortality. Lord Clifford,
Wouldst rank this with the joys of ploughmen?
Clifford. Yes!
I would not die for bubbles. Pish! for fame!
Say. Yet, Clifford, hast thou fought, ay, hack'd and hew'd,
By the long day, in sweat and blood, for fame!
Clifford. Not have, nor will. I 'll fight for love or hate,
Or for divertisement; but not for fame.
What, die for glory! Leap a precipice
To catch a shadow! What is it, this fame?
Why 't is a brave estate, to have and hold—
When?—From and after death! Die 't enjoy fame!
'T is as to close our eyes before the mirror,
To know our sleeping aspects. No, by 't lady,
I 'll never be a miser of fair words,
And hoard up honor for posterity.

GRATITUDE.

Justice! Nay,
'T is the dull schoolman's boast, an iron virtue
That hucksters forth its payments, piece for piece,
Kindness for kindness, haggle'd churlishly,
And nothing given for love. Be gratitude
My justice!
The justice of the soul, that measures out
Its rich requital, not in grudging doles,
But by the heart-full, o'er and o'er again,
Till nought is left to give!

ITALY, WHEN FREE.

'T is free: and Want, Fear, Shame, are aliens there.
In that blest land, the tiller is a prince.
No ruffian lord breaks Spring's fair promises;
And Summer's toils—for freedom watches o'er them—
Are safe and happy: Summer lapses by
In its own music,
And pregnant Autumn, with a matron blush,
Comes stately in; and, with her, hand in hand,
Labor and lusty plenty. Then old Winter,
With his stout glee, his junkets, and a laugh
That shakes from his hoar beard the icicles,
Makes the year young again. There are no poor
Where Freedom is;
For nature's wealth is affluence for all.

AYLMERE IN THE COLISEUM.

One night,
Rack'd by these memories, methought a voice
Summon'd me from my couch. I rose—went forth.
The sky seem'd a dark gulf where fiery spirits
Sported; for o'er the concave the quick lightning
Quivered, but spoke not. In the breathless gloom,
I sought the Coliseum, for I felt
The spirits of a mightier age were forth:
And there, against the mossy wall I lean'd,
And thought upon my country. Why was I
Idle and slee in chains? The storm now answer'd!
It broke as Heaven's high masonry were crumbling.

* We have been permitted to make the above extracts from the MS. Tragedy of "Aylmere, or Jack Cade," which not popular by the genius of our distinguished countryman, Mr. Forrest. The play is the property of Mr. Forrest; and the following passages are probable all that will be given in print to the public. We have selected them, not as the best, but as the most detached, on that account, most readily and intelligibly detached from the texture of the whole.

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The beetled walls nodded and frowned i' the glare,
And the wide vault, in one unpausing peal,
Throbb'd with the angry pulse of Deity.
Lacy. Shrunk you not mid these terrors?
Aylmere. No, not I,
I felt I could amid this hurly laugh,
And laughing, do such deeds as fire-side fools
Turn pale to think on.
The heavens did speak like brothers to my soul;
And not a peal that leapt along the vault,
But had an echo in my heart. Nor spoke
The clouds alone: for, o'er the tempest's din,
I heard the genius of my country shriek
Amid the ruins, calling on her son,
On me! I answer'd her in shouts; and knelt
Even there, in darkness, mid the falling ruins,
Beneath the echoing thunder-trump—and sword—
(The while my father's pale form, welted with
The death-prints of the scourge, stood by and smiled,)
I swore to make the bondman free!

OPPRESSION OF ENGLAND.

Alas for England!
Her merry yeomen and her sturdy serfs
That made red Agincourt immortal, now
Are trod like worms into the earth. Each castle
Is the home of insolent rapine; and the bond
Are made the prey of every wolfy lord
Who wills their blood to lap. The peasant now
Weds in grim silence; kisses his first born
With prayers that it may die; and tills the glebe,
Embittering it with tears.

LONDON.

Aylmere. Cities are freedom's nurseries; but stout London,
With three score thousand burghers, bows her down
Before the hordes brought in by Say and Suffolk
In our Queen Margaret's train. I landed there
And wept for down-fallen London. Well I might!
Gladness had faded from her darken'd eye;
And festal plenty fled to kinder regions.
Her happy voice was hush'd, or only heard
To shock the desolate silence with a shriek!
The watch who walk'd her streets, trod as he fear'd
A bolder step would rouse a sleeping earthquake.
Murder was out at mid-day; and oppression,
Like an unmuted blood-hound, follow'd up
Her faint and feeble people.
Lacy. Lawless thus
Our French Queen's soldiery? Do not the commons
Of London rise against them?
Aylmere. Walking past
A group of these swill'd butchers, I beheld
A tottering mother to whose sterile breast
A famish'd infant faintly clung. She bent
Before these ruffian soldiers, and besought,
With anguish'd eloquence, a trifling alms.
Her babe, she said—and kiss'd its clayey cheek
And clasp'd it closer to her milkless breast—
Was starving! They replied with brutal jests;
And when she bent her faded form, and held
Her dying infant forth, with wild entreaty,
They—(Yet God saw it all and smote them not!)
They thrust their coward weapons in its form,
And held it, writhing on the lifted spear,
Before her eyes in murderous mockery!

TRIFLES.

Life's better joys spring up thus by the way-side,
And the world calls them trifles. 'T is not so.
Heaven is not prodigal, nor pours its joys,
In unregarded torrents, upon man:
They fall, as fall the riches of the clouds
Upon the parch'd earth, gently, drop by drop.
Nothing is trifling which love consecrates.

AMBITION.

I cannot be
The meek and gentle thing that thou wouldst have me.
The wren is happy on its humble spray;
But the fierce eagle revels in the storm,
Terror and tempest darken in his path;
He gambols mid the thunder; mocks the bolt
That flashes by his red, unshrinking eye,
And, eternly joyful, screams amid the din;
Then shakes the torrent from his vigorous wing,
And soars above the storm, and looks and laughs
Down on its struggling terrors. Safety still
Rewards ignoble ease: be mine the storm!

CONSTRAINT INSPIRES THE LOVE OF LIBERTY.

'T is better, being slaves, that we should suffer.
Most men are slaves by choice, slaves to their ease;
And must be thus, by chains and scourges, rous'd.
The stealthy wolf will sleep the long days out
In his green fastness, motionless and dull;
But let the hunter's toils entrap and bind him,
He 'll gnaw his chain'd limbs from their reeking frame,
And die in freedom. It is nature's law.
The bird that plays with the free winds, as free
As they, will stoop, with willing wings, and press
Its downy breast against the walls
Of its loved prison, weeks and weeks, content:
But cage the fluttering brooder, she will look
Up to the blue depths of her native freedom,
Flap her torn plumage 'gainst her wiry walls,
And, pining-hearted, die. Left to their nature,
Men make slaves of themselves; and, it is only
When the red hand of Force is at their throats,
They know what freedom is.

LAW OF NATURE.

God ne'er made a bondman:
Ne'er made one man to be his fellow's victim:
Ne'er cursed the earth, that its fair breast should yield
Unto the proud lord milk; but, to the peasant,
Nothing but poison.

FREEDOM.

Think not Freedom 's won
With gentle smiles and yielding blandishments:
She spurns your dainty wooer;
And turns to sinewy arms, and hearts of steel,
The war-cloud is her couch; her matin hymn
The battle-shout of freemen.

PREMATURITY OF BEAUTY.

Clifford. Lovely as Venus was when in her teens!
The court owns no such beauty. Why she is
Both bud and bloom; the gentleness of dawn
And the fierce fire of day! With coy fifteen,
She joins the richer bloom of ripen'd love.
Buckingham. Ripe ere her time! Thus vice will give
A pale maturity to canker'd youth;
As worms in apples flush the hectic rind
With sickly ripeness, while they rot the core.

CONSEQUENCES OF OPPRESSION.

Oh oppression! 'T is not thine own crimes only,
Fell as they are, will drown on thee at compt;
But every desperate deed, in frenzy done

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By madden'd innocence, will claim thee sire,
And, thunder-toned, pronounce thee guilty! guilty!

SAY AND AYLMERE.

Say. Sirrah, I am a peer!
Aylmere. And so
Am I. Thy peer, and any man's! Ten times
Thy peer, an' thou 'rt not honest.
Say. Insolent!
My fathers were made noble by a king.
Aylmere. And mine by a God! The people are God's own
Nobility; and wear their stars not on
Their breasts—but in them! But go to; I trifle.
Say. Dost not fear justice?
Aylmere. The justice of your court?
Nursled in blood! A petted falcon which
You fly at weakness! I do know your justice.
Crouching and meek to proud and purpled Wrong,
But tiger-toth'd and ravenous o'er pale Right!

DEATH.

So be it! Death 's the bondman's last, best friend!
It stays the uplifted thong, hushes the shriek,
And gives the slave a long, long sleep, unwhipp'd
By dreams of torture. In the grave there is
No echo to the tyrant's lash:
And the poor bond knows not to shrink, or blush,
Or wonder Heaven created such a wretch.
He who has learned to die, forgets to serve
Or suffer. Thank kind Heaven that I can die!

POWER OF RIGHT.

Fear not! The blow that falls upon the front
Of Wrong, is deadly stricken by an infant.

INSINCERITY.

I heed not thy profession.
Fair words bestreak thy meaning, like the lights
That flush our northern skies, and mock us with
A cheating show of ardor. We and weakness
Will make the simplest wise: I trust thee not.

HONOR AND RANK.

Honor is to rank
As are its rays unto the worship'd sun,
Which, beamless and unlit, would rise on high,
To be a curse and mockery.

THE MOB.

Ne'er heed the mob.
The saucy dust mounts in the gusty air
The highest just before the torrent storm
Beats it to mire again. What though the rout,
The compost of the realm, is smoking now
With its vile heat; show the dull knaves the whip,
They 'll fly like beaten whelps.

HYPOCRISY.

Thou!
That speak'st Heaven's truths, as speaks the dial,
Only i' the sunshine: but for the night
Or poverty and wo hast ne'er a word!
Thou saint of silks and odors! Sure thy mission
Is to the noble only! 'T were a taint
To bring a sweaty peasant into heaven!

GLORY.

Glory! Alas, you know not what you crave.
It is a pearl fish'd up from seas of blood;
A feather ye would sluice your veins to win,
That it may flaunt upon your tyrant's brow,
Making them more your tyrants.

POPULAR FLATTERY.

The lust of big, brave words is to the free
What love of sugar'd praise to beauty is,
Betraying to debasement. 'T is a flame,
That, like the glorious torch of the volcano,
Lights the pale land, and leaves it desolate.

AFFLICTION.

Why should we murmur? We were born to suffer.
Misery is earth's liege lord—the dark brow'd God
To whom her myriads, in all times, have bow'd.
Why should we murmur? Earth is but a tomb;
Its lamp, the sun, but lights
The crumbled and the crumbling; dust that is,
Or will be.

DEATH.

He fears death!
Why I would totter to its gentle arms,
As a tired infant to its mother's bosom.
He who knows life, yet fears to die, is mad—
Mad as the dungeon wretch who dreads his freedom.

LIBERTY NOT THE MEANS OF HAPPINESS.

Liberty gives nor light nor heat itself;
It but permits us to be good and happy.
It is to man, what space is to the orbs,
The medium where he may revolve and shine,
Or, darkened by his vices, fall forever!

LIFE.

Life's story still! All would o'ertop their fellows;
And every rank—the lowest—hath its height
To which hearts flutter with as large a hope
As princes feel for empire. But in each,
Ambition struggles with a sea of hate.
He who sweats up the ridgy grades of life,
Finds, in each station, icy scorn above,
Below him lusting envy!

SUDDEN GREATNESS.

Buckingham. The greatness which is born in anarchy,
And thrown aloft in tumult, cannot last.
It mounts like rocks hurled sky-wards by volcanos;
Flashes a guilty moment, and falls back
In the red earthquake's bosom.
Aylmere. Sagely said!
Go back unto the court, and preach it, where
Fraud laughs at faith and force at right; and where
Success is sainted, though it come from hell.

LIBERTY.

'T is that which nerves the weak, and stirs the strong;
Which makes the peasant's heart beat quick and high,
When on his hill he meets the uprising sun,
Throwing his glad beams o'er the peasant's cot,
And shouts his proud soul forth—'t is Liberty!

PARTIAL FREEDOM.

Freedom 's a good the smallest share of which
Is worth a life to win. Its feeblest smile
Will break our outer gloom, and cheer us on
To all our birth-right. Liberty! its beam
Aslant and far will lift the slave's wan brow,
And light it up as the sun lights the dawn.

COURAGE.

Where there is no fear,
There is no peril. Save Heaven, there reigns
But one omnipotence—'t is Courage!

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THE ARTIST'S LOVE.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"It were all one
As I should love a bright particular star,
And seek to wed it."

"Your arguments are most cogent, and you are an eloquent pleader, my dear Anne; nevertheless, I am a confirmed bachelor."

"Wedded to your art; married to your pictures, I suppose you would say, Cousin Fred. Well, your painted beauties will make but sorry companions for your old age, and the Art which you have found so jealous a mistress will scarcely repay you for the loss of a wife's tenderness."

"You mistake me, Anne; I am wedded to a memory—a shadow more unsubstantial than the dream of fame which I once cherished; and my heart has become the shrine of an image whose perfect loveliness far exceeds the fairest vision of the poet or the painter's fancy."

"Then you have been really and truly in love, coz; for the honor of the sex I cannot but rejoice that your insensibility to female charms is not the result of stoical indifference."

"How little you know of my true character if you could suspect such a thing. From my very boyhood my soul was imbued with a deep and passionate love for the beautiful. The whole earth seemed to me redolent of loveliness; and poetry, music, painting, were but varied expressions of this all-pervading attribute. I was a visionary, a dreamer, and the rich coloring which my imagination flung over every thing in life, like the light falling through a painted window, imparted its own sublimity and beauty to that which would else have seemed tame and homely. I loved painting less as a means of fame than as a medium for the expression of my own deep emotions. Had my lips been touched with the fire of genius—could I have poured forth the burning words of passion in the language of poesy, I should never have become an artist. But my tongue was condemned to silence, and to my hand was given the power of depicting, on the speaking canvass, the visions which thronged around my solitude. An enthusiast in every thing, I possessed the soul of a poet, but the hand of a painter, and doubly doomed in this world of disappointment is he, who, to the refined taste and vivid fancy of the one, unites the passionate temperament and acute sensitiveness of the other.

"With this deep love for the beautiful and the good, (since virtue is but another name for moral beauty,) it would be strange, indeed, if I had been insensible to the attractions of woman. From the time when I stood at my mother's knee, and learned in her sweet looks the harmony which exists between the gentle heart and the placid brow, I have been a student of the 'human face divine.' Unlike most persons, who become fastidious from a frequent banquet of beauty, I can find something redeeming even in the least attractive countenance, as the bee draws honey from the coarsest flowers."

"How then does it happen, Fred, that you are so confirmed a bachelor? Have you been so general a lover that you have lost the power of individualizing your affections? or have your eyes been so 'blasted with excess of light' that you are now quite blind to feminine beauty?"

"I have been a wanderer in many lands, Anne, and I have seen beauty in its most glorious forms. The daughters of Spain, with that stately step and flashing glance which give to even the meanest of them the semblance of a princess of romance—the high browed dama and the tender eyed peasant girl of Italy—the fair haired belles of northern Europe, whose dazzling complexions and cold manners remind one of their own wild legend of the Snow-woman—even the romantic loveliness of the houris of Eastern life, have left their image upon my memory and their similitude upon my pictures. But how cold, how tame, how lifeless are all such recollections now! One heavenly vision has forever dimmed their brightness, and I am like the child in the old ballad who returned from the glittering scenes of Fairyland, only to pine and die amid the dullness of actual life.

"I had spent several years in Europe, and had revisited England with the intention of embarking from thence for the United States, when the circumstance occurred to which I have just alluded. I had become almost weary of sight-seeing, and it was rather a sort of listlessness, which required quiet and seclusion, that led me one day, while I still lingered in London, to enter a gallery of pictures, by the old masters, where I had passed many an hour. It was a large room, shaded to that tender, delicious light which is so grateful to the weary eye, and soothing to the excited mind. The pictures, too, with their mellow tone of coloring, their sombre tints, their softened outlines, and the beautiful *chiar oscuro*, so characteristic of the works of the old painters, were all in harmony with the stillness and solitude of the apartment. The season for fashionable visiters was

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long passed, and the few who now entered the gallery were, like myself, enthusiasts or students. Two or three persons were scattered around, fixed in silent admiration before some favorite picture; and, throwing myself in an arm-chair that stood in the deep shadow of an alcove, I gave myself up to that vague, sweet reverie which is the purest of all voluptuous enjoyments.

"How long I had been thus dreaming I do not know, but I was at length aroused by a light step near me, and as I raised my eyes I beheld a creature of such perfect loveliness as even my wild fancy could never have fashioned. Standing before one of the pictures, in the attitude of deep thought, with her arms folded upon her bosom, and the folds of her rich shawl falling, like the drapery of some Grecian statue, around her tall figure, was a lady of such surpassing beauty that, for a moment, I could not but believe I was gazing on an unsubstantial vision called up by the influences of the place. Words would be vain to describe the glorious beauty of that countenance. I might tell of the classical symmetry of her chiseled features, of the exquisite form and setting of her full dark-blue eye, of the pearl-like purity of her clear complexion, of the delicate rose tint on her oval cheek, of the soft pale-brown curls which fell from beneath her simple cottage bonnet; but what language could depict the soul which dwelt in the depths of those clear eyes, of the sweetness which sat on those calmly folded lips, of the intellect which had made its shrine on her high, fair brow, of the feeling which spoke in the varying hues of her transparent skin? I was spell-bound—fascinated—every faculty was absorbed in intense admiration, and, as I sat unobserved in my darkened nook, watching every movement of her graceful form, it seemed to me that the very atmosphere had become purer, as if refined by the presence of some being from a holier sphere. At length she spoke, and, as the low tones of her melodious voice fell upon my ear, I aroused myself from my trance sufficiently to notice her companion. He was a youth whose delicate beauty betrayed his relationship to the fair being at his side, and I fancied I could detect a degree of tender solicitude in her manner, which led me to believe that his boyish figure and pale cheek were the results of infirm health. Nothing could be more beautiful than the grouping of these two exquisite forms as they stood together in the soft light, surrounded by images of loveliness; and I watched them until my senses were overpowered by that delicious, indescribable faintness which, in me, ever attends such overwrought fee ing.

For more than an hour I gazed unnoticed on this magnificent woman, and it was not until she gathered up the folds of her shawl and glided from the room, that I could summon energy enough to rise. As the door closed behind her, it seemed as if the sunlight had suddenly been shut out—a gloom fell upon every thing, and I hastily left the apartment. An impulse which I could not restrain led me to inquire of the doorkeeper the names of the persons who had just quitted the gallery, but he was unable to afford me any information, and I hurried home in a state of excitement which Byron has well described as "dazzled and drunk with beauty." The next day I returned to the picture gallery in the hope that the lady might be induced to revisit it. Hour after hour I sat amid forms of beauty and miracles of art—silent, abstracted, patient—waiting for a renewal of my beatific vision; until a gentle intimation that the exhibition was closed for the day sent me sad and disappointed to my solitary home. Day after day I took my station in that hall, vainly hoping that I might once more behold that exquisite face. My paintings stood unfinished on the easel, my books lay unread, my friends were neglected, the preparations for my home voyage were deferred, and I gave up my whole heart to this vain homage, offered unto one whose very name was unknown to me. You will think me mad, Anne, but I tell you that the moment my eye fell upon that noble woman, the inward voice, which never speaks in vain, the prophetic voice of the soul whispered that in her I beheld my destiny. Aye, I knew it then, when she had been but as a glimpse of Heaven to my eyes, even as I know it now, when for years I have lived upon her memory.

"Some weeks later, as I was returning from my solitary vigil, I passed the door of a celebrated jeweler, just as a carriage drove up. As I drew aside to avoid the shower of mud thrown up by the feet of the prancing horses, I caught a glimpse of the well-remembered countenance which had now become the idol of my dreams. Anticipating the lady's intentions, I entered the glittering shop, and, pretending to examine some curiously engraved seals, lost not a single look. She conversed in a low tone with the jeweler, and seemed to be giving directions respecting the setting of a miniature, while I was drinking in new draughts of hopeless and passionate love from her exquisite beauty. As she returned to the carriage I hastened to engross the attention of the polite Mr. ——, and soon contrived to be allowed a glance at the miniature. It was a small and highly finished likeness of the brother who had been her companion in the gallery, but the jeweler could afford me no other information than that it was to be set in plain gold, with the initials C. M. on the back, and that it must be finished by the next evening, as the lady intended leaving town. The next evening found me again at the shop, but I was destined to disappointment; the brother came, received the miniature and departed, leaving me no possible clue to the object of my cherished interest.

Wearied and disappointed, I lingered in London with that aimless and idle spirit of loitering that now so fully possessed me, until a friend, from whom I had received many kindnesses, insisted upon my accompanying him to his country house previous to my leaving England. The beauties of rural scenery in that noble island can never be viewed too often, and I gladly found myself in the quiet of a sequestered village, where, with the genuine hospitality so well understood in England, I was surrounded by all the means of enjoyment, and then left to choose that which best suited my mood. I visited every place

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in the neighborhood which contained objects of interest, and found much to divert the melancholy that was rapidly settling upon my feelings, but still I had become morbidly sensitive, and wherever I went I seemed to find new food for my love-sick fancy. Accidentally hearing of an old baronial residence some twenty miles distant, which, though somewhat dilapidated, like the fortunes of the family to which it belonged, still contained some fine pictures, I determined to visit it. My friend dissuaded me by assuring me that I would scarcely obtain admission, as the owner usually occupied the mansion, and was somewhat eccentric and unsocial. 'He is a Catholic, is said to be in bad health, and to live in great seclusion on account of his sister, who is under some ecclesiastic vow.' This account, instead of deterring me, only stimulated my curiosity, and, taking advantage of a beautiful autumnal day, I rode alone to Mordaunt Hall.

"I always had a passion for rambling over old houses, and the newness of every thing in America makes us all peculiarly alive to the charm of gray antiquity abroad. It was with no little regret, therefore, that I found myself excluded from the old hall by a venerable man who looked as antique as the oaken door which he kept so inhospitably closed. Mr. Mordaunt was absent; he said, 'he had left home only two weeks before, in the hope that the climate of Italy might restore him to health, and the rooms were not in proper order for a stranger's inspection.' Upon my informing him, however, of my vocation, and my desire to behold only the pictures, he consented to admit me, and after I had entered, he summoned the old housekeeper, who received me with a degree of stately civility which would have done honor to a dowager duchess. The old lady was glad to find some one who was willing to listen to her garrulity, and the attention which I paid to her long stories about the buckram squires and shepherdess ladies in the picture gallery, so far won her favor that she wanted me to visit the tapestried chambers, where were still preserved the relics of bygone splendor. Charmed with the interest I took in these old-world matters, she finally conducted me into that part of the mansion usually occupied by the family.

"'This is Miss Helen's room,' said she, as she opened the door of a beautiful apartment, lighted by a large stained glass window.

"'And who is Miss Helen?' I asked, as I observed the traces of elegant occupation in the music, the books and the implements of drawing, scattered around the room.

"'She is the sister of my young master; their parents died while they were yet children, and they have ever since lived here with their grandfather, at whose death, two years since, Mr. Charles Mordaunt came into possession. But I am afraid he will not long live to enjoy his estate. He inherits his mother's delicacy along with her beauty, and I who sat beside his cradle, may yet live to watch beside his deathbed. Miss Helen manages every thing for him, she saves him all trouble, and indeed she is like an angel to every body. We always keep her picture curtained when she is not here, for it is too beautiful to be spoiled by dust and sunshine.'

"As she spoke, the old woman drew aside a heavy crimson curtain and displayed the exquisite features of her whom I had so long sought in vain. The lady of the gallery was at length made known to me, and in Helen Mordaunt I beheld the idol of my dreaming fancy.

"I need not tell you how gladly I now listened to every reminiscence of the family, how fondly I dwelt upon every thing which concerned Helen, and how eagerly I gathered every incident which could confirm me in a belief of her noblenes of character. I learned that their seclusion was the consequence of Mr. Mordaunt's ill health, and yet there seemed to be some mystery connected with the manner in which Helen was associated in this loneliness. The story of her religious vows was utterly untrue, but still her devotion to her brother did not altogether account for her close retirement, and there seemed something which the old housekeeper did not wish to remember. But whatever was the nature of that mystery, it certainly was nothing derogatory to the noble nature of Miss Mordaunt. With her moderate fortune she had managed to diffuse comfort and happiness in many an humble cottage. She had the kind heart, the soft voice, the ready hand which adds redoubled value to every bounty, and from hill-side and valley ascended the prayer of many a grateful peasant on her gentle head. I was fully disposed to credit the old lady's assertion when she said that Miss Helen was too good and too beautiful for this world, but I did not then know by how frail a tenure she held the life which was so great a blessing to others.

"I learned that the brother and sister were on their way to Florence, and after feeding my wild passion with every excitement to be found amid the scenes which had once enjoyed her presence, I resolved to follow them into Italy. You will ask with what purpose I thus sought her presence. Alas! I had none—no hope—no design, save that of once more beholding her wonderful beauty. She had unconsciously woven a spell around me, and I sought not to be disenthralled. That face which was henceforth to be the load-star of my life rose before me whenever I looked upon the features of woman—it was with me in the vague happiness of my nightly dreams—it outshone the brightness of joyous moments, and illumined my hours of solitude and sadness.

"There is a madness of the heart which often resembles the madness of the brain. The passions often become masters over the intellectual powers, and men, while in full possession of reason, do things which nothing but the wildness of delirium could excuse. Perhaps such was my conduct—such it certainly would seem in the eyes of a wordly and unimaginative being. I abandoned my intention of returning to America, and again sought the shores of Italy—that fair land of shadows, where the passionate dreams of youth and genius are embodied in the sculptured image or portrayed on the eloquent canvass—that noble country, whose blue sky is but as a cloudless dome above a glorious panorama of

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natural beauty and physical perfection. To a visionary like myself, the very climate of Italy brings danger. There is something so enervating in its genial gales and sunny heavens—so fascinating in the indolent enjoyment which is common to all from the prince to the beggar—so soothing in the '*dolce far 'niente*' which is universally practiced amid sounds of harmony and sights of beauty, that a stranger inevitably falls into those habits of idleness and reverie, which, however delightful at first, have a reaction not less terrible than that which attends the bliss-giving opiate of a Turkish elysium. Had I sought to subdue my wild passion, I would never have returned to Italy. Active life, with all its excitements and its duties, would, perhaps, have changed the course of my feelings, but there was a romantic mystery in my strange attachment which suited too well my peculiar temperament. It was like the revival of an old tale of sorcery—I was subjected to some secret power which took from me even the volition to be free. Alas! how often do we forge our own chains, and then complain of the fate which has hung fetters on our will.

"I wandered through Italy as one in a dream. Wherever I went I heard of those for whom I sought, for they had been before me along the whole route. I occupied apartments which they had quitted, traveled in coaches they had used, traversed picture galleries they had explored, and found their names on the records of visitants at all the places of note. Yet they seemed always to elude my view, and like the early navigators in their search for the Fortunate Isles, I was ever near, yet never within sight of the object of my desires. But my patience was at length rewarded. A difficulty in obtaining post-horses had detained me at a miserable inn on the confines of Italy, and I was preparing with an ill grace to submit to its discomforts through the night, when I was started by the low sweet tones of a well-remembered voice. I listened—the words were Italian, and addressed to the slatternly landlady whose unwashed kerchief and long gold ear-rings had attracted my attention—but the voice was not to be mistaken. It was indeed Helen Mordaunt, whom the sudden illness of her brother had detained in that miserable place, and who was thus left unaided in the midst of strangers. To make myself known to her and proffer my services was my first impulse, though the agitation of my manner was sufficient to awaken her surprise, if not her distrust. But she was too far above guile to suspect it in others; she accepted my offers with graceful and dignified gratitude, while the attentions which I was thus enabled to bestow upon her brother laid the foundation of a warm friendship in her gentle heart.

"You will think it strange, Anne, when I tell you that of those blissful days of passionate existence I retain only a vague and dreamlike recollection. I might tell you of a few striking incidents which stand out in bold relief, but the details of that period of my life seem to have become blended into one indistinct remembrance of happiness. When I look into the chambers of mine imagery I see only the exceeding beauty of her who was now my earthly idol; all the accessories of the picture, beautifully and delicately as they were depicted by the hand of love, have become blended in the indistinctness of time's mellowing tints. Charles Mordaunt gradually recovered, and he rallied his little remaining strength in the hope of reaching Geneva, where he purposed passing the summer. With some difficulty we succeeded in reaching the desired place, and when there he seemed quite recruited, but my blissful moments were at an end. The isolation which had led to our close intimacy no longer existed—the world had come in between us—I was still the friend, but no longer the only friend of Helen Mordaunt.

"What a creature she was!—how noble in character!—how refined in feeling!—how self-forgetting!—how devoted to her brother!—how utterly free from every selfish emotion! Full of intellect, with feelings so profound, so earnest that they would have been passionate had they not been so pure, she seemed never to entertain a thought which angels might not have cherished. Yet her loftiness was not that of pride, it was rather the elevation of a heavenly nature, the nobleness of a soul which retained too bright an impress of its immortal birth to bear one stain of earth. And then she was so beautiful! Good heaven! when I remember that glorious countenance lighted up with all the splendor of such a mind and heart—when I recall the image of that stately and graceful creature whose footstep fell upon the earth like the snowflake upon wool—when I live over again those blissful hours in which her voice was the daily music of my life, and her smile its sweetest light, I wonder that I am yet a denizen of this dull earth, when its melody and its sunshine have forever vanished.

"Yet Helen shared not—knew not my feelings. Devoted to her failing brother she seemed to have no room for another affection in her heart, and I dared not disturb the pure current of her feelings by the shadow of a less holy love. She regarded me as her brother's friend, she was grateful for my attentions to the invalid, and the smile, the kindly clasp of the hand with which she daily met me, were but emanations of her sisterly tenderness.

"'Is she not a noble creature?' said Charles Mordaunt to me, one day, as she glided from the room in search of some flowers to deck his apartment. 'Oh if you but knew half her devotion, half her goodness! beautiful as she is—and God never made a fairer being—her spirit is more angelic than her seraph body.'

"I know not what power impelled me, but at these words the fountains of my sympathy were broken up, and I poured forth the resistless torrent of my long repressed feelings. I told him of my first meeting with his sister in the picture gallery—of my vain search for them—of my visit to their ancestral home—of my quest through Italy—and finally, in the eloquent words of passion, I told him of my wild and earnest love. I had not ventured to look toward him while I uttered my confession, but when he still remained silent, I raised my head, and observed a spot

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of burning red on his thin cheek, while a tear slowly gathered in his unnaturally bright eye. For a moment he hesitated, then grasping my hand he said:

"'I will not disguise from you, my friend, that the time has been when my ire would have risen to fever heat had any but the scion of a noble house sought the hand of Helen Mordaunt. My family have fallen from their high estate, yet I cannot forget that the blood of princes runs in the veins of the two last descendants of a race once loftiest in my own proud land. You, as an American, can share none of this feeling, and can sympathize little in this vain pride, yet it is inborn in the child of noble lineage, and I can easier part with every other prejudice than with that which places me above the reach of fortune's frowns. Yet this objection to your suit which would not, perhaps, be insurmountable in Helen's mind, (who shares none of my weaknesses, not even that of family pride,) is not the only one. We are a singularly doomed family. You know that we hold the ancient faith, and my mother, who was one of the most rigid of devotees, had early destined Helen and myself to the seclusion of a cloister. The death of an elder brother and sister induced her to relinquish her resolution, but, when the sudden death of my father was followed by my gradual decline of health, she remembered her broken pledge to the church, and bowed down in the dust beneath the judgment which her ill-kept faith had brought upon her. My grandfather would not consent to immure in a cloister the only heir to his fading honors, and my mother went down to her grave mourning over her broken vow, and praying her darling Helen to make expiation for the sins of all, by the devotion of her life to seclusion. Helen knew that my mother's wish would doom her to a convent, but from this her enlightened piety revolted. She was a sincere Christian, but she saw more duties in the world than the dull round of monastic rites could embrace, and, in devoting herself to the last years of her aged grandfather, and now in giving up her whole thoughts to me, she feels that she is fulfilling the *spirit*, if not the *letter*, of my mother's vow. But in one respect she has religiously obeyed my mother's desire. She has kept herself unspotted from the world, never mingling in its amusements, never sharing its vanities, never yielding her heart to its affections. Perhaps the consciousness of her own feeble hold on life has made the task one of less difficulty, and has assimilated her pure and noble nature to those angelic beings whose company she may be called to join at a moment's warning.'

"Horror-stricken at these last mysterious words, which reminded me of some vague hints uttered by the old housekeeper of Mordaunt Hall, I forgot my mingled feelings of pride and disappointment, and only thought of the doom which seemed to impend over Helen. Eagerly I demanded an explanation, and it was given in a few words. From childhood she had been the subject of an organic disease of the heart, which shows itself only in increased pulsation, and the rapidly changeful hues of her complexion, inflicting no pain, and scarcely making itself felt, yet destined to be fatal at some sudden and unexpected moment.

"'She has long known her fate,' said Charles; 'she lives as one who may be summoned to the world of shadows without hearing a single footfall of the King of Terrors, and the very sublimity of her character is perhaps the result of such conviction of the continual presence of death. Life is to her but an Egyptian feast; an image from the grave sits ever beside her, and though she has ceased to tremble, nay, can even decorate the hideous spectre with the festal robe and wreath, she is not the less conscious of its presence. Helen will never marry; she has never known any warmer affection than that which nature implanted in her heart for me. She loves me with a depth and fervor which would be almost idolatrous, were it not so holy. The knowledge of your wild passion might cloud the pure current of her thoughts, but could never win you an adequate return. She is devoted to higher aims, and the marriage bond would ill suit one who is already the bride of Heaven.'

"I shall never forget the bright and seraphic expression of the youth's face as he uttered these last words. Never had he so strongly resembled his beautiful sister, and had he asked the sacrifice of my life at that moment it would have been freely given. 'Promise me,' said he, 'that while I live you will not proffer your suit to my sister. Let me still behold her in all her maiden purity of thought, free from even the shadow of another love. When I am gone her own noble nature must be her guide, and to that I can surely trust.' I promised, and the painful interview closed with varied and mingled feelings on both sides.

"I cannot dwell on the painful details of Charles Mordaunt's last illness; my heart sinks and my eyes fill with tears which seem to scar my cheeks as they fall. The injunction of the dying man was obeyed, and while I was constantly ministering to his wants, and sharing all his sister's cares, though our hands often met in his feeble grasp, and my pulse bounded as if my veins ran lightning when I felt the cool touch of her rose-tipped fingers, though our brows were often bowed down in prayer upon the same pillow beside him, yet I breathed not the love which, pure as I knew it to be, seemed almost sacrilegious at such a moment. Helen never spoke of herself, but the holy calmness with which she contemplated her brother's approaching death seemed an evidence of her belief that she should not long survive him. He declined gradually but surely; suffering little pain, and retaining every faculty of his mind unimpaired, he yielded day by day to the debility which was slowly wearing his life away. To sit beside that noble brother and sister, to watch the varied beauty of their glorious countenances, to listen to the 'converse high' between the dying youth and the doomed maiden, such were my precious, my painful privileges. Alas! I linger upon these moments, even as the condemned criminal seeks to prolong the time which intervenes before his execution.

"Helen and myself watched beside Charles until he drew his latest breath; when the final moment

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came, his face shone even as the face of an angel, as his beautiful lips parted with a smile of seraphic sweetness, and the words, 'Helen—my sister!' died upon his failing accents. I had dreaded the last scene on Helen's account, for I knew the danger of any sudden stroke of sorrow to one so frail, but her brother's life had been prolonged until the whisper of death was even as the breath of the evening zephyr closing the flowers in slumber. Calm, but tearful and feeble as a child, she suffered me to lead her from the room, and giving her in charge of her faithful attendant, I busied myself in arrangements for the last sad offices to my departed friend. I will not attempt to describe my emotions. I had learned to love Charles Mordaunt like a brother, and my affection for Helen was now as far superior to the visionary passion which had first led me to seek her as are the stars of heaven above the icicle which glitters in their rays. But at such a moment I thought not of myself, my anxiety was only for her who was now dearer than life.

"The sun was just rising above the horizon when the spirit of Charles winged its flight to purer realms, and the same bright sun was glowing on the verge of evening when I again sought his silent chamber. Stretched on a couch, the rigid outline of his delicate limbs clearly defined beneath the snowy sheet which covered his remains, lay the pale and beautiful form of the youth; while kneeling by his side, with her face bent down upon his bosom, and the golden sunlight falling like a halo around her bright hair, I beheld the devoted sister. Unwilling to disturb her grief, I silently withdrew; keeping watch at the door till she should come forth. An hour—a long, long hour elapsed and still she came not. Her maid, distressed at her prolonged stay in the chamber of death, would not be denied entrance, and, with less delicacy than discretion, intruded herself upon the mourner's privacy. The door had scarcely closed behind her, when a piercing shriek from the woman almost froze my blood. I sprang into the apartment and beheld the lifeless form of the fairest of God's creatures. Helen Mordaunt was dead!

"'They were lovely in their lives and in their death they were not divided.' One grave holds the brother and sister, and in that grave lie buried all my fondest affections. If I look on beauty now, it is only to be reminded of *her* transcendant loveliness; if I listen to noble sentiments, it is only to remember her glorious intellect; if I watch the varying emotions of others, it is only to recall the perfect, the exalted purity of her heaven-devoted heart; and therefore it is, Anne, that woman, fair though she be, delights me not, for

> "What are thousand living loves
> To that which cannot quit the dead?"

A NORTHERN LEGEND.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THERE sits a gentle maiden,
The sea is murmuring nigh;
She throws the hook and watches—
The fishes pass it by.

A ring with a red jewel
Is sparkling on her hand,
Upon the hook she binds it,
And casts it from the land.

Uprises from the water
A hand like ivory fair—
What gleams upon its finger?
The golden ring is there.

Up rises from the bottom
A young and handsome knight;
In golden scales he rises,
That glitter in the light.

The maid is pale with terror—
"Nay, knight of ocean, nay,
It was not thee I wanted;
Let go the ring, I pray."

"The bait of gold and jewels
Is not to fishes thrown;
The ring shall never leave me,
And, maiden, thou'rt my own."

LIFE COMPARED TO A TRAVELER.

WHY should we cling to life? why count a shade,
When we may press the substance to our heart?
Why shrink and fear from this bleak vale to part,
Where Spring-leaves pale and Summer-roses fade,
Like one who traveleth o'er a barren waste,
Weary and lorn in summer's scorching hours,
Yet views at length the city's golden towers
In the dim distance, and toils on in haste
To reach the prayed for goal, where he may slake
His burning thirst and cool his fevered breast,
And dream away the night, at length to wake
Fresh as Aurora from her welcome rest?
Such is life's journey—why array in dread
Its placid bourne—the city of the Dead?

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

LITERARY WOMEN OF THE UNITED STATES.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

Mrs. Sigourney, formerly Miss Huntley, was born in Norwich, Connecticut, about forty-five years ago. In her childhood she was distinguished for remarkable precocity. When three years of age she read with fluency, and at eight she wrote harmonious verses. In her twentieth year—at which early period she had charge of a popular seminary for young ladies—she gave to the public her first volume, under the title of "Moral Pieces." From that time until now she has been known as an author. No one of her sex in America has been more constant or more successful in devotion to literature.

In 1819 she was united in marriage to Mr. Charles Sigourney, a gentleman of taste and fortune, in the city of Hartford. Her appreciation of the duties of her sex, in their highest relationships, is shown in her admirable "Letters to Young Ladies," and "Letters to Mothers," both of which works, happily for the women of our country, have had a wide popularity. She has in her own life well illustrated the lessons inculcated in her writings.

The winter of 1840–41 Mrs. Sigourney passed in Europe, where her reputation had preceded her. While in London a metropolitan bookseller issued an edition of her poems, which were well received by the English critics. She has published, altogether, six or seven volumes, beside her prose works, and she has now in press, we believe, notices of her foreign travel. One of the most recent critical notices of her poetry which we have seen was written for the September number of the "*Democratic Review*," by the Hon. Alexander H. Everett, and we give his estimate of her powers, rather than attempt an expression of our own. "Her compositions," says this able and eminent critic, "belong exclusively to the class of short poems, for the Pocahontas, which is the longest of them, does not, as we have said, exceed thirty or forty pages. They commonly express, with great purity, and evident sincerity, the tender affections which are so natural to the female heart, and the lofty aspirations after a higher and better state of being, which constitute the truly ennobling and elevating principle in art, as well as in nature. Love and religion are the unvarying elements of her song. This is saying, in other words, that the substance of her poetry is of the very highest order. If her powers of expression were equal to the purity and elevation of her habits of thought and feeling, she would be a female Milton, or a Christian Pindar. But though she does not inherit

'The force and ample pinion that the Theban Eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion thro' the liquid vault of air,'

she nevertheless manages the language with great ease and elegance; and often with much of the *curiosa felicitas*, that 'refined felicity' of expression, which is, after all, the principal charm in poetry. In blank verse she is very successful. The poems that she has written in this measure have not unfrequently much of the manner of Wadsworth, and may be nearly or quite as highly relished by his admirers."

CATHERINE M. SEDGWICK.

Miss Sedgwick's family is one of the first in America. On her father's side, she is descended from a Major General in the army of Cromwell, who died in the great expedition against the Spanish West Indies; her father, Theodore Sedgwick the elder, was an eminent jurist and statesman; and many of her other near relations have distinguished themselves in the military and civil service of the country. She was born at Stockbridge, one of the most beautiful of the rural towns in Massachussets, where she still resides, not more applauded for her genius than loved for her many admirable social qualities, by the large circle of which she is the centre and the brightest ornament.

The first of Miss Sedgwick's published works was the "New England Tale," originally intended to appear—so we learn from the preface—as a religious tract. It grew beyond the limits of such a design, and was reluctantly given to the world in a volume. Fortunately its success was so great as to induce her to continue in the field of letters. The "New England Tale" was followed by "Redwood," a novel which placed her in the front rank of the writers of her sex. It was reprinted in England, and soon after translated into the French and Italian languages, and every where alike admired. "Hope Leslie," of which a new edition has just appeared, was her third work, and, perhaps, her best. It is one of the most beautiful fictions in our language. The next of her larger productions was "Clarence," and the last, save the "Letters from Abroad," was "The Linwoods."

Beside these she has written "Le Bossu," one of the "Tales of Glauber Spa;" "Home;" "The Poor Rich Man and the Rich Poor Man," and several other shorter works, all of which are distinguished for elegance of style, dramatic interest, and original and finished portraitures of individual character.

We have not room for a critique upon any of Miss Sedgwick's writings. We can simply commend them earnestly to all who are not already familiar with them. They are all of the *useful* classes. They are all as creditable to her heart as to her intellect. In all she exhibited cheerful views of life; and in all are the purest morality, and the most just religious sentiments.

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FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

Mrs. Osgood is the daughter of the late Mr. Joseph Locke, a merchant of Boston, in which city she was born, on the 18th of June, 1815. Her early years were passed in the beautiful village of Hingham, where her poetical talent was developed even in childhood. She had not to encounter the difficulties and discouragements which so often chill the feelings of the youthful aspirant, for her parents were themselves silent poets, possessing the "vision," if not the "faculty divine." To her father, a man singularly gifted both in mind and heart, and possessing, with a warm imagination, an enthusiastic love of nature, she probably owes her susceptibility to the beautiful in the outer and the inner world.

Some of her precocious efforts—verses written in her early school days—attracted the attention of Mrs. Child—one of the cleverest women, not of our country only, but of the age—who was then conducting a "Juvenile Miscellany" of much celebrity. In that magazine Miss Locke made her first appearance in print, under the signature of "Florence," which she retained for many years.

At an exhibition of paintings, in the Athenæum Gallery at Boston, we have been told, she was first introduced to Mr. S. S. Osgood, the artist. He invited her to sit for her portrait, and before the picture was finished they were engaged. Soon after their marriage, in the autumn of 1835, they went to England, where they remained nearly four years—the husband successfully plying his art, and the wife winning fame and admiration by her literary productions. It was during her residence in London that she published her "Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England," a volume of poems which was received with remarkable favor by the critics, and which has passed through one or two editions in this country. She also gave to the press, while in the great metropolis, "The Casket of Fate," a miniature book, containing one of her most beautiful effusions; and since her return she has edited an elegantly embellished souvenir, entitled "The Poetry of Flowers and Flowers of Poetry," the value of almost every page of which is enhanced by extracts from her own writings. She now resides in New York, where her husband is pursuing his profession with distinguished success and reputation.

Several of Mrs. Osgood's finest productions have appeared in this magazine. "The Daughter of Herodius," in our number for July, would have done honor to any of the poets of the time; and "Truth," a simple and beautiful story in our last issue, and "The Coquette," in our present, show that her abilities as a prose writer are of an admirable order. All her writings are distinguished for singular naturalness and simplicity, some of them for a happy playfulness, and others for a delicate tenderness of idea and expression. She invests the most common and prosaic subject with poetic grace—the dull and oftentimes wearisome commonplaces of life with interest and beauty. Her glowing mind is like a fairy alchymist, "from seeming evil still educing good."

MRS. SEBA SMITH.

This lady is a native of Portland, where her earliest years were passed. She has long been a frequent and admired contributor to our literary periodicals, but the efforts upon which her reputation chiefly depends, are comparatively recent. The "Sinless Child," a poem in seven cantos, was published during the present year. It is designed to illustrate the spiritual agency of Life and Nature upon the soul of childhood. The abstract theory developed, partakes largely of Wordsworth's philosophy, but in its details, the story displays a fancifulness and glow wholly distinct from the bard of Rydal Mount. Eva is the heroine of this sweet tale:

—"She turned the wheel,
Or toiled in humble guise,
Her buoyant heart was all abroad
Beneath the pleasant skies.
She sang all day from joy of heart,
For joy that in her dwelt,
That unconfined the soul went forth—
Such blessedness she felt."

We refrain from entering more fully into the merits of this production, because it is about to be given to the public in a more permanent form. In point of elevated moral design and delicate beauty of imagery, we regard it as one of the most happy efforts of the American muse. Within a few weeks a prose tale, intended to illustrate the time of Tecumseh, has appeared from her pen. This work has been widely commended for graphic descriptions of scenery and graceful simplicity of style.

Among the women of genius which this country has produced, there is none to whom we revert with more pride and kindly interest than the subject of this article. Rare endowments of mind, however brilliant, depend so much for their value upon the moral qualities with which they are united, that, abstractly considered, it is often difficult to decide whether they are a bane or a blessing. We may wonder at an intellectual phenomenon as we do at the extraordinary displays of nature, but it is only when a gifted mind is linked with noble sentiments and pure affections that we can cordially hail it as a glorious boon. If this is true of men, how much more does it apply to women. What mental power or grace can atone for the absence of tenderness and truth in woman? What extent of attainment in a female mind can ever compensate for the lack of those sympathetic qualities in which consists the charm of the sex?

We make these inquiries in order to fix the attention of our readers upon the truly feminine character of Mrs. Smith's genius. This we consider its peculiar distinction. There is a delicacy of conception, a simple grace of language, and an exaltation of sentiment about her writings, not only admirable in themselves, but beautifully appropriate to her character and mission as a woman. In a literary point of view, undoubtedly many of her productions bear the mark of haste. A higher finish and more careful revision would render the fruits of her pen more tasteful and permanent in their influence. But such defects are ascribable to circumstances rather than to

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want of perception or power. She has often written from the spur of necessity. Her nature is one which, in a more prosperous condition of things, would find its whole delight in expatiating amid the genialities of nature and society. She has resorted to the pen rather as a duty than a pleasure. We do not mean to say that in any event she would not have written. A mind of this order must at times "wreak itself upon expression." Mrs. Smith sympathizes too readily with the beautiful, not sometimes cordially to utter hymns in its praise. Human life presses with too deep a meaning upon her heart not to leave results which crave utterance. To breathe such thoughts is as natural as for the glad bird to utter its song, or the unfettered stream to leap up to the sunshine. Still, friendship and nature, society and literature would amply fill such a mind, were it indulged with the leisure and freedom from care, which fortune bestows. For the sake of poetry and the promotion of elevated views of life, we cannot mourn the destiny which made such a woman known to fame. We doubt not that many of her sweet fancies and holy aspirations, winged by the periodical press over our broad land, have carried comfort to the desponding and bright glimpses to the perverted. We hope that not a few of her sex have hailed these manifestations in language of what is highest in their own souls. For ourselves, we are happy to recognize in this lady one who has given worthy utterance to sentiments of faith and duty, to the sense of the beautiful and the capacity of progress, which are the redeeming traits of human nature.

MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

Mrs. Embury is a native of the city of New York. She is a daughter of Dr. Manly, an eminent physician in that metropolis. Her native interest in literature was manifested by an early appreciation of the works of genius, and her poetical talents were soon recognized and admired. Under the signature of Ianthe, she gave to the public numerous effusions, which were distinguished for vigor of language and genuine depth of feeling. A volume of these youthful, but most promising efforts, was selected and published, but we believe it has long been out of print. Since her marriage, Mrs. Embury has given to the public more prose than poetry, but the former is characterized by the same romantic spirit which is the essential beauty of verse. We know of no American female writer who has composed so great a number of popular tales. Many of these fictions, we should judge, are founded upon a just observation of life, although not a few are equally remarkable for attractive invention. In point of style, they often possess the merit of graceful and pointed diction, and the lesson they inculcate is invariably of a pure moral tendency. "Constance Latimer, the Blind Girl," is, perhaps, better known than any other of her single productions, and, as a specimen of her insight into some of the delicate shades of human passion, we would instance "Silent Love," which appeared recently in our own pages, and an admirable story in our present number. Mrs. Embury at present resides at Brooklyn, L. I., and is not less distinguished for domestic virtues than literary ability.

NO CONCEALMENT.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Think'st thou to be conceal'd, thou little *stream*,
That through the lowly vale dost wend thy way,
Loving beneath the darkest arch to glide
Of woven branches, blent with hillocks gray?
The mist doth track thee, and reveal thy course
Unto the dawn, and a bright line of green
Tinting thy marge, and the white flocks that haste
At summer noon to taste thy crystal sheen,
Make plain thy wanderings to the eye of day—
And then, thy smiling answer to the moon,
Whose beams so freely on thy bosom sleep,
Unfold thy secret, even to night's dull noon—
How could'st thou hope, in such a world as this,
To shroud thy gentle path of beauty and of bliss?

Think'st thou to be conceal'd, thou little *seed*,
That in the bosom of the earth art cast,
And there, like cradled infant, sleep'st awhile,
Unrow'd by trampling storm or thunder-blast?
Then bid'st thy time; for herald Spring shall come
And wake thee, all unwilling as thou art,
Unhood thine eyes, unfold thy clasping sheath,
And stir the languid pulses of thy heart;
The loving rains shall woo thee, and the dews
Weep o'er thy bed, and, ere thou art aware,
Forth steals the tender leaf, the wiry stem,
The trembling bud, the flower that scents the air;
And soon, to all, thy ripen'd fruitage tells
The evil or the good that in nature dwells.

Think'st thou to be conceal'd, thou little *thought*,
That in the curtain'd chamber of the soul
Dost wrap thyself so close, and dream to do
A secret work? Look to the hues that roll
O'er the changed brow—the moving lip behold—
Linking thee unto speech—the feet that run
Upon thy errands, and the deeds that stamp
Thy lineage plain before the noon-day sun;
Look to the pen that writes thy history down
In those tremendous books that ne'er unclose
Until the Day of Doom, and blush to see
How vain thy trust in darkness to repose,
Where all things tend to judgment. So, beware,
Oh erring human heart! what thoughts thou lodgest there.
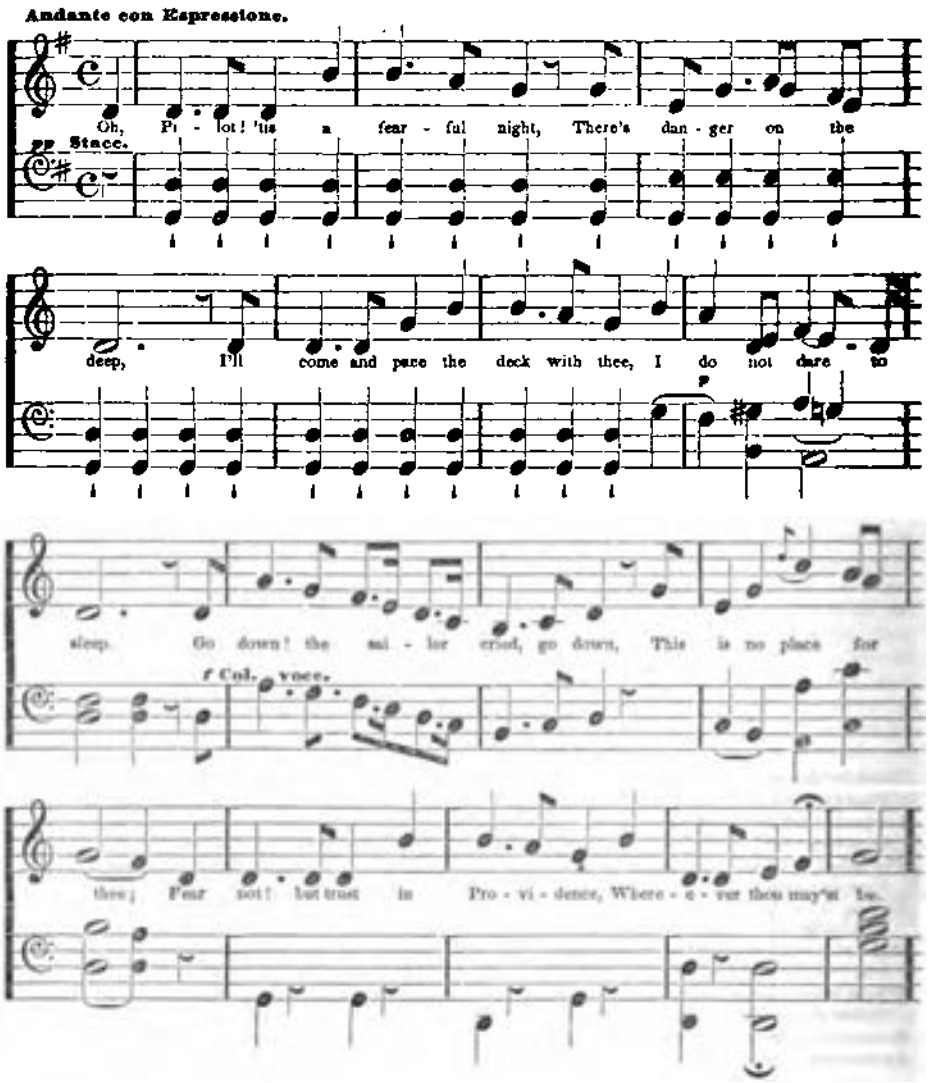
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THE PILOT.

A BALLAD.

BY THE LATE THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY.

MUSIC BY S. NELSON.



Ah! Pilot, dangers often met
We all are apt to slight,
And thou hast known these raging waves
But to subdue their might;
It is not apathy, he cried,
That gives this strength to me;
Fear not! but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st be.

On such a night, the sea engulf'd
My father's lifeless form;
My only brother's boat went down
In just so wild a storm;
And such, perhaps, may be my fate,
But still I say to thee,
Fear not! but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st be.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Career of Puffer Hopkins. By Cornelius Mathews, Author of the "Motley Book," "Behemoth," "Wakondah," etc. Illustrated by H. K. Browne, Esq. (Phiz.) Octavo. pp. 319. New York, D. Appleton & Co. 1842.

To write a good novel, under any circumstances, is a work at this age of the world of no slight difficulty; to write a novel of which the basis shall be American life is almost the Egyptian task of making bricks without straw. In Europe the modern novel is the fruit, the last accomplished result of the labors of many generations of literary artizans; it is the quintessence of social life matured, polished and refined, to receive the last touch of the author. It is not till systems have been long formed, till social manners have subsided into habits, till the aggregate of individuals furnishes some one of more marked character than the rest, to stand forth as the representative of the class, to be universally known and admitted as such, that the novelist's work is light. Before this period has arrived the delineation of society cannot be fairly appreciated. He may leave his work to after ages as the most faithful of historics, truer to the spirit of the age, more suggestive of the humanity of the time than the record of professed historians, but by his own generation he will be regarded as an innovator, as one dealing with common subjects, base matter, that finds no sympathy in the taste of readers, (a faculty built upon the past, on old precedents of the elegance of our fathers,) that, while it is familiar as the aspect of the pavements and the air of the streets, seems also far fetched and remote, because it is narrated for the first time. An unpardonable sin is that of originality until it has become fashionable.

The successful writers of America have been thus far imitators. They have not been unconscious of the great advantage to minds wanting the vigor and courage to open new paths in literature, of an appeal to recognized modes of thought, to familiar forms of writing, to the very established terms of expression. Our past authors have been content to follow those of England humbly, submissively. We have followed her fashions to the very track of a shoe tie and the fold of a cravat. We have borrowed her pulpit dress to preach in; her professor's gown to lecture; her theatrical wardrobe to play the harlequin. Her parliament robes, her trappings of royalty, we have left untouched. The American statute book is the great gift of America to the world. But in all that relates to literature, properly so called, we have been a servile herd. We have had (in the popular phrase, adopted, too, by ourselves) an American Addison, an American Scott, an American Coleridge, (very American said Coleridge when he heard of it,) an American Carlyle, and lastly an American Boz. When in the fullness of time we might look for a decay of this feeble system, when the resources of the country have been developed, and learning and leisure would inspire a demand for a more genuine product, a new fact in our history arises which bids fair, unless timely checked, to throw us back again on our past literary infirmity. We allude to the improvements in the art of printing, and the extraordinary facility given, in the absence of an international copyright law, to the exclusive preference of a foreign literature.

What one man can create a new school of literature? What one arm is so potent to turn back this tide of foreign aggression? To the humblest efforts, conceived in a noble spirit, we say, hopeless as seems the encouragement, thrice welcome. In the end, the right will prevail. Though no one can at once build a bridge over the impassable stream which separates us from what we covet, yet the bearer of a single pebble may help to build the foundation of the future structure.

We have spoken of a twofold difficulty in the efforts of any American author, the newness of his subject and his legally oppressed condition, (for the absence of a just law may be as oppressive as the positive enactment of a bad one.) The first of these is the most pressing, the other onerous enough but easy of remedy.

Mr. Mathews, the author of the work we have placed at the head of this article, for review, has made efforts to overcome both. He has manfully undertaken the championship of the copyright law, in which the gratitude of the authors of both hemispheres must bear him onward. He has also made several practical attempts at least to fix his attention on original subjects of purely an American interest. With one of them we are at present concerned. The novel of Puffer Hopkins is supported on American ground, by American incidents and American characters. As he himself has elsewhere said, in answer to the outcry for a foreign literature, "he has been content to describe the life which his simple-witted countrymen are content to lead."

How has he succeeded? Has he described fresh, original scenes, caught from the living manners of the day? Has he told a story well, worth telling at all? To this we may broadly answer, he has. Not forgetting many faults, to which we shall presently allude, we may state that he has sustained the two unexceptionable claims of vigor and originality. If he has not altogether escaped the dangers of each, we may freely forgive the errors that spring from so noble an adherence.

Puffer Hopkins is a twofold tale of life. Intermingled with the public advancement of a politician, crossing the path ever and anon, is a private career of wrong and suffering, upon which the domestic interest of the story is suspended. Its characters are those of a corrupt miser, who has fed his soul on injuries and revenges till his cankered villany lays him at the foot of the gallows; a repentant old man, who has been his accomplice, whose last sorrow is depicted with a power that bids us fear while we pity; a wearied, humble artisan, who drops down at noonday, the sun yet shining on the fair fields of the world, which ripen no harvest for him; a simple-minded country girl, bold in her timid confidence, and anticipating the love and prudence of womanhood; a motley throng of politicians and their rout of retainers; such materials as courts of justice afford; and the humorous phases of city life as it grows rankly among the masses of the population.

There is very little satisfaction in giving the mere plot of a story disconnected with the vivid words and artful incidents of the narrator. We shall prefer a different course, and one we believe more satisfactory to the reader.

From the more serious portions of the work we might, did our limits permit, present some powerfully written and affecting passages. In reading it we had marked to extract the suicide of Leycraft, the victim who is haunted by the vision of a child he had once abandoned in the wood; and a scene in the chamber where Fob, the poor tailor—from first to last a genuine creation of the author—is passing his

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last hours in company with the young girl to whom we have alluded. But the staple of the book is its humorous descriptions. These are of the most varied character, built up in all manner of everyday conceit, arrogance and impudence (for which Mr. Matthews has a special eye and a ready pen) and the petty weaknesses of his subjects. In all there is no malice, no ill will. He has made no illegitimate use of the privileges of literature. His work will not be least popular among the very classes from whom he has drawn his material. This is saying much, not only for the author's honesty of intention, but also for his ability. Without the same instinct of genius he could not have painted freely political life, courts, judges and the multifarious characters that throng his pages, and not injured a single individual. No inferior humorous writer could so rise to portray the manners of a class.

In some of the court scenes the author's cleverness in comic satire is well exhibited—especially in the trial of Mr. Filer Close, on a charge of arson. The next chapter opens into the jury room, a scene we believe perfectly original, never having seen it attempted before. We give this chapter entire, at the risk of depriving the reader of any favorable impression he might have gained from numerous passages we had marked for insertion.

THE JURY-ROOM.

For the first few minutes after they entered the jury-room, not a word was spoken; they sat around the square table, which just held twelve, with their heads toward the centre, watching each other's faces sharply for the first glimpse of a verdict.

A spider's thread fell from the ceiling and hung dangling above the table, bearing a fly struggling at its end.

"Guilty or not guilty, gentlemen?" said the foreman, a close-shaven, blue-faced man, with glittering eyes, glancing round the board as he put the question, by way of breaking ground.

"Guilty, for one," answered a fat citizen on his right hand, sweeping the struggling fly into his hat which he produced suddenly from behind his chair. "We must have an example, gentlemen. The last three capital indictments got off, and now it's the sheriff's turn for a pull. We must have an example."

"Three for breeders and the fourth to the bull-ring," spoke up a gentleman with a deep chest and brawny arms. "That's the rule at the slaughter-house. We always follow it—and so I say guilty, if the rest's agreeable."

But the rest were not agreeable, and they launched into an elaborate and comprehensive discussion of the case, led on by a high-cheeked gentleman in a white neckcloth, who begged to ask whether any one there was prepared to say whether angels could, under any circumstances, become rag-pickers? That was the gist of the case. There might be angels of fire—he had heard an excellent discourse on that subject in the Brick Church—and that would account for the preacher's loitering in the buildings. He had been rather pleased with the district attorney's calling Filer Close the demon of that element; but then would it be in character for a demon to go about with a basket and a hooked stick? He couldn't see into it just yet—he would like to hear the opinion of the other gentlemen of the jury on that point.

"It isn't always easy to tell them insane chaps at first sight," pursued another, a short juror, who, resting his elbows upon the table, looked out from between them, with flat face and saucer eyes, jutting far away in his head, like the hero of a country sign-board. "There was one of 'em got into our house in Orchard street one day, and when he was caught, he was at work on a stun' lem-n with his teeth like vengeance. Now, that was insanity at first view, but when we come to find his pockets full of silver-spoons and table-knives, that was *compos mentis* and the light of reason."

"How many stun' lem-ns would you have a feller eat, I'd like to know," retorted the deep-chested member, "to make it out a reg'lar case?"

"One full-growed 'ill satisfy me," answered the sign-board, "other gentlemen might require more."

The Board was unanimous on this point, one would be enough.

"I'd have you take notice of one thing, gentlemen," said a thin little man, starting up at this moment from a corner of the table, with a nose like a tack, and eyes like a couple of small gimlet-holes. "There was a point in the testimony of that Short—the police-officer—that 's very important, and what 's better, it escaped the district attorney, and the prisoner's counsel, and the very judge on the bench. Now, I want your attention, gentlemen. You will recollect that Short testifies to a man in a grey overcoat going into an alley in Scammel street, and getting into the basement of Close's Row. That was the incendiary, no one doubts that. Very good. And then Short goes a little further, and says he was gone long enough to play a couple of games of dominoes; and when he gets back, he says, a man went by the alley—mark that—went by the alley and down Scammel street. That was n't the incendiary, was it? By no means, gentlemen; where was he then all this time? I 'll tell you"—he drew his breath hard, and turned quite pale as he looked around. "It 's my opinion, gentlemen, the incendiary was roasted alive in the basement of them buildings."

There was a shudder through the jury-room; the jurors turned about to each other, and said, "Who would have thought of that?" and it was admitted on all hands to be a very plausible and acute conjecture, and well worthy of the gentleman in the eyelet and lace-shaped nose.

"It can't be," said the fat citizen, balancing his hat in his two hands, and looking sternly at the fly in the bottom of the crown. "If you could only make that out, we might let this prisoner at the bar off. I can't believe he was so nicely caught. No no—if that had been the case, somebody would have found the bones done brown and a pair of shoe-buckles. Don't give way, I beg you, gentlemen, to the pleasing illusion."

And so saying, he knocked his hat upon his head and smothered the fly.

"I have great faith in that China-ware witness," said the gentleman in the sign-board face. "He was right in that observation of his: a man out of his wits always talks to people a couple o' hundred miles off and what's to be a invisible dog. I had a cousin, gentlemen of the jury, that went mad as he was coming through this ere Park one day; he was a boat-captain, and was a comin' in in his sloop, and he asked the Liberty-Goddess, a top of the Hall, to take snuff with him. On re-considerin', I think Filer Close's a case of lunat-ics."

Two or three other jurors thought as much.

"That fung of beer satisfied me," said one.

"Would he lay spirit a new hat that his counsel had bought to give him a respectable first appearance in court with, do ye think, Bill," said another, appealing to the last speaker, "if his head hadn't a been turned clean round! It 's a gone mine-pin, that head o' his?"

"Now, gentlemen of the jury, you must excuse *me* a few minutes, if you please," said a stout, rugged, hard-headed gentleman, with heavy eye-brows, rising at one end of the table, and thrusting back his skirts with both hands. "This is a great moral question, whether the prisoner shall be hung or not. Am I right?" "You are!" "You are!" from several voices at the upper end of the table. "A great moral question, I say: and it's owing to a great moral accident that I am with you this day, for if I hadn't eaten too many tom-cods for my supper last night, I should have been off in the seven o'clock boat this morning, to the anniversary of the Moral Reform at Philadelphia. Now the community looks to us for action in this case. If this man escapes, who can be hung? Where's the safety for life and property if we can't hang a man now and then? Hanging 's the moral lever of the world, and when the world 's grown rotten by laying too much on one side, why, we hang a man and all comes right again. If we don't hang Filer Close he 'll hang us—morally, I mean."

This was a director in a fire company, who had smuggled himself upon the jury, by giving out that he was a gentleman, and blanked Filer's counsel, by hinting that he was doubtful of the policy of hanging; what he said produced a sensation in the jury-room. The twelve judges began to put it to themselves, some of them, whether premiums would n't go up if this house-burner escaped; others, that New York might be burnt to a cinder if this wasn't put a stop to somehow or other, (there had been a brilliant and well-sustained series of fires for better than a twelvemonth;) and others, that as he had failed to turn his property to the best account by hanging himself, they would take it off his hands and attend to it—as he was a decrepit old gentleman—for him.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," said the foreman at this stage of feeling; "I think this is a clear case for the sheriff. The prisoner is an old man; he has no friends—not a relation in the world, one of the witnesses said; he 's lost his property—and as for his wife, you see what they 're worth. Now the next candidate that comes along may be a fine black-haired, rosy young fellow, who may have tickled a nun with a sword-cane, or something of that sort, with a number of interesting sisters, an aged mother, and a crowd of

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affected connections. You see what a plight we would be in if we should happen to be drawn on that jury. Are you agreed, gentlemen?"

There was not a little laying of heads together; discussion in couples, triplets, and quadruplets; and in the course of two hours more they were agreed, and rose to call the officer to marshal them into court.

"Stop a minute, gentlemen, if you please," said the fat citizen; "this is a capital case, you will recollect—and it would n't be decent to go in under five hours."

"He's right," said the foreman; "and you may do what you choose for an hour."

Two of the jury withdrew to a bench at the side of the room, where, standing close to the wall, one of them planting his foot upon the bench, and bending forward, entered upon a whispered interview. Two more remained at the table; while the others grouped themselves in a window looking forth upon the Park at the rear of the Hall, and amused themselves by watching a crowd that had gathered there, under a lamp, and who began making signs and motions to them as soon as they showed themselves. The most constant occupation of the crowd seemed to be passing a finger about the neck and then jerking it up as though pulling at a string, with a clucking sound, which, when once or twice they lifted the window, and as it seemed the most popular and prevailing sound, could be distinctly heard.

"This is the luckiest thing that could have happened in the world," said one of the two jurors that had taken to the wall—the gentleman in the sharp nose and weazel-eyes—addressing himself to the deep-chested juror with brawny arms, who was the other; "I wanted to speak to you about that black-spotted heifer, and this is just the chance."

"You couldn't speak on a more agreeable subject," retorted the deep-chested gentleman; "but you must n't crow me to take off the filing of a copper from the price; what I said at Bull's Head this morning, I said now."

"I know your way," rejoined the other; "you never come down even the value of a glass of beer to bind the bargain: but it was n't that—what grass was she fattened on?"

"Short blue," answered the deep-chested gentleman, firmly.

"Any salt meadow near?" asked the other.

"Not more than twenty acres," responded the deep-chested purist, with the air of a gentleman carrying all before him; "and swimmin' a hen'thy ton o' water a rod wide over the critter a belly-full at any time."

"Two years old the next full-moon?—and a cross of the Durham in her, I think?"

"Not a cross of the Durham, I tell you," answered the deep-chested gentleman, raising his voice a little, "but the West-Jersey bottom, and have I known a dry day, nor a pertickler inside, since she was calved?"

"No Durham blood? I'm sorry for that," said the sharp-nosed gentleman; "if you could throw me in that lamb I saw a bowt to, we would close."

"Throw you in the lamb? That's a good one," cried the deep-chested gentleman, bursting into a laugh of scorn. "Why, I would n't throw you in the singeing of that lamb a week! Only five and twenty for the prettiest heifer that ever bowfed it down the Third Avenue—and throw you in a lamb! That is a good one!" And he burst into another scornful laugh.

"Well, well," said the sharp-nosed gentleman, soothing him with a prompt compliance, "Drive her down to my stall as soon as the verdict's in"—

Meanwhile the two that remained at the table were employed.

"Have you got that ere box in your pocket, Bill?" said one of them, a personage with a smooth clean face, from which all the blood would seem to have been dried by the vivid gas-lights under which he was accustomed to spend his time.

"To be sure I have," answered the other, a gentleman of a similar cast of countenance, but a trifle sturdier. "D'd you ever catch Shickey Bill a-travelling without his box?" He produced a well-worn dice-box from his coat, and began rattling. "What shall it be?"

"The highest cast," (gently,)" said the other, "and three blanks shall let him go clear. That 'll do—won't it?"

"Just as good as the best. It's your first throw."

The other took the box in hand, gave it a hoarse, rumbling shake—three fours. The other shook it sharply—two fours.

"Guilty, by ——," they both said together.

They then indulged themselves with a variety of fancy throws, as to the state of the weather—the winning horse at the next Beacon course—whether the recorder (a gentleman in whom they felt a special interest,) would die first or be turned off the bench by the Legislature. Every now and then they came back to the case of the prisoner, and—what was singular—the result was always the same.

The Hall-clock struck three—the legitimate five hours were up—and the jurors gathered again around the table.

"Gentlemen, are we agreed?" asked the foreman.

"We are!" answered the jury.

"Yes, and what's queer, we've been trying it with dice, and every time it's turned out three twelves again the prisoner; so the result's right, any way you can fix it—isn't it so, Bill?"

"Exactly!" answered the gentleman appealed to. The officer was summoned, and putting himself at their head, they marched into the court-room with the air of men who deserved well of the newspapers for their moral firmness; and who, at the sacrifice of their own feelings, were rendering a great service to the community.

The court-room was nearly a blank. The judge and the two aldermen had waited with exemplary patience the deliberations of the jury, and were now in their places to hear the result. Fyler's counsel, with a clerk, was there also; and the district attorney, the clerk of the court, and two or three others and underlings, loitering about. The prisoner himself sat at his table, a little pale, it seemed in the uncertain light, but unmoved.

The crowd of spectators had dwindled as the clock struck ten—eleven—twelve. Mr Ishmael Small, after tarrying an hour or two, had gone out with the others, and disposed of his leisure in playing a new game of luck, of his own devising, in the west side of the Park, with a crew of printers' boys from the neighboring offices.

In the whole outer court-room, there was but a single spectator, the little old man that had been the first at the Hall-gates in the morning, who looked on, leaning against a remote column, at the judges, who, from that distance, seemed, in the hazy shade of the unsnuffed candles standing about them, like spectres, gradually fading into the red curtain that hung at their back.

"Mr Clerk, call the jury!" said the chief judge in a voice which great usage on the trial and the incidents of the place made to sound sepulchral.

The jury was called, man by man.

"Answer the prisoner!" in the same unearthly and startling voice.

The prisoner was arraigned.

"What say you, gentlemen of the jury—Guilty or Not Guilty?"

"Guilty!"

Fyler started for a moment, but instantly recovering himself, smiled vacantly upon the judge and jury, and began whistling, as described by the crockery-vender. The little old man clasped his hands firmly together, and breathed an earnest thanksgiving from the dusky corner where he stood alone. In a few minutes it got abroad that the prisoner was convicted—a shout shook the air without, and presently a crowd rushed in that filled the Hall at once. The prisoner was to be taken out by the private way, but the little old man was not to be cheated this time. He had urged himself through the press, and stood against the lintel of the door through which he must pass. In a few minutes he came along—when Fyler saw who it was that watched his steps, he glared upon him. Hobbledehoys gazed after him as he passed away to his doom, with a look of unrevenged triumph.

We could have wished to present at full length the powerful clan of Round Runners of East Bowery, "a fraternity of gentlemen, who in round crape bound hats, metal mounted blue coats, tallow-smoothed locks, and, with the terrible device of a pyramid, wrought of brassy buttons, upon their waistcoats, carry terror and dismay wherever they move," and of their observances at Vauxhall, which are faithfully and historically described. A word, too, we would have said for Mr. Halsey Fishblatt and his characteristic declamation upon newspapers. The following contains the gist of the long article in the Foreign Quarterly. "This," taking up a newspaper, said Mr Fishblatt, "is edited by a man in Ann-street, who does his thinking on the other side of the Atlantic. Never mind that—*give us more*. This people can never be free, Mr. Hopkins, thoroughly and entirely free, till every man in the country edits a newspaper of his own; till every man issues a sheet every morning, in which he's at liberty to speak of every other man as he chooses. The more we know each other, the better we'll like each other—so let us have all the private affairs, the business transactions and domestic doings of every man in

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the United States set forth in a small paper, in a good pungent style, and then we may begin to talk of the advancement of the human race." And so we might go on dipping into the work at random, secure on almost every page of meeting something quotable. Though Mr. Mathews never quotes as a novelist, by the way never should, he will stand Dr. Paris' test remarkably well, that a book is good for nothing unless it can be quoted from.

We have attributed to Mr. Mathews some genius for the work he has undertaken, and have given our proof of the position in the freedom from personalities in a work touching closely upon every-day life and familiar character. Another test is not less deceptive. Like every genuine humorous writer from the hand that penned Falstaff, from Hogarth to Scott, Boz and Harry Lorrequer, our author's humor overflows in tears. Side by side with Comedy is Tragedy; twin sisters, the two, imaging the dualism of life, its sorrow its laughter. Let no line of separation be drawn between them, let them not be divided as if one were the property of angels, the other of demons. They are both human, both portions of our experience. Dear to us are our tears as our smiles. It is by the spontaneous exhibition of such associations, so deeply interwoven with life, that nature betrays herself on the printed page. In the echo of our own thoughts, in the image of our sensations lies the power of delineation—he to whom it has been conveyed from a book will hold that book forever after sacred.

The author, in his Preface, deprecates a common mode of censure applied to all new works of fiction—a sweeping charge of exaggeration. This, we would remind Mr Mathews, a writer is liable to in proportion as his work is original. The very newness of an author's ideas presents a source of difficulty. Another censure may be offered, and in admitting its partial justice, we would cover all that we had to say of the defects of the work. It is that the style is not seldom betrayed into a mock incongruity and burlesque. This fault, too, may be forgiven as the rankness of the weeds sometimes betrays the fertility of the soil. Burlesque is the extreme tendency of a humorous writer, as bombast is of an eloquent or imaginative one. The animal spirits of the humorist outrun the tame currents of ordinary minds. The very eagerness of genius betrays it into absurdity, for the efforts of humor, unlike those of fancy, have not the same latitude of indulgence; they must be ever tied down to reality. How many judgments are to sit upon the same incident; to the mind of one it is not only possible but familiar, to the mind of another it awakens no association, appeals to no knowledge, is aided by no kind of effort of the imagination, and sounds as idle as the mere incoherencies of a madman. Before a writer has made for himself a reputation the world expects him to write down to their level; when he has attained the summit the world is willing to creep up to him.

We might take a work of strong humor, original in its character, and give it to the public to receive such opinions as the world would have ready for it, and we might predict this result—there would not be a single passage which would not be rejected by some one—there would not be a single passage that would not have its defender.

Of the standing and powers of the writer we offer no estimate. We recommend his work to the reader as the work has recommended itself to us. He is young, the world is yet before him, the large field of his city and country, and there is much to be done. Prudently and with all faith, too, should he persevere, trusting boldly where confidence is needed and subduing difficulties where difficulties occur. May our next meeting with the author be as agreeable as this.

Rambles in Yucatan, or Notes of Travel through the Peninsula, including a Visit to the Remarkable Ruins of Chi-Chen, Kabah, Zaya, and Uxmal. By B. M. Norman. One volume octavo: with Numerous Illustrations. New York, J. & H. G. Langley, 1842.

This is the most interesting work published in the United States during the last quarter. Mr. Norman—an intelligent bookseller of New Orleans—passed several months among the Antiquities of Central America; and he has given us his impressions of what he saw in a clear and satisfactory manner. The volume is beautifully printed, and illustrated with numerous spirited engravings from drawings by the author. We regret our inability to give in this number a more extended notice of it.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE FUTURE.—If the reader will glance at the volumes of this magazine for the last ten years he will perceive a steady and rapid improvement in its typography, embellishments and literary character. In 1842 it contained a succession of articles by the most eminent writers of this country, by which it was made superior not only to itself in earlier periods, but to every contemporary monthly in the United States. With this number we commence another volume and another year, and we doubt not that it surpasses in all respects every former issue of this or any other periodical. In addition to new articles by BRYANT, COOPER, LONGFELLOW, and others, it embraces the first contributions to our pages by WASHINGTON ALLSTON, T. C. GRATTAN, N. P. WILLIS, and R. T. CONRAD, who, with the above mentioned authors, will continue to write for us. Our succeeding numbers will also contain articles by J. K. PAULDING, RICHARD H. DANA, FITZ GREENE HALLECK, C. F. HOFFMAN, HENRY W. HERBERT, and several others whose names are familiar to our readers. The splendid embellishments of our present number will likewise be followed by others not less attractive. In all ways, indeed, it will be our aim—and who, knowing our past history, will doubt that we shall be successful—to keep GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE where it now is—FAR IN ADVANCE OF ALL THE OTHER LITERARY PERIODICALS OF THE COUNTRY.

NEW WORKS.—Notices of "The Quod Correspondence," a very clever novel which appeared originally in the Knickerbocker Magazine; "The Condition and Fate of England," by Mr. C. E. Lester, Consul of the United States at Genoa; Merle D'Aubigne's admirable "History of the Reformation in Germany and Switzerland," and of several other works received since our last, are unavoidably omitted this month. They will appear in our next number.

ERRATA.—We perceive that several errors passed uncorrected in Professor Longfellow's admirable poem, "The Belfry of Bruges." In the second line of the sixth stanza "*flowers* of gold" should be read "*fleece* of gold;" and the beginning of the third line of the last stanza should be read "hours had passed away like *minutes*."

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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THE ENCHANTED GUN.

A TENNESSEE STORY.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

THE evening closed in dull and thick, with that stagnant heaviness of the atmosphere which often precedes a storm. There was a moon, but its face was veiled by the leaden clouds; and its light, dissipated through the murky air, created that kind of "darkness visible" which gives a drearier aspect to the landscape than when it is wholly obscured.

The only cabin in sight lay in the midst of a desolate "clearing," which, though completely walled round by the forest of firs from whose depths I had just issued, bore not a trace of shrubbery to relieve the waste of blackened stumps. A well of primitive construction, with the bucket dangling at the end of a grape vine attached to a long lever pole, crowned a naked knoll where the stumps had been cleared away. The pole, from which the bark had never been stripped, was nearly covered with that pale green moss which will often collect upon the dry rails of a fence which have not for years been disturbed; and this, with the night wind whistling through the parted staves of the decrepit bucket, proved sufficiently that the well, if not dried up entirely, was still no longer used. A low shed, built of logs and roofed with bark, was the only other outward appurtenance of the cabin.

The whole picture, it will be acknowledged, was a dreary one. Comfortless, monotonous—almost heart-depressing! A scene of wildness without beauty; of solitude without dignity: a woodland home without one attribute of rural cheerfulness. An abode in the wilderness utterly destitute of forest shelter and security.

The spirits of evil, which in some lands are believed to take up their abode in every deserted palace or ruinous castle, methought would straightway migrate hitherward did they dream of a spot so utterly lonely and, as it seemed, so man-forsaken!—I say "seemed," for though the traces of what are called *improvements* were about me, I could scarcely realize that the hands which had once wrought there might still be busy near. The man who had made such an opening in the forest must, I thought, have been frightened at his own work the moment he ceased from his toil, and become aware how uncouthly he had given shape and form to the spirit of solitude which still sighed among the tall trees around him.

I dismounted near the cabin, and scarcely touched the door with the butt of my riding whip when it was flung open from within by some one who instantly retired from the threshold. The abruptness of the act did, I confess, startle me. Though not easily alarmed, my mood of mind at the moment was such as to prompt some mystic association with the scenes and circumstances already detailed. I am a perfect barometer of the weather, and the approach of a thunder gust always weighs down my spirits with indefinable oppression, in the same degree that a driving snow storm exhilarates them. The low mutterings of the oncoming tempest, which were now beginning to be audible, would, then, be sufficient to account for my present sensibility to gloomy influences; but I might also mention other things which, perhaps, added to the present anxiety of feeling, if the phrase be not too strong a one. It will suffice, however, to state merely that I had not heard the sound of human speech in the last two days, and that that which now met my ears was harsh and discordant. It was the croaking tone which you may some-

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times catch from a sour tempered virago as she strolls from the conventicle.

"I thought you'd a been here afore," said this ungracious voice; which, upon entering the apartment, I recognized as belonging to its only occupant.

She was a heavy-built woman, of coarse square features and saturnine complexion. She wore her straight black hair plainly parted over her eyebrows, which were bushy and meeting in the middle. One elvish lock had escaped from behind her ears as she stooped over the hearth, holding a tallow candle to the ashes which she was trying to blow into a flame, when my summons interrupted the process.

"You thought I would have been here before?" I exclaimed at last, in reply to her singular salutation; "why, my good woman, I have lost my way, and only stumbled upon your house by accident—you must take me for somebody else."

"I'm no good woman. Don't good woman me," she replied, with a scrutinizing glance which had something, I thought, of almost fierceness in it, as shading the now lighted candle with one hand, she turned scornfully round and fixed her regards upon me.

"Yes! yes, strannger, you are the man, the very man that was to come at this hour. I dreamed ye—I dreamed yer hoss—yer brown leggins and all, I dreamed 'em—and now go look after yer critter while I get some supper for ye."

Those who are so good as to follow me in my story will perhaps be vexed and impatient when I tell them here that the whole of this singular scene has no immediate bearing upon its denouement.

"Why, then," it may be asked, "do you delay and embarrass the relation with the detail of matters that have no connection with the incident for which you would claim our interest?"

I did not say they had no *connection* with it! They have an intimate—a close connection. It was these very circumstances which still further fashioned the mood of mind under which I became an observer and partially an actor in the startling though grotesque events which followed, and I wish to place the reader in exactly the same position that I was in. I wish to win him, if possible, to perfect sympathy of feeling with me for the hour, and let him exercise his judgment, if he care to, from precisely the same point of mental observation.

We have returned, then, to the cabin, he (the reader) or I are again alone in the midst of the wilderness; in that dreary room; alone with that weird-looking woman. The storm is now howling without, but it does not chafe savagely enough to excite the dispirited temper of our feelings, or offer a contrast of any dignity to the gloomy influences within.

Supper was already prepared for me when I returned from looking after my horse. The coarse bacon and hoe cakes were placed before me without another word being spoken between my hostess and myself. I drew a rude stool to the table, and was in the act of helping myself from the wooden platter—

"Stop! I hear them coming!" cried the woman.

"Hear them! who?" said I, turning round sharply as some new, though undefinable suspicion flashed upon me.

"Them as will have to share that supper with ye, strannger—if how s' be't they let ye eat any of it."

I had no time to weigh further the meaning of her words, for at this instant there was a sharp flash of lightning, the door was dashed suddenly open and three armed men strode into the apartment, the storm pelting in behind them as they entered, and a terrific thunder-burst following instantly the lightning amid whose glare they crossed the threshold. The pallor of their countenances, set off by their long black dripping locks, seemed measurably to pass away when that livid light was withdrawn; but from the moment that the door was flung open there was *an earthy smell* in the room, which, whether coming from the reeking soil without or from the garments of these wild foresters, was most perceptible. Those less familiar than myself with the raw-savored odors which sometimes travel out with the rich perfume of the woods, would, I am persuaded, have identified it with the grave-damps which our senses will sometimes take cognizance of in old church-yards.

The aspect of two of these men was sufficiently formidable, though in point of stature and an appearance of burly strength they were inferior to their companion. They were square shouldered, black-bearded fellows, armed both with hatchet and bowie knife, in addition to the short rifles which they still retained laid across their knees as they settled themselves side by side upon a bench and looked coldly around them. The third was a full cheeked, heavy-featured man, of about eight and twenty, bearing a strong resemblance to my hostess, both in complexion and countenance, save that his eyebrows, instead of being square and coal-black like hers, were irregularly arched and of a faded brown. His mouth also lacked the firmness of expression which dwelt around her thin and shrewish lips.

This man bore with him no weapon save a huge old German piece, a Tyrolean rifle as it seemed to me, from the enormous length of the barrel and the great size of the bore, as well as the outlandish and cumbersome ornaments about the stock and breeching. It was, evidently, a weapon intended for the great distances at which the chamois hunter claims his quarry, and though serviceable for a long shot on our western prairies, was ill suited to the thick woods of the Apalachian mountains. Inconvenient, however, as the length and size of the piece might make it in some hands, it seemed to be nothing in the grip of the sturdy mountaineer, (who had probably bought it from some passing emigrant from the old world,) for I observed even as he entered that he held the gun vertically at arm's length before him. Still he seemed glad of relieving himself of the weight as soon as possible, for he instantly advanced to the farthest corner of the room where he placed the piece with some care in an upright positon against the wall.

"Well! what for now?" said the virago, "why do you stand looking at the gun after you've sot it down?—you think she'll walk off of herself, do ye?"

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The youth looked gloomily at her—took a stool on the opposite side of the hearth to his companions—leaned his head doggedly upon his hand, but said nothing.

I thought I had never fallen in with a more strange set of people.

"What! Hank Stumpers, haint ye a word to fling to a dog?" cried the woman, advancing toward him; "Is that the way you treat yer dead father's wife?"

The young man looked up stupidly at her, gave a glance with something more of intelligence at the gun, but still said nothing.

"Yes—yer nateral-born mother—ye chuckle-head, ye—and she a widder. Can't ye speak up to her—where's the deer?—the turkeys?—the squirrels?—haint ye got even a squirrel to show for your day's work?—speak you, John Dawson, what's the matter with the boy? He be'n't drunk, be he?"

"It's a matter of five hours, Mother Stumpers, since either of us touched a drop," replied one of the men briefly, and he, too, gave a furtive glance at the old firelock.

"Well—well, why don't ye go on? is any one dead?—are ye all distraught?—Jackson Phillips, you—you 've felt the back of my hand across yer chaps, afore now, for yer impernance—I know ye, man, and that sober possum-look means something! Do ye think to gum it over me afore this stranger—speak up, and that at onst, or it 'll be the worst for some of ye, or my name 's not Melinda Washington Stumpers!

(I did not smile, reader, as you do, at Mrs. S's sponsorial dignity—I did not *dare* to smile.)

"You know we would n't offend you, no how, Mother Stumpers," deprecatingly replied the man whom she addressed as Phillips. Hank's misfortune, you see, has made us dull-like, as it were, and—"

"And what in the name of Satan is his misfortun?" interrupted the mother, now for the first time moved with concern as well as anger.

"That 's it—that 's it, mammy," cried Hank, with something of alertness—she 's druv the very nail on the head—*Satan* is at the bottom of all of it."

"At the bottom of all of what?" screamed the virago, and, even as she spoke, the ancient piece in the corner, untouched by any one—without the slightest movement of the lock—discharged itself toward the ceiling!

"At the bottom of the bar'l of my gun—he speaks for himself," replied Hank, moodily, while his mother started back and I sprung to my feet at the sudden report so near me.

"Your gun must be foul," I said, resuming my seat, "very foul, to hang fire so long. I suppose she made a flash in the pan when attempting to discharge her just before entering."

Stumpers looked vacantly at me, shook his head, muttered something about he and his mother being "ruinated," and then more audibly said, "Strannger, you may have more book larnin than me, but I tell ye, onst for all, that Satan's got into that gun!"

And *bang!* at that moment again went the gun, as if to prove that his words were sooth.

"This is, certainly, most extraordinary," I exclaimed, as I rose to examine the gun for myself.

"You 'd better not touch her, strannger," cried Phillips.

"I tell you she 's got Satan in her," repeated Hank.

I looked at Dawson, inquiringly.

"Fact! strannger, every word of it. Hank 's not been able to get that gun off since noon; but about a hundred rod afore we struck the clearing she begun firing of her own accord, just as you see—"

Bang!—Bang! went the gun.

"I told you that Satan was in her!" ejaculated Hank.

"That 's the way with her," said Phillips, in a tone of solemn sadness—sometimes she 'll not speak for a matter of ten minutes or so; sometimes she gives two little short barks like those; and sometimes she gives a regular rip-snorter—

(BANG! thundered the gun.)

like that!"

"I told you she 'd got Satan in her!" still repeated Hank.

I confess that it was now only the calmness of those around me which prevented some feeling of superstitious terror being disagreeably awakened in me. The men, however, seemed sad and awe-struck, rather than alarmed; while the woman—a thing not uncommon with resolute minds disposed to believe readily in the supernatural—seemed at once to accept the fearful solution of the mystery which had been proffered to her, and ready to meet it with an unflinching spirit. Still, puzzled and bewildered as I was, I could not but smile at the manner in which her emotions now manifested themselves.

"Well!" she cried, impatiently, "and what a poor skimp of a man you must be to let Satan get into the piece when you had her all day in yer own keeping."

"*I* a skimp of a man?" answered her son with spirit; "there is n't another fellow in these diggins who 'd 'a brought that gun home as I did, after he diskivered that sich goings on were inside of her. And if she 'd tell her own story—"

Bang!—bang!—bang! pealed the gun.

"That 's Satan who speaks now—"

Bang—phizz—bang!

"It 's Satan, I say, and no mistake. But if she 'd tell her own story she 'd own I never let her go out of my hands this blessed day; save when Jackson Phillips tuk Dawson's piece and mine to watch for deer on the runway while we went down the branch to see if we could n't get a big sucker or two for supper out of the deep hole where I cotched so many fish last Fall. No! if she 'd speak for herself—"

BANG! thundered the gun, with a report so tremendous that I involuntarily put my hand to my ears.

"Gim me the tongs—gim me them 'ere tongs," shouted Mrs. Stumper in great wrath; while Dawson turned pale, and even Phillips seemed a little disturbed as he muttered, "if the old thing should bust it might be a bad business for us."

Hank, however, doggedly handed his mother the tongs; and before I could interpose, or, indeed, before I was aware what the courageous woman was about

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to do, she had grasped the gun with the tongs, near the lock, and bearing it before her with a strong arm she moved toward the door. "Why don't ye open—"

Bang!—phizz!—bang!—bang!—phizz!—phizz! bang! alternately pealed and sputtered the gun; but still the intrepid virago went on. I sprung to the door and flung it wide before her.

The light from within was reflected upon the hollow buttonwood trunk which formed the curb of the well opposite, and in another instant the gun was plunged to the bottom.

"Thar! said Mrs. Stumper, clapping the tongs in true housewife fashion as she replaced them in the chimney corner. "Now one can hear hisself talk without the bother of sich a clatter."

Bang! moaned the gun at the bottom of the well.

"Can't stop Satan that way, mammy," said Hank, his stupid face sicklying over with an unhappy smile.

The mystery had now deepened to the highest point of interest—that last discharge was wholly unaccountable—and for my own part, my curiosity was wound up to a pitch that was positively painful. I remembered, though, the shattered bucket, and bethought myself of asking if there were any water in the well.

"About enough to come up to a lizzard's ear," answered Hank; "but there's a smart chance of mud under it, I tell ye, strannger. That old gun will keep sinking for a week yet.

"She's stopped," said Dawson.

"Yes," answered Phillips, "and we'd better fish her out before she sinks beyond our reach."

"Don't I tell ye Satan's in the gun," cried Hank almost furiously—"down—down—she'll keep going down now till he has her in his own place all to himself. I lost an axe myself in that well onst, and if half that father used to tell about it be true—"

Spluch—uch—uch. Bubble—uble—bang! ble—Bang!—Splu—ble—bang—bang———BANG!!!

* * * * * * * * * *

We listened—we looked long at each other. With the last report, which was almost overpowering, I was convinced that the explosion must have been aided by inflammable gas at the bottom of the well, for the blue flame, as it rose from it, flashed through the only window of the cabin, and showed the features of its ignorant inmates, for the first time, distorted with real terror. At least Phillips and Dawson, upon whom my eye was fixed at the time, looked perfectly aghast with fright.

Hank's supposition of the ultimate destiny of his famous gun (viz. going to the sporting dominions of the Great Hunter below) could hardly be true, however, inasmuch as a piece of the blackened muzzle was found next morning, driven half through a fragment of the well curb which lay shattered around, broken to splinters by the explosion of the fire damp. The poor young man fairly wept outright when it was shown him by Phillips; who, with a generosity I could not sufficiently admire at the time, insisted upon replacing the hoary weapon of Hank's affections with his own light Easton rifle; saying at the same time that he had a Kentucky tool at home which he much preferred to the Pennsylvania yeager.

This same Phillips, by the way, very civilly offered after breakfast to put me on my road, which, from the number of Indian trails along the borders of the Cherokee country, I had wholly lost.

"I say, strannger," said he, the moment we had got out of earshot of the house, "you were devilish cool when that well blew up! tell me the trick of it only, and I'll tell you the trick of the gun, which rayther skeared you a few, as I think."

I explained the fire damp to him.

"Really, now," he exclaimed, "wells is almost unknown in this country, for we either settle down by a spring, or get our water from the branch. But the fust well I fall in with I'll draw up a bottle of that *gas*, as you call it, and have some raal fun with the fellers. But look here," said he, stopping and tearing off some dry fungus from an old stump, "when you want to play a chap sich a trick as made music for us last night, you've only to put twenty charges in a gun, with sich wad as this atween each of em—an ascotch now and then instead of dry powder will be all the better; ram each down well; let the chap carry his gun about for an hour or so, unbeknowing—jist as that simple Hank did—and choose your own time for dropping a piece of lighted touchwood into the muzzle."

Upon my word, I was not sorry that I was to part company, before night, with this practical joker; who, for aught I knew, might seize some tempting opportunity to slip a snake or so into my boots, stuff my saddle with squibs, or play off some little piece of facetiousness like that with which the jocular Captain Goffe, in Scott's novel of the Pirate, used now and then to indulge his humor; the said captain having a funny way of discharging his pistol under the mess-table, merely to pepper some one's shins with a half-ounce ball.

THE MAIDEN.

I knew a maiden once, with soft blue eye
And heart as pure as the bright lily's cup;
And sweet the incense which it offered up
As dew which it exhales to morning sky;
Death found her sleeping mid the flowers, one morn,
And streaked her fair cheek with a ghostly white,
And robbed her clear eye of its azure light.

Oh, many moaned that maiden's fate forlorn!—
They said she died of love—that him she loved
Death to the Better Land had just removed;
And from that moment Earth to her grew dark,
Darker, and darker, till 'twas hid in death:
Then gave she to the flowers her gentle breath,
And to the stars her spirit's deathless spark.

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THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

PART II.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

How vain the toil that dims the eye of youth,
To garner barren words in search of truth!
What can avail the gems of choicest lore,
If the pale student does but count them o'er,
Like miser's coin, and lacks the sacred flame
That wreaths with living light each hallowed name,
Displays on Fancy's flowers Truth's crystal dew,
Draws from each pearl of thought its richest hue,
Blends scattered beauties, and on wisdom's scroll
Pours the full radiance of a kindred soul?
Transmuting spirit! in thy magic fold
Thought's common dross is changed to virgin gold;
Chartered by thee, how deeply we engage
In the rich pathos of the tragic page!
With Hamlet muse, share Richard's dream of fear,
Bend with Cordelia o'er reviving Lear,
Imbibe Othello's fierce and fond despair,
Or breathe with Juliet love's ecstatic air!
And what is History unadorned by thee?
An arid path, a shadow-vested sea,
Tales of a bigot's wiles, a tyrant's frown,
Heartless espousals to secure a crown,
War after war, and reign succeeding reign,
A monarch's pleasure and a people's bane,
Thy holy radiance plays not o'er the spot,
Where kings were idolized and men forgot,
But fondly lingers round the Alpine dell,
In whose sweet echo lives the name of Tell,
And lights the forest gloom where, undismayed,
The Indian girl her father's vengeance stayed,
And bowed her head to take the savage blow
Destined to lay a captive stranger low;
Or, like a star, eternal vigil keeps
Where our world-honored, angel-hero sleeps.
Life's mighty sorrows, by profound appeal,
High consolation to the soul reveal;
In the fierce onset, his expiring breath,
All unawares, the warrior yields to death,
And Fortune's child, when from her temple hurled,
Will bear a dauntless presence through the world;
Roused by the rudeness of the sudden shock,
Scorns pity, laughs at fate, and, like a rock
Lashed by the surges on life's dreary shore,
Stands firm and lone till changeful time is o'er.
And they who see the dread sepulchral sleep
O'er all their loved ones unrelenting creep,
With firm endurance meet the fatal strokes,
Like storm-scathed hills or thunder-riven oaks;
But milder sufferings, more enduring woe,
That, like Tophana's waters, poison slow,
Bring no excitement potent to sustain,
Inciting courage and absorbing pain.
Such is his lot in fragile frame arrayed
On whom disease her solemn hand has laid;
Like a blithe bird with arrow-shivered plume,
Confined to lowly flights and narrow doom,
Fated to watch his mates with drooping eye,
Circle triumphant through the glowing sky,
Fast moored his bark with adamantine chain,
Impatient heaves to tempt the open main;
And if the notes of Fame's melodious horn
Make his heart leap in manhood's eager morn,
A fluttering pulse or throb of anguish wild
Mocks the frail hope that to his fancy smiled.
Ah! not for him does pleasure twine her flowers
In festive hall, or laughter-ringing bowers;
The charm of wit and love's Elysian strain
Dispelled by trembling nerve or aching brain;
And if the thrill bid rapture's fountains flow,
How shadow-like 'tis followed by the throe!
How dark a lot were being such as this,
If unattended by poetic bliss!
Yet thus consoled, lone Suffering's patient child,
Of pain and weariness full oft beguiled,
Asks for no throne but his accustomed chair,
Nor rarer blessings than he summons there;
With half closed eyes, in musing pleasure lost,
Dissolves in dreams Time's devastating frost,
Or roaming forth to court the zephyr's play,
Noon's balmy softness floating round his way,
The rare communion quickens every vein
With rapturous sense of Nature's blissful reign.
Pause at this threshold; shade thy weary eye,
Sated with light from Rome's cerulean sky.
Yon flame that half illumes the dusky room,
A low watch tick, and flowers' faint perfume
Alone give sign of life; approach and bend
O'er the low couch, to mark a poet's end.
No wife stands by, with deep but chastened woe,
To soothe death's stern and desolating throe,
No sister's face or father's form revered,
By a long ministry of love endeared,
Are there his final agony to cheer
With kindly word or sympathizing tear.
Bathe his parched lips, his cold hand fondly press,
And Heaven invoke the parting soul to bless.
From a mere boy he loved the Grecian streams,
Sappho's high strain and Plato's mystic dreams,
Fables that live on Homer's deathless page,
And all the wonders of the classic age:
He pondered on its beauty, till there grew
A passion those rare graces to renew,
And for such strains his harp he boldly strung,
E'en to the accents of a northern tongue.
The aim was lofty, worthy life's proud dawn,
Nobler than common themes of fashion born;
The Muses smiled when Genius gave it birth,
But critics coldly laughed with scornful mirth;

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The poet's eye grew bright with hectic fire,
And Hope's cold visage stilled his trembling lyre.
He sought the breezes of a southern sky,
From home and country roamed, alone to die.
Yet one consoler cheered his latest breath,
And smoothed the pathway of an exile's death;
The tuneful bird in boyhood's breast that sang
Still charmed to silence every earthly pang;
E'en in that vale of shadows lone and drear,
Herald of coming joy, yet warbled near:
The setting sun, before his waning gaze,
Upon the curtain poured his crimson rays,
And as they glowed, then quivered, faded, fled,
Calmly the dying poet turned his head;
"And such is life," he whispered in the ear
Of the one friend who watchful lingered near,
"With me 't is done; write on my early tomb
My name was writ in water, flowers bloom
Over my ashes—death's dew is on my brow—
My heart grows still—and yet I feel them now!"

Heroic guide! whose wings are never furled,
By thee Spain's voyager sought another world;
What but poetic impulse could sustain
That dauntless pilgrim on the dreary main?
Day after day his mariners protest,
And gaze with dread along the pathless west;
Beyond that realm of waves untracked before,
Thy fairy pencil traced the promised shore,
Through weary storms and faction's fiercer rage,
The scoffs of ingrates and the chills of age,
Thy voice renewed his earnestness of aim,
And whispered pledges of eternal fame,
Thy cheering smile atoned for fortune's frown,
And made his fetters garlands of renown.

Princes, when softened in thy sweet embrace,
Yearn for no conquest but the realm of grace,
And thus redeemed, Lorenzo's fair domain
Smiled in the light of Art's propitious reign.
Delightful Florence! though the northern gale
Will sometimes rave around thy lovely vale,
Can I forget how softly Autumn threw
Beneath thy skies her robes of ruddy hue,
Through what long days of balminess and peace,
From wintry bonds Spring won thy mild release?
Along the Arno then I loved to pass,
And watch the violets peeping from the grass,
Mark the gray kine each chestnut grove between,
Startle the pheasants on the lawny green,
Or down long vistas hail the mountain snow,
Like lofty shrines the purple clouds below.
Within thy halls, when veiled the sunny rays,
Marvels of art await the ardent gaze,
And liquid words from lips of beauty start,
With social joy to warm the stranger's heart.
How beautiful at moonlight's hallowed hour,
Thy graceful bridges, and celestial tower!
The girdling hills enchanted seem to hang
Round the fair scene whence modern genius sprang;
O'er the dark ranges of thy palace walls
The silver beam on dome and cornice falls;
The statues clustered in thy ancient square
Like mighty spirits print the solemn air,
Silence meets beauty with unbroken reign,
Save when invaded by a choral strain,
Whose distant cadence falls upon the ear,
To fill the bosom with poetic cheer!

For Fame life's meaner records vainly strive,
While, in fresh beauty, thy high dreams survive.
Still Vesta's temple throws its classic shade
O'er the bright foam of Tivoli's cascade,
And to one Venus still we bow the knee,
Divine as if just issued from the sea;
In fancy's trance, yet deem on nights serene,
We hear the revels of the fairy queen,
That Dian's smile illumes the marble fane,
And Ceres whispers in the rustling grain,
That Ariel's music has not died away,
And in his shell still floats the Culprit Fay.
The sacred beings of poetic birth
Immortal live to consecrate the earth.
San Marco's pavement boasts no Doge's tread,
And all its ancient pageantry has fled;
Yet as we muse beneath some dim arcade,
The mind's true kindred glide from ruin's shade:
In every passing eye that sternly beams,
We start to meet the Shylock of our dreams;
Each maiden form, where virgin grace is seen,
Crosses our path with Portia's noble mien,
While Desdemona, beauteous as of yore,
Yields us the smile that once entranced the Moor.
How Scotland's vales are peopled to the heart
By her bold minstrels' necromantic art!
Along this fern moved Jeannie's patient feet,
Where lungs yon mist, rose Ellangowan's seat,
Here the sad bride first gave her love a tongue,
And there the chief's last shout of triumph rung;
Beside each stream, down every glen they throng,
The cherished offspring of creative song!
Long ere brave Nelson shook the Baltic shore,
The bard of Avon hallowed Elsinore:
Perchance when moored the fleet, awaiting day,
To fix the battle's terrible array,
Some pensive hero, musing o'er the deep,
So soon to fold him in its dreamless sleep,
Heard the Dane's sad and self-communing tone
Blend with the water's melancholy moan,
Recalled, with prayer and awe-suspended breath
His wild and solemn questionings of death,
Or caught from land Ophelia's dying song,
Swept by the night-breeze plaintively along!

What charms on motion can thy grace bestow,
To sway the willow or to wreath the snow,
Bow the ripe maize like golden spears that fall,
With one accord to greet their lender's call,
Twirl the red leaf in circles through the air,
Or guide the torrent to its foaming lair!
E'en the rude billows, wafted by thy hand,
With sweep majestic break along the strand,
And downy clouds, that cluster in the west,
Seem winged with hope, like spirits of the blest.
Thine is the spell that quickens buoyant feet,
In the gay onset and the coy retreat,
Through fairy mazes that bewitch the sight,
And sprightly rounds prolific of delight,
Till the blithe magic every sense entrance,
And lead us captives to the joyous dance.

And Love, that, like the lily, meekly rears
Her vernal joy above the flood of years,
Flits round our path till shadowed by the grave,
As ocean-birds skim o'er the gloomy wave,
How rich her gifts, how seraph-like her guise,
When on poetic wing she nobly flies!
Then, in the virgin brow, we joy to find
A lovely emblem of congenial mind,
Hail feeling in the dimpling lips that part
To free the beatings of the quickened heart,
While each kind word that from them softly falls
Thrills every pulse as when a trumpet calls;

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Or meet the eye, affection's beaming goal,
To feel the presence of congenial soul,
Caress each ringlet of the flowing hair,
As it were charmed to lure us from despair,
And round a human idol trembling throw
All the fond hopes on which we live below!
Nor time, nor care, nor death have power to tame
Our votive trust, or dim the quenchless flame.
Cheered by its light, the Tuscan muse defied
Exile and hardship, courtly pomp and pride,
Through the cold mists neglect around him threw,
And storms of hate that o'er him fiercely blew,
A presence saw, the brooding clouds above,
The changless presage of eternal love!
And that pale face, bowed on the open leaf,
Whence its bland air of subjugated grief?
Methinks 'tis strange that death should gently steal,
And, like a slumber, life's warm fountain seal,
Just as its last clear droppings shrunk away
To their clear well-spring, from the light of day;—
Thus Laura's bard in peaceful musing died,
A life poetic closed, by love beatified.
  On Judah's hills thy effluence hovered nigh,
As Bethlehem's star wheeled up the tranquil sky
And holy grew where on his sinless breast
A Savior laid the head of childhood rest.
Spirit of faith! to whose pure source we turn,
When hopes divine with holiest rapture burn,
Can reason follow thy seraphic feet
Beyond the world, to God's eternal seat?
Dear as thy promise is, O what were thou,
Could we not image thy memorials now,
And in exalted mood delight to trace
The unseen glories of thy dwelling-place?
  Consoling spirit! Eden's peerless bird!
Thy melody to loftiest musing stirred
The sightless minstrel, and thy sacred spell
Brought peace to Cowper, gladdened Tasso's cell,
Attuned the harp of Burns to strains which bear
No transient rapture to the sons of care,
Cheered the brave Korner through that weary night
Whose dreams presaged the issue of the fight,
Scott's votive steps allured to Melrose gray,
Whose pensive beauty woke his noble lay,
From sorrow's thrall gave Hemans sweet release,
And Byron armed to war for conquered Greece,
Forever green bade Goldsmith's hawthorn wave,
And wreathed the surge o'er Shelley's ocean-grave!
  And some upon our free Atlantic shore,
Redeeming spirit, thy domain explore,
In deathless marble lines of beauty trace,
Or weave in language images of grace;
Like Allston, silent poetry infuse
Through speaking forms, and more than living hues,
With Irving's diction noble thoughts prolong,
Or follow Bryant through the maze of song.
  Celestial gift! whene'er entranced we feel
Thy sacred rapture o'er our spirits steal,
From morn's rich beauty, evening's sweet repose,
The gleam of dew, or bloom of vernal rose;
Whether thy greeting come in music rare,
Or on the balm that scents the summer air,
Speak in the artist's touch, the minstrel's tone,
Or in the poet's thought—thy secret throne—
Lurk in the grove, or cloud's refulgent dress,
The ocean's roar, or zephyrs' soft caress,
Whether thy smile illume the midnight sky,
Or all concentered beam from woman's eye,
Thou art the chosen herald from above,
And thy eternal message—God is Love!

TO A FRIEND.

BY W. W. STORY.

Mourn not for the days now fled,
Thou hast nothing lost, good friend,
Mourn them not as of the dead,
Nothing but their dross and clay
From thy soul hath worn away—
Thought can never know its end.

Every happy childish thought,
Every paining hope and dream
Nature in the young heart wrought,
Under every earnest feeling,
Are like living colors stealing—
Like to rose leaves 'neath a stream.

Beauty cannot pass away—
Hearts that once were bold and free
Never wholly run astray,
And, like prayers, the dreams of youth
Call us back again to Truth
From the world's perplexity.

Not from every passing hour
Are our thoughts like bubbles blown;
They are the consummate flower
Of the living character,
Where the Past like sap doth stir,
Which from year to year hath grown.

Never from the heart is worn
That which once has been—
Thought, when once within us born,
Upward soaring to the skies,
Calls its brother thoughts to rise
Out of the abodes of sin.

Gleams of sunshine on his path,
Memories of youth like light,
E'en the weariest pilgrim hath,
Tending at the dying bed,
Propping up the aching head
When the soul is taking flight.

Not in vain regret and sighing,
Not with backward turning head,
But with strenuous self-denying,
But with active faith and hope,
Onward till Death's gate shall ope,
Steady be our onward tread.

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THE LORD OF THE MANOR,

OR THE TIMES OF THE LAST OF THE STEWARTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BROTHERS," "CROMWELL," ETC.

It was the morning of the first of May, that merriest morning of the year in the old days of merry England: and never did a brighter dawning illuminate a fairer landscape, than that wherein the incidents occurred which form the basis of one of those true tales which prove how much there is of wild and strange romance even in the most domestic circles of existence.

That landscape was a portion of the western slope of a broad English valley—diversified with meadow-land, and pasture, and many a field of green luxuriant wheat, and shadowy woods, and bosky dells and dingles; a clear bright shallow river rippling along its pebbly channel at the base of the soft hills, which swept down to its flowery marge in gentle loveliness.

The foreground of the picture, for it was one indeed, on the left hand side was made up of a thick mass of orchards, and beyond these a clump of towering lindens, above which might be seen the arrowy spire of a village church, piercing the cool clear air with its gilded vane and weathercock, the river sweeping round and half enclosing the garden grounds, and cottages seen among the shrubbery, in a blue glancing reach, spanned by a three-arched bridge of old red brick all overrun with ivy. Close to the bridge, but on the east side of the stream, lay a large tract of open common, all carpeted with rich short green-sward, whereon a thousand dark green fairy rings were visible, and sprinkled with all the brilliant wild flowers of the early spring—a winding road of yellow sand traversed the varied surface of the waste, which was much broken up by hillocks and deep hollows, alternating clear sunny lights with cool blue shadows; and after crossing the river by the old bridge, was lost for a little while among the orchards of the village till it again reappeared, near the centre of the middle distance, above the fringe of willow, birch and alder which skirted all the western margin of the river. Beyond this screen of coppice, the view extended upward for nearly a mile in distance over a beautiful park-like lawn, dotted with clumps of noble trees, and girded round on every side by woods of tall dark oak. A large white gate gave access to this fair demesne, with a snug porter's lodge nestled into a shady covert close beside it; and at the very crown of the slope, overlooking all the broad and fertile vale, stood a large mansion of red brick, built in the quaint architecture of the Elizabethan era, with large projecting oriels and tall clustered chimneys, and a wide freestone terrace bedecked with urns and balustrades in front, the dwelling evidently of the lord of that fair manor. To the right of the woods which skirted that side of the park lay an abrupt ravine, through which a brawling trout stream made its way down, among large blocks of limestone and undertangled covert, to join the river in the valley. Beyond this gorge, the sides of which were feathered thick with yew and box and juniper, rose a broad barren hill crowned by the gray and weather-beaten keep of an old Norman castle, frowning in dark sublimity over the cultured fields, whose fruits its lords of old had reaped, won by the mortal sword; and beyond this a range of purple hills towered, summit over summit, till they were lost at length in the gray mists of the horizon. It was, as has been said, the early dawning of the sweet first of May—so early that the sun had not yet reared the whole of his red disc above the eastern hills; but half emerged was checkering all the slopes and level meadows at the bottom of the valley, with lengthened streams of ruddy lustre, and casting long clear shadows from every tree or bush or stone that met his rays. Yet, early as it was, the village was alive with merriment and bustle; a joyous peal was chiming from the bells of the tall steeple, while a May-pole that almost vied in height with the neighboring spire, was planted on the common by the waterside, where the ground lay most level to the sunshine, and where the green-sward grew the mossiest and softest to the tread. The whole waste land was covered with glad groups of peasantry all in their holyday attire, speeding toward the rendezvous beneath a huge gnarled hawthorn, which had beheld the sports of their grandsires, now white as if a sudden snow storm had powdered its dense foliage with the sweet blossoms that derive their name from the delicious month which witnesses their birth—the sandy road, too, and the bridge were glittering with moving parties, while the shrill merry laugh of girls, and the yet shriller whoop of childhood came frequent on the ear from many a sequestered spot among the budding orchards—nor did the rugged castle-hill display no joyous company; for there, and through the dim wood glen, and over the old turnstyle, and through

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the park itself, the happy yeomanry came flocking to celebrate their feast of flowers.

Just at this moment the park gates were suddenly thrown open, and a young man rode into the sandy road accompanied by several dogs, and followed by three serving men—two mounted and the third on foot, and taking the downward track to the left hand, toward the village and the bridge, was quickly lost to view behind the willows on the river bank. As he appeared, however, even at that distance, both by his dress and air, to be a person of superior rank to any of the groups around, and as we shall have much to do with him in the course of our narrative, we shall attach ourselves to him during his ride from the manor gates, to the meadow of the May-pole.

He was a young and extremely handsome person, well-formed and tall, and giving promise of great future strength, when his slender and almost boyish frame should be developed to its full proportions, for he was in years all but a boy, having on that very morning attained to his majority, and the possession of the fine demesnes and ample fortune, which now called him master. His hair was long and slightly curled, of a deep rich chestnut color; and, notwithstanding that it was the fashion of that day even for the young and comely to cover the whole head and shoulders with a disfiguring mass of flowing powdered horse hair, under the title of a periwig, he wore his locks all natural and undisguised; and well they harmonized with the fine coloring and noble outlines of his well marked frank features, sparkling as they were on that bright happy morning with gratified ambition and high hope, and all the bounding energies of prosperous, unbroken manhood. There were, it is too true, some indications—which would not easily be missed by an experienced physiognomist—that told of strong and fiery passion, concealed beneath that bold and beautiful exterior—there was a quick and hasty sparkle in the fine open eye, which indicated a temperament prone to blaze out at any check to its desires into fierce bursts of passion; there were deep lines for one so young about the nostrils and the mouth, that clearly spoke of latent but indomitable pride; and something, too, of the existence of many a voluptuous feeling, ready to spring up gusts from their birth, when any chance occurrence should kindle them to sudden life; still, in despite these drawbacks to his beauty, for such in truth they were, he could not fail to be pronounced, and that, too, in the highest sense of the term, a fine and noble looking man. He was dressed, too, in the rich fashion of the day, with a low crowned and broad brimmed beaver, decked by a hat-band set about with short white ostrich feathers—his coat of grass-green velvet, ornamented by a slight cord of gold, set closely on his graceful form; while breeches of white doeskin, with heavy hunting boots and massive silver spurs, completed his attire; a light *couteau de chasse* hanging at his side, being carried rather as an indication of the wearer's rank, than as a weapon of defence, which, in the settled and peaceful state of England at that moment, was almost as unnecessary as at the present day. The dogs, which ran beside his stirrup, were six or eight in number; and noble specimens of several choice and favorite breeds. There was the tall lithe English bloodhound, with his sleek tawny hide, his pendulous ears and coal black muzzle; there were two fleet and graceful greyhounds, one white as snow, the other black as the raven's wing, with their elastic limbs and airy gate; there was a leash of Blenheim spaniels, beautiful silky creatures with ears that swept the dew; and last, though not least in the owner's estimation, a savage-looking, wire-haired Scotch terrier with shaggy jaws and keen intelligent expression, though many a scar of wounds inflicted in desperate encounters with the hill fox or prowling wild cat, seamed his rough grizzly face. The male attendants of the young gentleman were three, as we have said, in number; one a gray-headed, venerable-looking man, dressed in a suit of plain snuff-colored clothes, and mounted on a strong brown cob, which set off admirably by the contrast the fine points and superb condition of the splendid hunter, which carried the young lord of the manor. This aged man, who was indeed the steward, who had lived on the property in the times of this youth's father, and to whose care and faithful management much of the present wealth of the estate might be attributed, rode not exactly abreast of his master, nor yet entirely behind him; but so that, while preserving a respectful distance, showing that he laid claim to no standing of equality, he was still near enough to sustain, without any inconvenience, whatever conversation it might please the younger man to originate. On the other side, among the dogs, which looked up to him from time to time, with a very evident mixture of fear and affection in their features, strode on a well built sturdy fellow of some eight and twenty or thirty years, standing some six feet in his stockings, and powerful in due proportion to his height. This man, who was dressed as a gamekeeper or forester, with leather buskins on his legs, and a short musquetoon or carabine in his hand, was what would generally be called good looking, by those at least who, in the habit of regarding the mere animal qualities of humanity, neglect the nobler characteristics of intellectual beauty—for he was dark-haired and fresh complexioned, with a full bright eye and prominent features. There was a strong resemblance, moreover, in all his lineaments to the calm and serene face of the old steward, but it was in the outlines only; and even of these, one of the most remarkable in the father was wholly wanting to the son—for such indeed was their relationship—namely, the ample and majestic forehead; which striking feature was changed in the younger man for a low and receding brow, giving a mean and vulgar expression to the whole countenance, which was moreover of a dogged, sullen cast, with large, thick, sensual lips, heavy and massive jaws, and all the animal portions of the head unusually and ungracefully developed. This unprepossessing face, for such indeed it was, gloomy and lowering, unless when it was lighted up by a smile even more inauspicious than the darkness it relieved, flashed out at times under that brief illumination with

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a shrewd evil gleam, half cunning, half malignant, which rendered it for the moment almost fearful to behold. The third person was an ordinary groom, in a blue coat with a livery badge on his arm, carrying pistols at his holsters, and a heavy hunting whip in his right hand. Such was the little party which rode down from the manor gate toward the village green, on that May morning, amidst the loud and hearty congratulations of every rustic group they passed upon their way—the honest heart of every jolly yeoman expanding as he welcomed to his new possessions the young man who had dwelt among them when a gay and thoughtless boy, and won affections which had still remained unchanged throughout his absence from the home of his fathers, during his education at school and college, or in vacation time at the distant mansion of his guardians. It did not take the horsemen long, although the heir paused several times for a moment or two to converse cheerily with some of the older farmers, whom he remembered to have been kind to him when a child, or with some of the stalwart striplings of the village, with whom he had fished or bird-nested or ferreted wild rabbits, as companions, in the blithe days of boyhood—it did not take the horsemen long to thread the windings of the sandy road, to cross the old brick bridge, and reach the beautiful green meadow, where the tall May-pole stood, as it had stood for ages, surrounded by a merry concourse engaged in decking it with clusters of the flowery hawthorn, and garlands of a thousand dewy blossoms. While one bold boy, who had climbed to the summit of the dizzy mast, was hoisting up a hollow globe, composed of many intersecting hoops, all bound with wreaths of eglantine and hawthorn, and wild roses with flaunting streamers and bright ribbons of every hue under the sun, to crown the flower-girt fabric, another group was busied, as they wheeled from the high road into the velvet green, in piling up a rustic throne beneath the aged hawthorn tree, composed of turf bedecked with crocuses and violets, and the sweet cuckoo buds and briony, and bright marsh marigolds from the stream's verge, and water lilies from its stiller reaches, and buttercups and daisies from the meadow. All ceased, however, instantly from their slight labors, as the young gentleman rode forward at a slow pace, his progress actually hindered by the pressure of the people crowding up to greet their honored landlord, and a loud ringing shout, echoed back many times by each projecting hill through the long valley, spoke, and for once sincerely, more of heart love than of lip loyalty. A brilliant flush of pleasure suffused his cheeks, and his eyes sparkled with excitement, as he doffed his plumed hat, and bowed repeatedly to his assembled tenantry. He said, however, nothing, in reply to their tumultuous cheering until the old steward, pricking his cob gently with the spur, rode up unbidden to his master's side and whispered in his ear—"Speak to them, speak to them, Sir Edward—for they expect it, and will set it down to pride, it may be, if you do not. Speak to them, if it be only twenty words, I pray you."

"Not I, faith!"—said the young heir, laughing—"I should stop short for very bashfulness, before I had got ten words out, let alone twenty!—But tell them, you, good Adam—"

"No! no! Sir Edward"—the old man interrupted him—"You *must*; so please you, be guided for this once by your old servant—your father was a favorite with them always, and so were you, God bless you! while you were but a little boy; and take my word for it, you shall gain more of goodwill and of general favor by speaking to them frankly for five minutes, than by distributing five hundred pounds—"

"Well, if it must be so, old Adam, I suppose it must"—returned the other—"but, by my honor, I had far rather scatter the five hundred pounds you talk about, among them;"—Then, drawing himself up in his saddle, without a moment's thought or preparation, he once more doffed his hat, and addressed himself in clear and well enunciated words, although his tones were at first somewhat low, and his manner hurried, to the yeomanry who stood around in silent and attentive admiration. As he went on, however, and gradually became accustomed to the sound of his own voice, that voice became more clear and sonorous; his air grew less embarrassed, till at length, before he had been speaking quite five minutes, his notes were even and sustained, flowing into the ear like the continued music of a silver trumpet. "I thank you, my good friends," he said; "I thank you from the bottom of my heart, for this your frank and warm-hearted reception—and when I say I thank you, I would not have you fancy that I am using a mere word, an empty form of speech, filling the air indeed, but signifying nothing. No, my good friends and neighbors, when I say here I thank you, I mean in truth that my heart is full of gratitude toward you, and that it is my full and resolute intention to prove that gratitude by my deeds here among you. I am a very young man yet, as you all know—and of the few years which have hitherto been mine, the most have been passed at a distance from you. Many of *you*, whom I see round about, remember well my birth and boyhood; as *I* remember many, whom I look upon for their frank, manly kindness toward a wild and wayward schoolboy—but, as I said even now, I have lived hitherto afar from you; and you know nothing of my heart or habits; and, therefore, though I feel that your welcome is sincere, your gratulations honest, I am not such a fool of vanity as to suppose all this affection and respectful greeting to be won from you by any merits of my own. Oh! no, my friends, I know it is the legacy, the precious legacy of your esteem and love! left to me by the virtues of a father, a grandfather, a race, who have lived here in the midst of you for ages, doing good, and receiving ample payment in looking on a free, a prosperous, and a grateful people. My heart, then, would be dull indeed and senseless, if I did not appreciate the richest legacy of all which they have left me, in your hereditary love—my mind must be brutish and irrational, if in perceiving and appreciating this, I do not perceive, also, how I must merit your affection, how I must make it

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my own absolute possession, even as it was my father's—how I must leave it to my children, after me—if it please God, in his wisdom, through me to continue our line. My friends, I *do* perceive it! I have come here, to-day, to live among you, as my fathers—to be no more your landlord, than your friend, your neighbor, your protector. I will not draw my revenues from the country, to lavish them on the idlers of the town! No, my friends; where my father's life was passed, there will I spend mine likewise; and when the time allotted to us here is measured to its end, I trust that I shall lay my bones beside him! Now, mark what I would say—for I must not be tedious. I promise you that no man's rent shall be screwed up by me, beyond his own ability to pay, so he be sober, industrious and frugal. I promise you, that no new tenant shall be preferred before an old one, so long as he deal with me justly. I promise you, that no strong man shall want good work and ready payment—no sick man, medicine and succor—no old man, aid and comfort—no poor man, whatsoever help his exigencies need, that I can give to him, so long as God continue me among you. This, then, I promise to you, not as a boon or bounty, but as I hold it here to be my bounden duty—and this will I make good to you, so surely as my name is Edward Hale, of Arrington. Now, I will trouble you no more; except to pray you to continue in your sports, as if I were not present; and to request you *all* to dine with me at noon, on good old English beef and pudding. My fellows will be down anon, to pitch some tents here on the green, and set the ale a-flowing—and so, once more, I thank you."

It is probable, that no set oration delivered by the mightiest of the world's rhetoricians, bedecked with all the gorgeous ornaments that genius can produce from its immortal garners, was ever listened to with more profound and rapt attention, than the few simple words which flowed, as it appeared, so naturally from the heart to the tongue of the young landlord. It is certain, that none ever sunk so deeply into the feelings of the audience—their better, higher feelings! There was no violent outburst of pleasure—no *loud* tumultuous cheering—but a deep hush—a *breathing* silence! Many of the old men, and *all* the women were in tears; and when they spoke, at length, it was with husky interrupted voices that they invoked Heaven's blessings on his head, and thought with gratitude of their own happy lot in owning such a master.

Sir Edward was himself affected, partly, it might be, from the excitement of delivering a first speech, and that with so apparent and complete success—it might be, from the genuine warmth of his own heart, and strength of his own feelings; for the hearts of the young are almost ever warm, whether for good or evil; and their emotions powerful and abundant; and oftentimes it happens, that the mere speaking forcibly of feelings which perhaps at the time exist as faintly, and, as I may say, speculatively—will give those feelings actual force, and cause them to develop themselves with new and unsuspected vigor. And so it surely was with Edward Hale in this case. He was, as we have seen, extremely young—not in years only, but in knowledge of the world—and volatile and lusty and impetuous—too much, indeed, a creature and a child of impulse—I say not that his impulses were evil—I believe not that the impulses of the very young *are* so, except in rare and almost monstrous instances—but they were impulses ungoverned, uncontrolled by any principle; any set rule of action; any guide of religion—and therefore even when most originally good, they were liable to be pushed into excesses, to be deceptive, to be self-deceivers, to degenerate into downright vice. That Edward Hale had thought at times of the condition of his subordinate fellows is most true; that he had often dreamed bright day dreams concerning the happiness of a half patriarchal life among his tenants is undoubted; and that his tastes, his habits, his pursuits, all led him to prefer a country to a city residence. So, it is true, that being liberal as the wind, nay, almost lavish, charity—so far at least as charity consists in giving—was an accustomed and familiar pleasure!—that, like all men of glowing and enthusiastic minds, he was by no means without some crude and undigested notions of a wild species of Utopian justice!—that he was of too bold and fiery a temperament, not to abhor and loathe the very name of fraud or falsehood—and more, to do him simple justice, too kindly hearted to be cruel, or systematically overbearing and oppressive. Still, it is no less certain, that until that very morning, nay, until the very moment when accident called on him to deliver an *impromptu* speech, when the excitability of his emotions and his gratification at his warm reception by his tenants, set loose the floodgates of his fancy and his heart—for in this instance both were acted on, and both reacted, in connection—he had never thought consecutively for half an hour on the subject, never had laid out for himself any rule or principle at all, never had indeed considered that he owed any duties to his fellow men at all.

"What then,"—we fancy we can hear the reader say—"What then, was Edward Hale a hypocrite—was all his fine, apparently free-hearted speech, a piece of absolute deception?" Neither, dear reader, neither—the young are rarely—oh! very rarely—hypocrites—rarely deceivers even, unless it be from fear, in timid dispositions, of some imminent evils, which they imagine they can shun by falsehood. And Edward Hale was neither, scarce even a deceiver *of himself*. He had returned only the previous night to the home of his happy boyhood, after years of absence, had looked upon the picture of a mother whom he almost adored, had trod the floors along which he had bounded years ago—how changed and yet the same—and every thing he saw and heard and thought of, conspired to call up his better feelings, and to attune his spirit to a mood more reflective—nay, almost melancholy—than his wont. A passionate lover of the charms of nature, he had felt, while he gazed out from his window over the lovely landscape, while he rode in all the conscious ness of power and health on his splendid hunter, beneath his old ancestral trees—he had felt, I say, that he could

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never love a spot on earth so well as his own fair demesnes, that he could never live so happily, or with so calm a dignity, in any other place, as he could here among his people. Then, when he found himself quite unexpectedly the object of so enthusiastic an affection, so earnest and sincere a greeting, his fancy pictured to him, in a moment, the pure and exquisite delights of such a life as he described in his brief speech, his heart yearned to the kind humble yeomanry, whose very souls apparently were overflowing with love to all his race. He spoke—embarrassed at the first, and faltering and undecided—but as he warmed to his task, his rich imagination woke; image suggested image; and though, perhaps, he actually thought now for the first time of many of the things he stated, they glowed so vividly before the eyes of his mind, that he believed them for the moment to be old and familiar ideas, the well remembered consequences of past reasoning. He believed from the bottom of his heart that every word he uttered, was strictly and indisputably true; not for his life would he have uttered one, had he not so believed!—and when he ceased to speak he was affected, by the very ideas that his own lively fancy had for the first time set before him; and he could safely *then* have registered a vow in heaven, that such had always been his view of his own duties, and that so he would surely act, so long as he lived to act on earth at all. As he ceased speaking, he turned his horse half round as if to leave the green, saying to a fine hearty looking yeoman, who stood nearest to him, one of the patriarchs unquestionably of the place—"I must ride, Master Marvil, to Stowcum Barnsley, to meet some college friends of mine, who promised to come down and spend my birth-day with me: but it is early yet you know, and Oliver here," patting, as he spoke, the proud neck of his horse—"makes nothing of his fifteen miles an hour, so I can ride there easily, and be back with my friends to dinner."

"Ay, that thou canst, Sir Edward,"—returned the old man, laughing cheerily—"Ay, that thou canst—so go thy ways—go thy ways, and God speed thee."

Edward Hale touched his horse lightly with the spur, and he made one quick bound forward, but as he did so, the rider turned half round in the saddle, as something caught his attention so keenly, that his eye sparkled, and his cheek flushed suddenly; and as he did so, he checked Oliver so sharply with the curb, involuntarily, that he reared bolt upright; and by the suddenness of the movement, so nearly unseated his master, that his hold on the saddle depended for a moment on the rein, and, consequently, the strain was increased greatly on the bit. The hunter stood erect, pawing the air with his forefeet, as if in an effort to retrieve his balance, every one thought that he must have fallen backward, crushing his rider in the fall; and a shrill female shriek rang piercingly into the air—but active, young, and fearless, Sir Edward scarce perceived the error he had committed, before he repaired it—throwing himself forward in his stirrups, by a rapid and elastic spring, he wreathed his forefinger lightly in the mane, and gave the horse the spur so sharply that he made a violent plunge forward, and alighted on his forefeet with a dint that threw the turf into the air in fifty several fragments, but failed to move the horseman in his saddle in the slightest degree. Then, the hot temper of the young man rose; and, though a moment's thought would have shown him that the horse was in no respect to blame, he checked him again, almost fiercely with the heavy curb, and spurred him till the blood spirted from his sides under the galling rowels. Stung by the treatment, the noble beast yerked out his heels, and fell into a quick succession of balotades, croupades, and caprioles, and furious plunges, such as must have inevitably cast headlong to the earth a less accomplished cavalier than he who backed him now. Firm as a rock in his demipique, sat Edward Hale, as though he had been a portion of the animal which he bestrode; but, maddened by the resistance offered to his first momentary action of injustice, he plied both lash and spur with almost savage impulse, yet with so rare a skill, that in five minutes space, or even less, the brown horse stood stock still, panting, and humbled, and subdued. He gazed around him for a moment with a triumphant and defying glance, and without again looking in the direction of the object, whatever it was, that had before attracted his attention, he bade his mounted groom give up his horse to the gamekeeper, and stay himself to wait on Master Adam Eversly. The change was accomplished in a minute, and without any farther words, he dashed into a gallop, and was lost speedily to view beyond the summit of the hills, which bound the valley to the eastward.

"Oh! father," cried a beautiful country girl, who was leaning on the arm of an old gray-headed farmer—"Oh, father, father—how beautifully young Sir Edward spoke, and what a kind, kind speech that was—and then how well he sat that vicious horse of his—and how quickly he did master him. He is the handsomest gentleman, too, in all the country, and the best hearted, too, I'll warrant him."

"And yet, Rose," answered a young stalwart yeoman, who had been standing close beside her, leaning upon a long two-handed quarter staff, "and yet, Rose, it was all of his own fault that the poor horse was vicious, and then, see how he dealt with the dumb beast for his own failing. He is a handsome man, that's true, as ever an eye looked upon; but did you see the way his black brows met together, and how the passion flashed out almost like lightning under them, and how he bit his lips till the blood came. Be sure now, he's a fearful temper. Why, he looked liker to a handsome devil, than to a Christian man. I would be loath to stand against him in aught he had set his heart on."

"For shame—for shame on thee, Frank Hunter," cried the girl he had addressed as Rose. "For shame on thee, to speak so of the young winsome gentleman. I hate an envious spirit—and he so kind, too, and so gentle—didst not hear what he promised—how no poor man should ever want for anything, and how no sick man should need doctoring, so long as his

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name was Edward Hale—and then to liken him to a devil—I'm sure, I think, he looked like a—angel, and spoke like an angel, too, just come down to us, out of heaven!"

"Have a care, Rose," returned the other gloomily; "have a care, lest he lure thee to somewhat that will not lead thee up there, whether he came down out of heaven or no. I reckon it was along a'looking at those brown curls and hazel eyes o' thine, that he came so near falling from his saddle."

"Why, here 's a nice to do," answered the girl, very sharply—"and what an' he was looking at my curls, or my eyes either, what is that, Master Hunter, to thee, I'd be pleased to know—or who gave thee the right to say, who shall look at me, or who I shall look at either, for that matter. You are no kin of mine—much less a master."

"Oh, Rose! oh, Rose; can it be come to this between us, and we both plighted, too!"

"Aye, has it," answered Rose, tossing her pretty head. "Aye, has it come to this—and better now than later!—better troth plighted, and rue the plighting! than wed and rue the wedding—better an envious sweetheart and a jealous, than a hard tyrannizing husband. Aye, has it come to this, and thou must mend thy manners, ere aught else come of it, I tell thee."

Her father tried to interpose, but the village beauty was quite too indignant to be appeased so readily, and she left his arm instantly, turning her back without ceremony on her luckless swain, saying, that she must go join Susan Fairly, for all the girls were seeking her. So little does it need to raise a quarrel between those who truly and sincerely love each other, especially in quick and ardent dispositions.

[*To be continued.*

SONNET.

TO A GARDEN-FLOWER SENT TO ME BY A LADY.

BY RICHARD H. DANA.

No, not in woods, nor fells, nor pastures wild,
Nor left alone to changeful Nature's care,
You open'd on the light and breath'd the air:
But one, with blush like thine, and look as mild
As dewed morn, with love all undefil'd
Chose out a kindly spot, and made thy bed
Safe from the cruel blast and heedless tread,
And watch'd thy birth and took thee for her child.
And human hands solicitous have train'd
Thy slender stalk, and eyes on thee have dwelt
Radiant with thought, and human feelings rain'd
Into thy bosom, e'en till thou hast felt
That through thy life a human virtue ran—
And now art come to greet thy fellow-man.

THE IDEAL FOUND.

A perfect woman, nobly plann'd
To warn, to cheer, to command,
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel-light. *Wordsworth.*

Where hast thou stayed so long?
I have sought thee far and wide;
Through the sylvan shade, mid the festal throng,
And away o'er the ocean tide;
In many a home and far-off spot
I have sought and sought, yet found thee not.

For thou wert my heart's one theme,
And, in earliest youth,
I have bless'd thy truth,
Though I thought thee then a dream—a dream,
Such as Endymion's love,
When, nightly, from above,
Soft Dian o'er his haunted slumbers play'd;
Such as, in holiest awe,
Rome's last great patriot saw,
Though doomed, alas, too soon! to find it all—a shade.

But thou—thou art no shade;
Thou wert not sent to fade,
Like moonlight elves, before the dawning ray;
Most honored where most known,
With lustre all thine own
Thou shin'st—still brightest in the brightest day.

No kindred spirit near thee,
No gentle voice to cheer thee,
Like some lone flowret from the frozen earth,
Chilled, trampled on, disdain'd,
Yet self-rais'd, self-sustain'd,
Meek dawn'd, through grief and gloom, thine unassisted worth.

What long, long years I sought thee,
And oh! how oft I thought thee
A dream, a phantom, of the Egerian grove;
But now, but now I've found thee
With all thy charms around thee,
In a spell thou hast bound me
Of everlasting love.

And who can paint the bliss,
In a cold world like this,
To meet a spirit, pure and bright, as thine?
To feel, where'er I go,
Alike in weal and wo,
There beats *one* kind, dear heart in sympathy with mine!

Still, as to thee I turn,
With loftier thoughts I burn,
Still dream of nobler things and holier days,
Like sages from afar
Following the eastern star,
I gaze and gaze, and still move heavenward, whilst I gaze.

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A DEMURRER.

BY A COMMITTER.

Criticism, Messrs. Editors, is one of the few trades to which, as we are informed, a man need not serve his time. Whoever considers himself possessed of certain qualifications, is, by the courtesy of society, permitted to assume the office of public censor; and it is usual for those whom he honors with his notice, to rest silent and submissive under his remarks, be their tenor what they may. To "talk back" to our superiors is considered so very daring, that few venture on an effort at self-defence. Nor is this defence surprising; for one who is registered by majestic authority as a "classic author," describes a true critic to be one

> "Whose own example strengthens all his laws
> And is himself the great sublime he draws."

Whether this description may be considered strictly applicable to the author of a certain extraordinary article in your Magazine for December, bearing the title of "The Lady's Library," we may be permitted to inquire. The tone of this article is so very cruel —we had almost said savage—that even we, humble as we are and ought to be,—turned under it a little. A kinder lesson had been more readily learned. If severe surgery be inevitable, we demand that it should be performed with some skill and delicacy. We consent to the scalpel, but we protest against the cleaver. Amputation is one thing; hacking off is another.

The essay commences with the rather amusing announcement that a certain list of books, found in number 37 of the Spectator, is to be accepted as "a just specimen of cotemporary satire on female education." Your correspondent meant, probably, "a specimen of *just* cotemporary satire," but let that pass. Now, this anonymous and evidently playful satire is cited as a proof of the "literary and moral depravity of taste exhibited by the women of that age!" We shall expect next to hear Will Honeycomb quoted as authority for the fact, that the color of a hood was at that time an index to the wearer's real disposition.

But, the Queen! yes, "the Queen herself, was illiterate."* How, then, could her lady-subjects be otherwise? (We marvel how many ladies, whom we might name, exist under Queen Victoria!) But our censor, with praiseworthy impartiality, admits that King William was illiterate, too. But he does not follow out his argument. Perhaps he leaves us to infer that men cannot be blockheads. Here we beg to differ. But to return to the ladies. Our "erudite" friend seems to have drawn no conclusion from the fact, that of "that admirable manual," the Spectator, twenty thousand copies were circulated daily, and these evidently addressed as much to women as to men. Addison and his friends are not always ranked among "authors of the most frivolous description," and we should have thought this one fact as to the reception of the Spectator, better ground of judgment than a playful list of books in one of its numbers. But women are no logicians, we acknowledge.

The scene is now, with due pomp, shifted to the time of George Third, but the ladies of that day please our Longinus still less than those whom he has just dismissed. He seems to prefer the "thoughtless dressy dames of fashion, and minions of the goddess of pleasure," to "grave precise professors in petticoats;"—women who had exchanged a world of anxiety about dress for—what? "an equally wise anxiety about the philosophy of education!" The gentleman is certainly unreasonable. He will no more lament when we mourn, than he would dance when we piped. He is as little suited with our attempting the pen as the patch-box. He decides blue stockings to be so unattractive, that the "one man of vigorous talent," and "one man of real genius," who frequented the "æsthetic teas" must have been flattered into endurance. And Hannah More and Mrs. Chapone are among the women thus libelled.

Messrs. Editors, we can bear any thing better than an insult to Hannah More. We pass by the rest in silence, but in behalf of one whom not only the good, but the wise, the witty, and the elegant of her day delighted to honor, we must be allowed to enter a *caveat*. She has been disparaged before, but it has usually been by the vulgar and the irreligious. From a gentleman whose excessive refinement of taste leads him to pronounce, elsewhere,† that Wordsworth is worth Scott, Byron and Moore, we might expect better things. We cannot even now believe he gives us here the result of his own deliberate judgment. We are disposed to think he has only followed Hazlitt, who, among the unjust and injurious things he hazarded (though but seldom,) in his critical capacity, said of Hannah More among British writers, "this lady has written a great deal that I have never read,"—and allowed this sentence to stand as the sole notice of her works. We expect to die in the faith, that Hannah More will be read long after Mr. Hazlitt, and other very dogmatical critics are forgotten.

But we are told that it is not so much the learned ladies as their "pretensions" that were intolerable.

* Authorities differ upon this point.

† See Boston Miscellany for October.

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Is our critic sincere in this? Does he approve of a moderate estimate of one's own claims? We must believe him if he says so, but we should never have guessed it. Perhaps he dislikes "pretensions" only in women.

But, then, "learning" is not what we want from ladies. Their province is "literature." They are bound to delight us, but it must be by "legitimate" attempts. We refuse to be pleased by any other, however brilliant. *Therefore*, no Madame Daciers —no Mrs. Somervilles, though each bear a character for all that can dignify woman and make her at once an ornament and a blessing to the world. These ladies must be considered only as warnings. They ventured out of bounds. Let us consider these bounds.

In the first place, as to poetry. "A poet is . . . masculine." His vocation is manly, or rather divine, and of course not feminine. "The muses are the inspirers, never the composers of verse." *Therefore*—"let female beauty sit for her portrait, instead of being the painter." "A happy home would seem preferable to a seat on Parnassus." "The quiet home is not always the muse's bower." *Therefore*, let not women attempt poetry. "Women write for women," and so, surely, does your correspondent. His logic could never have been intended for men.

As a further item of incapacity for poetry, we are told that our "circle of experience is confined," &c. "Many kinds of learning and many actually necessary pursuits and practices, it is deemed improper for a refined woman to know." All this is not very clearly set forth, but we think we can discern the principle. Shakspeare, probably, owed his superiority to the fact, that his circle of sciences embraced deer-stealing, which so few poets have known any thing about. *Query.* How wide was Homer's round?

"Women cannot teach men." Mortifying! But we are not informed how far ignorance of things which it is not considered proper for them to know, disqualifies them for communicating such as they both ought to know and do know. Manly knowledge is evidently considered a sort of common stock, in which each individual has so large a privilege that no woman can add any thing. In other words, no man, however ignorant, can learn from any woman, however enlightened. This is a "boundary," truly!

The occult sciences, i. e. occult so far as refined women are concerned, must have, in the mind of our critic, a wonderful potency and value. There must be some magic other than the world has yet dreamed of, about the improprieties of learning, so that women, if they would "instruct MEN," must lay aside refinement and become initiated in a certain amount (our author does not say how much,) of impure knowledge in order to qualify them for imparting the pure. The fountain, it seems, must be muddied, that the stream may be sparkling and healthful!

Exclusion number two shuts us from the drama, because H. More, Miss Baillie and Miss Mitford have not succeeded, according to the latest authority. Sir Walter Scott thought differently; but he is dead, and he was not much of a judge, either. From comedy we are warned off, because "there is a body and substance in true wit, with a reflectiveness rarely found apart from a masculine intellect."

"Airy, comic ridicule" was allowed to us a few paragraphs back, but we have produced "no Rabelais," &c. &c. &c.; and here follows a list of writers from one half of whose names we are led to suppose that our critic considers gross indecency as inseparable from true wit. From such wit and such critics, Heaven defend us! Because we cannot perpetrate such atrocities of wit, are we to be debarred from attempting wit at all?

"History" is forbidden, because it requires too much "solidity," and too "minute research." To this oracular sentence we submit, as in duty bound. If we should venture upon any "literature," which requires a reference to British annals, any "gossipping memoirs," or essays on female education, we shall endeavor to profit by your correspondent's labors, so far as to avoid mistaking the spirit of Queen Anne's reign for that of Charles the Second's; and to ascertain what authors were really most esteemed in any particular era, before we attempt to draw conclusions as to the moral and literary depravity of taste exhibited by its women. This, we think, will not require an undue share of "solidity," or "minute research."

"Eloquence" is beyond our limits—we are not told exactly why; but the sentence is none the less definitive. We are here, as elsewhere, left to infer much; and one of our inferences is, that our author has probably adopted, as his model in this powerful art, the style of that rude old lord who drove out the trembling nuns with the significant advice, "Go spin, you jades! go spin!" Indeed, we consider this very advice to be only a summing up of the "erudite" article on the "Lady's Library."

"Criticism," too, "is for MEN." Has our friend and adviser ever read the fable of the Lion and the Painter? May we not be excused for borrowing the pen occasionally, when mighty male minds are found inditing "scandal" and such other feminine matters?

"Political economy" is prohibited, of course. Miss Martineau committed *lèse majesté* against the masculine prerogative when her charming tales brought this sealed science down to the comprehension of her own sex. But we fear we must own that she is only an exception; the more, that we find the logic of our friend unusually difficult just here.

To that paragraph in which we are instructed how to avoid the arts of the libertine, we answer, in the name of the entire sisterhood, by a profound curtsey. The implication is so flattering, and the advice so respectful, that we can devise no reply more suitable.

The whole plan for fitting the various departments of literature for the use of our sex, reminds us forcibly of the practice of some nurses, who, in their solicitude for the welfare of the helpless beings committed to their charge, think it necessary to introduce each and every spoonful into their own mouths, and abstract half the contents, ere they venture to submit it to the taste of the baby. This practice is not approved by the judicious; and we venture to think the scheme of our counsellor will find as few supporters.

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This hasty and imperfect survey of the limits hereafter to be allowed to female efforts, and this remark on the "proper studies for ladies" must serve for the present. But as

"A dram of sweete is worth a pound of sowre,"

let us enumerate the privileges which we still claim, under submission. The novel of sentiment and the novel of manners, letter-writing, moral tales for *children*, books of travels, *gossiping* memoirs. But as these are to be allowed neither poetry, wit, eloquence nor criticism, we fear we shall prove duller than the condemned flatterers of Johnson and Richardson, if we should venture upon any of them. Some honored names are mentioned with approbation. Miss Edgeworth is twice cited as an example, though her forte has been, confessedly, the "philosophy of education" and "moral tales for the young," which figured in the list of the enormities of the "pedants in petticoats." Lucy Hutchinson and Lady Fanshawe are commended in a sentence which certainly is not English, though it may be "erudite;" and we are consoled by the assurance that a woman need not be able "to relish the sublimity of Milton or Hamlet" in order to be "an admirable wife;" which we think is setting the mark as low as we could desire.

On the whole, Messrs. Editors, not to trespass further on your patience, we conclude to await the further light which we are promised, before we decide on adopting the system of your correspondent. We shall, perhaps, trouble you again hereafter. We cannot, however, promise to become "*less* erudite," since we are as yet firm in the belief that it is for our true interest and dignity to become more so. Yet as we are assured that "to some readers all that is not very lively is proportionably dull," we shall forbear to lengthen our communication, lest we should incur the yawns of those "some readers."

We beg it may be understood that for whatever may appear "erudite" in this hasty notice, we are indebted to a cousin who enjoys the inestimable advantage of having been to college.

We remain, Messrs. Editors,
In behalf of the sex,
FRANCES ANNE WITHINGTON, }
CLARA SUMNER, } Committee.

THE LAMENT OF JUDAH.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

How doth our city sit forlorn!
Once regal in her pride,
Become a mourning widow now,
Who was the nation's bride.
Alas! the tears are on her cheeks,
By night she weepeth sore,
And her lovers come to comfort,
And her friends to cheer no more.

Hush'd is the harp in Judah's halls,
For she is captive led,
Her kings, her prophets and her priests
Are powerless as the dead;
Her warriors and her mighty men
With chains the foemen bind,
And her princes are like timid harts,
That can no pasture find.

The chosen of the Lord of Hosts
Are wanderers on the earth,
The heathen keep the holy land
Which gave our fathers birth;
Yet Jerusalem remembers
In this her tearful day
The pleasant things she had of old,
And her temples far away.

Abroad the sword bereaved her,
And at home it was like death,
When her sacred fanes fell prostrate
Before Jehovah's breath,
When in the wine-press of his wrath
Her patriarchs were cast
And her youths and virgins swept away,
Like stubble by the blast.

Oh, God hath covered Zion
With a dark and stormy cloud,
And the beauty of our Israel
From heaven to earth hath bowed;
With his right hand he hath bent his bow
Against Jacob in his ire,
And the Lord hath poured his fury
Like a swift and flaming fire.

Arise, afflicted Judah,
And never cease to cry
Till thy transgressions are forgot
And his anger hath passed by;
Pour out thy heart like water
Before his shrouded face,
Until again his smiles shall beam
Upon thy fallen race!

Behold, oh Lord, in mercy,
When thy people pray to thee:
Though we have grievously rebelled,
Unbind and make us free;
And lead us, we implore thee,
To a Canaan of delight,
With another snowy cloud by day
And fiery cloud by night.

Then shall our songs exulting rise,
Our harps harmonious sound,
And the tribes of Israel gather
From all the nations round,
And the remnant of thy chosen
Shall triumphantly record
Thy works and wonders done anew
And the pardon of their LORD.

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AN ELOPEMENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE."

CHAPTER I.

Put how the subject theme may gang
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon. *Burns.*

"Look! my dear," exclaimed Mrs. Flemming to her husband, "there are those same young people that I have so often noticed to you as we have driven out before. I wonder who they can be?"

"What does interest you so in them, Harriet?" replied Mr. Flemming. "I do not see any thing very remarkable about them."

"Nothing that would be very remarkable in Broadway, I admit," replied the wife; "but something that is very remarkable here. You do not meet young people of their air and mien in the outskirts of the city and in bye-streets, as we have met this pair, without there being something wrong. Only notice how they walk—here and there, backward and forward—evidently not bound for any particular spot, they think not of where they are going. Depend upon it, they are lovers. And, if I am not very much mistaken, clandestine lovers."

"'Pon my word," rejoined Mr. Flemming, laughing, "you weave a romance as readily and with as slight material as any lady I know. *I* certainly never should have remarked the couple if you had not directed my attention toward them; and now I only see a stylish, pretty girl walking with a good-looking fellow, who may be her brother for aught you know."

"Her brother, indeed!" replied Mrs. Flemming. "My dear, you must read the story of 'Eyes and no Eyes.' Why, the eager, impassioned manner of the young man and the all-absorbed yet tearful expression of the girl, would betray them at once, even if the singular and solitary spot they have chosen for their promenade did not. I wish I knew who they are."

"Well, my dear, if it would be any satisfaction to you, I wish you did, although I really cannot see why you should. However, I fear that you are fated to die in your ignorance, and perhaps it is all the better for your romance. It would be a grievous disappointment to your imagination, you know, to find that my conjecture came nearer the truth than yours."

"She is a pretty, distinguished looking creature," continued Mrs. Flemming, looking after the young couple, "and exquisitely dressed. Foolish girl if she is walking here for privacy in that striking costume. I might have met her a hundred times in Broadway without more than a passing look; but here, once seen, she 'becomes a part of sight.' Depend upon it, Mr. Flemming, we shall hear of that pair yet, and I shall not die in my ignorance," she continued, laughing.

If the eyes of imagination sometimes see too much, the sober, dull-eyed vision of judgment may as often see too little; and for once the romance of Mrs. Flemming came much nearer the truth than the prosaic probabilities of her husband. The youthful pair that had so excited her curiosity were, indeed, as she rightly divined, clandestine lovers; and on that afternoon hung all the happiness or misery of their future lives. The lady had, indeed, gone forth in the determination that *this* should be the *last* meeting—that she would put an end to an intercourse which she felt to be alike miserable and degrading; as she well knew that her engagement never would be sanctioned by her parents, and, wretched though she might be, she determined to end it at once. Indeed, her pure heart and upright mind revolted from the humiliations entailed upon her by her present position. She felt her cheek burn and her spirit humbled, when the servant handed her a note, with caution in his manner and intelligence in his eye, which he vainly strove to repress, and blushed to think that her secret was known even to the menials of her father's house. The thousand evasions, not to say absolute deceits, she found herself compelled to practice, taught her that if there is romance in a forbidden attachment there is more of degradation and humiliation in its details, and which, had she fully known, she never would have encountered.

When Tom Harrington first flirted with Alice Gray did he contemplate the labyrinth into which he was plunging? Not at all. As the pretty daughter of a wealthy house, the belle of the season, she naturally attracted the attention of one of the gayest young men about town; but admiration and love are farther apart than mothers are apt to imagine, and young Harrington's devotions would probably have soon been transferred to the next star upon the horizon, had he not perceived that Mrs. Gray frowned as the young lady smiled. The one excited his vanity, the other roused his pride, and he redoubled his attentions with a zeal and excitement as captivating to the daughter as it was alarming to the mother, and actually ended in falling in love with the fair Alice, while only meaning to torment Mrs. Gray. Then came colder looks and haughtier manners, and a final dismissal from the house. The lovers first met accidentally, and what began in accident soon ended in arrangement. The usual system of suspicions and scoldings followed, making home almost intolerable, and the flattery of the lover even more delightful than it would otherwise have been. Mr.

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Gray called Tom a "good-for-nothing fellow," while the daughter thought in her heart, that his worthlessness lay in his being worth nothing—and truly in that, pretty Alice, the whole mischief is comprised. Expensive tastes and idle habits in one who can afford them may not be desirable indeed, but they do not inevitably entail poverty, debt, ruin and disgrace, as in one who cannot. And yet Tom Harrington was a captivating fellow, with his flashing eyes and brilliant conversation; and popular withal: and the girl, who believed him and not her father, was not much to be wondered at, and more to be pitied. Some months had worn on since affairs had been in this state, painful and harassing to Alice as it was delightful and exciting to Tom. His hitherto idle and careless existence received an impetus which love, pride, and spite alone could have compounded.

We have said that Alice had met her lover on the afternoon, when we first have introduced her, in the full determination of bidding him farewell forever. "She would meet him once more, but it should be for the last time." Alas, poor girl! Tom knew her better. He knew that if she were weak enough to come that once, she was not strong enough to let it be for the last time; and in fact it only brought matters to a crisis. Passionate reproach, a stubborn unbelief, on his side, of an attachment of which he was only too sure, jealous doubts and fears, were all brought to bear upon one too yielding to resist much; nor would he be soothed until she pledged herself to be his the next day.

Had Mrs. Flemming passed that afternoon and beheld the appealing, beseeching expression of her face, and marked his passionate gestures, she would have seen that the plot was thickening. Alice wavered and grew pale—and then her hand was placed in his, and they quickly parted; he, joyous and triumphant, with rapid and elastic tread; she, pale and agitated, with slow and reluctant step, to their several homes.

The interval was passed in hurried and exciting preparations on his side; on hers, in doubts and tears scarce to be concealed from her surrounding family. Indeed it was only in the long hours of the night that she was enabled to weep and think freely; and in the calm and solitude of those hours, guided only by the purity of her own heart, away from the impassioned sophistry of her lover, she felt that she would not, could not, fulfill her promise for the morrow. She would meet Tom again, and brave his anger, fearful though it might be, but part she would.

The morrow came, and, at the appointed hour, she met her lover in the full and firm resolve of the preceding night. As she drew near the spot, she perceived a carriage in waiting, and, at a little distance, Harrington with his friend Linden. His quick and joyous air, so full of confidence and hope, staggered her, and as faltering and hesitating she commenced, his brow darkened with passion; and as Linden caught the word "trifling," he shrugged his shoulders and withdrew some steps, while the coachman grinned. Alas! the smile of a menial and the sneer of a friend settled the future fate of the rash young pair. To escape observation, she sprung in the carriage. Harrington was at her side in a moment, and beckoned Linden to follow; and, still protesting, Alice soon found herself in the clergyman's presence. Bewildered and stupefied, the words were pronounced ere she recalled her scattered senses, and she stood—the wife of Tom Harrington.

As he once again placed her in the carriage, withdrawing herself from him, she threw herself in its farthest corner and burst into a passion of tears, that should scarce have fallen from the eyes of a bright and happy bride.

CHAPTER II.

> But oh! mankind are unco weak,
> An' little to be trusted;
> If self the wavering balance shake
> It's rarely right adjusted. *Burns.*

"Have you heard of the runaway match, Mrs. Flemming?" said young Higbee, as he lounged in on a morning call to that lady.

"No. Who is it?" asked she.

"Alice Gray and Tom Harrington."

"I do not know either of the parties," replied she.

"Well," said the young man, "I wish Tom joy, for he has a mighty pretty wife, and will have a pretty fortune with her some time or other I suppose. Indeed they are a handsome couple. Tom is a superb looking fellow."

"Is she," said Mrs. Flemming, with sudden animation, "a striking looking girl, with deep blue eyes and rich brown hair, and wears a gray Thibet dress, and gray hat with very peculiar feathers?"

"Yes," returned Mr. Higbee, "there is something peculiar in her dress. Is she not handsome?"

"And young Harrington," continued Mrs. Flemming, with increasing interest, "is rather tall and dark, with very black and flashing eyes, and wears a slight moustache?"

"Yes," said Higbee. "Have you ever seen them together?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Flemming, turning round to her husband, "this must be the young couple we have so often seen on the Avenue. Do tell me," continued she, addressing Mr. Higbee, "all about it."

"Oh, there is not much to tell," replied he. "It is a thing that all the town have expected these six months, except the lady's family, who, as usual, being the most interested in the affair, seem to be the only persons who did not know what was going on."

"Is he a son of old John Harrington?" inquired Mr. Flemming.

"Yes. The Grays are rich, and it is a good match for Tom; though that did not influence him. I must do him the justice to say that he is not mercenary."

"And what has become of them?" asked Mrs. Flemming. "Have her parents forgiven her?"

"Forgiven her! no, indeed. Tom took her home to his father's.

"His father's?" exclaimed Mr. Flemming. "Why the poor old gentleman has as much as he can do to maintain the family he has already: and they live in a very small two-story house."

"That 's the way of the world, sir," rejoined Mr.

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Higbee. "The heaviest end of the burden always rests upon the poorest party."

"What means has the young man?" inquired Mr. Flemming.

"Tom's means?" said his friend, laughing. "Indeed, sir, I never heard of them."

"But what is his profession?"

"Well, I believe he has been in a broker's office; but he is no great man of business."

"A pretty chap," said Mr. Flemming, with all the indignation of a moneyed man, "to be a broker. An idle, extravagant dog. I am sorry for the Grays."

"Indeed, sir," said Higbee, with earnestness, Harrington is one of the best fellows I know—full of wit and talent."

"Wit!" said Mr. Flemming; "and lived by his wits, I suppose."

"He has been rather wild, but," turning to Mrs. Flemming, "now he's married, he will be a different man. Nothing like a woman's influence, you know, Mrs. Flemming."

"I hope so," she replied; "but this is a bad beginning."

Supposing that the indignation of the Grays would be short lived, and the residence at his father's but temporary, or rather not thinking at all, Harrington had taken his wife home. His father's income was very limited, and the house small; and his family felt the full inconsiderateness of the measure; but hoping that it would be for Tom's ultimate good, and at any rate, feeling for the trembling and weeping young stranger who had come among them, they received his bride with kindness, if not cordiality. They were not without their pride, however; and what efforts they made, poor things, to conceal from this daughter of a wealthy house, the deficiencies and scantiness of the new home she had adopted; how they crowded together to give her the largest room in the house; and what a stripping of the other apartments, to give that allotted to the young bride something like a look of comfort. And yet, when it was all done, how very poor it looked to her who had been accustomed to all the elegance and luxury of her father's house. She had written to her parents immediately on her marriage, asking forgiveness, which, with Tom, she had considered as following, as a matter of course; and her heart sunk within her when the only answer she received was her wardrobe and every article that had ever belonged to her. She soon, however, caught the sanguine spirit of her husband, who told her this harshness would soon pass away; and cheered by his unremitting devotion, and the kindness of his family, began to feel at home, and regain something of her former animation.

They had scarce been married a fortnight, during which time Tom's conduct had been exemplary, when his young wife, drawing the sofa close to the fire one evening, in the expectation of a long and pleasant chat, took up her embroidery, while addressing him some slight observation, which, to her surprise, he answered carelessly, saying, "Can I do any thing down town for you, dearest?"

"Are you going out?" she said, faintly.

"Yes," he replied, "I'll just look in at the club for a little while. Good bye, love;" and gaily humming an air, he left the room.

"Gone to the club! left alone! Was she deserted for guyer associates!" and she let the work drop from her fingers, and covering her face with her hands, burst into tears. The thought of the home she had left, the friends she had forsaken, rushed on her mind; and not Ariadne, abandoned, could have wept more passionately than did this youthful bride, because her husband had left her to pass an hour at the club.

To a young man of Tom's joyous spirit and social habits, a fortnight's almost uninterrupted confinement to the house, was a length of time and continued devotion which, to himself, seemed unparalleled, and for which he gave himself a degree of credit that strangely contrasted with the tears shed by the pretty Alice, at what she considered his cruel and careless desertion. Ere two hours had elapsed, however, he returned with refreshed gaiety, to find, to his amazement, his wife weeping—for what, he could not divine. He kissed away her tears, and answered her reproaches with mingled merriment and tenderness; and had so much to tell of the congratulations showered upon him by the young friends he had not seen since their elopement, and the inquiries after her, and all that had been said on the subject of their marriage, which is so wonderfully interesting to the parties concerned, that she soon forgot her tears, and felt ashamed of her weakness. But thus the ice was broken, the visits to the club were repeated, and the absences grew longer and longer, and the tenderness began to be mingled with remonstrances, which grew more impatient as time wore on, until the words, "Damn it!" escaped the lips of this once impassioned lover, in the weariness of renewed reproaches and tears. It is true he was sorry, and a little shocked, at this outbreak on his part, which sunk deeper in the heart of his young wife than he could easily have imagined. With the quick feeling of a woman, however, she saw her waning power; and ceasing reproaches, tried gentler and more cheerful means to detain her volatile husband at her side. Other thoughts were now pressing heavily on her mind. The estrangement of her family preyed upon her heart; and she had fearful forebodings as to the duration of their anger. She yearned to see her mother and sisters; and her eyes filled with tears she could scarce conceal, when she passed her brothers in the streets with no look of recognition on their parts. Her position, too, was becoming very painful in her husband's family. Their pride was deeply wounded by the behavior of the Grays; and they could not help occasionally letting her see the strong indignation which their conduct excited. The expression of their sentiments was rare and incidental indeed; for they had too much delicacy, and loved her too well to hurt her feelings intentionally; but her husband, partly in the carelessness of a selfish nature, and partly in his irritable excitement on the subject, often repeated remarks never meant for her ear. As time wore on, she saw, also, the extent of their poverty, and the privations they endured to procure

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her comfort, which her failing health forbade her refusing, as she had wished to do, in the first impulse of her grateful heart.

And when she thought of the luxuries and abundance of her father's house, so coldly and harshly denied her, and contrasted it with the generous and warm affection of those on whom she had no natural claim, she wept in deep and bitter mortification. These were sorrows, too, for which she could ask no sympathy. She could not tell Tom how she yearned to see those who had treated him with such contumely, nor yet sink her family lower than she saw they already stood, by communicating to others the thoughts with which her heart teemed. Her feeble frame was sinking under the accumulated trials of mental and bodily suffering, which she could scarce have borne much longer and sustained herself, had not a change been effected at a moment when she least expected it. She had been married about a year; and as she was one morning languidly and mournfully trying to occupy herself with some sewing, a note was handed her in her sister's handwriting. With a beating heart and trembling hand, she tore it open. It announced a visit from her sister, with her father's consent; and in a few minutes she was in the arms of the dear one she had so pined to see. Tears were shed; but, oh, how unlike the many she had wept since her marriage; they were tears of joy, founded in hope and happiness.

When Alice first left her father's house, the anguish she inflicted was of no light and trifling character. Could she have seen her pale and sorrowing mother; her grieved and deeply hurt father; and the hushed and melancholy family she had abandoned, she might have felt more sensibly the magnitude of the fault she had committed. And when they next saw her, bright and beaming, hanging on her husband's arm, in Broadway, in apparent forgetfulness of the friends she had left, their sorrow naturally kindled into anger, and they said, "Let her go." But as months passed on, and they saw her pale and sad, and, what always touches a woman's heart, *shabby*, her mother and sisters relented, and yearned, perhaps, as intently as herself for a reconciliation. Miss Gray took advantage of her approaching marriage, with which her father was highly gratified, to intercede for Alice; and, perhaps, upon the whole, Mr. Gray was not sorry for a dignified opportunity of yielding. The bride elect had, indeed, stretched somewhat on her parting privilege, when she pleaded for Harrington's admission with his wife. But she wished her sister at her wedding, and they could not expect Alice without her husband. All she asked was granted; and she flew to Harrington's with full power to invite them both. The sisters instinctively felt that it was better Tom should avoid a strictly family party, while the general gathering of a wedding would help to remove the awkwardness which they deemed inevitable of a first meeting; and it was arranged that Alice should dine at home that day, and the next evening both her husband and herself be present at the marriage. They might, however, have spared themselves the pains of consulting the feelings of one who felt not for himself. He accompanied his trembling and excited wife to her father's house, with as gay and assured an air as if he had been the favored son-in-law; and if he had any remembrance for the past at all, it was only that he had been "damned ill used." Not so poor Alice. She gazed around on the brilliant rooms, the happy faces, and the fair and blushing bride, in her snowy veil and bridal flowers, and contrasting it all with the small back parlor of the obscure clergyman's house, with its tallow lights, and the two witnesses (one of whom was a servant of the house) of her own marriage; and her heart sunk within her as she involuntarily glanced at Tom, to see if there were any corresponding remembrance shadowing his brow. Not he. Callous and gay, he stood laughing and chattering as if the present scene were only a repetition of his own introduction in the family. How painfully the joyous and careless gaiety which had once been so delightful to her, struck upon her heart now; not that she loved him less, but what would she not have given for more sympathy of hearts and minds. Unconscious, however, of the mournful thoughts that occupied his wife, and heedless of the sad and earnest expression of her countenance, he was the life and spirit of the party; and while her father and brothers cursed his impudence, and her mother and sisters wondered at his want of feeling, they could not but acknowledge that he was a wondrous pleasant fellow, and that Alice had more excuse for the past than they had been aware of.

CHAPTER III.

The thorns which I have reap'd are of the tree
I planted it, they have torn me,—and I bleed:
I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed.
Byron.

Harrington was now in high spirits. A reconciliation he had always looked upon as equivalent to a handsome allowance, if not (which he preferred) a good round sum told down. The wit and brilliancy, however, of his son-in-law, had not impressed Mr. Gray as favorably as Tom supposed; and he felt very little inclined to help a man who did not seem at all disposed to help himself. Alice's mother and sisters replenished her wardrobe, and then, to the evident disappointment of her husband's family, and the highly indignant and ill-used feeling of Tom himself, the assistance seemed to end. A daughter was now added to the stock of Alice's joys and sorrows, cares and comforts; and as she kissed her infant's brow, her heart throbbed with mingled emotions, "wherein a stranger intermeddleth not." She could not but see that the old gentleman groaned in spirit at the introduction of a nurse and child in that small establishment, scarce provided with necessaries for the family with which it was already crowded; and though it cost her pride a pang, she felt it a duty which she owed the kind-hearted friends who had so long sheltered her, to make an earnest appeal with her own family for the future. And she opened her heart to her mother, and without saying aught that could reflect upon her husband, poured out the long pent-up feelings of months to one who listened with

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a sympathizing and indulgent spirit. And when all was told, her mother, tenderly kissing her, promised to use her influence with her father. And Alice returned home with a lighter heart than she had known since her marriage.

Mr. Gray did more than Alice hoped, and less than Tom expected, in giving them the same that he bestowed upon his newly married daughter, whose marriage had been sanctioned by the blessing and approval of her parents. In fact he gave what ought to have started a prudent couple, and what Alice looked upon as a little fortune. Tom did not tell her, however, of the many demands upon the sum her father's liberality had put at his disposal; and by the time they had taken a house, and furnished it, he dared not tell her how little of it was left. With debts paid, and some money at command, and credit which his careless, imprudent habits taught him to think equal to money, they started afresh, joyous and happy. Tom was liberal to his wife of her father's means, and while cash and credit lasted, all went well; but when both grew short, Alice found that her husband's patience grew short also, and he told her, pettishly, when she asked for money, that "he could not afford to pay such bills; and that she must be more economical and manage better;" and he was as apt to answer thus, whether it were the baker's or the milliner's account she presented him. And she was too pure and good, when he talked of what *he* could and could not afford, to remember that every cent he had came from her father's bounty. That she was no great manager, is true; accustomed always to have her wants supplied, she had grown up in expensive habits, and utter ignorance of money. Nor was her education in this respect likely to be corrected by her husband. On one of these occasions, her sister happening to be present, Alice saw in her kindling eyes and flushing cheeks, the truth that she could scarce refrain from uttering, and hastily changing the conversation, she afterwards apologized for Tom's "excitement," and spoke of business which had much harassed him lately.

Thus time wore on, till credit and creditors were both exhausted; and then, to save his daughter's house and furniture, Mr. Gray was obliged to yield them further assistance. Children crowded fast about them; and as Alice's strength failed, Tom's impatience increased. The brilliancy and mirth which had rendered him so captivating as a young man, still made him popular abroad, and caused his society to be sought for by the gay and social. But growing debts, and a growing family, sadly mar a man's temper; and it would have been difficult to recognize the careless wit of the club and dinner-table, in the exacting husband and impatient father at home. The joyous recklessness of youth, so fascinating in early life, loses, like the sparkle of champagne, its zest with long standing; and the thoughtless, not to say dissipated career Harrington ran, was making sad ravages both in his character and countenance. One of the most sorrowful consequences to his wife, of the course pursued, was a gradual estrangement from her own family. Embittered by his embarrassments, and jealous of their prosperity, he evinced a want of courtesy that her sisters felt and resented, while their husbands instinctively avoided one who was always wishing to borrow. It is true her father aided him again and again; but the sum being always short of his wants, seemed but to stop a present gap, and only diminished his wife's future portion, without materially helping them for the time. And yet Alice did not consider herself an unhappy woman. She dearly loved her husband, and knew that she was still beloved by him. He had passionately loved her when they married—and such love never quite wears out; and in her frequent illnesses it came forth fresh and warm; and he then devoted himself to her with such unremitting tenderness, that she forgot all his irritability; and when he next scolded, and was unreasonable, only thought it was "Tom's way," and did not grieve over it as she once would have done.

In her children, too, there seemed a world of happiness, and the prospect of increasing pride and joy. Endowed with the personal and mental gifts so conspicuous in their parents, they were, indeed, a bright and beauteous race. As Alice gazed upon her eldest daughter, who inherited, with her father's flashing eyes and dark hair, his brilliant mind, and gay, high spirit, she felt that her youth was about to be revived in one whose happy destiny would more than repay her for any privations or sorrows she had undergone. Her bright-eyed, noble boys, too, how she idolized them; and how all but worshiped was the sweet and gentle mother, who had so often shielded them from their father's temper.

And thus years passed on—and Mr. Gray died; and now Harrington thought his troubles ended, as he knew his father-in-law to have left a large estate. What, then, was his consternation, on settling the estate, to find that the numerous sums charged against them (and which, never half satisfying his wants, he had almost forgotten) nearly comprised his wife's portion; and although he cursed "books," and "the meanness of those who opened them against their children," there was no alternative but to submit. Alice was too upright and just to join with her husband on this point; but such is the engrossing influence a man possesses over the mind of her who loves him, that, notwithstanding her reason told her all was right, yet she could not but sufficiently participate in his feelings of ill-usage and unkindness, as to make her withdraw her affections, as much as it is in a woman's nature so to do, from her own family, and centering all in her husband and children, set herself in earnest about conforming their expenses to the small income which fell to their share; and making her and their happiness in the love with which her own heart overflowed, she looked forward to years of happiness in the growing gifts and graces of the young family by which she was surrounded. Seldom has a prettier or brighter sylph glanced across this nether world than the blooming Alice, now about fifteen. She was her father's idol. He gloried in her talents, and did not love her less that he saw something of his own temper as well as mind reflected in her striking face and character. Her mother, however, perceived,

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from time to time, with uneasiness, an irritability and fretfulness about her that was not natural to her joyous character, and which, instead of passing away, as she had once supposed it would, seemed to increase almost hourly. And when her gentle remonstrances were followed by a closer scrutiny, what was her horror to find that the girl, scarce more than child, had set her young heart and fancy on one all unworthy of even her acquaintance. Intemperance had set her seal where the disgust naturally excited by the vice seemed even heightened in the contemplation of such youthful depravity. Nor had he mental, nor even personal gifts that could account for the infatuation of the girl. It was one of those perverse and unaccountable attachments that could only be explained by his being the first who had ever breathed the flattery of love in her childish ear. Oh, how the mother wept and pleaded; but the daughter only grew sullen, or emitted sudden flashes of temper to all her mother's arguments and prayers. Then Alice called her husband, and communicating the fact to him, his passion blazed out full and high, and he poured forth reproaches on his child, and invectives on her lover, till the girl's spirit was roused, and drawing up her slight form, she confronted her father with flashing eyes, and head erect, and cried, "This to *me*, father! Do *you* talk of disobedience thus? *You*, who carried off my mother! and," added she in great excitement, "should I marry without your consent, I am not the first daughter who has chosen for herself;" and glancing at her mother, she quitted the room, leaving the conscience-stricken parents pale and speechless. It was the first intimation Alice had ever had that her children knew the history of her early disobedience; and Harrington had almost forgotten the fact, until it was forced home upon him in this fearful manner. Some moments passed before either spoke, and then Harrington, raising his head from his hands, said, "Follow, soothe her." Alice left the room, but soon returned with looks aghast.

"She cannot be found. She has left the house!"

"Gone!" Harrington snatched his hat, and saying "I'll not return without her," dashed from the house.

The shades of evening were now gathering fast, and who can tell the anguish with which that heart-stricken mother paced the room, counting the weary hours with lessening hope and increasing agony, till the clock struck eleven, when she heard her husband's step, and sprung to meet him: but the first glance was enough. Years could not have altered him as those last few hours had done. He feebly uttered, "I have found her—but too late—they are married."

"Married!" she shrieked. "Oh, God! in the measure that I meted unto others hast thou meted it unto me." And she fell upon her knees and wept in all the agony of a "broken and a contrite heart."

* * * * * * * * *

"What!" said Mrs. Flemming, "has Alice Warrington's daughter run away? Why it seems but yesterday since the mother's elopement made such a talk. And a pretty creature she was. I fear, poor thing, she has had an unhappy fate of it."

"I fear she has," replied Mr. Higbee, now the middle-aged father of a large family. "And is it not strange, Mrs. Flemming, how these marriages run in families. Is it that the children grow up accustomed to the idea of what shocks other youthful minds, or is it a species of insanity that runs in the blood. In short, is it inheritance or education?"

"Something of both, probably," returned Mrs. Flemming. "The wilfulness of the parent must certainly be inherited by the child; added to which, there is all the force of example to aid nature."

THE FLOWERS AND GEMS OF GENIUS.

BY MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

In the sun-tinted airy bow,
That lightens through the gloom,
Illuming yon clouded Heaven,
With beauty, joy and bloom,
We cannot trace a glimpse of all
Those tears, through which the storm
Entwined with grace and purity
Its light-evolving form.

The flowers, that wreath the robe of Spring,
And bless, with sweets, the air,
The gems, that change their sparkling hues
In Beauty's braided hair,
Tell never of the secret toil,
With which, in silent gloom,
Great Nature wrought, in Earth's deep heart,
Their splendor and perfume.

Ah! thus the child of Genius pours,
In solitude and tears,
On one poor fleeting page, the light,
The love of long, long years;
And the gay world receives the ray,
Without a thought of all
The clouds of Fear and Grief, through which
Its prism'd glories fall!

Nor cares to know how long, how wild,
The task that Feeling learns,
Ere it reveal, to all, the thought,
With which it only burns;
The thought that, like a lily, bends
Its incense to the skies,
While its deep hidden *root* is nursed
With showers from Passion's eyes.

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THE HOST'S TALE.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

"Give us the brandy, quick. The sky is lowering and I have no time to lose. Do you hear, landlord?"

The voice was sharp and stern, and startled by its unwonted accents, I stepped to the door, curious to see the speaker; for I knew by his tone that he was no ordinary man, either for good or evil.

Never shall I forget that face. There is a picture of Ugolino at which I used to gaze in terror when a boy, and this man's countenance, though unlike that of the imprisoned count, filled me with the same feeling of unspeakable awe and horror. The face was dark and sunburnt, with deep set, glowing eyes, and a settled frown which made me shudder then, and has haunted my sleep ever since. His hat was slouched over his eyes; and his person was wrapped closely in an overcoat, the collar of which rose high on his cheeks, so that the shaggy brow and the gloomy orbs beneath were the only parts of his person distinguishable. He was mounted on a powerful dark-bay horse, which stood pawing the ground, snorting impatiently. Horse and rider were in keeping; but not so a little boy, apparently about four years old, who sat on the pommel in front, and who was secured in his place by a girth passed around his body, and made fast to the huge leathern belt of the man. I have often dreamed of angels—often seen them attempted on canvass, but never did I behold a countenance which so nearly approached to my ideal of the heavenly inhabitants. There was little, indeed, in the light blue eyes and golden hair to distinguish him from others of his age; but he had that in his playful smile, as he patted the neck of the fiery horse, which was the impersonation of innocence and joy; and when the animal, making a spring just as the rider lifted the glass to his lips, spilt a portion of the liquid over the child, the merry look with which he shook back the curls from his face and gazed upward at the deepening frown of his protector, laughing with a light, happy, silvery laugh, such only as infancy gives utterance to, sent a thrill through my heart, as if I had been locked in a dungeon and a gush of sunlight had suddenly streamed in on me, the first time for years. So dark a shadow had the face of that mysterious man cast upon my soul.

"Curse it," said the rider, with an oath, "why could'n't the beast be still for a minute. No—no more—I hav'n't time—besides, the sky is as dark as a wolf's mouth;" and flinging down the reckoning, he jerked the rein, plunged his spurs into the animal, and wheeling short around, dashed down the road.

"I would not like to be at that man's death-bed," said the host, shaking his head, as we all stood gazing after the horse and rider.

"I was thinking the same," said I; "who can he be? He rides as if the fiend was after him—but what connection is there between him and that lovely child?"

"I will tell you," said the host, as the object of my curiosity disappeared behind a turn of the road, though for one moment ere he vanished he loomed out into gigantic proportions through the dusky twilight; "but first let us in. The storm is coming up fast, and it is already raining heavily in the hills. Ah! that was a rain-drop—he will get wet through before he has gone a mile."

Not another word was spoken until we had taken our seats around the old table in the bar-room, right opposite a roaring wood fire, whose light revealed to us each other's faces, strangely distorted by the fitful shadows that it cast across them.

"I have often stood in a crowd," said the landlord, "and amused myself with studying the faces of those who passed by—endeavoring to conjecture the events of their career by the signs which years have left upon the countenance. Believe me, it is a study which makes us better men. Some have enjoyed lives of opulent ease, almost undisturbed by suffering, and you can read it in their calm, smiling, contented air—others have shook hands with sorrow early and late, until care has ploughed their brows with melancholy furrows, and stamped premature grief around the lines of the mouth. There is a holy reliance in some of these latter, especially if they be women, giving to their faces the aspect of a sunshiny winter day; but in other countenances all is bleak, rugged and haggard. A few there are which tell a tale of agony unutterable, and such faces no limner can paint. Others again are equally incapable of being conveyed to canvass, so much of crime and remorse is burnt, as it were, in furrows into the face, as if dug by the lightning. I have often thought that the brand set by the Almighty on the brow of Cain, teaches us that crime will work its way up from the heart, and stamp itself on the features. You saw the expression of the horseman," he said, addressing me, "and I know, by your shuddering look, what you think of him. You are right. The heart of that man would long since have been crushed to powder by remorse, had it not been as God-defying as it was criminal. But he grows more haggard every day—his life is consuming itself. He is not yet thirty, and,

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to look at him, you would say he had seen at least half a century, for his hair is turning gray, and his whole countenance betrays premature age. Yet, ten years ago, there was not a handsomer lad in the district than Harry Powell, and many a gay sally have I heard from the lips that now speak only in anger, in curses, or in sarcasm.

"Did you notice, as you came along, the roofless house at the lower end of the glen, just where the Chenang emerges from the ravine, and spreads out into that broad and beautiful stream which is the admiration of every traveler who visits us. The door of the bare and dismantled house is not a dozen yards from the river, and between them lies what was once one of the loveliest of lawns, though now overgrown with rank grass, and strewed with broken timbers from the house. The whole place around is barren and desolate, and you would scarcely think that, ten years ago, it was the garden of the county. Yet so it was: and a sweeter spot than Ellsworth cottage never was, nor did a happier family than its inhabitants meet around the household hearth. Especially was the only daughter of the aged couple the brightest and most joyous creature I ever knew—all day long her heart was full of sunshine, and if you could have seen her tripping across the lawn, or gamboling with her pet fawn, or heard her gay, light-hearted laugh, or felt the touch of her hand, light as when a summer leaf floats to the water, you would have loved, ay! almost worshiped her, as I did, and as did all who knew her. Often in the still summer nights have I sat in my porch and heard her soft, melodious voice stealing up the glen, so mellowed and spiritualized by the distance, that I have unconsciously looked upward, expecting, for the moment, to see visitants in the air. Lucy Vane! sweet, angelic creature! even now I cannot speak of her unmoved.

"Lucy and young Powell had been playmates in childhood, although he was several years older than herself, for their parents were looked up to throughout our primitive district as a sort of gentry, and companions for the children were therefore scarce. The father of Powell was a rich Englishman, who lived across the hills, a proud, contemptuous, exclusive man, whom none of the neighbors liked. The parents of Lucy were, on the contrary, beloved by all. Kindness and charity seemed natural to them, and their beneficence was talked of in every hut and dwelling for miles around. Their fortune was comfortable, though nothing more, but they too had come from England, and I believe were of gentle blood, else Mr. Powell would never have allowed such an intimacy to grow up between the children. And indeed this friendship became so close that it used to be the talk of the neighbors that Lucy and the young heir would some day be man and wife. They were always together, and many a time have I seen them walking hand in hand along the stream, or gathering wild flowers for each other in the woods, or sailing their tiny boat on the placid Chenang in the valley; and once I came upon them sleeping cheek to cheek, and their little arms around each other, by the old rock, under which gushes forth the rivulet that goes brawling through their fields, and empties into the broader stream a few hundred yards further down.

"But when young Powell was twelve years old, and Lucy six, his father determined to send his son to England to be educated, deeming no school in this country good enough for the descendant of a long line of titled warriors, such as I have heard the Powells have ever been. It was a sore parting, as you may well suppose, between the children; and poor Lucy cried as if her heart would break, while the young heir's grief was equally acute, though, like our sex even at his years, he strove to repress his tears as something unmanly. But it was in vain. They say he kept it up as long as he was in Lucy's sight; but I saw him ride by here on his way home, and sure then he was weeping as if he should never see her more.

"Ten years passed by, and during that time we often heard of the absent heir. He was now at a private school, and now at some University, living with great splendor, and having lords for his companions—a poor way, some of our folks said, to make him a good republican. At first, every month or two brought some present for Lucy, and though, after a while, these gifts did not arrive so frequently, still never a Christmas passed without some memento being sent from her old playmate across the water. And now and then, too, the aged servants at the cottage were remembered, and kind messages were transmitted to others whom it would have been an insult to propitiate with presents; and so, on every hand, it was agreed that the young heir was the finest gentleman, and had the kindest heart, of any one our district had ever seen. Lucy never joined in these praises, but my good dame said that Harry, as we used to call him, was not forgotten, for that the sweet girl would often blush when others spoke of him, and, though her tongue was silent, the joyous sparkle of her eyes at such times told as much, and told it as eloquently as if she had uttered her thoughts in words. And every day she grew more beautiful; and though perhaps the exuberant gaiety of childhood became yearly less perceptible in her, yet in its place came a subdued gladness, and in her eyes shone a holier mirth, and her voice had a depth that it had never known before, and her cheek wore a tell-tale eloquence which spoke how her heart was stirred; and so, by signs like these, we knew she felt that her girlhood was passing away, and that the destiny of the woman was opening before her.

"Ten years passed by, when one bright morning, early in summer, just as the buds were bursting from the trees, and when the apple blossoms whitened the landscape, filling the air with gushes of fleeting fragrance, a stranger rode by, mounted on a tall, powerful horse, which he managed with a grace that attracted the notice of the loungers on the bench outside. As he passed the door on a rapid trot, he looked curiously at the house, and when he had gone a few hundred yards, he left the main road and took a short cut through a private way across the fields to Ellsworth cottage. I knew by this that it was Harry

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Powell, for what stranger was acquainted with this secret horse-track? And sure enough, before an hour we heard that he was down at the cottage, and that Lucy was the happiest of the happy. There was not a couple, within the circuit of five miles, who did not talk over the matter to themselves that night, and conclude that the match was an excellent one, and sure to come off as soon as Lucy was a year or two older.

"Well, things went on brightly, and to every one's content, for scarcely a day passed on which the young heir did not visit the cottage; and now, as of old, they were to be seen walking by the stream, or loitering in the woods, or sitting together reading on some shady rock, or riding gaily past us on some one of the score of excursions which lovers can make to fine points in the landscapes hereabouts. And now Lucy seemed more beautiful than ever, for in her soft eyes there was a dewy moisture, and in her voice a mellow thoughtfulness which made her appear little less than divine.

"Suddenly the father of Powell died. He was found cold in bed one morning, after an evening of hard debauch. This event, we all knew, must put off the wedding, which otherwise we had determined would take place the ensuing spring.

"The father was buried, and the young man entered into possession of his large estates. Months ensued, and his visits to the cottage still continued, but I saw little of him personally, for he rarely stopped here. At length it began to be whispered about—though where the rumor originated no one could tell—that we had formed too high an opinion of him; that though he was affable to all out of doors, he was irritable within; that his principles in religion were loose, and even suspected to be atheistical; and that, while his father was yet hardly cold in the coffin, and Lucy was still to be won, he had brought a wretch, whom I will not name, to disgrace his household. This last rumor was soon denied, but many had their suspicions yet, and a thousand little things in his conduct were noticed to make sober men shake their heads, and careful mothers ask for any thing rather than that their daughters should receive the notice of the young man. He had been dissipated in England, that we had on the best authority—how natural that his old habits should cling to him? He was handsome, seemingly frank as day, dressed with taste and fashion, and could be witty or eloquent, just as the mood might be. So fascinating a man, especially when fortune was added to his accomplishments, was a dangerous companion for the youth of the more susceptible sex. Distrust sprung up in many an old bosom, but among the young he was still as popular as ever; and at Ellsworth cottage he was regarded with an adoration that ought never to be bestowed on a human being. But even we who doubted him were paralyzed—struck dumb, as if a thunderbolt had fallen at our feet—when we heard, about six months after his father's death, that Miss Lucy had fled from her father's house, that—I must say it—she was his victim! We were stunned at first, but on recovery did not believe it. Had not their marriage been talked of for years? Did he not love our sweet flower? Could he be a fiend, thus to insult his father's ashes, to bring sorrow and despair on the aged parents, and to make an angel fall from her high sphere, and break her heart thereby? It could not be. And yet it was thus; and—God of heaven!—her seducer was not struck dead.

"Well—the tale came out. Infidelity had sapped his principles, moral as well as religious; he had learned to sneer at woman's virtue; and the selfish gratification of his passions had become with him a study, which he pursued with all the ardor of an epicure. He made it a point to be celebrated for his triumphs, to boast to his base associates and correspondents of the number of his victims. And he marked out the ruin of Lucy as the grandest of all his achievements. They tell me there is a German poet who has painted the Arch-Enemy in a human form, smilingly gazing on the ruin of one who has yielded to his temptations; and I have often fancied that the seducer must have looked thus, as he watched, day after day, the insidious progress which his infidel principles made in Lucy's mind, and her certain, yet to her unseen, approach to the net he had spread for her. He must be a man of giant intellect, of profound insight into the human heart, of eloquence the most seductive, or he never could have misled Lucy from the paths of virtue. But, alas! love is a powerful ally. You may imagine him stealing, like the serpent, into her pure heart—you need not be told of the desolation and darkness that ensued. I cannot dwell on this part of my story without shuddering at such incredible wickedness. Let me hasten on.

"He had won her love, deluded her with false promises, and then reveled in his crime, ay! boasted of it publicly. It was long before she knew of this baseness, for he kept her secluded in his home; but her parents heard it, and though broken-hearted and dying, they made an effort to save her. The aged father rose from his bed, and went to the seducer's house, and there, in the hall, with servants and grinning horse-boys by, pleaded for admittance to his child. It was denied, and they were about to thrust him forth, when the seducer returned. At his knees the father knelt, but the villain turned away—the old man clung to him, and with tears prayed for mercy, still the profligate was unmoved, and signed to his foreign minions to have him forcibly removed. Then the wronged parent cursed him, and, it is said, he turned ashy pale, and his knees smote together; for the curse was that he might never sleep peacefully again, and die at last like a dog in a highway. They hustled the agitated old man from the door, and he rode away. I saw him pass by here, and his eyes were red with tears, while he shook as in a palsy. I followed him home, unwilling to trust him alone with his servant. His wife, though almost dying, had insisted on getting up to wait for him, and oh! never shall I forget her look of agony, when she saw that his mission had been unsuccessful. They fell into each other's arms and wept. In less than a fortnight we laid them in the same grave.

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"It was given out that Lucy herself had been unwilling to see her father, and that what had been done was in fulfillment of her orders; but who believed this? Yet, now that her parents were dead, none possessed the right to interfere, and her wronger was strong in his wealth, and in the power it gave him. At length the truth came out, though piecemeal by piece-meal. Waking from the first delusive happiness of her fatal dream, and woke from it chiefly by the decreasing warmth of her lover's manner, she began to think of her aged parents, and how lonely they must be now that she was gone. Her heart yearned toward them, and she asked to see them. Some excuse was made for putting off the visit, as was done again and again, whenever she alluded to the subject. At length she would be delayed no longer, and then, to her astonishment, she was refused; and when she became more urgent, and asked it as a boon, even with tears, she was sternly left alone. Now, for the first time, the true sense of her condition broke upon her; for though she had often alluded to her lover's promise of marriage, and noticed that he had some reason for evading its fulfillment at the time, her trusting heart had never imagined that he was so base as ultimately to thwart her wishes. But if he refused this slight boon, would he grant the other? She fainted away, and for days kept her sick chamber. It was during this period that her father was thrust from the door: had she been well, she would have heard the altercation, when no human power could have kept her from her parent's side.

"Weeks fled before she learned the truth; but long ere this she had become aware that she was a prisoner in her wronger's house, and to her complaints he had become harsh and unfeeling, leaving her whole days alone, and only evincing occasionally returns of his old fondness; and then, for a while, poor Lucy would strive to forget her sorrow, and be as light-hearted as she once had been. Perhaps she thought thus to win him back to do her justice. But when, through accident, she heard how her father had been used, and learned that her parents were both dead with broken hearts, all her hopes were crushed forever, and she would have killed herself, had they not snatched the weapon from her hand, and set a guard over her. For days and weeks she was frantic. What passed within those guarded portals perhaps will never come to light, but strange stories were afloat among the neighbors, and screams and threats, and even the sounds of the lash were said, on still nights, to be heard across the valley, until the simpler folk avoided that dark mansion after sunset, as if it had been haunted by evil spirits. The brow of the seducer still wore in public its calm, bewitching smile, but keen observers said that, if he ceased talking for an instant, the muscles of his mouth would twitch convulsively, as if with some inward pain. Perhaps remorse was already clutching at his heart, for—God knows!—one so young could scarcely be callous to his enormous crimes. He had murdered two aged parents, and made the daughter a maniac—and think you he could sleep at nights, and not be tormented by phantoms? What else made his face gradually assume that look of care? Why, except for this, did he plunge into every species of excitement, becoming always the first and remaining the last at the bottle? Ah! the period of his triumph in evil was up, and the buyer of his soul was beginning to wring the life blood, drop by drop, from his heart.

"Did I tell you that she died? It was on a cold, moonlight night in winter, when she eluded the watch of her keeper, and stealing away from the house, crossed the hills, guided only by that instinct which God affords to animals and to the bewildered in intellect, until she reached her father's cottage. It was deserted and going to wreck. The sight must have shed glimmerings through her darkened mind, for when we found her the next morning, she was moaning on the deserted hearth-stone, and came with us without a word. She spoke coherently, and asked for a minister. He came; and never, he said, had he seen one more repentant. Oh! sirs, it drew tears from my eyes to see her pale, thin face, so meek and uncomplaining, so full of heaven, and yet so care-worn with past sorrow. She was an angel indeed; and, though once she had grievously sinned, that was past; and her heart now was in the grave with her parents.

"It was but two days ere she died, leaving behind her a boy, whom her seducer claimed, and to whose charge, unwillingly, the babe was consigned. She died forgiving her murderer; and it was in obedience to her wish that the infant was surrendered.

"No one saw her wronger weep at her death; but his conduct became fearfully stern, and his words harsh; and it was whispered, even by his foreign minions, that night after night steps were heard in his chamber, and that in day time he never slept. Only to the child did his sternness relax; but even on it he never smiled. One by one his menials left him, for none could live in that mansion, and, after a few months, he suddenly left the country, and the lordly house and grounds went to decay.

"Three months since he appeared again in the vicinity. It is said he has traveled in every land, and returned here as restless as he went. But he no longer resides on his estate, choosing to live in the neighborhood of the county town. He has grown twenty years older in his absence; and things are written on his face such as no tongue can describe. I can see there days of remorse, and nights of sleepless agony—fierce struggles of the soul, God-defying arrogance, impiety, impenitence, sullen endurance. But the rock is wearing away.

"No one can do any thing with him but his son; and the boy's presence is his only solace. They say he will never part, no, not for a moment, from the child; but that he carries it about with him as a talisman; and, sure, if any thing can keep away phantoms from his pillow, it is the smile of that innocent boy. I have told you how Lucy looked, and so looks her babe. No wonder that seraphic smile lures the murderer from himself, and makes him cherish the child as a portion of his life-blood; and yet that affection must have something fierce in it; and I can

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imagine him defending the boy as a lioness defends her young. All, even those who once fawned on him, shun his company—for his haggard looks are not for the social cup; and thus shut within himself, with no one but that child for a companion—for even his vast wealth can only purchase a few trembling and frightened servants—he lives on, lavishing all his affection on the boy, and endeavoring, it may be, to atone in this way for his wrongs to the mother. Oh! how fearful were her wrongs, and those of her murdered parents. The law cannot take hold of him; but I have a feeling that he is yet destined to perish by some awful death. It cannot be that such men are permitted, by the ordination of Heaven, to die peacefully in their beds."

He ceased. So wholly had we been absorbed by his narration, that we had grown insensible to the progress of the storm, which now shook the old building to its foundation, and could be heard roaring in the forest like the voice of the wintry sea. Awaking from our trance, we gazed at each other almost in surprise at the violence of the tempest. The rain dashed fiercely against the roof; the wind shrieked and whistled among the chimneys; and at short intervals the thunder burst on high, crackling and echoing in countless repetitions down the firmament. The swaying of the huge buttonwoods before the house, as they creaked to and fro in the hurricane, had in it something awful. A deep silence of several minutes ensued, during which the host sat absorbed and still. Suddenly he started, and stopping his glass half-way to his lips, exclaimed,

"Hark! what sound is that?"

I put my tumbler on the table, and listened intently, an example in which I was followed by the whole company. A low rushing sound, like the quick trot of distant horse, now heard in the lull of the tempest, and now for a moment overpowered, smote on the ear; and while we remained gazing in blank wonder into each other's countenances, the noise suddenly changed into that of a whirlwind howling through a forest. We started as one man to our feet. What could it be? My hand was on the lock, and I flung open the door. A gust of wind whistled in, driving the rain across my face, and flaring the huge candles. The sound now assumed a more distinct shape; and I knew it to be that of raging waters, mingled with the grinding and splitting of timbers.

"It is a freshet!" said the landlord, who stood with me outside; "the Chenang is in a flood, and must have swept away the bridges, for I hear the cracking and snapping of frame-work."

"Ay, and what was that?" I said, as a loud cry, like that of some one in mortal peril, met my ear. "Surely no one can be in the stream."

"God help him or her—it is a human voice!" said the landlord, with startling energy, his face becoming white as a shroud. "The mill above must have been carried away, and with it the family. Ho! help here, one and all!" and with the words, followed by myself and the rest of the company, he rushed toward the brink of the stream.

The river was scarcely a hundred yards from the door, and ran through the bottom of a steep ravine, so that in ordinary times the surface of the water was at least thirty feet below the level where we stood. Just as we gained the edge of the heights, a flash of lightning blazed before our eyes, and by its spectral glare we saw that the tide had risen nearly ten feet, and was surging fiercely onward, foaming and plunging along, now whirling in gigantic eddies, and now boiling up as if over a furnace, while on its bosom were borne trunks of trees, masses of loosened rock, and timbers, apparently of bridges, twisted and splintered as by the hands of Titans. During the momentary glimpse afforded us of the current, though we beheld all this ruin, we saw no human beings. We scarcely deemed it possible, indeed, that any living thing could exist a moment amid the wrecks grinding together in that fierce abyss, and were turning away, with hearts lightened of apprehension, when again that cry arose on the ear, sounding this time nearer and louder, and like a woman's wail.

"God of heaven!—see—see!" said the landlord, pointing downward with a quivering finger.

"What?—who?" and all crowded to the spot.

Torches had by this time been brought to the brink of the ravine, and looking down, I saw, by the ruddy light cast on the black gulf below, a riderless horse, apparently dead, and close behind him, surrounded by encircling timbers, a man struggling. It was only for an instant that I beheld his features—for the torches, flaring in the tempest, cast only a fitful and ghastly radiance below—but that one look revealed to me the seducer of Lucy; and just by him, as I had pictured her from the host's description, was the face of the victim. I started back with a cry of horror. All did likewise; and for a moment, as if paralyzed by what seemed a judgment of God, no one made an effort to save the drowning man. Suddenly it flashed across me that the face I had taken for Lucy's must be that of the child.

"A rope—a rope!" I shouted, "the boy is drowning!"

The man heard the words, and answered with a hallo, holding the child, with a giant's effort, above the roaring tide. But no rope was at hand; and before one could be brought from the house, our aid would be useless. The father comprehended it, and a shade of utter agony shot over his face, while he looked upward at us, as he was hurried past. Suddenly he saw a sap'ling, which grew out of the side of the ravine, swaying to and fro in the current, and springing up, he clutched despairingly at the tree; but the impetus of his body, combined with the undermining force of the current, was too much for the young oak, it gave way by the roots, and falling on him, buried him in the tide, which whirled both away into the centre of the roaring abyss. His child was torn from him in the struggle, to be lodged miraculously, as we afterwards found, on a narrow ledge; and the look of horror and agony depicted on his upturned face, as he was sucked into the gurgling gulf, ignorant of the fate of his boy, will never fade from my memory. In that one look, the crimes and remorse of his whole life were told.

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Horror-struck, we gazed on his fate, scarcely for a minute afterwards drawing a breath. Our first thoughts then were of the child.

"He is here," said one, "still unharmed; give me a rope, and let me descend for him."

In a narrow cave, scarcely four feet high, and not half that width, situated but a few feet below where the uprooted sapling had grown, the child had been providentially lodged. Need I tell how quickly aid was rendered him, or how tremulous we were until he stood safely beside us, or the involuntary awe and gratitude with which we bore him to the house.

The next day the body of the seducer was found at the mouth of the ravine, on the first bank that met the rushing torrent in the valley. That bank, as the landlord had before told us, was the lawn in front of the deserted cottage. Almost at the dismantled door they found the bruised, mangled, and nearly undistinguishable corpse. Was not God's hand in this?

The child told us what we had suspected—that the horseman had paused under a clump of trees for shelter, and that driven at length from them by the soaking rain, he had dashed on, and when recklessly crossing the bridge, been precipitated with it into the stream.

That child still lives: let us hope he may atone to society, by his life, for the errors of one parent, and the crimes of the other.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

BY REV. WALTER COLTON, U. S. N.

What harp can hymn thy love, who came to earth,
Wrapt thy divinity in mortal clay,
A meek and silent sufferer from thy birth,
And fainting for a place whereon to lay
Thy weary head, though thou wert Lord of all,
And came to save man from his utter fall.

The dead at thy almighty word awoke,
The lame man bounded as a roe in May,
Pale, speechless lips their lasting silence broke,
The sightless eye gleamed with the visual ray,
And hearing came to those, who, until then,
Knew not the sounds that charmed the sons of men.

Within the humble shed, the lowly cot,
Where care had cast her melancholy shade,
And want in vain had wrestled with its lot,
There were thy earliest, fondest visits paid,
And there thy radiant presence tarried long,
Till hearts that bled were kindled into song.

The partners of thy holy heart were those
From whom the learn'd and lofty turned away,
And deemed them 'neath the dignity of foes;
But as the clouds, which flank the orb of day,
Are bathed in light, so they around thee shone
In hallowed lustres, which were all thine own.

And thou wert in the garden bowed in prayer,
When tears of blood by thy deep agonies
Were wrung, as from an angel in despair,
But aid was lent thee from thy native skies,
And thou didst triumph and the world redeem,
Though Hope had fled and Mercy quenched her beam.

Thou wert betrayed by treachery's studied smile,
Brought to a bar that justice had forsook,
Condemned by one whose unaccusing guile
But mocked the forms his cold compassion took;
While they who loved thee, filled with sudden dread,
Denied their friendship, or ignobly fled.

And thou wert led up Calvary's troubled height,
Between two malefactors doomed to die,
Our God withdrew, the sun withheld his light,
The dead awoke, and Murder mocked the cry
Wherein thy being rendered up its breath,
And sought from agony repose in death.

And thou wert to the marble tomb consigned,
But brief Death's triumph o'er the captive clay,
Divinity resumed what it resigned,
Rekindled at its source life's perished ray,
And quickened into fresh immortal bloom
Those hopes which else had perished in thy tomb.

The heavens received thee from our ransomed earth,
Thy truth went forth in power through every land,
All vain the sneer that touched thy mortal birth,
And vain the force of persecution's brand,
Thy cause, triumphant, throned itself above
A subject world in universal love.

And thou wilt reappear—recall from clay
The dead of ages—thy last triumph swell
The heaven with its magnificent array
Of saints and seraphim—the hosts of hell
Tremble in chains behind thy flaming car,
A world unhearsed stand at thy judgment bar!

Hail, Prince of Peace, Redeemer, Judge of All!
The Alpha and Omega, First and Last!
Thou with thy breath from utter night didst call
Suns and their systems; nations that have past,
But which, at thy last trump, shall wake from dust
To share thy love, or own thy judgment just.

LINES WRITTEN UNDER A LADY'S PICTURE.

There is nothing ill can dwell in such a temple. *Shakspeare.*

How beautiful she looks! So kind,
So sweet, so full of grace!
Heaven's purest gifts of heart and mind
Are mirrored in that face;
Like stars, on night's deep azure hung,
Telling the Source from which they sprung.

But how, unawed, may one of earth
To angel-heights aspire?
And thus, alas! thy very worth
Half damps my hope's fond fire,
Leads me to feel and to deplore
Mine own deficiencies the more.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF.

(Concluded from page 18.)

BY J. F. COOPER, AUTHOR OF "THE RED ROVER," "LE FEU-FOLLET," ETC.

THE reader is not to infer that Désirée was unusually mercenary. That she was a little addicted to this weakness, is true—who ever knew a commissionaire that was not? but she had her moments of benevolence, as well as others, and had really made some sacrifice of her time, and consequently of her interests, in order to serve Adrienne in her distress. As for the purchase of myself, that was in the way of her *commerce;* and it is seldom, indeed, that philanthropy can overcome the habits of trade.

Désirée was not wholly without means, and she was in no hurry to reap the benefit of her purchase. I remained in her possession, according to my calculation, some two or three years before she ever took me out of the drawer in which I had been deposited for safe keeping. I was considered a species of *corps de reserve*. At the end of that period, however, her thoughts recurred to her treasure, and an occasion soon offered for turning me to account. I was put into the reticule, and carried about, in readiness for any suitable bargain that might turn up.

One day Désirée and I were on the Boulevards Italiens together, when a figure caught the commissionaire's eye that sent her across the street in a great hurry. I scarcely know how to describe this person, who, to my simple eyes, had the appearance of a colonel of the late Royal Guards, or, at least, of an attaché of one of the northern legations. He was dressed in the height of the latest fashion, as well as he knew how to be; wore terrible *moustaches*, and had a rare provision of rings, eye-glasses, watch-guards, chains, &c.

"*Bon jour, monsieur*," exclaimed Désirée, in haste, "*parole d' honneur*, I scarcely knew you! I have been waiting for your return from Lyons with the most lively impatience, for, to tell you the truth, I have the greatest *bijou* for your American ladies that ever came out of a bleaching ground—*un mouchoir de poche*."

"*Doucement—doucement, ma bonne*," interrupted the other, observing that the woman was about to exhibit me on the open Boulevards, an *exposé* for which he had no longings, "you can bring it to my lodgings—"

"*Rue de Clery, numéro cent vingt*—"

"Not at all, my good Désirée. You must know I have transacted all my ordinary business—made my purchases, and am off for New York in the next packet—"

"*Mais, le malle, monsieur?*"

"Yes, the trunk will have a corner in it for any thing particular, as you say. I shall go to court this evening, to a great ball, Madame le Marquis de Dolomieu and the Aide de Camp de Service having just notified me that I am invited. To be frank with you, Désirée, I am lodging in la Rue de la Paix, and appear, just now, as a mere traveler. You will inquire for *le Colonel Silky*, when you call."

"*Le Colonel Silky!*" repeated Désirée, with a look of admiration, a little mingled with contempt.

"*De la garde nationale Américaine*," answered Mr. Silky, smiling. He then gave the woman his new address, and appointed an hour to see her.

Désirée was punctual to a minute. The porter, the *garçons*, the *bourgeois*, all knew *le Colonel Silky*, who was now a great man, wore moustaches, and went to court—as the court was. In a minute the commissionarie was in the colonel's ante-chamber. This distinguished officer had a method in his madness. He was not accustomed to keeping a body servant, and, as his aim was to make a fortune, will ye nill ye, he managed, even now, in his hours of pride and self-indulgence, to get along without one. It was not many moments, therefore, before he came out and ushered Désirée himself into his *salon;* a room of ten feet by fourteen, with a carpet that covered just eight feet by six, in its centre. Now that they were alone, in this snuggery, which seemed barely large enough to contain so great a man's *moustaches*, the parties understood each other without unnecessary phrases, and I was, at once, produced.

Colonel Silky was evidently struck with my appearance. An officer of his readiness and practice saw at once that I might be made to diminish no small part of the ways and means of his present campaign, and precisely in proportion as he admired me, he began to look cold and indifferent. This management could not deceive me, my clairvoyance defying any such artifices; but it had a sensible effect on Désirée, who, happening very much to want money for a particular object just at that moment, determined, on the spot, to abate no less than fifty francs from the price she had intended to ask. This was deducting five francs more than poor Adrienne got for the money she had expended for her beautiful lace, and for all her toil, sleepless nights, and tears; a proof of the commissionaire's scale of doing business. The bargain was now commenced in earnest, offering an instructive scene of French protestations, assertions,

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contradictions and volubility on one side, and of cold, seemingly phlegmatic, but wily Yankee calculation, on the other. Désireé had set her price at one hundred and fifty francs, after abating the fifty mentioned, and Colonel Silky had early made up his mind to give only one hundred. After making suitable allowances for my true value before I was embellished, the cost of the lace and of the work, Désirée was not far from the mark; but the Colonel saw that she wanted money, and he knew that two napoleons and a half, with his management, would carry him from Paris to Havre. It is true he had spent the difference that morning on an eye-glass that he never used, or when he did it was only to obscure his vision; but the money was not lost, as it aided in persuading the world he was a colonel and was afflicted with that genteel defect, an imperfect vision. These extremes of extravagance and meanness were not unusual in his practice. The one, in truth, being a consequence of the other.

"You forget the duty, Désirée," observed the military trader; "this compromise law is a thousand times worse than any law we have ever had in America."

"The duty!" repeated the woman, with an incredulous smile; "monsieur, you are not so young as to pay any duty on a pocket-handkerchief! *Ma foi*, I will bring twenty—*oui*, a thousand from England itself, and the *douaniers* shall not stop one."

"Ay, but we don't smuggle in America," returned the colonel, with an *aplomb* that might have done credit to Vidocq himself; "in our republican country the laws are all in all."

"Why do so many of your good republicans dress so that the rue de Clery don't know them, and then go to the chateau?" demanded the commissionaire, very innocently, as to appearance at least.

"Bah! there are the five napoleons—if you want them, take them—if not, I care little about it, my invoice being all closed."

Désirée never accepted money more reluctantly. Instead of making one hundred and fifty-five francs out of the toil and privations, and self-denial of poor Adrienne, she found her own advantages unexpectedly lessened to fifty-five; or, only a trifle more than one hundred per cent. But the colonel was firm, and, for once, her cupidity was compelled to succumb. The money was paid, and I became the vassal of Colonel Silky; a titular soldier, but a traveling trader, who never lost sight of the main chance either in his campaigns, his journeys, or his pleasures.

To own the truth, Colonel Silky was delighted with me. No girl could be a better judge of the *article*, and all his cultivated taste ran into the admiration of *goods*. I was examined with the closest scrutiny; my merits were inwardly applauded, and my demerits pronounced to be absolutely none. In short, I was flattered; for, it must be confessed, the commendation of even a fool is grateful. So far from placing me in a trunk, or a drawer, the colonel actually put me in his pocket, though duly enveloped and with great care, and for some time I trembled in every delicate fibre, lest, in a moment of forgetfulness, he might use me. But my new master had no such intention. His object in taking me out was to consult a sort of *court* commissionaire, with whom he had established certain relations, and that, too, at some little cost, on the propriety of using me himself that evening at the chateau of the King of the French. Fortunately, his monitress, though by no means of the purest water, knew better than to suffer her *élève* to commit so gross a blunder, and I escaped the calamity of making my first appearance at court under the auspices of such a patron.

There was a moment, too, when the colonel thought of presenting me to Madame de Dolomieu, by the way of assuring his favor in the royal circle, but when he came to count up the money he should lose in the way of profits, this idea became painful, and it was abandoned. As often happened with this gentleman, he reasoned so long in all his acts of liberality, that he supposed a sufficient sacrifice had been made in the mental discussions, and he never got beyond what surgeons call the "first intention" of his moral cures. The evening he went to court, therefore, I was carefully consigned to a *carton* in the colonel's trunk, whence I did not again issue until my arrival in America. Of the voyage, therefore, I have little to say, not having had a sight of the ocean at all. I cannot affirm that I was absolutely sea-sick, but, on the other hand, I cannot add that I was perfectly well during any part of the passage. The pent air of the state-room, and a certain heaviness about the brain, quite incapacitated me from enjoying any thing that passed, and that was a happy moment when our trunk was taken on deck to be examined. The custom-house officers at New York were not men likely to pick out a pocket-handkerchief from a gentleman's—I beg pardon, from a colonel's—wardrobe, and I passed unnoticed among sundry other of my employer's speculations. I call the colonel my *employer*, though this was not strictly true; for, Heaven be praised! he never did employ me; but ever since my arrival in America, my gorge has so risen against the word "master," that I cannot make up my mind to write it. I know there is an ingenious substitute, as the following little dialogue will show, but my early education under the astronomer and the delicate minded Adrienne, has rendered me averse to false taste, and I find the substitute as disagreeable as the original. The conversation to which I allude, occurred between me and a very respectable looking shirt, that I happened to be hanging next to on a line, a few days after my arrival; the colonel having judged it prudent to get me washed and properly ironed, before he carried me into the "market."

"Who is your *boss*, pocket-handkerchief?" demanded the shirt, a perfect stranger to me, by the way, for I had never seen him before the accidents of the wash-tub brought us in collision; "who is your boss, pocket-handkerchief, I say?—you are so very fine, I should like to know something of your history."

From all I had heard and read, I was satisfied my neighbor was a Yankee shirt, both from his curiosity

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and from his abrupt manner of asking questions; still I was at a loss to know the meaning of the word *boss*, my clairvoyance being totally at fault. It belongs to no language known to the savans or academicians.

"I am not certain, sir," I answered, "that I understand your meaning. What is a *boss*?"

"Oh! that 's only a republican word for 'master.' Now, Judge Latitat is *my* boss, and a very good one he is, with the exception of his sitting so late at night at his infernal circuits, by the light of miserable tallow candles. But all the judges are alike for that, keeping a poor shirt up sometimes until midnight, listening to cursed dull lawyers, and prosy, caviling witnesses."

"I beg you to recollect, sir, that I am a female pocket-handkerchief, and persons of your sex are bound to use temperate and proper language in the presence of ladies."

"Yes, I see you are feminine, by your ornaments—still, you might tell a fellow who is your boss?"

"I belong, at present, to Colonel Silky, if that is what you mean; but I presume some fair lady will soon do me the honor of transferring me to her own wardrobe. No doubt my future employer—is not that the word?—will be one of the most beautiful and distinguished ladies of New York."

"No question of that, as money makes both beauty and distinction in this part of the world, and it 's not a dollar that will buy you. *Colonel* Silky? I do 'nt remember the name—which of *our* editors is he?"

"I do 'nt think he is an editor at all. At least, I never heard he was employed about any publication, and, to own the truth, he does not appear to me to be particularly qualified for such a duty, either by native capacity, or, its substitute, education."

"Oh! that makes no great difference—half the *corps* is exactly in the same predicament. I 'fegs! if we waited for colonels, or editors either, in this country, until we got such as were qualified, we should get no news, and be altogether without politics, and the militia would soon be in an awful state."

"This is very extraordinary! So you do not wait, but take them as they come. And what state is your militia actually in?"

"Awful! It is what my boss, the judge, sometimes calls a 'statu quo.'"

"And the newspapers—and the news—and the politics?"

"Why, they are *not* in 'statu quo'—but in a '*semper eadem*'—I beg pardon, do you understand Latin?"

"No, sir—ladies do not often study the dead languages."

"If they did they would soon bring 'em to life! 'Semper eadem' is Latin for 'worse and worse.' The militia is drilling into a '*statu quo*,' and the press is enlightening mankind with a '*semper eadem*.'"

After properly thanking my neighbor for these useful explanations, we naturally fell into discourse about matters and things in general, the weather in America being uniformly too fine to admit of discussion.

"Pray, sir," said I, trembling lest my *boss* might be a colonel of the editorial corps, after all—"pray, sir," said I, "is it expected in this country that the wardrobe should entertain the political sentiments of its boss?"

"I rather think not, unless it might be in high party times; or, in the case of editors, and such extreme patriots. I have several relatives that belong to the *corps*, and they all tell me that while their bosses very frequently change their coats, they are by no means so particular about changing their shirts. But you are of foreign birth, ma'am, I should think by your dress and appearance?"

"Yes, sir, I came quite recently from France; though, my employer being American, I suppose I am entitled to the rights of citizenship. Are you European, also?"

"No, ma'am; I am native and to the '*manor* born,' as the modern Shakspeare has it. Is Louis Philippe likely to maintain the throne, in France?"

"That is not so certain, sir, by what I learn, as that the throne is likely to maintain Louis Philippe. To own the truth to you, I am a Carlist, as all genteel articles are, and I enter but little into the subject of Louis Philippe's reign."

This remark made me melancholy, by reviving the recollection of Adrienne, and the conversation ceased. An hour or two later, I was removed from the line, properly ironed, and returned to my boss. The same day I was placed in a shop in Broadway, belonging to a firm of which I now understood the colonel was a sleeping partner. A suitable entry was made against me, in a private memorandum book, which, as I once had an opportunity of seeing it, I will give here.

Super-extraordinary Pocket-Handkerchief, French cambric, trimmed and worked, in account with Bobbinet & Gull.

DR.

To money paid first cost—francs 100, at 5.25,	$19 04
To interest on same for	00
To portion of passage money,	04
To porterage,	½
To washing and making up,	25

(*Mem.*—See if a deduction cannot be made from this charge.)

CR.

By cash, for allowing Miss Thimble to copy pattern—not to be worked until our article is sold,	$1 00
By cash for sale, &c.	

Thus the account stood the day I was first offered to the admiration of the fair of New York. Mr. Bobbinet, however, was in no hurry to exhibit me, having several articles of less beauty, that he was anxious to get off first. For my part, I was as desirous of being produced, as ever a young lady was to come out; and then my companions in the drawer were not of the most agreeable character. We were all pocket-handkerchiefs, together, and all of French birth. Of the whole party, I was the only one that had been worked by a real lady, and consequently my education was manifestly superior to those of my companions. *They* could scarcely be called *comme il faut*, at all; though, to own the truth, I am afraid there is *tant soit peu de* vulgarity about all *worked* pocket-handkerchiefs. I remember that, one day, when Madame de la Rochealmard and Adrienne were discussing the expediency of buying our whole

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piece, with the view of offering us to their benefactress, the former, who had a fine tact in matters of this sort, expressed a doubt whether the dauphine would be pleased with such an offering.

"Her Royal Highness, like all cultivated minds, looks for fitness in her ornaments and tastes. What fitness is there, *ma chere*, in converting an article of real use, and which should not be paraded to one's associates, into an article of senseless luxury. I know there are two doctrines on this important point—"

But, as I shall have occasion, soon, to go into the whole philosophy of this matter, when I come to relate the manner of my next purchase, I will not stop here to relate all that Madame de la Rocheaimard said. It is sufficient that she, a woman of tact in such matters at least, had strong doubts concerning the *taste* and propriety of using worked pocket-handkerchiefs, at all.

My principal objection to my companions in the drawer was their incessant and senseless repinings about France, and their abuse of the country in which they were to pass their lives. I could see enough in America to find fault with, through the creaks of the drawer, and if an American, I might have indu'ged a little in the same way myself, for I am not one of those who think fault-finding belongs properly to the stranger, and not to the native. It is the proper office of the latter, as it is his duty to amend these faults; the traveler being bound in justice to look at the good as well as the evil. But, according to my companions, there was *nothing* good in America—the climate, the people, the food, the morals, the laws, the dress, the manners, and the tastes, were all infinitely worse than those they had been accustomed to. Even the physical proportions of the population were condemned, without mercy. I confess I was surprised at hearing the *size* of the Americans sneered at by *pocket-handkerchiefs*, as I remember to have read that the *noses* of the New Yorkers, in particular, were materially larger than common. When the supercilious and vapid point out faults, they ever run into contradictions and folly; it is only under the lash of the discerning and the experienced, that we betray by our writhings the power of the blow we receive.

I might have been a fortnight in the shop, when I heard a voice as gentle and lady-like as that of Adrienne, inquiring for pocket-handkerchiefs. My heart fairly beat for joy; for, to own the truth, I was getting to be wearied to death with the garrulous folly of my companions. They had so much of the *couturières* about them! not one of the whole party ever having been a regular employee in genteel life. Their *niaiseries* were endless, and there was just as much of the low bred anticipation as to their future purchases, as one sees at the balls of the *Champs Elysée* on the subject of partners. The word "pocket-handkerchief," and that so sweetly pronounced, drew open our drawer, as it might be, instinctively. Two or three dozen of us, all of exquisite fineness, were laid upon the counter, myself and two or three more of the better class being kept a little in the back ground, as a skillful general holds his best troops in reserve.

The customers were sisters; that was visible at a glance. Both were pretty, almost beautiful—and there was an air of simplicity about their dress, a quiet and unobtrusive dignity in their manners, which at once announced them to be real ladies. Even the tones of their voices were polished, a circumstance that I think one is a little apt to notice in New York. I discovered, in the course of the conversation, that they were the daughters of a gentleman of very large estate, and belonged to the true *élite* of the country. The manner in which the clerks received them, indeed, proclaimed this; for, though their other claims might not have so promptly extracted this homage, their known wealth would.

Mr. Bobbinet attended these customers in person. Practiced in all that portion of human knowledge which appertains to a salesman, he let the sweet girls select two or three dozen handkerchiefs of great beauty, but totally without ornament, and even pay for them, before he said a word on the subject of the claims of his reserved corps. When he thought the proper moment had arrived, however, one of the least decorated of our party was offered to the consideration of the young ladies. The sisters were named Anne and Maria, and I could see by the pleasure that beamed in the soft blue eyes of the former, that she was quite enchanted with the beauty of the *article* laid before her so unexpectedly. I believe it is in *female* "human nature" to admire every thing that is graceful and handsome, and especially when it takes the form of needle-work. The sweet girls praised handkerchief after handkerchief, until *I* was laid before them, when their pleasure extracted exclamations of delight. All was done so quietly, however, and in so lady-like a manner, that the attention of no person in the shop was drawn to them by this natural indulgence of surprise. Still I observed that neither of the young ladies inquired the *prices*, these being considerations that had no influence on the intrinsic value, in their eyes; while the circumstance caused my heart to sink within me, as it clearly proved they did not intend to purchase, and I longed to become the property of the gentle, serene-eyed Anne. After thanking Mr. Bobbinet for the trouble he had taken, they ordered their purchases sent home, and were about to quit the shop.

"Can't I persuade you to take *this*?" demanded Bobbinet, as they were turning away. "There is not its equal in America. Indeed, one of the house, our Colonel Silky, who has just returned from Paris, says it was worked expressly for the dauphine, who was prevented from getting it by the late revolution."

"It *is* a pity so much lace and such exquisite work should be put on a pocket-handkerchief," said Anne, almost involuntarily. "I fear if they were on something more suitable, I might buy them."

A smile, a slight blush, and curtsy, concluded the interview; and the young ladies hastily left the shop. Mr. Bobbinet was disappointed, as, indeed, was Col. Silky, who was present, *en amateur*; but the matter could not be helped, as these were customers who

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acted and thought for themselves, and all the oily persuasion of shop-eloquence could not influence them.

"It is quite surprising, colonel," observed Mr. Bobbinet, when his customers were properly out of hearing, "that *these* young ladies should let such an article slip through their fingers. Their father is one of the richest men we have; and yet they never even asked the price."

"I fancy it was not so much the *price* that held 'em back," observed the colonel, in his elegant way, "as something else. There are a sort of customers that don't buy promiscuously; they do every thing by rule. They don't believe that a nightcap is intended for a bed-quilt."

Bobbinet & Co. did not exactly understand his more sophisticated partner; but before he had time to ask an explanation, the appearance of another customer caused his face to brighten, and changed the current of his thoughts. The person who now entered was an exceedingly brilliant-looking girl of twenty, dressed in the height of fashion, and extremely well, though a severe critic might have thought she was *over* dressed for the streets, still she had alighted from a carriage. Her face was decidedly handsome, and her person exquisitely proportioned. As a whole, I had scarcely ever seen a young creature that could lay claim to more of the loveliness of her sex. Both the young ladies who had just left us were pleasing and pretty; and to own the truth, there was an air of modest refinement about them, that was not so apparent in this new visiter; but the dazzling appearance of the latter, at first, blinded me to her faults, and I saw nothing but her perfection. The interest manifested by the master—I beg his pardon, the boss of the store—and the agitation among the clerks, very plainly proved that much was expected from the visit of this young lady, who was addressed, with a certain air of shop-familiarity, as Miss Halfacre—a familiarity that showed she was an *habitués* of the place, and considered a good customer.

Luckily for the views of Bobbinet & Co., we were all still lying on the counter. This is deemed a fortunate circumstance in the contingencies of this species of trade, since it enables the dealer to offer his uncalled-for wares in the least suspicious and most natural manner. It was fortunate, also, that I lay at the bottom of the little pile—a climax being quite as essential in sustaining an extortionate price, as in terminating with due effect, a poem, a tragedy, or a romance.

"Good morning, Miss Halfacre," said Mr. Bobbinet, bowing and smiling; if his face had been half as honest as it professed to be, it would have *grinned*. "I am glad you have come in at this moment, as we are about to put on sale some of the rarest articles, in the way of pocket-handkerchiefs, that have ever come to this market. The Misses Burton have just seen them, and *they* pronounce them the most beautiful articles of the sort they have ever seen; and I believe they have been over half the world."

"And did they take any, Mr. Bobbinet? The Miss Burtons are thought to have taste."

"They have not exactly *purchased*, but I believe each of them has a particular article in her eye. Here is one, ma'am, that is rather prettier than any you have yet seen in New York. The price is *sixty* dollars."

The word *sixty* was emphasized in a way to show the importance that was attached to *price*—that being a test of more than common importance with the present customer. I sighed when I remembered that poor Adrienne had received but about ten dollars for *me*—an article worth so much more than that there exhibited.

"It is really very pretty, Mr. Bobbinet, very pretty; but Miss Monson bought one not quite as pretty, at Lace's; and *she* payed *sixty-five*, if I am not mistaken."

"I dare say; we have them at much higher prices. I showed *you* this only that you might see that *our sixties* are as handsome as *Mr. Lace's* sixty-*fives*. What do you think of *this?*"

"That *is* a jewel! What *is* the price, Mr. Bobbinet?"

"Why, we will let *you* have it for seventy, though I do think it ought to bring five more."

"Surely you do not abate on pocket-handkerchiefs! One does n't like to have such a thing *too* low."

"Ah, I may as well come to the point at once with such a customer as yourself, Miss Halfacre; here is the article on which I pride myself. *That* article never *was* equalled in this market, and never *will* be."

I cannot repeat half the exclamations of delight which escaped the fair Eudosia, when I first burst on her entranced eye. She turned me over and over, examined me with palpitating bosom, and once I thought she was about to kiss me; then, in a trembling voice, she demanded the price.

"*One hundred dollars*, ma'am;" answered Bobsinet, solemnly. "Not a cent more, on my honor."

"No, surely!" exclaimed Eudosia, with delight instead of alarm. "Not a *hundred!*"

"*One hundred*, Miss Eudosia, to the last cent; then we scarcely make a living profit."

"Why, Mr. Bobbinet, this is the highest priced handkerchief that was ever sold in New York." This was said with a sort of rapture, the fair creature feeling all the advantage of having so good an opportunity of purchasing so dear an *article*.

"In America, ma'am. It is the highest priced handkerchief, by twenty dollars, that ever crossed the Atlantic. The celebrated Miss Jewel's, of Boston, only cost seventy-nine."

"Only! Oh, Mr. Bobbinet, I *must* have it. It is a perfect treasure!"

"Shall I send it, Miss Eudosia; or do n't you like to trust it out of your sight?"

"Not yet, sir. To own the truth, I have not so much money. I only came out to buy a few trifles, and brought but fifty dollars with me; and Pa insists on having no bills. I never knew any body as particular as Pa; but I will go instantly home and show him the importance of the purchase. You will not let the handkerchief be seen for *one* hour—only *one* hour—and then you shall hear from me."

To this Bobbinet assented. The young lady tripped

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into her carriage, and was instantly whirled from the door. In precisely forty-three minutes, a maid entered, half out of breath, and laid a note on the counter. The latter contained Mr. Halfacre's check for one hundred dollars, and a request from the fair Eudosia that I might be delivered to her messenger. Every thing was done as she had desired, and, in five minutes, I was going up Broadway as fast as Honor O'Flagherty's (for such was the name of the messenger) little dumpy legs could carry me.

Mr. Henry Halfacre was a speculator in town-lots—a profession that was, just then, in high repute in the city of New York. For farms, and all the more vulgar aspects of real estate, he had a sovereign contempt; but offer him a bit of land that could be measured by feet and inches, and he was your man. Mr. Halfacre inherited nothing; but he was a man of what are called energy and enterprize. In other words, he had a spirit for running in debt, and never shrunk from jeoparding property that, in truth, belonged to his creditors. The very morning that his eldest child, Eudosia, made her valuable acquisition, in my person, Henry Halfacre, Esq., was the owner of several hundred lots on the island of Manhattan; of one hundred and twenty-three in the city of Brooklyn; of nearly as many in Williamsburg; of large undivided interests in Milwaukie, Chicago, Rock River, Moonville, and other similar places; besides owning a considerable part of a place called Coney Island. In a word, the landed estate of Henry Halfacre, Esq., "*inventoried*," as he expressed it, just two millions, six hundred and twelve thousand dollars; a handsome sum, it must be confessed, for a man who, when he began his beneficent and energetic career in this branch of business, was just twenty-three thousand, four hundred and seventeen dollars worse than nothing. It is true, that there was some drawback on all this prosperity; Mr. Halfacre's bonds, notes, mortgages, and other liabilities, making a sum total that amounted to the odd six hundred thousand dollars; this still left him, however, a handsome paper balance of two millions.

Notwithstanding the amount of his "bills payable," Mr. Halfacre considered himself a very prudent man: first, because he insisted on having no book debts; second, because he always took another man's paper for a larger amount than he had given of his own, for any specific lot or lots; thirdly, and lastly, because he was careful to "extend himself," at the risk of other persons. There is no question, had all his lots been sold as he had inventoried them; had his debts been paid; and had he not spent his money a little faster than it was *bona fide* made, that Henry Halfacre, Esq. would have been a very rich man. As he managed, however, by means of getting portions of the paper he received discounted, to maintain a fine figure account in the bank, and to pay all current demands, he began to be known as the *rich* Mr. Halfacre. But one of his children, the fair Eudosia, was out; and as she had some distance to make in the better society of the town, ere she could pass for aristocratic, it was wisely determined that a golden bridge should be thrown across the dividing chasm. A hundred-dollar pocket-handkerchief, it was hoped, would serve for the key-stone, and then all the ends of life would be attained. As to a husband, a pretty girl like Eudosia, and the daughter of a man of "four figure" lots, might get one any day.

Honor O'Flagherty was both short-legged and short-breathed. She felt the full importance of her mission; and having an extensive acquaintance among the other Milesians of the town, and of her class, she stopped no less than eleven times to communicate the magnitude of Miss Dosie's purchase. To two particular favorites she actually showed me, under solemn promise of secrecy; and to four others she promised a peep some day, after her *bossee* had fairly worn me. In this manner my arrival was circulated prematurely in certain *coteries*, the pretty mouths and fine voices that spoke of my marvels, being quite unconscious that they were circulating news that had reached their ears *viâ* Honor O'Flagherty, Biddy Noon, and Kathleen Brady.

Mr. Halfacre occupied a very *genteel* residence in Broadway, where he and his enjoyed the full benefit of all the dust, noise, and commotion of that great thoroughfare. This house had been purchased and mortgaged, generally simultaneous operations with this great operator, as soon as he had "inventoried" half a million. It was a sort of patent of nobility to live in Broadway; and the acquisition of such a residence was like the purchase of a marquiseta in Italy. When Eudosia was fairly in possession of a hundred-dollar pocket-handkerchief, the great seal might be said to be attached to the document that was to elevate the Halfacres throughout all future time.

Now the beautiful Eudosia—for beautiful, and even lovely, this glorious-looking creature was, in spite of a very badly modulated voice, certain inroads upon the fitness of things in the way of expression, and a want of a knowledge of the finesse of fine life—now the beautiful Eudosia had an intimate friend named Clara Caverly, who was as unlike her as possible, in character, education, habits, and appearance; and yet who was firmly her friend. The attachment was one of childhood and accident—the two girls having been neighbors and school-fellows until they had got to like each other, after the manner in which young people form such friendships, to wear away under the friction of the world, and the pressure of time. Mr. Caverly was a lawyer of good practice, fair reputation, and respectable family. His wife happened to be a lady from her cradle; and the daughter had experienced the advantage of as great a blessing. Still Mr. Caverly was what the world of New York, in 1832, called poor; that is to say, he had no known bank-stock, did not own a lot on the island, was a director of neither bank nor insurance company, and lived in a modest two-story house, in White street. It is true his practice supported his family, and enabled him to invest in bonds and mortgages two or three thousand a-year; and he owned the fee of some fifteen or eighteen farms in Orange county, that were falling in from three-lives leases, and which had been in his family ever since the seventeenth century.

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But, at a period of prosperity like that which prevailed in 1832, 3, 4, 5, and 6, the hereditary dollar was not worth more than twelve and a half cents, as compared with the "inventoried" dollar. As there is something, after all, in a historical name, and the Caverleys still had the best of it, in the way of society, Eudosia was permitted to continue the visits in White street, even after her own family were in full possession in Broadway, and Henry Halfacre, Esq., had got to be enumerated among the Manhattan nabobs. Clara Caverly was in Broadway when Honor O'Flagherty arrived with me, out of breath, in consequence of the shortness of her legs, and the necessity of making up for lost time.

"There, Miss Dosie," cried the exulting housemaid, for such was Honor's domestic rank, though preferred to so honorable and confidential a mission—"There, Miss Dosie, there it is, and it's a jewel."

"What has Honor brought you *now*?" asked Clara Caverly in her quiet way, for she saw by the brilliant eyes and flushed cheeks of her friend that it was something the other would have pleasure in conversing about. "You make so many purchases, dear Eudosia, that I should think you would weary of them."

"What, weary of beautiful dresses? Never, Clara, never! That might do for White street, but in Broadway one is never tired of such things—see," laying me out at full length in her lap, "this is a pocket-handkerchief—I wish your opinion of it."

Clara examined me very closely, and, in spite of something like a frown, and an expression of dissatisfaction that gathered about her pretty face—for Clara was pretty, too—I could detect some of the latent feelings of the sex, as she gazed at my exquisite lace, perfect ornamental work, and unequaled fineness. Still, her education and habits triumphed, and she would not commend what she regarded as ingenuity misspent, and tasteless, because senseless, luxury.

"This handkerchief cost *one hundred dollars*, Clara," said Eudosia, deliberately and with emphasis, imitating, as near as possible, the tone of Bobbinet & Co.

"Is it possible, Eudosia! What a sum to pay for so useless a thing!"

"Useless! Do you call a pocket-handkerchief useless?"

"Quite so, when it is made in a way to render it out of the question to put it to the uses for which it was designed. I should as soon think of trimming gum shoes with satin, as to trim a handkerchief in that style."

"Style? Yes, I flatter myself it *is* style to have a handkerchief that cost a hundred dollars. Why, Clara Caverly, the highest priced thing of this sort that was ever before sold in New York only came to seventy-nine dollars. Mine is superior to all, by twenty-one dollars!"

Clara Caverly sighed. It was not with regret, or envy, or any unworthy feeling, however; it was a fair, honest, moral sigh, that had its birth in the thought of how much good a hundred dollars might have done, properly applied. It was under the influence of this feeling, too, that she said, somewhat inopportunely it must be confessed, though quite innocently—

"Well, Eudosia, I am glad you can afford such a luxury, at all events. Now is a good time to get your subscription to the Widows' and Orphans' Society. Mrs. Thoughtful has desired me to ask for it half a dozen times; I dare say it has escaped you that you are quite a twelvemonth in arrear."

"*Now* a good time to ask for three dollars! What, just when I've paid a hundred dollars for a pocket-handkerchief? That was not said with your usual good sense, my dear. People must be *made* of money to pay out so much at one time."

"When may I tell Mrs. Thoughtful, then, that you will send it to her?"

"I am sure that is more than I can say. Pa will be in no hurry to give me more money soon, and I want, at this moment, near a hundred dollars' worth of articles of dress to make a decent appearance. The Society can be in no such hurry for its subscriptions; they must amount to a good deal."

"Not if never paid. Shall I lend you the money—my mother gave me ten dollars this morning, to make a few purchases, which I can very well do without until you can pay me."

"*Do*, dear girl—you are always one of the best creatures in the world. How much is it? three dollars I believe."

"Six, if you pay the past and present year. I will pay Mrs. Thoughtful before I go home. But, dear Eudosia, I wish you had not bought that foolish pocket-handkerchief."

"Foolish! Do you call a handkerchief with such lace, and all this magnificent work on it, and which cost a *hundred dollars*, foolish? Is it foolish to have money, or to be thought rich?"

"Certainly not the first, though it may be better not to be thought rich. I wish to see you always dressed with propriety, for you do credit to your dress; but this handkerchief is out of place."

"Out of place! Now, hear me, Clara, though it is to be a great secret. What do you think Pa is worth?"

"Bless me, these are things I never think of. I do not even know how much my own father is worth. Mother tells me how much I may spend, and I can want to learn no more."

"Well, Mr. Murray dined with Pa last week, and they sat over their wine until near ten. I overheard them talking, and got into this room to listen, for I thought I should get something new. At first they said nothing but 'lots—lots—up town—down town—twenty-five feet front—dollar, dollar, dollar.' La! child, you never heard such stuff in your life!"

"One gets used to these things, notwithstanding," observed Clara, drily.

"Yes, one *does* hear a great deal of it. I shall be glad when the gentlemen learn to talk of something else. But the best is to come. At last, Pa asked Mr. Murray if he had *inventoried* lately."

"Did he?"

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"Yes, he did. Of course you know what that means?"

"It meant to *fill*, as they call it, does it not?"

"So I thought at first, but it means no such thing. It means to count up, and set down how much one is worth. Mr. Murray said he did *that* every month, and of course he knew very well what *he* was worth. I forget how much it was, for I didn't care, you know George Murray is not as old as I am, and so I listened to what Pa had inventoried. Now, how much do you guess?"

"Really, my dear, I hav'n't the least idea," answered Clara, slightly gaping—"a thousand dollars, perhaps."

"A thousand dollars! What, for a gentleman who keeps his coach—lives in Broadway—dresses his daughter as I dress, and gives her hundred-dollar handkerchiefs. Two hundred million, my dear; two hundred million!"

Eudosia had interpolated the word "hundred," quite innocently, for, as usually happens with those to whom money is new, her imagination ran ahead of her arithmetic. "Yes," she added, "two hundred millions; besides sixty millions of odd money."

"That sounds like a great deal," observed Clara quietly; for, besides caring very little for these millions, she had not a profound respect for her friend's accuracy on such subjects.

"It *is* a great deal. Ma says there are not ten richer men than Pa in the state. Now, does not this alter the matter about the pocket-handkerchief? It would be mean in me not to have a hundred-dollar handkerchief, when I could get one."

"It may alter the matter as to the extravagance; but it does not alter it as to the fitness. Of what *use* is a pocket-handkerchief like this? A pocket-handkerchief is made for *use*, my dear, not for show."

"You would not have a young lady use her pocket-handkerchief like a snuffy old nurse, Clara?"

"I would have her use it like a young lady, and in no other way. But it always strikes me as a proof of ignorance and a want of refinement when the uses of things are confounded. A pocket-handkerchief, at the best, is but a menial appliance, and it is bad taste to make it an object of attraction. *Fine*, it may be, for that conveys an idea of delicacy in its owner; but ornamented beyond reason, never. Look what a tawdry and vulgar thing an embroidered slipper is on a woman's foot."

"Yes, I grant you that, but every body cannot have hundred-dollar handkerchiefs, though they may have embroidered slippers. I shall wear my purchase at Miss Trotter's ball to-night."

To this Clara made no objection, though she still looked disapprobation of her purchase. Now, the lovely Eudosia had not a bad heart; she had only received a bad education. Her parents had given her a smattering of the usual accomplishments, but here her superior instruction ended. Unable to discriminate themselves, for the want of this very education, they had been obliged to trust their daughter to the care of mercenaries, who fancied their duties discharged when they had taught their pupil to repeat like a parrot. All she acquired had been for effect, and not for the purpose of every-day use; in which her instruction and her pocket-handkerchief might be said to be of a piece.

And here I will digress a moment, to make a single remark on a subject of which popular feeling, in America, under the influence of popular habits, is apt to take an *exparte* view. Accomplishments are derided as useless, in comparison with what is considered household virtues. The accomplishment of a cook is to make good dishes; of a seamstress to sow well, and of a lady to possess refined tastes, a cultivated mind, and agreeable and intellectual habits. The real *virtues* of all are the same, though subject to laws peculiar to their station; but it *is* a very different thing when we come to the mere accomplishments. To deride all the refined attainments of human skill denotes ignorance of the means of human happiness, nor is it any evidence of acquaintance with the intricate machinery of social greatness and a lofty civilization. These gradations in attainments are inseparable from civilized society, and if the skill of the ingenious and laborious is indispensable to a solid foundation, without the tastes and habits of the refined and cultivated, it never can be graceful or pleasing.

Eudosia had some indistinct glimmerings of this fact, though it was not often that she came to sound and discriminating decisions even in matters less complicated. In the present instance she saw this truth only by halves, and that, too, in its most commonplace aspect, as will appear by the remark she made on the occasion.

"Then, Clara, as to the *price* I have paid for this handkerchief," she said, "you ought to remember what the laws of political economy lay down on such subjects. I suppose your Pa makes you study political economy, my dear?"

"Indeed he does not. I hardly know what it means."

"Well, that is singular; for Pa says, in this age of the world, it is the only way to be rich. Now, it is by means of a trade in lots, and political economy, generally, that he has succeeded so wonderfully; for, to own the truth to you, Clara, Pa has'n't always been rich."

"No!" answered Clara, with a half-suppressed smile, she knowing the fact already perfectly well.

"Oh, no—far from it—but we don't speak of this publicly, it being a sort of disgrace in New York, you know, not to be thought worth at least half a million. I dare say your Pa is worth as much as that?"

"I have not the least idea he is worth a fourth of it, though I do not pretend to know. To me half a million of dollars seems a great deal of money, and I know my father considers himself poor—poor, at least, for one of his station. But what were you about to say of political economy? I am curious to hear how *that* can have any thing to do with your handkerchief."

"Why, my dear, in this manner. You know a distribution of labor is the source of all civilization—

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that trade is an exchange of equivalents—that custom-houses fetter these equivalents—that nothing which is fettered is free—"

"My dear Eudosia, what *is* your tongue running on?"

"You will not deny, Clara, that any thing which is fettered is not free? And that freedom is the greatest blessing of this happy country; and that trade ought to be as free as any thing else?"

All this was gibberish to Clara Caverly, who understood the phrases, notwithstanding, quite as well as the friend who was using them. Political economy is especially a science of terms; and free trade, as a branch of it is called, is just the portion of it which is indebted to them the most. But Clara had not patience to hear any more of the unintelligible jargon which has got possession of the world to-day, much as Mr. Pitt's celebrated sinking-fund scheme for paying off the national debt of Great Britain did, half a century since, and under very much the same influences; and she desired her friend to come at once to the point, as connected with the pocket-handkerchief.

"Well, then," resumed Eudosia, "it is connected in this way. The luxuries of the rich give employment to the poor, and cause money to circulate. Now this handkerchief of mine, no doubt, has given employment to some poor French girl for four or five months, and, of course, food and raiment. She has earned, no doubt, fifty of the hundred dollars I have paid. Then the custom-house—ah, Clara, if it were not for that vile custom-house, I might have had the handkerchief at least five-and-twenty dollars lower——!"

"In which case you would have prized it five-and-twenty times less," answered Clara, smiling archly.

"*That* is true; yes, free trade, after all, does *not* apply to pocket-handkerchiefs."

"And yet," interrupted Clara, laughing, "if one can believe what one reads, it applies to hackney-coaches, ferry-boats, doctors, lawyers, and even the clergy. My father says it is——"

"What? I am curious to know, Clara, what as plain speaking a man as Mr. Caverly calls it."

"He is plain speaking enough to call it a —— *humbug*," said the daughter, endeavoring to mouth the word in a theatrical manner. "But, as Othello says, the handkerchief."

"Oh! Fifty dollars go to the poor girl who does the work, twenty-five more to the odious custom-house, some fifteen to rent, fuel, lights, and ten, perhaps, to Mr. Bobbinet, as profits. Now all this is very good, and very useful to society, as you must own."

Alas, poor Adrienne! Thou didst not receive for me as many francs as this fair calculation gave thee dollars; and richer wouldst thou have been, and, oh, how much happier, hadst thou kept the money paid for me, sold the lace even at a loss, and spared thyself so many, many hours of painful and anxious toil! But it is thus with human calculations. The propositions seem plausible, and the reasoning fair, while stern truth lies behind all to level the pride of understanding, and prove the fallacy of the wisdom of man.

The reader may wish to see how closely Eudosia's account of profit and loss came to the fact, and I shall, consequently, make up the statement from the private books of the firm that had the honor of once owning me, viz.:

Super-extraordinary Pocket-handkerchief, &c., in account with Bobbinet & Co.

DR.

To money paid, first cost, francs 100, at 5.25,	$19 4
To interest on same for ninety days, at 7 per cent.,	00 33
To portion of passage money,	00 04
To porterage,	00 00½
To washing and making up,	00 25
	$19 66½

CR.

By cash paid by Miss Thimble,	$1 00
By cash paid for article,	100 00
By washerwoman's deduction,	00 5
	101 5
	19 66½
By profit,	$81 39½

As Clara Caverly had yet to see Mrs. Thoughtful, and pay Eudosia's subscription, the former now took her leave. I was thus left alone with my new employer, for the first time, and had an opportunity of learning something of her true character, without the interposition of third persons; for, let a friend have what hold he or she may on your heart, it has a few secrets that are strictly its own. If admiration of myself could win my favor, I had every reason to be satisfied with the hands into which fortune had now thrown me. There were many things to admire in Eudosia—a defective education being the great evil with which she had to contend. Owing to this education, if it really deserved such a name, she had superficial accomplishments, superficially acquired—principles that scarce extended beyond the *retenue* and morals of her sex—tastes that had been imbibed from questionable models—and hopes that proceeded from a false estimate of the very false position into which she had been accidentally and suddenly thrown. Still Eudosia had a heart. She could scarcely be a woman, and escape the influence of this portion of the female frame. By means of the mesmeritic power of a pocket-handkerchief, I soon discovered that there was a certain Morgan Morely in New York, to whom she longed to exhibit my perfection, as second to the wish to exhibit her own.

I scarcely know whether to felicitate myself or not, on the circumstance that I was brought out the very first evening I passed in the possession of Eudosia Halfacre. The beautiful girl was dressed and ready for Mrs. Trotter's ball by eight; and her admiring mother thought it impossible for the heart of Morgan Morely, a reputed six figure fortune, to hold out any longer. By some accident or other, Mr. Halfacre did not appear—he had not dined at home; and the two females had all the joys of anticipation to themselves.

"I wonder what has become of your father," said Mrs. Halfacre, after inquiring for her husband for the tenth time. "It is *so* like him to forget an engagement to a ball. I believe he thinks of nothing but his lots. It is really a great trial, Dosie, to be so rich. I sometimes wish we were n't worth more than a mil-

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lion; for, after all, I suspect true happiness is to be found in these little fortunes. Heigho! It's ten o'clock, and we must go, if we mean to be there at all; for Mrs. Caverly once said, in my presence, that she thought it as vulgar to be too late, as too early."

The carriage was ordered, and we all three got in, leaving a message for Mr. Halfacre to follow us. As the rumor that a "three-figure" pocket-handkerchief was to be at the ball, had preceded my appearance, a general buzz announced my arrival in the *salle á manger-salons*. I have no intention of describing fashionable society in the GREAT EMPORIUM of the *western world*. Every body understands that it is on the best possible footing—grace, ease, high breeding and common sense being so blended together, that it is exceedingly difficult to analyze them, or, indeed, to tell which is which. It is this moral fusion that renders the whole perfect, as the harmony of fine coloring throws a glow of glory on the pictures of Claude, or, for that matter, on those of Cole, too. Still, as envious and evil disposed persons have dared to call in question the elegance, and more especially the *retenue* of a Manhattanese rout, I feel myself impelled, if not by that high sentiment, patriotism, at least by a feeling of gratitude for the great consideration that is attached to pocket-handkerchiefs, just to declare that it is all scandal. If I have any fault to find with New York society, it is on account of its formal and almost priggish quiet—the female voice being usually quite lost in it—thus leaving a void in the ear, not to say the heart, that it is painful to endure. Could a few young ladies, too, be persuaded to become a little more prominent, and quit their mother's apron-strings, it would add vastly to the grouping, and relieve the stiffness of the "shin-pieces" of formal rows of dark-looking men, and of the flounces of pretty women. These two slight faults repaired, New York society might rival that of Paris; especially in the Chausse d'Autin. More than this I do not wish to say, and less than this I cannot in honor write, for I have made some of the warmest and truest-hearted friends in New York that it ever fell to the lot of a pocket-handkerchief to enjoy.

It has been said that my arrival produced a general buzz. In less than a minute Eudosia had made her curtsy, and was surrounded, in a corner, by a bevy of young friends, all silent together, and all dying to see me. To deny the deep gratification I felt at the encomiums I received, would be hypocrisy. They went from my borders to my centre—from the lace to the hem—and from the hem to the minutest fibre of my exquisite texture. In a word, I was the first hundred-dollar pocket-handkerchief that had then appeared in their circles; and had I been a Polish count, with two sets of moustaches, I could not have been more flattered and "entertained." My fame soon spread through the rooms, as two little apartments, with a door between them that made each an alcove of the other, were called; and even the men, the young ones in particular, began to take an interest in me. This latter interest, it is true, did not descend to the minutiæ of trimmings and work, or even of fineness, but the "three figure" had a surprising effect. An elderly lady sent to borrow me for a moment. It was a queer thing to borrow a pocket-handkerchief, some will think; but I was lent to twenty people that night; and while in her hands, I overheard the following little aside, between two young fashionables, who were quite unconscious of the acuteness of the senses of our family.

"This must be a rich old chap, this Halfacre, to be able to give his daughter a hundred-dollar pocket-handkerchief, Tom; one might do well to get introduced."

"If you'll take my advice, Ned, you'll keep where you are," was the answer. "You've been to the surrogate's office, and have seen the will of old Simonds, and *know* that he has left his daughter seventy-eight thousand dollars; and, after all, this pocket-handkerchief may be only a sign. I always distrust people who throw out such lures."

"Oh, rely on it, there is no sham here; Charley Pray told me of this girl last week, when no one had ever heard of her pocket-handkerchief."

"Why don't Charley, then, take her himself? I'm sure, if I had *his* imperial, I could pick and choose among all the second-class heiresses in town."

"Ay, there's the rub, Tom; one is obliged in our business to put up with the *second* class. Why can't we aim higher at once, and get such girls as the Burtons, for instance?"

"The Burtons have, or have had, a mother."

"And hav n't all girls mothers? Who ever heard of a man or a woman without a mother!"

"True, physically; but I mean morally. Now this very Eudosia Halfacre has no more mother, in the last sense, than you have a wet-nurse. She has an old woman to help her make a fool of herself; but, in the way of mother, she would be better off with a pair of good gum-shoes. A creature that is just to tell a girl not to wet her feet, and when to cloak and uncloak, and to help tear the check-book out of money, is no more of a mother than old Simonds was of a Solomon, when he made that will, which every one of us knows by heart quite as well as he knows the constitution."

Here a buzz in the room drew the two young men a little aside, and for a minute I heard nothing but indistinct phrases, in which "removal of deposites," "panic," "General Jackson," and "revolution," were the only words I could fairly understand. Presently, however, the young men dropped back into their former position, and the dialogue proceeded.

"There!" exclaimed Ned, in a voice louder than was prudent, "*that* is what I call an escape! That cursed handkerchief was very near taking me in. I call it swindling to make such false pretensions."

"It might be very awkward with one who was not properly on his guard; but with the right sort there is very little danger."

Here the two *elégants* led out a couple of heiresses to dance; and I heard no more of them or of their escapes. Lest the reader, however, should be misled, I wish to add, that these two worthies are not to be taken as specimens of New York morality at all—no

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place on earth being more free from fortune-hunters, or of a higher tone of social morals in this delicate particular. As I am writing for American readers, I wish to say, that all they are told of the vices of *old* countries, on the other side of the Atlantic, is strictly true; while all that is said, directly, or by implication, of the vices and faults of this happy young country, is just so much calumny. The many excellent friends I have made, since my arrival in this hemisphere, has bound my heart to them to all eternity; and I will now proceed with my philosophical and profound disquisitions on what I have seen, with a perfect confidence that I shall receive credit, and an independence of opinion that is much too dear to me to consent to place it in question. But to return to facts.

I was restored to Eudosia, with a cold, reserved look, by a lady into whose hands I had passed, that struck me as singular, as shown to the owner of such an article. It was not long, however, before I discovered, to use a homely phrase, that something had happened; and I was not altogether without curiosity to know what that something was. It was apparent enough, that Eudosia was the subject of general observation, and of general conversation, though, so long as she held me in her hand, it exceeded all my acuteness of bearing to learn what was said. The poor girl fancied her pocket-handkerchief was the common theme; and in this she was not far from right, though it was in a way she little suspected. At length Clara Caverly drew near, and borrowed me of her friend, under a pretext of showing me to her mother, who was in the room, though, in fact, it was merely to get me out of sight; for Clara was much too well-bred to render any part of another's dress the subject of her discussions in general society. As if impatient to get me out of sight, I was thrown on a sofa, among a little pile of *cousaurs*, (if there is such a word,) for a gathering had been made, while our pretty possessors were dancing, in order to compare our beauty. There we lay quite an hour, a congress of pocket-handkerchiefs, making our comments on the company, and gossiping in our own fashion. It was only the next day that I discovered the reason we were thus neglected; for, to own the truth, something had occurred which suddenly brought "three-figure," and even "two-figure" people of our class into temporary disrepute. I shall explain that reason at the proper moment.

The conversation among the handkerchiefs on the sofa, ran principally on the subject of our comparative market value. I soon discovered that there was a good deal of envy against me, on account of my "three figures," although, I confess, I thought I cut a "poor figure," lying as I did, neglected in a corner, on the very first evening of my appearance in the fashionable world. But some of the opinions uttered on this occasion—always in the mesmeritic manner, be it remembered—will be seen in the following dialogue.

"Well!" exclaimed $25, "this is the first ball I have been at that I was not thought good enough to have a place in the quadrille. You see all the canaille are in the hands of their owners, while we, the élite of pocket-handkerchiefs, are left here in a corner, like so many cloaks."

"There must be a reason for this, certainly," answered $15, "though *you* have been flourished about these two winters, in a way that ought to satisfy one of *your* pretensions."

An animated reply was about to set us all in commotion, when $50, who, next to myself, had the highest claims of any in the party, changed the current of feeling, by remarking—

"It is no secret that we are out of favor for a night or two, in consequence of three figures having been paid for one of us, this very day, by a bossess, whose father stopped payment within three hours after he signed the cheque that was to pay the importer. I overheard the whole story, half an hour since, and thus, you see, every one is afraid to be seen with an aristocratic handkerchief, just at this moment. But—bless you! in a day or two all will be forgotten, and we shall come more into favor than ever. All is always forgotten in New York in a week."

Such was, indeed, the truth. One General Jackson had "removed the deposits," as I afterwards learned, though I never could understand exactly what that meant; but, it suddenly made money scarce, more especially with those who had none; and every body that was "extended" began to quake in their shoes. Mr. Halfacre happened to be in this awkward predicament, and he broke down in the effort to sustain himself. His energy had overreached itself, like the tumbler who breaks his neck in throwing seventeen hundred somersets backwards.

Every one is more apt to hear an unpleasant rumor than those whom it immediately affects. Thus Eudosia and her mother were the only persons at Mrs. Trotter's ball who were ignorant of what had happened; one whispering the news to another, though no one could presume to communicate the fact to the parties most interested. In a commercial town, like New York, the failure of a reputed millionaire, could not long remain a secret, and every body stared at the wife and daughter, and me; first, as if they had never seen the wives and daughters of bankrupts before; and second, as if they had never seen them surrounded by the evidences of their extravagance.

But the crisis was at hand, and the truth could not long be concealed. Eudosia was permitted to cloak and get into the carriage unaided by any beau, a thing that had not happened to her since speculation had brought her father into notice. This circumstance, more than any other, attracted her attention; and the carriage no sooner started than the poor girl gave vent to her feelings.

"What *can* be the matter, Ma?" Eudosia said, "that every person in Mrs. Trotter's rooms should stare so at me, this evening? I am sure my dress is as well made and proper as that of any other young lady in the rooms, and as for the handkerchiefs, I could see envy in fifty eyes, when their owners heard the price."

"That is all, dear—they *did* envy you, and no wonder they stared—nothing makes people stare like envy. I thought this handkerchief would make a

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commotion. Oh! I used to stare myself when envious."

"Still it was odd that Morgan Morely did not ask me to dance—he knows how fond I am of dancing, and for the credit of so beautiful a handkerchief, he ought to have been more than usually attentive to-night."

Mrs. Halfacre gaped, and declared that she was both tired and sleepy, which put an end to conversation until the carriage reached her own door.

Both Mrs. Halfacre and Eudosia were surprised to find the husband and father still up. He was pacing the drawing-room, by the light of a single tallow candle, obviously in great mental distress.

"Bless me!" exclaimed the wife—"*you* up at this hour?—what *can* have happened? what *has* come to our door?"

"Nothing but beggary," answered the man, smiling with a bitterness which showed he felt an inhuman joy, at that fierce moment, in making others as miserable as himself. "Yes, Mrs. Henry Halfacre—yes, Miss Eudosia Halfacre, you are both beggars—I hope that, at least, will satisfy you."

"You mean, Henry, that you have failed?" For that was a word too familiar in New York not to be understood even by the ladies. "Tell me the worst at once—is it true, *have* you failed?"

"It *is* true—I *have* failed. My notes have been this day protested for ninety-five thousand dollars, and I have not ninety-five dollars in bank. To-morrow, twenty-three thousand more will fall due, and this month will bring round quite a hundred and thirty thousand more. That accursed removal of the deposits, and that tiger, Jackson, have done it all."

To own the truth, both the ladies were a little confounded. They wept, and for some few minutes there was a dead silence, but curiosity soon caused them both to ask questions.

"This is very dreadful, and with our large family!" commenced the mother—"and so the general has it all to answer for—why did you let him give so many notes for you?"

"No—no—it is not that—I gave the notes myself; but he removed the deposits, I tell you."

"It 's just like him, the old wretch! To think of his removing your deposits, just as you wanted them so much yourself! But why did the clerks at the bank let him have them—they ought to have known that you had all this money to pay, and people cannot well pay debts without money."

"You are telling that, my dear, to one who knows it by experience. That is the very reason why I have failed. I have a great many debts, and I have no money."

"But you have hundreds of lots—give them lots, Henry, and that will settle all your difficulties. You must remember how all our friends have envied us our lots."

"Ay, no fear, but they 'll get the lots, my dear—unless, indeed," added the speculator, "I take good care to prevent it. Thank God! I 'm not a *declared* bankrupt. I can yet make my own assignee."

"Well, then, I would n't say a word about it—declare nothing, and let 'em find out that you have failed, in the best manner they can. Why tell people your distresses, so that they may pity you. I hate pity, above all things—and especially the pity of my own friends."

"Oh, that will be dreadful!" put in Eudosia. "For Heaven's sake, Pa, do n't let any body pity us."

"Very little fear of that, I fancy," muttered the father; "people who shoot up like rockets, in two or three years, seldom lay the foundations of much pity in readiness for their fall."

"Well, I declare, Dosie, this is *too* bad in the old general, after all. I 'm sure it *must* be unconstitutional for a president to remove your father's deposits. If I were in your place, Mr. Halfacre, I would n't fail just to spite them. You know you always said that a man of energy can do any thing in this country; and I have heard Mr. Munny say that he did n't know a man of greater energy than yourself."

The grin with which the ruined speculator turned on his wife was nearly sardonic.

"Your men of energy are the very fellows to fail," he said; "however, they shall find if I have had extraordinary energy in running into debt, that I have extraordinary energy, too, in getting out of it. Mrs. Halfacre, we must quit this house this very week, and all this fine furniture must be brought to the hammer. I mean to preserve my character, at least."

This was said loftily, and with the most approved accents.

"Surely it is n't necessary to move to do that, my dear! Other people fail, and keep their houses, and furniture, and carriages, and such other things. Let us not make ourselves the subjects of unpleasant remarks."

"I intend that as little as you do yourself. We must quit this house and bring the furniture under the hammer, or part with all those lots you so much esteem and prize."

"Oh! if the house and furniture will pay the notes I 'm content, especially if you can contrive to keep the lots. Dosie will part with her handkerchief, too, I dare say, if that will do any good."

"By George! that will be a capital idea—yes, the handkerchief must be sent back to-morrow morning; *that* will make a famous talk. I only bought it because Munny was present, and I wanted to get fifty thousand dollars out of him, to meet this crisis. The thing did n't succeed; but, no matter, the handkerchief will tell in settling up. That handkerchief, Dosie, may be made to cover a hundred lots."

In what manner I was to open so much, like the tent of the Arabian Nights, was a profound mystery to me then, as well as it was to the ladies; but the handsome Eudosia placed me in her father's hand with a frank liberality that proved she was not altogether without good qualities. As I afterwards discovered, indeed, these two females had most of the excellences of a devoted wife and daughter, their frivolities being the result of vicious educations, or of no educations at all, rather than of depraved hearts. When Mr. Halfacre went into liquidation, as it is

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called, and compromised with his creditors, reserving to himself a pretty little capital of some eighty or a hundred thousand dollars, by means of judicious payments to confidential creditors, his wife and daughter saw all *they* most prized taken away, and the town was filled with the magnitude of their sacrifices, and with the handsome manner in which both submitted to make them. By this ingenious device, the insolvent not only preserved his character, by no means an unusual circumstance in New York, however, but he preserved about half of his bona fide estate also; his creditors, as was customary, doing the *paying*.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the remainder of this dialogue, my own adventures so soon carrying me into an entirely different sphere. The following morning, however, as soon as he had breakfasted, Mr. Halfacre put me in his pocket, and walked down street, with the port of an afflicted and stricken, but thoroughly honest man. When he reached the shop-door of Bobbinet & Co., he walked boldly in, and laid me on the counter with a flourish so meek, that even the clerks, a very matter-of-fact caste in general, afterwards commented on it.

"Circumstances of an unpleasant nature, on which I presume it is unnecessary to dwell, compel me to offer you this handkerchief, back again, gentlemen," he said, raising his hand to his eyes in a very affecting manner. "As a bargain is a bargain, I feel great reluctance to disturb its sacred obligations, but I *cannot* suffer a child of mine to retain such a luxury, while a single individual can justly say that I owe him a dollar."

"What fine sentiments!" said Silky, who was lounging in a corner of the shop—"wonderful sentiments, and such as becomes a man of honesty."

Those around the colonel approved of his opinion, and Mr. Halfacre raised his head like one who was not afraid to look his creditors in the face.

"I approve of your motives, Mr. Halfacre," returned Bobbinet, "but you know the character of the times, and the dearness of rents. That article has been seen in private hands, doubtless, and can no longer be considered fresh—we shall be forced to make a considerable abatement, if we consent to comply."

"Name your own terms, sir; so they leave me a single dollar for my creditors, I shall be happy."

"Wonderful sentiments!" repeated the colonel—"we must send that man to the national councils!"

After a short negotiation, it was settled that Mr. Halfacre was to receive $50, and Bobbinet & Co. were to replace me in their drawer. The next morning an article appeared in a daily paper of pre-eminent honesty and truth, and talents, in the following words:—

"*Worthy of Imitation.*—A distinguished gentleman of this city, H—— H——, Esquire, having been compelled to *suspend*, in consequence of the late robbery of the Bank of the United States by the cold-blooded miscreant whose hoary head disgraces the White House, felt himself bound to return an article of dress, purchased as recently as yesterday by his lovely daughter, and who, in every respect, was entitled to wear it, as she would have adorned it, receiving back the price, with a view to put it in the fund he is already collecting to meet the demands of his creditors. It is due to the very respectable firm of Bobbinet & Co. to add, that it refunded the money with the greatest liberality, at the first demand. We can recommend this house to our readers as one of the most liberal in *our* city, (by the way the editor who wrote this article did n't own a foot of the town, or of any thing else,) and as possessing a very large and well selected assortment of the choicest goods."

The following words—"we take this occasion to thank Messrs. Bobbinet & Co. for a specimen of most beautiful gloves sent us," had a line run through in the manuscript; a little reflection, telling the learned editor that it might be indiscreet to publish the fact at that precise moment. The American will know how to appreciate the importance of this opinion, in relation to the house in question, when he is told that it was written by one of those inspired moralists, and profound constitutional lawyers, and ingenious political economists, who daily teach their fellow creatures how to give practical illustrations of the mandates of the Bible, how to discriminate in vexed questions arising from the national compact, and how to manage their private affairs in such a way as to escape the quicksands that have wrecked their own.

As some of my readers may feel an interest in the fate of poor Eudosia, I will take occasion to say, before I proceed with the account of my own fortunes, that it was not half as bad as might have been supposed. Mr. Halfacre commenced his compromises under favorable auspices. The reputation of the affair of the pocket-handkerchief was of great service, and creditors relented as they thought of the hardship of depriving a pretty girl of so valuable an appliance. Long before the public had ceased to talk about the removal of the deposits, Mr. Halfacre had arranged every thing to his own satisfaction. The lots were particularly useful, one of them paying off a debt that had been contracted for half a dozen. Now and then he met an obstinate fellow who insisted on his money, and who talked of suits in chancery. Such men were paid off in full, litigation being the speculator's aversion. As for the fifty dollars received for me, it answered to go to market with until other funds were found. This diversion of the sum from its destined object, however, was apparent rather than real, since food was indispensable to enable the excellent but unfortunate man to work for the benefit of his creditors. In short, every thing was settled in the most satisfactory manner, Mr. Halfacre paying a hundred cents in the dollar, in lots, however, but in such a manner as balanced his books beautifully.

"Now, thank God! I owe no man a sixpence," said Mr. to Mrs. Halfacre, the day all was concluded, "and only one small mistake has been made by me, in going through so many complicated accounts, and for such large sums."

"I had hoped *all* was settled," answered the good woman in alarm. "It is that unreasonable man, John Downright, who gives you this trouble, I dare say."

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"He—oh! he is paid in full. I offered him, at first, twenty-five cents in the dollar, but *that* he would n't hear to. Then I found a small error, and offered forty. It would n't do, and I had to pay the scamp a hundred. I can look that fellow in the face with a perfectly clear conscience."

"Who else can it be, then?"

"Only your brother, Myers, my dear; somehow or other, we made a mistake in our figures, which made out a demand in his favor of $100,000. I paid it in property, but when we came to look over the figures it was discovered that a cypher too much had been thrown in, and Myers paid back the difference like a man, as he is."

"And to whom will that difference belong?"

"To whom—oh!—why, of course, to the right owner." [Conclusion in our next.

THE GOOD GEORGE CAMPBELL.

FROM THE GERMAN OF O. L. B. WOLF.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

High on the highlands,
And deep in the day,
The good George Campbell
Rode free and away.
All saddled, all bridled,
Gay garments he wore;
Home came his good steed,
But he nevermore!

Out came his mother,
Weeping so sadly!
Out came his beauteous bride,
Wailing so madly!

All saddled, all bridled,
Strong armor he wore;
Home came the saddle,
But he nevermore!

"My meadow lies green,
Unreaped is my corn;
My garner is empty,
My child is unborn!"
All saddled, all bridled,
Sharp weapons he bore:
Home came the saddle,
But he nevermore!

THE MOON.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

My soul was like the sea
Before the moon was made;
Moaning in vague immensity,
Of its own strength afraid,
Unrestful and unstaid.

Through every rift it framed in vain
About its earthly prison,
Seeking some unknown thing in pain
And sinking restless back again,
For yet no moon had risen:
Its only voice a vast dumb moan
Of utterless anguish speaking,
It lay unhopefully alone
And lived but in an aimless seeking.

So was my soul: but when 't was full
Of unrest to o'erloading,
A voice of something beautiful
Whispered a dim foreboding,
And yet so soft, so sweet, so low,
It had not more of joy than woe:
And, as the sea doth oft lie still,
Making his waters meet,
As if by an unconscious will,
For the moon's silver feet,
Like some serene, unwinking eye
That waits a certain destiny,
So lay my soul within mine eyes
When thou its sovereign moon didst rise.

And now, howe'er its waves above
May toss and seem unuseful,
One strong, eternal law of love
With guidance sure and peaceful,
As calm and natural as breath
Moves its great deeps through Life and Death.

RESIGNATION.

Here was a cheerful faith! The darling child
In whom were centred love, and hope, and pride,
The radiant idol of her worship died,
And o'er his beauteous clay the clods were piled,
Yet through her tears the mourning mother smiled,
As, with the eye of faith, she saw the bowers
Of heaven fresh-blooming with immortal flowers,
Amid whose fragrance wandered, undefiled,
The loved and early lost! A healing balm
Fell on her heart—serene, though sad withal,
She girded up her soul at duty's call,
And hopeful still, with spirit meek and calm,
Life's lowly ways through shade and sunlight trod,
While leaned her chastened heart confidingly on God!

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THE LOVER'S SIGNAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HENRI QUATRE; OR THE DAYS OF THE LEAGUE."

Among the villas and chateaux which skirt Geneva's lake, none ranked higher for picturesque beauty of situation, than the abode of Monsieur St. Aubin. He was of French descent, inheriting the domains of a family which, for several generations, had been established in Switzerland. His ancestors had held, previous to their emigration, posts of honor and emolument at the French court; loyalty, even on republican soil, remained a traditional virtue in the family; it was, therefore, with much grief that St. Aubin heard of the decapitation of Louis and the queenly Marie Antoinette, the dispersion of their brilliant court, the wreck of all memory held so dear—the *ancien régime*. If the dire event had happened earlier, whilst he was a younger man, he would undoubtedly have taken up arms, and joined the emigrant army; but he had already fallen into "the sere and yellow leaf," had no son to whom he might entrust the family honor and sword—zeal was restricted to generous sympathy for the Bourbons, thorough detestation of the regicidal authorities. He was a widower, with an only daughter, Bertha, lately returned, on account of the troubles, from a long sojourn with relatives at Paris. Fondness for ancestral recollections induced privation of his daughter's society; he was anxious she should for a while dwell midst the splendor of a court, of whose earlier history he had a thousand anecdotes to relate, bequeathed by sire and grandsire. During her absence, feeling his state lonely, unsocial, he took under his roof a brother's orphan daughters, Melanie and Euphrasia St. Aubin.

It was about six months after the return of Bertha, that the sisters, Melanie and Euphrasia, were one afternoon sitting on the terrace-walk, which commanded a view of the lake. The suite of rooms occupied by the family opened on a smooth, tesselated promenade, shaded at each end by lofty foliage, beneath which stood pavilions of uniform design. Euphrasia, the younger sister, a girl of sixteen summers, with some pretensions to beauty, and undeniable claim to good temper and kindly disposition, was sitting *al fresco*, in front of the half-opened doors of the saloon, engaged sketching a portion of the varied landscape; whilst Melanie walked to and fro, sometimes pausing to mark her sister's progress, sometimes staying before the door, considering whether she should take pencil in hand, resume the half-finished embroidery, or evoke the latent melody which dwelt in the strings of the suspended guitar. Taller than Euphrasia, she had the advantage or disadvantage of being six years older—a gay, handsome, arch-looking belle of two and twenty, with eyes in which lurked mischief as well as beauty. It happened now, as usual, that Melanie, it matters not whether stung by emulation, or goaded by *ennui*, was bent on employment, but then she could not make up a mind what to do. Whilst eyeing the guitar, suspended by broad blue ribbon, the sound of carriage-wheels on the road, in the rear of the chateau, distracted her attention, caused her to look out for the passing equipage—or when fully bent on taking up the embroidery, a sloop, or perhaps pinnace, with its white sails, appeared making for the landing in the park beneath—the appearance was generally deceptive, the vessel merely standing in to gain the breeze in a fresh tack which would carry her round the headland—but it sufficed to make the lady forget her purpose.

"Here comes our good uncle—and I hope with plenty of news!" exclaimed the idle beauty, enthusiastically. His arrival was hailed as a great relief by both ladies—by the one, inasmuch as he brought from Geneva the latest news, which might prove interesting, or afford matter for speculation—by the other, as she could now pursue her pictorial studies freed from the inquietude which the restlessness of one sister failed not to inflict on the other.

"Where is Bertha?" asked St. Aubin, looking round, after he had satisfied the many eager inquiries of Melanie.

"Nay—I know not, uncle," replied the niece, coldly; "she is too fine a lady to remain with us humbly bred provincials—perhaps we might find her on the shore gathering pebbles, or on the rocks picking up quartz, or maybe in one of the grottoes beneath, carving a sonnet in sandstone."

"You are too severe, Melanie," remarked the old gentleman, approaching his younger niece; "Bertha is much changed, I own, since her return—but your behavior does not afford a fair chance for the renewal of the sisterlike friendship which existed when both were younger."

As monsieur approached Euphrasia, the latter anticipated his wish by presenting her drawing. He bowed, in receiving it, with the gracefulness of *la vieille cour*. He stood comparing the sketch with the original—Melanie was at his shoulder.

"Monsieur St. Aubin," said the maiden, coaxingly, "is angry—"

"No, Melanie," replied the uncle, "I am grieved—sorry."

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"But you shall no longer have cause," rejoined the lady; "it shall not be my fault, if Bertha and I be not as sisters again."

"See! where she comes!" cried Euphrasia, pointing toward the beach.

Whilst Bertha alone wound up the rather toilsome ascent from the lake, for age excused even the gallant breeding of St. Aubin, we will endeavor to clear the mystery from the hints and inuendoes thrown out in the above conversation.

Up to the period of the departure for Paris, the friendship of Bertha and Melanie was proverbial in the neighborhood; since the return of the heiress of Chateau St. Aubin, after an absence of two years, the intimacy—although the parties now dwelt under the same roof—assumed a cold, estranged and formal character, sadly enlivened by traits of pique and rivalry—the animosity, it must be confessed, chiefly on the side of Melanie. The little world, around that side Geneva's lake, as malevolently disposed as elsewhere, took a summary view of the quarrel, and it was accordingly an unchallenged axiom of gossip, that Bertha was enraged to find her own station in her father's house usurped—authority delegated to the niece instead of the daughter; and that Melanie, emboldened by a wild, wilful spirit, was bent on retaining the vantage-ground, having, during Bertha's absence, acquired an ascendancy over her easy, good tempered uncle.

But, in truth, neither cousin could have explained satisfactorily the cause of difference; it originated from various motives, some of which worked unconsciously in the mind. Two years spent in the best society of Paris had freed Bertha from every trace of rusticity and provincial manners; the tone of polite society, preceding the revolution, was animated by philosophy, deepened by the enkindling strife of politics, which raged equally in the saloon and the *Tiers Etat;* ladies caught the infection, gave suppers to slovenly philosophers who supplanted perfumed gallants, now obliged to borrow the language of their new rivals in approaching the morning toilet (hour of conversational rendezvous) or the gaudy evening saloon. Bertha, imbued with the self-sustained composure of a lady of fashion, tinctured with a due smattering of science, could find no neutral ground of intercourse with her cousin, where both might meet on equality; the other felt her own inferiority of manner, acquirements and deportment, yet retained a lively sense of superiority, whether real or supposed, in the native gifts of wit, energy and strong sense. Hence grew estrangement, which gave birth to rivalry and mutual pique—to encounters of angry raillery, half suppressed taunt and sneer. Melanie was the sharper wit, dealt the keenest blows, yet Bertha had the advantage in coolness and well preserved insensibility of manner. It was remarked she seldom commenced the attack, yet she took little pains to conciliate her kinswoman by concealing acquirements which originated jealousy and aversion. Perhaps the strongest incentive to Melanie's pique remains to be told. On Bertha's return, her cousin, as of old, unfolded all her little secrets, confidences, the *arcana* of the heart, and was both chilled and vexed in gaining no confidence in return. Bertha she found was no longer the Bertha of childhood and maturer youth, but a clever, polished woman of the world, disposed to listen to the secrets of friends, averse to disclosing her own, having, as she averred, none to recount; nor could any art or skill which Melanie possessed, draw forth disclosure, or cause even the betrayal of momentary confusion. Euphrasia shared slightly the feelings of her sister, but being much younger, less exposed to rivalry, and more studious, she was rather an ally than confederate of Melanie.

With St. Aubin, his daughter, strange to say, had lost much ground since her return from Paris. Formerly the idol of his affections, object of his fond, anticipative hope, she now redeemed her early promise manifold; but alas! for Bertha the degenerate! She spoke too coldly of the deceased king and queen, enshrined in her father's heart—too enthusiastically of the reigning French authorities, who had—regicides as they were—put France in an attitude of defence against the nations disposed to restore the exiled family, in a manner, and with a high-hearted courage, calculated to win the admiration of the world. The quick-witted Melanie saw the weak point, and ever cruelly contrived to turn Bertha's republican admiration to the worst construction in St. Aubin's eyes. But for these unhallowed sentiments of the daughter, which she was too honest or too proud to hide, and which the old loyalist could neither pardon nor forgive, Bertha would have been to him all, nay more, far dearer, than she ever had been, and Melanie lost the chance and the weapons to annoy.

When the heiress of Chateau St. Aubin reached the terrace, her republican predilections were forgotten in the admiration which she never failed to inspire in her father, after absence, however short, from home. About a year older than Melanie, she was her superior in height, with a glowing contour of form which had ravished all hearts in the Parisian saloons, features fit model for the sculptor's ideal, an eye which, whether beaming with delight, or melted to the saddest tenderness, equally inspired rapture—an arm and hand which drew regard even from the staid, reserved, punctilious Louis, of unfortunate memory.

"And these fingers, Bertha," said the old man, caressing his daughter, "they are cut and stained! Why where hast been? Scrambling over rocks? And the 'kerchief, what does it contain?"

Melanie's embroidery, which lay on the table, was displaced to make room for Bertha's collection, which consisted of mineral specimens gathered from the rocks, quarries and grottoes which skirted the park; these she had sufficient skill to arrange and classify for the cabinet, already richly stored by her industry and zeal. Melanie, with intention to manifest desire of renewing bonds of amity with Bertha, for the first time pretended much interest in mineralogy. Every specimen was successively examined, admired, classified. Conversation turned on scientific subjects, in the course of which St. Aubin

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lauded the Bourbons for their munificent protection of science and its devotees. It was characteristic of the old man, that be the subject of discourse what it might, he was sure, after a while, to associate it with the Bourbons, or their cause. It was equally remarkable, though more unaccountable, that on such occasions, Bertha seemed to feel it matter of duty to applaud the present French government, or where applause was inconsistent, to apologize. That her remarks were offensive, she could not but be aware, nor could she wish to offend, as in every other respect her conduct was marked by extreme gentleness and reverential regard. If St. Aubin had possessed more subtlety, he would have felt less sore on account of his daughter's opposition; he would have seen that it was void of animosity to the late court, where, indeed, Bertha had been a favorite, and was restricted to an apologetic tone in favor of the powers then existing. But why was Bertha their advocate? Though the father could not see the distinction, and Melanie did not, or would not, yet the fact ought to have been more apparent, that the daughter aimed only at removing the prejudices of her parent. To this end, indeed, strove Bertha, and with an earnestness which, to a disinterested observer, inferred plainly, that to condemn the French government, or its proceedings, was to put the maiden on her trial. But whence the necessity of justification?—was she, the daughter of the loyal St. Aubin, linked with regicides?

"But are you not aware, father," replied she, in answer to St. Aubin's laudation; "indeed, I am glad, that science is not forgotten even now? Money is yearly voted for the pursuit of researches in the East, and in South America—and the Count de Montmorenci—"

"Is not that the gentleman who voted the abolition of all titles?" asked Melanie, coolly forgetting her late pledge.

"Ah! the regicide—traitor—disgrace to an honored family!" exclaimed St. Aubin, letting fall a crystalization which he had been admiring, "name him not, Bertha. I regret your falling into such bad society in Paris! Even here, we are not safe from these traitorous republicans."

Bertha started—betrayed a slight confusion—but perceiving her embarrassment did not pass unnoticed, exclaimed gaily—

"What new arrivals in Geneva? I have not yet heard the news, father! Has the bad society you speak of been driven to take refuge in Switzerland, and the emigrant army re-entered Paris?"

St. Aubin replied that that good news was yet to come. The party he alluded to was the disaffected of Switzerland, secretly encouraged by propagandists from France. The Helvetic States, forming a federative union, were governed by an aristocratic body, who feared republican principles as much as the French royalists; sympathy with Gallic revolutionary progress had created a strong movement party in Switzerland, causing extreme anxiety to those who, like St. Aubin, abhorred innovation. 'Twas with a view to repress this spirit that he had gone to Geneva, having been deputed by the gentry and influential clusees of the district—all partaking aristocratic tendencies—to represent to the authorities the secret danger which lurked in the neighborhood. There was every reason to believe that nightly meetings were held by the Swiss democrats, doubtless, assisted by French abettors, and that an outbreak might be expected to result. Even on the domain of St. Aubin, lights had been observed at night among the rocky dells which opened on the lake—boats passing and repassing long after hours of business or pleasure—torch beacons on neighboring heights—and on several occasions, fishermen repairing to the shore after nightfall, to set lines, or inspect the state of piscatory lures, had been disturbed, as they described it, by tall figures wrapped up in military cloaks. The inhabitants were afraid to venture out at night, more especially, on or near the lake, although previously it had been much the fashion to glide over the quiet surface of the waters, during the moonlit hours, enjoying the dulcet notes of the guitar, or sweeter voice of woman. Now these pastimes were hushed, fled.

"But we'll soon have our music parties again, ladies," said the gallant St. Aubin, whilst recounting the success of his mission; "Geneva sends a strong mounted force to patrol night and day, throughout the district. The lake shall be free as heretofore."

"That will bring no change to Bertha," cried Melanie, looking significantly at her cousin—but remembering her promise, she stopped short.

"You are jealous of Bertha's courage, Melanie," observed the old man. The remark was injudicious.

"I jealous, uncle?" exclaimed the lady, reddening in anger; "do you call it courage, or madness, to remain by the lake till after dark, as Bertha did yester-even? We poor Genevese maidens own ourselves afraid of revolutionary brigands, whether French or Swiss, but a smart, Paris bred lady has no such fear."

"But slight cause was there for fear," said Bertha, mildly, "for I never lost sight of protection. I always kept in view the windows of the saloon."

"There, now!" cried Euphrasia; "as though Monsieur Andelot or his cousin would have been in time for rescue, if a boat's crew had landed and carried you off!"

"Were *they* here last night, Melanie?" asked St. Aubin, looking archly at his niece.

"So it seems, uncle," replied the elder niece, smiling, as she picked up the fallen embroidery, and carried it into the saloon. Though Bertha's well-timed allusion to protection disarmed her fair foe, and she escaped further remark, yet her conduct was justly chargeable, in the particular referred to, with eccentricity or extravagance. It was observed she was fond of solitary walks, even to the verge of propriety, and was not afraid, or at least showed no signs of fear, in strolling alone by moonlight, or even when that luminary was hidden, by the margin of the lake. It was attributed by the household and neighbors to desire of parading superior courage in contrast to her more timid cousins; nor did the

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heiress take any steps to remove the disadvantageous impression. St. Aubin, that evening, read his daughter, in presence of the nieces, a severe lecture, for straying so far from the chateau. Not only, as he remarked, was their own hitherto peaceable territory threatened with a political volcano, but the rival republican and royalist armies, reinforced by Austrians, were now manœuvering on the French borders, and should a battle take place, their district would be infested with fugitives and deserters.

Affairs remained on the same footing, or with slight alterations, a few days longer at Chateau St. Aubin. The patrolling force scoured the district, the disaffected made no attempt at rising, and the nightly appearances and tokens of seditious meetings nearly disappeared. As Bertha grew more obedient to her father's wish, seldom straying from the chateau, she became more reserved and melancholy, till at length symptoms of ill-health appeared. She no longer sought to parry, or retort the raillery of Melanie, but suffered every attack with calm indifference; St. Aubin, in alarm, regretted his harsh and well-meant restriction; society, he judged, would dissipate her melancholy; he resolved to commence by throwing open his doors to all the admissible gentry of the neighborhood. The evening of entertainment arrived.

It was whispered during the morn, among the domestics, that a letter, brought by an unknown messenger, came addressed to Mademoiselle Bertha; the whisper traveled to the cousins, and they could not fail noticing the alteration wrought in the behavior of the heiress. Her most trivial actions betrayed irresolution and absence of mind. The dresses to be worn on the occasion had been the subject of discussion several days previously; the cousins were startled to find that Bertha had thrown aside the rich apparel selected, and chosen her ordinary costume. She was, however, fairly laughed out of this folly, and induced to array herself more befitting one with whom rested the task of supporting the honors of Chateau St. Aubin. Her strange conduct, together with the receipt of the secret epistle, was mentioned to the father, who agreed with his nieces in believing that the letter had some mysterious relation to the approaching entertainment—a bashful lover, perhaps, had thrown off disguise, declared his passion, fearing the advent of many new rivals—or the epistle might unfold a tender unburthening of secret griefs from swain who avowed not his name, to the great discomfiture of poor Bertha, and—but many were the guesses, great the curiosity, and night was waited for impatiently.

Bertha, in reality, endured severer tribulation than could possibly arise from the uncertainty of lover's identity, or the flutter of a new-fledged declaration; her mind was too well disciplined to lose its equipoise by such or similar causes. 'Twas an ordeal of the heart which vibrated between the tension of conflicting passions—a struggle for mastery between filial duty, and strong, unchanging love, sanctioned in her own esteem, wanting, despairing of, the sanction of a revered, though prejudiced parent.

The guests at Chateau St. Aubin were many, for there was metal much attractive. The suite of rooms were well lit, and midst the splendor the distractions of the province were forgotten. The beauty of the cousins was the theme of every tongue, the attraction of every eye. Euphrasia's simple dress became her youth, as the more imposing style of Melanie suited the pretensions of the arch, mischievous belle, who combined in her attire the striking characteristic costume of the Swiss peasantry, with the richer, more elaborate decoration of the aristocratic class. Bertha, with like national taste, paid like deference to the costume of her simpler countrywomen. She wore over her dark, clustering, raven hair, an arching coronal of pure gold—among the peasants of the lower Rhine, the same head-dress of baser metal is still used—fettering the glossy ringlets to a brow and temples of breathing ivory. Blonde, velvet and jewelry were taught by Parisian taste to invest, in gorgeous contrast, a form which needed not the display. An air of touching sadness, in vain seeking concealment, lent a new charm to the pensive beauty, a deeper melody to a voice oft solicited to yield its harmony in concert with the blithe strings of the guitar.

Poor Bertha, oft as she found the chance, though not unobserved by the prying eyes of cousins, the watchful gaze of parent, anxious to penetrate the mystery, stole away from gaiety in which the heart had no share. She retreated to a balcony which hung over the precipitous steep, on which stood the chateau; beneath, the graceful foliage stretched to the margin of the lake, over whose surface the eye wandered from isle to isle, till lost amid the mountainous range which hemmed in the opposite shore. The horizon was now darkened by an overcast sky.

"The night is favorable," murmured Bertha, casting a wistful glance at the lake; "favorable for his purpose—our purpose—yet, have I courage? Dare I forsake my father? Alas! poor heart of mine—let me decide whilst the hour is yet my own!"

Footsteps were heard in the room communicating with the balcony; the fair one retreated from her station, mingled with the guests, unconscious that her proceedings were narrowly watched. Yet the temptation of prying into the secret of the lofty, self-sustained maiden, was too powerful to be resisted by Melanie and her sister. When she quitted the balcony, they still kept an eye on their cousin. Scarcely a half hour elapsed, ere she was again at the post.

"'Tis an assignation!" said Melanie, whispering her sister; "but Monsieur Amoroso must mount the tree-top, ere he reach his mistress."

Stealing from an instrumental concert, which occupied the undivided attention of the guests, they entered the apartment behind the balcony, walked on tiptoe to the wide, arching door, and peering through the glass, beheld Bertha in studious reverie, leaning over the balustrade. The night was changing. The clouds, driven from the face of heaven, lay piled up in masses over the distant mountains, whilst the moon, in serene majesty, reigned over recovered dominion. The islets and the opposite shore were distinctly visible.

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"Look!" said Euphrasia, "there is the letter—it lies beside her—I could read it, if the glass were clearer."

"Hush!" replied Melanie, "the door will open without her hearing. Back! back! she moves!" And the elder sister, who stood in the opened doorway, placed her hand on Euphrasia's head, to restrain the too forward girl. The cause of Bertha's movement was soon apparent, and they watched noiselessly, breathlessly, scarce daring to look at each other, lest motion should betray their presence to the unconscious maiden. A small boat shot from behind an islet, managed by two rowers, who made rapidly for the landing in the park. About midway, the foremost rower took both oars in hand, and his companion standing up, raised on high a torch which threw its ruddy glare on the waters around.

"'Tis he!" exclaimed Bertha; "how I tremble."

Melanie and Euphrasia also trembled—detection hung on each passing moment—neither could they retreat without discovery. Euphrasia cast a look at Melanie, which asked as plainly as words, what were they to do? The case was desperate—the expression of Melanie's face conveyed no hope—both dreaded being caught eaves-dropping—Euphrasia through self-regard and charity to Bertha's feelings—the elder sister, as it involved explanation or apology. Gently did Melanie attempt the fairy-feat of retreat; but in stepping backward, her foot caught her own robe, she lost her balance, and was only saved from doing infinite damage to the fragile, glazed door, by the ready arm of Euphrasia, who laughed aloud at the disaster.

Bertha, the unconscious object of their curiosity, whose eye was fixed intently on the boatmen, could not repress a cry of alarm as the sudden, unwelcome shout smote her startled nerves. She turned to confront the intruders, and the pale, agitated face so much distressed the good-natured Euphrasia, that she instantly attempted an apology for so rudely disturbing their cousin, whom they had been seeking in vain through the saloons, monsieur being at a loss to account for her absence. This explanation was of service to Bertha, as it afforded a few moments' pause to rally her disturbed spirits, and enabled her to reply with tolerable composure, that during the concert she thought a few minutes stolen from the heated saloon would not be missed, and she was now prepared to ask her father's pardon for the truancy.

"There is no need for such haste now we are here," cried Melanie, as her eye glanced at the letter which lay outspread on the balustrade; "I see how it is—the hour is poetical, the moon showers down inspiration, and under its influence our cousin has penciled a soul-stirring sonnet. May we not be auditors, mademoiselle?"

"Poets never show their compositions till they have undergone correction," said Bertha, coolly, as she placed the paper in her bosom.

"Look! look!" exclaimed the cruel, persevering Melanie, only for the moment foiled; "here, Bertha! out with thy pencil—here are the rife materials—poetry in action! The republican brigands are landing by torch-light."

"What mean you by this folly when monsieur is waiting?" asked Bertha, in angry tone.

"Nay—but look, Bertha!" rejoined the other, in sneering expostulation.

They turned their eyes in the direction pointed out by Melanie. The torch was extinguished as the boat neared the landing, and as it touched the steps, the one who had borne aloft the beacon, distinguishable from his companion by his superior dress, sprung ashore, and walked a few paces slowly along the beach, whilst the boatmen, pushing off from the shoal, awaited his movements.

"But who are these men creeping quietly under shade of the trees?" asked Euphrasia.

"Hah! I see!" cried Melanie; "the catastrophe nears, Bertha; they are the Genevese patrol guard!"

"Good heavens! I hope not!" exclaimed Bertha, in a tone of agony, which went to the heart of Euphrasia.

"See!" cried Melanie, "he is all but captured. Now if we were near enough, we should hear the words—surrender, or die! My life on it, Bertha, he will fight; for he is a republican—the brave!"

Bertha, regardless of these taunts, strained her gaze painfully toward the spot. As the guard emerged from the covert, the stranger became aware of their vicinity, hastened to the shelter of the boat, whilst the foe rushed forward to cut off his retreat. At bay, he turned on his pursuers, dropped one with a pistol-shot, and disabled a second by a blow from his sabre; but numbers prevailing, he was surrounded and disarmed.

"Now the finale!" cried Melanie. As she spoke, she was almost overborne by a heavy burthen. Bertha was insensible, and had fallen against her hard-hearted cousin.

The concert was abruptly terminated by intelligence conveyed to the guests, that the fair heiress of St. Aubin was alarmingly ill; and as misfortunes never arrive singly, the report quickly spread that an engagement was then taking place between the patrol and the disaffected. The character of the latter event was much modified, when the truth became known, that the democratic force amounted to one individual, captured after a desperate resistance. But the illness of Bertha cast a gloom over the guests, who, condoling with their respected host, took early leave. St. Aubin was both angry and distressed with the account of Bertha's sympathy with the stranger; that she had bestowed affection on an unworthy object was but too clear, else whence the necessity of concealment? The helpless state in which his daughter was borne to her chamber, and from which she had not yet recovered, alone prevented the father enforcing full confession of the mystery. From sad reflections he was summoned by the officer of the guard, who conducted the prisoner to the chateau, being the abode of the nearest magistrate. With the capture his authority ceased; he must now abide, he declared, the orders of the district functionaries. St. Aubin was puzzled how to act; more especially, from the strong presumption, amounting to conviction, that the party

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under arrest was not unknown to Bertha. That he was deserving her regard, the circumstances of the capture, and her secrecy in appointing or accepting an assignation, fully contradicted; but as prejudicial rumors might spread abroad, he declined the examination of the prisoner till the assistance of brother magistrates was obtained. These speedily arrived, and a court held, before whom the captive was led. Besides grave and learned heads, there were not wanting female faces to grace the court—for the affair put curiosity to the stretch. The prisoner was a tall, handsome man, several years short of thirty, habited in military undress. On being asked his name and occupation, he replied, Claude De Chassaigne, colonel in the French army, now occupying the frontier. An involuntary groan escaped St. Aubin. Horror of republicanism did not exist, however, so strongly among the female auditory, in whom he excited strong interest and sympathy, not lessened when rank and profession were announced.

"Had he passport?" asked one of the magistrates.

It was produced, signed by the celebrated Dumouriez, general-in-chief of the French armies, countersigned by the Genevese authorities, legalizing and granting protection to his transient stay in the Helvetic States. The magistrates stared at each other—a mistake was very evident; the president, Monsieur Andelot, challenged opinion, whether the prisoner should be discharged or remanded.

"Discharged!" exclaimed the enraged officer; "two of my best men lie severely wounded; with what heart will they march on danger, if their services are so slightly esteemed by the civil power?"

The colonel, who hitherto had been more attentively examining the pretty faces which lined the saloon, than taking note of the proceedings, and who appeared disconcerted by the result of his scrutiny, expressed regret for the consequences of his defence; but for the attack, he said, he had not words sufficiently strong to express opinion of its character. A gentleman enjoying the cool air of night, on the lake, is, on landing, attacked by a party of men, who approach, not like soldiers, but brigands, seeking shelter from tree and rock, till they can pounce on the unprepared victim. That it was the duty of a citizen, whether of France or Switzerland, whether soldier or civilian, to surrender to lawful authority, he freely admitted; but if he were suddenly attacked in the night, by men who started from he knew not where, as though they had risen from the earth, how could he distinguish between brigands and soldiers, when life, as every one must be aware, in such encounters, hung on the chance of first fire, or stroke of sabre? If apology were at all due, it was to the owner of the domain which he had so harmlessly, though, as it happened, fatally invaded. He concluded by demanding instant release, and threatened, in event of refusal, to appeal to state authority. General Dumouriez, to whose staff he was attached, had, as the colonel affirmed, received the thanks of the Swiss Cantons for the inviolate preservation of the Helvetic frontier, during a harrassing campaign against forces which had been, in one instance, permitted to march through Swiss territory; but if his officers were subjected to such rough treatment as he had received this night, farewell to the cordiality which had till now existed between neutral powers.

This declaration, set off by soldier-like phrase, and frankness of manner, had great weight with the president and his brethren, and by the looks of each, a decision in favor of setting the colonel at liberty, and freeing themselves from an unpleasant dilemma, might very safely have been predicted, when the officer, whose resentment was still unabated, and who appeared deeply chagrined by the comparison of his troops to brigands, again interposed, by remarking, that as the colonel's statement, supported by passport in due order, could now be relied on, he had, doubtless, a furlough, or leave of absence, equally well authenticated. Chassaigne produced the document with a slight curl of the upper lip; but as he handed it to the president, was observed to look uneasy, as though discomfitted by sudden reflection. It was passed from one to the other without comment, as a paper about which no question could be raised, when the officer, taking it from a magistrate's hand, perused it eagerly. A smile of triumph lit his countenance as he handed it to the president, with the remark, that the furlough had expired three days since; and the colonel appeared in the light, if not of a deserter, at least of highly objectionable character—a delinquent in his own service, amenable to a court-martial. This circumstance, together with his having been seen to exhibit a lighted torch on the lake—as they were all aware, a revolutionary, seditious signal, which had been the cause of his capture—ought to make him an object of great suspicion with the august body whom he addressed, now engaged in a patriotic duty.

The officer's discovery, and his remarks, were not lost on the magistrates; several, who, under the influence of expected rebuke from head-quarters, had been extremely anxious to discharge the prisoner, now felt a swelling accession of offended and compromised dignity, seeking the gratification of revenge on the person of the offender, before whose gallant bearing they had quailed. All eyes were turned on the colonel, who merely remarked, that little weight should be attached, by the magistrates, to the discovery of his military friend, as the expiration of furlough was a personal affair between himself and General Dumouriez; but, lest any party present should suspect laxity in the discipline of the French army, he would observe, that he had the general's *parole* for extended leave of absence, should it be necessary, and being on the staff, one of Dumouriez's own family, he knew perfectly well how far he ought to avail himself of the verbal indulgence.

The magistrates retired apart in a cluster, calling the officer to their council. The colonel, left to his own reflections, inquired of a bystander, who were the two ladies near the magistrates, listening to the debate. Euphrasia and Melanie St. Aubin, neices of the gentleman under whose roof he was then sheltered, was the reply. But had not Monsieur St. Aubin a daughter? The party addressed replied in the affirma-

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tive; but she was not then present, at least he could not distinguish her, though he was certain she was at the chateau.

"'Tis strange!" murmured De Chassaigne, to himself; "my letter declared the furlough expired, and that I must quit Switzerland, either with, or, alas! without her!"

It was at length announced to the colonel, that if he would give parole not to attempt escape, he was at liberty to remain in the chateau till morning, when he should be escorted by the officer beyond the frontiers. The suspicious circumstances attending his conduct, had determined the magistrates that he should not be lost sight of whilst he remained on Helvetic ground; and having confessedly trespassed beyond his furlough, was good reason, in these troublesome times, that further stay should be restricted; more especially, Monsieur Andelot continued, as there was much reason to believe, that if he were at liberty, and remained near Geneva, he would fall a sacrifice to the resentment of the wounded men's comrades—an event disastrous, personally, and to be deplored as furnishing occasion for a breach between France and the Cantons. The colonel, more readily than was expected, agreed to the conditions; indeed, seemed much pleased that his abode for the night was Chateau St. Aubin.

De Chassaigne had scarcely been conducted to a little parlor appropriated for his reception, when a gentle tap at the door announced a visiter. It was Euphrasia. She entered with trepidation, and bidding the young girl who accompanied her remain at the door, said she had something of the utmost importance to the welfare of the Colonel De Chassaigne to communicate, which had caused her to overlook the impropriety of a visit.

"Mademoiselle Euphrasia, I believe!" said the colonel, smiling.

"If you had guessed your reception, monsieur, when you landed on our wharf, as well as you have guessed my name, I should not now have occasion to warn you of danger."

The colonel started—he obviously expected a communication of a different character; but Euphrasia proceeded to relate, that standing near the magistrates, she overheard their deliberation. It was true, he was to be escorted across the frontier; but the cruel proposal of the officer was listened to, and, with only two dissentients, agreed on, that it should be so managed, he should fall, as it were by accident, into the power of the united royalist-emigrant and Austrian army. De Chassaigne was struck with surprise; he could scarcely believe such treachery from one in the uniform, and bearing the commission of a soldier. Euphrasia affirmed the truth of what she reported, adding, that although the voices of the two dissentients, her uncle and M. Andelot, for the moment prevailed, yet she heard the officer declare to one of the gentlemen, as he quitted the chateau, that he would have his own way, spite of all. The fair informant added, blushing, that she knew not why she should feel such sympathy for a stranger; there was, perhaps, cause for it, which she felt, though could not account for, but hoped he would take warning, and, also, think favorably of her boldness in seeking an interview with a stranger.

"One word!" exclaimed De Chassaigne, taking her hand, as she sought to retire. He inquired respecting Mademoiselle Bertha; her cousin smiled with peculiar meaning, as though she felt all doubt solved, and informed the prisoner that Bertha fell insensible on witnessing his capture. Was she aware, demanded the colonel, he was now under the same roof? The maiden replied in the negative; that her kinswoman remained extremely disordered; and those about her were more disposed to thwart than aid the sick lady. De Chassaigne poured forth his thanks to the retiring Euphrasia, and then sat down to indite a note to Monsieur St. Aubin.

We now shift the scene to the library—the time two hours later. Bertha, pale and sickly, is seated in the capacious study-chair, one moment looking at the tall figure of the colonel leaning against the mantel, anon, anxiously seeking the gaze of St. Aubin, who paced irresolutely the library-floor.

"'Tis in vain, colonel!" he exclaimed, "you plead your family—it is, I admit, ancient and more honorable than mine; could you add the patrimonial title of duke or count, it would not move my decision. Your life may be without stain, in the eyes of the usurping, regicidal government, but there is a blot in your escutcheon you can never clear—you served the Bourbons'—you now serve traitors. For three centuries our family knelt at the foot of the throne—ate the bread of the Bourbons—and we will *never* be leagued against them!"

Bertha looked beseechingly from her father to her lover.

"Monsieur St. Aubin," said the latter, mildly, "you judge erroneously. The voice of France you confound with the will of one family. The same blood, the same heart and spirit which battled in the crusades, which in later days chastised the insolence of Spain and Austria, still lives, will still triumph, though the Bourbon fleur-de-lis be lost in our ranks. Behold the juster views and patriotism of the family you idolize!"

He produced an envelope from his bosom and handed it to St. Aubin. It was a letter from the unfortunate Louis, written after all was lost, bidding the colonel, now that he could no longer serve his sovereign, forget not he owes service to France—still fight her battles, whoever was her leader. This cherished token of his royal master's gratitude was rendered more precious by the words "Marie Antoinette," inscribed in the well-known characters of her majesty, beneath her consort's signature. The old man regarded the document till the tears came to his eyes. Bertha, much moved, rose, and pressed his hand to her lips.

"De Chassaigne," said St. Aubin, "I fear you have conquered!" And he handed back the memorial.

"No!" exclaimed the colonel, waving his hand, "it is now with one where it will be more prized, better stored, than in the custody of a follower of the camp."

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St. Aubin received, with almost childish delight, the precious deposit.

"It is now beyond midnight, colonel," said the old man, grasping the hand of De Chassaigne; "Bertha is still sickly, though she insisted on seeing you, when she knew you were our prisoner. We must renew our treaty to-morrow; and, perhaps, an acquaintance commenced in the gay saloons of Paris, renewed and carried on in secret amid our lakes and mountains, may yet terminate happily under an old-fashioned roof, which shelters a head with notions too ancient for the present order of affairs."

Our task is now ended. We have only to add, what the reader already anticipates, that the escort of the bitter-minded officer was declined—St. Aubin becoming surety for his guest till further leave of absence was obtained from Dumouriez. On receipt of a favorable reply from the general, the wedding festivities, in celebration of the marriage of Bertha and the colonel, graced Chateau St. Aubin. Very little more was heard of the proceedings of the disaffected; indeed, it was more than suspected at the chateau, that the mysterious beacons and lights at unusual hours, and in unusual places, were lover's signals of harmless tendency. Melanie consoled herself for her rival's happiness by a union with the cousin of M. Andelot; whilst the gentler Euphrasia continued to reside with Bertha and her aged uncle.

NIGHT REVERIES.

BY OTWAY CURRY.

I JOY to see the cadent night
  Engird the land and sea,
And stars that up the infinite height
  Of heaven all climbing be.

For grandly round the eternal arch,
  And o'er its pale steep,
The order of their solemn march
  Those shimmering armies keep.

And while across the blue-long zones
  They plough their pearly track,
I seem to hear the music tones
  Of other times come back—

The songs of voyagers early driven
  From this life's fading shore;
The sounds by happy voices given,
  That I shall hear no more—

The plashy hum of pebbly streams,
  In sunny childhood heard,
Whose chimes among the golden gleams
  Of summer evenings stirred—

I know that memories such as these
  Are like the insect wings
Which fitfully the dying breeze
  At crimsoning sunset brings;

Before the ever-watching eye
  But for a moment seen,
Then dimly, swiftly fleeting by,
  With all their wildering sheen.

I know that never more to me
  Shall come the sound and sight
Of music on the sunlit sea,
  And journeying worlds by night.

Perpetual sounds along the sea,
  And worlds of shining flame,
Still come forever fresh and free,
  But they are not the same.

They wake not as they used to wake
  The impulse strong and high,
The spirit's passionate hope to take
  Immortal wings and fly;

To walk exultedly along
  The steeps of earthly fame,
And with the gloriousness of song
  To win a deathless name.

Yet even when the stars appear,
  And sounds of music come,
Like friends and calling voices, where
  "My lost hopes find their home;"

I cannot choose but greet the night,
  Whose every dream sublime
Is vivid with the lingering light
  Of many an olden time.

A PRAYER FOR LIGHT.

BY W. H. BURLEIGH.

To Thee we look for light—oh Thou! who art
  Of light Creator and exhaustless Source—
In whom no darkness, with disturbing force,
E'er dwelt or dwells: Oh, HOLIEST! impart
Illuminating grace to every heart
  That, weaned from self-reliance, lifts to Thee
  Its prayer for succor. Tossed on Life's wild sea,
Clouds over and around us, with no chart
  Nor compass to direct—oh, who shall save
  Our frail barks, madly flung from wave to wave?
THOU only canst, whose fiat called the light
  The new-formed earth to gladden and to bless—
  Beam on us, then, oh, SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS!
Kindling to perfect day our moral night.

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A FEW HOURS IN VENICE.

BY GEORGE B. CHEEVER.

Nothing can be conceived more beautiful than the approach to Venice on a sunny day. After following by land (I speak of the last part of our ride from Padua,) the winding of a canal a long time, amidst fields once covered over with the sea, but now a region of luxuriant vegetation, the broad-leaved and richly clustered vines being trained upon willows cropped, stunted and stumped for that purpose, we arrived at the point where we were to embark for Venice. The little voyage begins in the canal, and you are imprisoned within its banks just long enough to desire an open prospect, when suddenly your gondola shoots out into the bosom of a lovely sea. Islands are before you, and the city rising from the shining water, the bells are ringing, and the domes, towers, and piles of palaces looking in the fresh morning air as if they had just come up from some enchantment in the ocean. The boats, like so many birds delighted to meet the new day in its beauty, are flying over the surface; the craped gondolas floating by like black sea-gulls. The tall masts of the shipping are distinguishable in the harbor of the city as you near it. But before this you stop at what I shall call the Isle of passports, and deliver up that mercenary talisman. Next a boat stops you to beg; you are hailed by the hereditary genius of the place, with a traveler's charity box; flotilla of beggars in the name of the Madonna or of the patron saint of Venice. It would be no marvel if the very first should rise up and plead for a sequin.

The islands, the boats, the beggars, the waves, the lagunæ, the custom-house itself, the floating city and every thing around it, are beautiful. All is novelty and interest. And then what a vast and magnificent setting for the picture! The whole range of the Swiss and Tyrol Alps, snow-crowned, sweep the northwestern horizon, flashing in the morning sun like a circlet of mountain diamonds. There is no other such scene in the world. I am now not without materials of comparison, having been in Spain, Greece, Egypt, Constantinople; at the Alhambra, the Parthenon, the Karnak, the Coliseum; so that I came upon Venice, not as I did upon Gibraltar, as a perfect novice in the world's wonders, but with the remembrance of many of them quite fresh in my mind; and yet the effect of this scene was more like magic than any thing in all my previous experience.

There were Russians, Germans, French, Scotch, but, for a wonder, no English in our party. Amidst such scenery one's mind is distracted from men and manners, and for the time altogether occupied with what some of our passengers would have thought very inferior to themselves, *the shows of things*. But *such* things! It would take a great many Russians, Germans, French, Scotch and English, of better stuff than the freight of our gondola, to compose a study of half the interest or importance of those mountains in the sky or that city in the sea. I do not mean to undervalue the study of human society, but the *shows* of society, generally, are what is worshiped, and not its moral dignity; whereas, the shows of nature are the face of God.

Shakspeare's genius has connected itself almost as spontaneously and sacredly with Italy as England. When you visit Venice you expect to meet Shylock and Antonio upon change. Where now are all his ventures, his argosies suddenly come to harbor from all parts of the world, from Mexico to India? There is a steamer plying daily from Venice to Trieste. If you would enjoy the full power of your poetical reveries, or exchange words with Shakspeare's heroes on the Rialto, beware how you fall within sound of the blowing off steam in the harbor. But the moonlight sleeps on yonder bank as sweetly as ever, in spite of all changes. I saw, one moonlight evening, a perfect realization of Allston's exquisite painting of Lorenzo and Jessica. It seemed to me that the painter must have sketched it from nature on the very spot where I was gazing. Those distant towers and domes toward the western sky, between the remaining light of a gorgeous sunset on the one hand, and the moon on the other, how beautiful!

You are not shut up to mere stone walls, foot-lanes, and canals in Venice. The people have their *alameda*, with what may be called the public gardens, of considerable extent, and they enjoy them. I walked out to their ending in the sea, one afternoon of some public festival, and from this extensive point beheld the sunset over the city, the islands, and the lagoons. The crowd thought nothing about the climate, the glowing heavens, or the light, but enjoyed the music, the laughing, the juvenile shopping, the chattering and noise. For my part, in spite of the beggars and jugglers of a modern Italian population, I was in a sort of paradise. The air, earth, and sea, with the distant city hanging in the evening sky, were enough to produce any supposable illusion. I am convinced there is no conveying to you the sensations of a traveler, who has been spending the winter in the North, coming upon such a vernal dream of heaven and

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earth in this delicious climate. One is drunk with beauty. All the opium-eating in the world could not enable you to create such imaginative combinations.

The view from the tower in St. Mark's, opposite the church, unites all the features that can compose a lovely picture for the senses or the imagination. The nearness and the distance are alike beautiful; ships, boats, and a busy crowded city at your feet, islands, palaces on the bosom of the sea, long lines of indistinct lagunæ, distant cities with dim domes and steeples, blue mountains of the South, and snowy glorious Alps of the North! The city of Padua is visible in this clear air, though at such a distance. An antique forest, which you cannot have in Venice, even in miniature, or verdant fields sprinkled with farm-houses and dotted with sheep, would be additions to the landscape, certainly; but they would destroy its magic peculiarity, they would hardly add to its beauty. What a picture it is! And what a mirror to reflect it in! This opal sea, that you and the city seem to be swinging in, as on a cloud-cradle in mid heaven, as smooth and undulating as the surface of a chalcedony! What mystery, what enchantment!

Now think of the associations, the history of this scene, the human part of it, the passions, the tragedies! The church, with its costly treasures and memorials, is right below you, and the ducal palace, and the Inquisition. You could almost bend over from your airy position, and drop your tears upon the Bridge of Sighs between them, if you could watch the falling pearls so far. A prison, a palace, and a church, and each in turn played the servant and the tyrant of the other. It was a step from the palace to the church, from the church, through the palace, to the prison; but oh, how far from the church to heaven! Was it nearer from the prison? Methinks I would rather take my chance with those who crossed the fearful bridge (*nulla retrorsum vestigia*) to the dungeon tortures beyond, and so passed into eternity, than with those who died from the palace. The church is now, what it always has been, a monument of more than Oriental magnificence; an offering, not to God, but to the pride of man.

What a medley of architectural orders! An outrage, I doubt not, upon all classic rules, and an offence to the taste of learned artists: Persian domes of a gone century, and Italian galleries of the Mosque of Cordova, with its columns, and the palace of the Alhambra, with its Moorish Arabesques, Egyptian, Grecian, and Oriental marbles, images and altars, the crescent and the cross! And yet it is singularly beautiful. Now let us descend and enter. What a profusion of Egyptian, Grecian, Roman, Oriental marbles! And then the images, altars, crosses, the superb sculptures, pictures, statues! Where or what is the *Religio Loci?* It is just like going into a splendid museum, and yet you, with the gazing, curious, admiring crowd around you, are in the aisles and cloisters of a Christian church.

Visiting the dungeons of the Inquisition (the transition thither from the altars of the church, though so natural in history, fills the soul, even at this day, with horror,) you are shown the secret passages for criminals, the modes of torture and of execution, the cells in which they were incarcerated, the ingenuity of that incarnate spirit of fiendish cruelty, which then and there glutted itself. Three stories beneath the bed of the sea were once dripping dungeons, and they still exist, but so filled with water that the mouths of some have been covered over with brick, which sounds hollow to the tread. The whirlwind of the French Revolution did not spare these horrible dungeons; there were wooden walls and floors to some of them, and these they set on fire. I kept, among my curiosities, a charred fragment of the same. The Bridge of Sighs crosses from the palace to the prison, and there were dungeons beneath both piles, so that your gondola plashes the waves on either hand against stones that inside have echoed the groans of the buried alive, while above went on religious rites on one hand, and the noise of revelry, or the preparation of state tragedies on the other.

The halls in the ducal palace are filled with large and splendid tablets of Paul Veronese, Tintoretto, Bassanio, and some of Titian. If there could be such a thing as a Napier's painting press, one could think Paul Veronese must have used it. Venice is full of his paintings, and as there is no lack of them elsewhere, and generally on so large a scale, you are amazed at the fertility and the mechanical rapidity of his genius. The grandest gallery of Titian in the world is said to be in Venice. It is in the Barberigo Palace; but I have seen in other galleries paintings of his that to my own mind conveyed juster impressions of his genius. There is a magnificent painting of Titian in the church San Juan di Paulo, the subject the martyrdom of one of the saints. It shone like a sun, and seemed to fill the church with its light, so that a picture of even Paul Veronese, beside it, was quite discountenanced and poor in the comparison.

On leaving Venice I feel that no description can convey to your mind an image of its loveliness. It floats around me like a dream, of which I would fain retain the vivid impressions when awake, and carry them away with me. I have seen it in the most delightful circumstances of air and light which the season could possibly afford. Such pervading, animating sunlight, an atmosphere which lifts the body from the earth by its elastic purity and lightness, and such veiling and enchanting moonlight, to steep all objects in its serenity and softness. Of all cities in the world Venice is that which most needs such an atmosphere, and such light, and which can be invested by those circumstances with most surpassing beauty. For Venice is in its decay, and although it cannot cease to be a lovely city in the sea, it needs a sun which can paint it over with brightness, and a moon which will cover up its desolations with melancholy beauty. In its most splendid portion, the part where all historical interest is concentrated, there is nothing of desolation or decay. The Piazza St. Mark is the most beautiful in the world. That romantic, gorgeous, antique church, that most Oriental ducal palace, and those piles of stately architecture in long ranges in front, that lofty tower, that

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winged lion, and those horses of Sisyphus, are still powerful to attract the admiration of the traveler. With the actual splendor of the architecture there are many circumstances combined to render the scene in an uncommon degree novel and attractive. It opens on the harbor, filled with ships and gondolas, the street upon the quay being full of Italian life, the Island of St. George a little distance in front, the domes of Santa Maria Saluta on the right, the open Archipelago in the distance, and every thing floating in the sea like clouds in a summer's day. In the moonlight the whole city is beautiful, every lane, canal, and dingy wall seems lovely; but the place of St. Marks is beautiful by daylight, it is in itself so splendid, that though the moon makes its loveliness more enchanting, it is not needed to conceal aught of gloom, decay, or imperfection. The moon shining in long lines of light upon the canals, and reflected in the water, and the boats starting into the light from the deep and sombre shadows of the palaces, put you in a mood, especially at the silent hour of midnight, to believe and realize the most romantic of Venetian stories.

The departure from Venice is on the opposite side from that on which we entered, and beautiful as it seemed when we came upon it in the morning, I thought it still more beautiful departing from it in the evening. I thought of St. John's picture of the New Jerusalem let down from heaven; for Venice seems as if suspended by a crystal chain from the sky, instead of resting on an earthly foundation, or on islands floating in the sea. Will you now have a paragraph of statistics in addition to my pencilings, before leaving this dreamlike, curious city? I have but to turn to the guide-books, and your wishes are easily gratified, at second hand to be sure, but with great verity. But I will not commit such a solecism. It would be like driving a load of hay into the parlor.

THE VISIONARY.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

She moves amid the beautiful and gay,
A breathing statue—cold and passionless:
Within her eye there beams no sunny ray,
No sudden smiles the wondering gazer bless.
She seems a being not of mortal birth,
So pure, so far removed from every stain,
Like some lost angel wandering o'er the earth
In search of Eden's golden gates again.

All hearts must bow unto her beauty rare,
Yet never speak the thoughts that in them rise,
For who to whisper earthly love would dare
Beneath th' unsullied light of those calm eyes;
Or ask so bright a loveliness to share
With them the weal and wo of common life;
For, on her spotless brow, no trace of care
Proves that she dwells 'mid weariness and strife.

Nor doth she seek for friendship or for love,
She seems to feel that earth is not her sphere
And all her hopes and thoughts are raised above—
Nought but her fairy footsteps linger here.
Creature of beauty! in thy lonely heart
What dreams of pure celestial shape must dwell;
Dreams in which mortal image claims no part—
Bright dreams that words are all too cold to tell.

But there's a sadness in thy voice's tone
Like low soft music melting on the ear.
For, thou self-doomed, sweet star, must shine alone,
Meeting no kindred soul to hold thee dear;
And, while all other minds to earth are given,
Waking to grief or joy with each new day,
Thy spirit lives in holy thoughts of heaven,
And yearns to find its home where angels stray.

STANZAS.

BY EDWARD A. STANSBURY.

Heart of my childhood's early dawn,
Light of my spirit in happier years,
Dreams of loveliness, past and gone,
Why do you haunt me mid sadness and tears?

Hopes that blossomed, but now are crushed,
Loves of my springtime, forgotten and chilled,
Tones that thrilled me, in sepulchres hushed,
When shall the cup of my sorrows be filled?

Forms of the lost ones, shapes of the dead,
Ye whom I loved when my spirit was light,
Why do ye come to my lonely bed
And mock me in dreams through the wearisome night?

Sorrows of earth! ye have worn my heart—
Loves of earth! ye have passed away—
Hopes of earth! I bid ye depart,
And furl your wings till a brighter day.

Light of my pathway! Spirit of truth!
Thou shalt be to this soul of mine
A fountain of fresh, undying youth,
A fadeless vision of light divine!

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THE FIRE-DOOMED.

A TALE OF THE "OLD DOMINION."

BY REYNELL COATES, M. D.

All nature is but art unknown to thee,
All chance, direction which thou canst not see. *Pope.*

"The reign of superstition is over," say those who believe their own age to be the most enlightened in history—their own country the most civilized in the world—and their own city the most refined of cities.

"The schoolmaster is abroad!" and modern philosophy is shedding light, deep and more deeply, into the arcana of nature. Children guide the thunderbolt of Jove, and make a toy of the flash which "hallows where it falls." We train mephitic vapors through the long drawn tube to illuminate our dwellings—dive deep into the bowels of the earth, exhaust its treasures, and explain its structure. We explore the cause of earthquakes and volcanoes—invade the realms of the infernal monarch—

"And pour in light on Pluto's drear abodes."

We mount our iron-ribbed steeds, urge them with fiery goads, whirl over mountain and valley with the speed of the nimble-footed Mercury, and smile at the tortured fury of our snorting coursers.

The unsubstantial air cannot restrain us. We raise the silken car, and pursue our pleasures or researches above the clouds, until heaven-bearing Atlas lies beneath our feet, and we look down on the dwelling of the gods. For us, the ocean has no terrors. Beyond the hyperborean desert of ice we chase the monsters of the deep. Empires more vast than Rome look back on Thulé from the regions of the setting sun. We plunge beneath the waves to plant our engines of destruction in the halls of Neptune, and argosies are riven like the oak before the lightning. All elements obey us; and things that shook the nerves of heroes, and made nations tremble, are now our willing slaves, to work our pleasure or increase our wealth.

Clothed in the glowing language of the Homeric age, such labors would have deified more mortals than could find foot-hold on the broad Olympus. But, alas!

"These are the days of *fact*—not *fable!*"

The very names of those great benefactors of their race, by whom the power of man has been thus universally extended—names, like their holders, formed of rough, tough, old Saxon, Gallic or Teutonic elements—defy all rythmic laws. Their fame the historic muse *may say*—but she can never sing.

Yes—the poetry of superstition, at least, is gone. The modern woodsman hears no more the scream of the imprisoned Dryad, when the attrition of the forest boughs, bending before the blast, makes the wild solitude resound with their harsh creaking. The sportive Naiads no longer laugh in the music of the babbling brook. The last of the Sylphs expired long, long ago, upon the strings of the Æolian harp; and not a river god remains, even in the inland ocean halls and water-curtained caves of this wide land of cataracts and torrents.

The poetry of superstition has indeed departed. But still we find mankind divided into two opposite and incompatible parties. Those who still worship mystery, worship her in humble prose; yet, even at the present day, the ravings of the Pythoness are repeated in the jargon of the believers in the gift of tongues, and her oracles are heard in the dreams of the magnetic prophets. The mantles of the Delphic priesthood have fallen on the shoulders of Irving and of Poisen, and the spirits of Mahomet and Mokana survive in the persons of *Matthias and Joe Smith*.

But, on the other hand, the tendency of modern literature, accumulating fact on fact from the rich granary of natural science, and ever dwelling on the physical—except, perhaps, where northern pseudo-transcendentalism "means not, but blunders round a meaning"—is calculated to obtund the senses which perceive the spiritual. It leads us to deny the existence of all agents incapable of being rendered obvious to sight, to touch, to hearing. It guides us to the gloomy region of materialism.

I am no advocate for superstition, whether surrounded by the gorgeous pageantry of the Egyptian mysteries, robed in the classic garb of Greece or Rome, wrapped in the dark mantle of Scandinavian mythology, or tricked out with hat, coat and pantaloons, after the prim custom of our own enlightened age; but, that the destiny of man is regulated to a great extent by laws and influences beyond the reach of physical philosophy—that, notwithstanding our glorious privilege of free will, on which accountability depends, both individuals and races are but actors in one vast scheme of Providence, of which we see neither the beginning nor the end—all this is clearly proved by the whole course of history, and by a thousand evidences daily challenging attention.

When bigotry becomes an epidemic, and the beauty of Christianity sinks in the fire of sectarian zeal—when arrogant self-righteousness erects its Procrustean bed, and would reduce to its own arbi-

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trary measure the intellectual offspring of an all-wise Creator—then infidelity springs up to counterpoise its influence. When a hypocritical pretence of atheistic principles becomes the fashion with a race or nation, then, in the wide spread misery following the destruction of all social bonds, men look to a higher power for confidence and support, and leaping to an opposite extreme, too frequently invoke the aid of human laws to bind the untamable spirit in the chains of a compulsory faith—thus planting a national bigotry upon the ashes of infidelity.

Yet, amid the jarring of opposing forces, the light of truth shines on. It may be dimmed for a moment by diffusion, but, with perpetually increasing power, it still illuminates a wide and wider field. Is it a physical cause that keeps awake this flame? Is it written in the laws that govern the organization of material man—this principle that induces us to laugh at the faggot and the stake—that leads on tender womanhood and feeble infancy to dare the terrors before which nature shrinks, for the mere maintenance of an opinion? No, no! The first law of our physical nature is *the preservation of life*. The first desire of life is the enjoyment of physical comfort. In this overruling principle that causes us to sacrifice the one, and to disdain the other, there is something *supernatural*.

But men have died for false opinions; they have suffered misery and martyrdom for sentiments abstractly wrong—false gods, and faith irrational. Well! they have played their part on the great stage of human interests; but who shall judge their merits or their culpability? Can we determine, *now*, the nature of the evidence on which they acted, or judge how far their very organization had been modified to fit them for the sphere appointed them by Providence, among millions of disturbing and countervailing agencies—causes that agitate the nations, while humanity rolls on in its vast cycle, from the purity of Eden to the purity of the millennium? They have been instruments in the hands of supernatural power, even while endowed with the perfection of free will. According to their acts, their motives, and their talents, they will be judged—but not by us.

Glance at the history of races, and you will find tribe after tribe annihilated, or reduced to servitude, in order to make room for others of more vigorous energies. Sometimes the vices of a people undermine the frame of government and the constitutions of individuals, until barbaric strength breaks in to furnish fresh materials for reform, where the original soil of society has been exhausted by a thriftless husbandry. Such was the fate of Rome. At others, we see the overflow of a more polished stock, in the full blush of manhood, bearing down upon the weak though virtuous infancy of less favored races. Such is the course of the proud Anglo-Saxon, as he sweeps to destruction the sylvan nations of America. Where now are those strange monsters of Peru, whose bones lie scattered on the Alpine plains—disgusting relics of a populous state, *half human in their form*—divested of the noble port and heaven-directed visage? Long before the first of the Incas descended from his native luminary, that people was no more.* And where are their successors, led by those Incas to the gentle worship of the day-star? Their temples are in ruins—their glory has departed. The skulls of their priests and monarchs adorn the cabinets of the learned in other lands, while their degenerate sons acknowledge the stern sway of bold, contending tyrants, who seize by turns the banner of liberty, to flaunt it mockingly before the eyes of slaves.

We need not visit eastern climes to find enduring proofs that nations have their final dates prescribed by laws no human forethought can evade—their youth, their manhood, their decay, their death! Nor Babylon, nor Balbec, Thebes nor Troy, can speak more sadly in their ruins the inevitable doom of power and greatness, than do the silent forests of our own new western land. *There*—broken columns and storm shattered temples stand half engulfed beneath the dust of ages, or the shifting desert sands, proud monuments upon the tombs of buried empires. But *here*—the very monuments are buried!

Palenque left Palmyra in the shade, and far outrivaled Egypt. Yet where are now her massive structures? The gnarled roots of the tall tropic trees are intertwined above her altar stones. The cactus and the palm are blooming on her palace tops. Her fanes are hidden in the mossy soil; and life—young life—runs riot over her very memory. The traveler may wander through the wilderness of this "new country," and cross the crowded mart where thousands once were wont to congregate, nor dream that trace of human agency lies sleeping beneath the venerable woods. If you would seek the records of a fallen race, the very shadow of whose power oppresses us with awe, go track the jaguar's stealthy tread through tangled thickets where the light of day can scarcely penetrate, and follow the wolf to his lair in the deserted halls of state.

And yet, amid this wreck of dynasties and institutions—these still recurring struggles between the sunshine of civilization and the night of barbarism—society advances in the grand career of improvement, unchecked by transient evils. The tide rolls onward, and whelms or overturns whatever dares oppose it, whether the strength of nations, or the

* Science is sometimes destructive of poetry. Dr. S. G. Morton, of this city, whose collection of the heads of races is one of the most perfect in existence, possesses some human skulls of ancient Peruvians, so utterly deformed as to make it difficult to believe that the possessor could have maintained habitually the erect position. These skulls belong to a race more ancient than the nation conquered by the Spaniards. The learned anatomist into whose possession they have fallen formerly believed their enormous elongation to be the result of a natural peculiarity of structure; but further investigation has convinced him that in them, as in the flat-head Indians of our own territories, artificial compression has been employed to produce deformity of the head; and, strange as it may appear, there is some ground for believing that the degree of deformity was rendered proportionate to the social rank of the individual. If Dr. Morton is warranted in his present opinion on this subject, it is at least probable that the race in question is not extinct; for the Indians of the interior part of Peru still continue to flatten or change the form of the head by artificial compression during childhood. At all events, if still in existence, it is only as a most miserable and profoundly barbarous relic of a once powerful and highly polished nation.

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pride of philosophy. Man often, for a moment, thwarts the schemes of nature, by the action of his free, unbridled will—but all in vain. He is thrust aside or crushed; and still the work goes smoothly on, leaving him but his personal responsibility, his motives, and his labors. Let him look well to these, and trust the issue to a higher power. "We are playing with Providence as with the automaton," said one who has thought much more than he has written; "we are free to make what move we please upon the board, but we are sure to be checkmated at last."*

There is no stronger proof of the necessity of a future state of existence, than the futility of our plans of happiness in this. The best desires, the worthiest exertions, are often rendered worse than useless here; and after all our efforts of benevolence, how frequently we find *apparent evils* from those very efforts, not only overwhelming the objects of our love, but recoiling on ourselves. There is no visible relation, in this jarring world, between the merit and reward of any act. Eternal Justice still demands the balance, and it must be settled elsewhere. Then, let me not be taxed with fatalism, or with superstition, for introducing here the story of "The Fire-Doomed." The reader may attribute, if he will, to mere coincidence, occurrences that ancient writers would have charged on *Fate*—and I refer to *Providence*.

* * * * * * * * *

About twenty years ago, my duty called me daily through the wards and cells of a large hospital. Adjoining the buildings were extensive grounds, laid out in parterres for the accommodation of the patients; and, in one of these inclosures, all the lunatics whose violence did not endanger the safety of others, were permitted to enjoy themselves in sports and exercises adapted to their taste. Some played at ball against the high stone walls; others preferred bowling at nine-pins; a few were allowed the use of the swing; and several were deeply enamored of the velocipede.

The graver spirits, whose age and dignity could ill brook such boyish occupations, generally paired off and took their seats upon the benches placed beneath the shade of a fine old colonnade of trees, and whiled away the hours with drafts or chess; or, seated singly in some cool retreat, pored over their favorite authors from the library.

A few, whose minds were too completely shattered to share in any amusement approaching to the rational, performed their fantastic gestures, or reclined lazily upon the grass, unnoticed and in silence. There were several whose customs furnished curious examples of the force of habit, when every faculty of dignity sufficient to claim a place among the mental powers was gone. Three of these imbeciles had chosen, each for himself, a favorite path across the grounds, and had continued, from the time of the installation of the oldest executive officer of the institution, to pace along the same straight track, whenever the weather admitted of his removal from the cell. The first was remarkable for rapidity of action, moving like one who has on hand most urgent business, and whirling suddenly round at the termination of his walk, to renew his course without the slightest pause. A second, with his head thrown back, and the proud bearing of a man who leaves the ordinary affairs of life to his steward and his factor, marched forth and back again with a stately tread, and halted a moment at every turn, gravely to count the number three upon the expanded fingers of his left hand with the index of his right; then he would appear buried in thought for a minute or two, and, with a courteous smile, would make profound obeisance to the empty air, waving his extended palms in a wide half circle, as if declaring to some unseen being, "All is right yet! So wait your appointed time, and allow me, *politely*, to decline all closer intimacy till our settled truce is over." The third was of a melancholy mood; with looks continually bent upon the ground, he moved on with a tardy, shuffling gait, regardless of all observation. Even the calls of hunger could not rouse him; and he was led like an automaton from bed to exercise, from exercise to meals, without betraying a symptom of volition, or uttering an intelligible word. The routes of these three pedestrians intersected each other at as many different points; yet, although the plodding of unceasing footsteps, during many summers, had worn their pathways deep into the soil, no two of them were ever known to meet each other in their walks, or to exchange a sign of recognition.

Continually flitting around these unobservant beings was a light and active Portuguese, muttering in an under tone his unintelligible jargon. A few short phrases only could be recognized, from time to time, amid the meaningless loquacity of one whose tongue seemed to know no rest by day or night; but these few had obvious reference to some too well remembered crime, which, could his shattered intellect have told the tale, might have thrown light upon his unknown history—for he was an idiot pauper in a foreign land. He mingled up strange oaths with scraps of priestly Latin, and occasional ejaculations, such as these—"Yes, dark!" "See to the old cross on the mountain!" "He could tell if he would!" "It was sharp enough!" "She struggled hard though!" "That sweet moonlight!" "But the rocks are slippery!" "Hush! hush! She'll hear you!" "Whisper—whisper!" "They built the pile next day!" "There stands the old cross now! *I see it*, and *it sees me!*" And every few minutes, addressing himself to one or other of his silent neighbors, he would appear to plead most earnestly, in an unknown language, for something which we could not understand. Then, raging with unaccountable fury, he would throw himself into a fencing attitude, and guard and thrust, advance, retreat and lunge, as though engaged, with an ideal weapon, in mortal combat with a shadowy foe.

In an obscure corner of the inclosure, squatting upon his haunches, sat a motionless figure, that might have been mistaken for the grotesque offspring

* I received this beautiful simile from the late Sir John Caldwell, to whom it had been addressed in argument by Mr. Hazzard, of Rhode Island.

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of a sculptor's dream. The chin reposed upon the knees, and the hands were clasped beneath them; as in the dwarfish manikins of Chinese ornaments, that are sometimes represented as bearing enormous weights upon their shoulders—deformed, barbaric satires on the beautiful Atlatides of Grecian architecture. This was a soldier of the Revolution, who, becoming afterwards insane, had sunk into an obstinate and gloomy sulkiness, adopting, in his cell, the attitude described. Neither persuasion nor command could induce him even to retire to rest at night, and he slept, as he reposed during the day, with his back against the wall.

Years rolled on—and all attempts to change this strange determination were in vain; until, at length, another patient was quartered in the same apartment, in the hope that social intercourse might cheer him in his loneliness, and, perhaps, awaken the sleeping faculties fast sinking into absolute fatuity. For a time, a slight improvement was observed, and the poor recluse was enticed into an occasional remark; but still he held to his original posture with the determination of a Hindoo devotee, and, unfortunately, with a like result.

One day, the partner of his cell ventured an opinion in conversation, derogatory to the character of his former commander, and all the soldier was instantly aroused. Foaming with rage, he essayed the punishment of him from whom the insult was received, and made the most strenuous exertions to rise from his position—but in vain! Time, and the accommodating laws of life, had fitted bone, and joint, and muscle, to his habitual attitude; and that which had been assumed by volition, was maintained by compulsion. In his struggles he fell upon his side, and could not even restore his equipoise without assistance.

Restraint and strict confinement were much more common in our hospitals forty years ago, than at a later period; and before the time when I first beheld this victim of a strange propensity, due attention to the physical advantages of air and exercise began to be regarded as indispensable in the most hopeless, as well as the more manageable cases of insanity. Our poor old soldier felt the full luxury of this reform. He was allowed to ride out frequently in the coach belonging to the institution, and was daily seated in the pleasure grounds, when the weather rendered this indulgence proper; but his powers of voluntary locomotion never were regained. They carried him about as men carry a garden vase—his arms being employed for handles—and his utmost efforts extended only to the use of the spoon at meals, which the remaining motion of the elbow was sufficient to permit.

These, and many other interesting cases were crowded into that old bedlam yard; and each might furnish matter for a tale of sorrow. Though most of them were not unhappy in their madness, guarded and tended as they were by true philanthropists, some family circle had been broken up, or some bright dream of future bliss destroyed in every instance. As in the case of death, the survivors justly claim more sympathy than the departed; so in this worse affliction, the overwhelming misery beneath which the mind is crushed, acts as a blessing from its very excess; and it is then the sane who suffer rather than the lunatic. This was peculiarly true of one of the little band to which the reader has been introduced.

The few who are familiar with the scene described, will recollect a tall and graceful man habitually seated on a low bench at a little distance from his fellow-patients, where there was a barren, sandy space, on which the grass refused to grow. There he would spend the livelong day in solitude among the crowd. His dress was humble to the last degree. A pair of much worn slippers upon stockingless feet, blue kersimere pantaloons, and a short yellow "round-about," composed the principal articles of his attire. His manly throat was bare, and his dark curling, but neglected locks, knew no restraint—for even in the full blaze of an August sun, he refused all covering for the head.

The soft glance of his hazel eye was lighted up at times with an expression of intelligence, like a solitary star beaming brightly for a moment through the mist of a murky night, while all the other features wore the settled and unmeaning look of idiocy. But there was something in the motions of his delicate person, and in the set of his rude dress, carelessly as it was worn, that spoke no vulgar character. Language he had none, unless a low muttering of undistinguished sounds may be considered language; but the modulation of his vocal efforts conveyed variety of passion. Their general tone was that of cheerfulness and persuasive affection; but sometimes they breathed the deepest melancholy. He was intolerant of interruption; and when addressed or pressed upon by strangers, would rise with every demonstration of anger, and seek some more secluded station. His sole employment seemed to be the graving of one cherished name upon the sand—continually, with his forefinger, or a little stick, he spelt out "M-A-R-Y," then smiled, and casting a furtive glance around, to see that none observed, blotted it out, and recommenced his labor.

There are those who still maintain the truth of the old saying,

> "Men have died, and worms have eaten them,
> But not for love,"

and the reproach, if reproach it be, may be literally true, though not in the intended sense.

When the blight of disappointment falls upon the gentler sex, the very sources of life are chilled. The tender plant, translated from its native paradise, to bloom amid the snows and storms of a more rigorous clime, while sheltered and warmed by the skill of the gardener, feels not the desolation that surrounds it, but breathes its perfume, and displays its beauty gaily, and fearless of the wintry blast. But let the fire decline; let him on whom it leans for training and support be guilty of desertion and neglect, and in one night of unprotected loneliness, the floweret falls, the stem is withered, and the root itself is frozen. It lies a hopeless, lifeless wreck on the cold bosom of its parent earth. And such is woman in her loveliest

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form, when her young heart is wooed away from the fond paradise of home, and she has entered on the chilly world, to share the mantle of a stranger when the wind howls, and the frost pinches. She lives while the bright flame of affection burns—she dies when it declines.

Not so stern manhood, with its stubborn frame. The tree may cast its leaves when cold assails it, but the root still lives. It is too deeply planted in the soil for storms to reach it there. Naught but the tornado or the earthquake can destroy its strong hold on existence; and another summer's sun may bid it bloom again. But though yet living, many a stately tree whose branches have been riven and its tough trunk cleft by the cold grasp of winter, stands forth for long, long years, a mangled monument of ruin clad in verdure—a libel on its race.

"And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on"

There are more lunatics from blighted affection among men—more deaths among the women.

The tall grass waves above the grave of the young man of whom I speak—for years have passed since his troubled dream of life was ended; but the memory of early promise dwells long in the hearts of the survivors. A name still cherished as a sacred record of misfortune, in the grief-wrung hearts of friends and relatives, may not be idly thrust before the gaze of popular curiosity; and I will, therefore, substitute the simple but endearing title "Charles" for one far more imposing and poetical, by which he was well known to many in his earlier and happier days.

Charles was the son of parents, not wealthy, but of high respectability. He was born and figured, during his years of reason, in the gayest circles of a southern city. Having been educated with uncommon care, his moral principles were firmly planted, and early ripened by the fond attention of his parents; and when left an orphan at the age of sixteen years, the dissipations and temptations of a lively capital failed to entice him from the path of virtue. His mind assumed that chastened, melancholic tone of thoughtfulness that betrays deep feelings, and an aptitude to love and to religion. Nor was this gravity surprising, even in one who had scarcely passed the confines of his boyhood; for though a moderate fortune in expectancy, and means sufficient at immediate command, would have warranted him in the indulgence of the usual follies and frivolities of youth, which there were none to interdict, he had already felt the discipline of the best of teachers. Misfortune had tempered and refined his character while yet a child.

Affectionate in disposition, the loss of parents, to whom he was most tenderly attached, was, of itself, sufficient to calm, if not to chill the buoyant feelings proper to his age; and the impression of this sad bereavement was rendered more deep and lasting by other similar disasters. Death had been busy in the ranks of his friends and relatives beyond the limits of his immediate household circle; but there were circumstances attendant upon many of the visits of the king of terrors, well calculated to increase the seriousness naturally resulting from such fatal accidents, and tinge them with a shade of superstitious dread.

Report, for which I cannot absolutely vouch in all its details, though there can be no doubt of its general truth, informs us that no less than five of his immediate connections met with violent ends, in various ways, through the agency of fire. One perished in the cradle, by the carelessness of a nurse, in leaving a lighted candle unguarded by the bedside of the helpless sleeper; another, when advanced in life, fell on a bed of coals, in an attack of deep insensibility; two were destroyed in burning dwellings; and one by scalding, from the overturning of a heavy caldron.

Our hero's loneliness, thus fatally enhanced, increased the strength of his imagination—for solitude is the mother of dreams. He sighed, as all the young and sensitive have sighed, for closer, dearer ties than those of consanguinity; and, as the melancholic and poetical are ever prone to do, he drew on the creative power of genius for that companionship which Providence denied him. He formed, and fashioned into woman's loveliness, a bright conception of ideal beauty—half human, half angelic. An unsubstantial being of the mind became the object of his adoration. By night, this spirit seemed to hover round his couch. By day, she bore him company in all the changing scenes of life. She cheered him in the dull routine of business. When toiling at the desk, her whisper, in the tongueless harmony of feeling, bade him "Toil on! It is not for yourself alone these weary hours are spent. One day, my likeness in a mortal form will be the partner of your weal or wo." In the quiet of the study, while poring over the classic page—the eternal legacies of statesman, sage, or poet—handed down in

"Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,"

his spirit held communion with *her*. Each noble aspiration was encouraged, and every mean or sensual idea checked by her mysterious and refining influence. She became a part of his nature—*within himself a better self*—to which his very will was bowed—a holy and controling, ever present dream. He heard her voice on the breeze in the deep forest; he saw her shadowy form reclining on the fleecy clouds of evening. She smiled on him from the moon-lit ripple of the river—slept on the dark surface of the sedgy pool beneath the waving willows; and her wild, free laughter, mingling with the noisy babble of the cascade, resounded through the rocky glen at noonday. When, from the bright green, vernal copse, the thrush poured forth its liquid tones, to him it seemed her song of hope that swelled so clear and high, luring him onward toward a happy future. When the chill nights of autumn were musical with the warning voices of the insect tribes, chanting their mournful dirge above the dying leaves, her influence was there, calming the troubled memory of the past,

"Telling how all things fair must pass away."

And was this love, or madness? There are some who dare to sneer at young romance, and deem such

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thoughts the offspring of a feeble mind. Away with the heartless falsehood! Such thoughts are full of virtue and ennobling excellence. What though, in after years, this world be found one wide-spread theatre of groveling selfishness, where the few gems of real worth lie smothered in the soil of avarice, pride, and custom? What though wealth and fashion, petty power, and low ambition, weigh genius with guineas, measure refinement with a tailor's wand, or estimate "the noblest work of God" by the mere gilding of the image—worshiping gew-gaw garters, and glittering stars, framed to "throw cruel sunshine on a fool?" What though we struggle vainly with the current, and find ourselves compelled by force to follow what we loathe, like a proud steed harnessed with mean hacks upon the turning-wheel, and there condemned to toil for life in the same beaten circle, still cheated with the semblance of progression. Who that maintains a soul can look back from the stormy scenes of middle life or the sad loneliness of age upon the days when they could share such feelings, and gravely, calmly teach the cold philosophy in which they are despised? Reader! if thou art young, cherish that holy madness; cherish and warm it in thy heart of hearts; and when experience, in after days, shall prove, as it must prove, thy bright conception but a sunny dream, still nurse its memory as thy richest treasure. Save that clear vision of the future which sometimes spreads ineffable beauty upon the dying, life has no other dream so full of heaven.

But man, half animal in this state of existence, cannot be long content with the ideal. Whatever he conceives of excellence or beauty, he seeks to *realize* and to *possess*. Charles fled from the solitude of woods and streams to the far deeper loneliness of crowds. He mingled with the revelers at ball or rout. Wherever the young and lovely congregated most, there nightly was he found. Even at church, his thoughts would wander from their proper sphere, and bend themselves to earth. It was not that the sense of higher duty waned, or that he felt delight in gayety. His soul still mounted with the organ's swell, and the song of mirth jarred painfully upon an ear attuned to loftier feelings; but he sought amid the throng the embodied likeness of his airy love.

Many a fair cheek and soft expressive eye, that melted in the warmth of its own beams, arrested his attention; but there he found not the high principle that breasts the storm with firm, enduring constancy. The bride all fondness while the summer sky is clear and glowing, but helpless when misfortune lowers, or withered by the first unguarded word, was not for him. Many a faultless beauty met his gaze, on whose unsullied brow no shade of care or thought had ever fallen—still calmly smiling, like a cloudless moon, unmoved by all the ills of life—content with any change for weal or wo; but he knew himself a mortal, and wished not for angelic partnership. In all, some sad defect compensated the nobler gifts of womanhood, and quenched the torch just lighting at the altar. Wit was linked with temper; wealth, leagued with selfishness, thwarted the course of charity, damming the current while it swelled the spring; and fashion warped the soul, as it contorts the body, until all trace of God's high image was lost in the deformity of art. He grew sick with longing, and misanthropic with disappointment.

But, among the multitude of his acquaintance, there were two young girls, inseparable companions, though of widely different character. With them he had spent many happy hours. The elder was all cheerfulness and sweetness; and with her it was agreeable to beguile the time, when wearied with the round of more exacting intimates. This mild and fair-haired blonde was ever ready with a smile of welcome for those she styled her friends, and asked no effort for her entertainment—contented if she pleased them, and unrepining if they preferred to please themselves. Too indolent to store her mind with knowledge, and yet possessing an unusual share of the light currency of conversation, well fitted to fill up the intervals of graver thought, she never ventured to assume the lead, nor ever flagged in following the discourse. Her parlor was the beau-ideal of a lounge. The younger was a fairy figure—the lightest of brunettes—sylph-like in form and movement, with long locks of glossy jet, and an eye full, large, and changeful as an April morn. It was not black, but of that dark gray hue that marks the mingling of genius and feeling. Beneath the inky lashes that swept her cheek and rose again whenever the eyelid fell in her more serious moods, there slept a thousand warm emotions not to be aroused until awakened by some master-spirit—for she was very young. A modesty that was free from bashfulness led her to doubt her own acquirements; and her enthusiastic and ambitious mind toiled on, without a guide, in the quiet of the secret study, while, in society, she never dreamed of sharing the discussion with those whom she regarded, often without just reason, as vastly her superiors in knowledge. In company, she was lively, sportive, and poetical—ever ready for the laugh or song, and careless of effect, except in dress. A graceful vanity there led her to display; and if she had a fault, it lay in the perfection of a taste *that would be gratified*, and rendered somewhat too distinguished her slender figure, already so attractive of the passing gaze by its surpassing beauty and perfection. Charles correctly estimated the elder of these ladies, as one of those useful members of society who, like the general admirer among men, are doomed to be *the friends of all the other sex, and more than the friends of none;* with whom we may enjoy the freedom of companionship, unchecked by the cold laws of dull formality, and fearless of suspicion; a class who purchase their immunity from the impertinence of neighborly espionage and envious comment at the dear price of single blessedness; a class forever free from *all love's sorrows, and its comforts too*. The younger, who appeared a fairy butterfly flitting among the flowers of life, to sip of every honey-loaded nectary, till the first frost of age should chill its gaudy wing, was cherished as a favorite child. An interchange of serious or lasting feeling with one whose thoughts

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seemed evanescent as a summer breeze, had never mingled with his dreams; and yet, to answer all her rapid queries on a thousand disconnected subjects—to pour the light of philosophic truth upon a mind that drank instruction as a thirsty soil imbibes the rain-shower—became his nightly and delightful task, as the long winter evenings stole unmarked away. The effort always met a rich reward in the enraptured glance of keen intelligence that welcomed every new idea; and this was all he asked or hoped to see. But he knew not the depth of soul that dwelt within the bosom of that gay young creature—the springs of genius and feeling, tossed by the gushing of their secret fountains, that welled around her heart—he only saw, in the bright play of ever-changing features, the sportive sunbeams dancing on the surface.

Months passed, and spring succeeded winter. The only remaining parent of the elder girl fled with her family to the cooler regions of the north; and her young friend, whose father's interests bound him to the spot, (he was a widower, and professional,) accompanied them to their chosen retreat upon the Hudson. Charles bade adieu to his half plaything and half pupil, without one thought of serious regret—for he intended to devote the summer to the routine of business, and not to pleasure; and this was a prudent intention, as the condition of his affairs had not been benefitted by his previous devotion to society.

But habits are not readily broken by young men of two and twenty. Before one week had waned, he felt oppressed by a sense of loneliness for which he could not well account. Another week swept by, and the duties of the office became so wearying that he was tempted to renew once more his solitary rambles in the country.

"'Tis strange," he mentally exclaimed, on one of these excursions, "these groves seem far less beautiful than they appeared but one short year ago; can I be growing old so rapidly that nature and her loveliness begin to pall upon my taste already? The birds are singing and the brook bounds and bubbles now as formerly; but there is something wanting. How often my thoughts revert to Mary; and how seldom I think of those bright images that used to people every scene. I am becoming exceedingly prosaic. Can it be that the mere prattle of a child has grown so necessary to me that I no longer enjoy my day-dreams, and my airy castle-building? Startled by the rustle of every leaf, I turn to see her springing toward me through the shrubbery, and feel discontented that it is not her footstep. When musing by the river side, while thoughts crowd thick upon me, I dream that she is sitting by my side, and wonder at her long protracted silence. It is very strange!"

Yet another week, and he found it in vain to struggle with the growing feeling of ennui that began to render him querulous and unhappy. His books were neglected—his purposes unsettled. He could apply himself to nothing.

"There can be no advantage in remaining here," he suddenly resolved, "to brave the dangers of a sickly summer, when there is no hope of industry. My mind has lost the power of application. This is the warmest season we have known for many years; and I had better travel till the cloud that hovers over me is dissipated."

Toward the end of September, the two young ladies who figure in our story, were returning from an evening walk by the margin of a bold and dashing stream that hurries through a rocky glen, in Dutchess County, to pour its crystal tribute into the Hudson. They had just entered the road that led to the rural mansion which they had chosen for their summer residence, when they observed a tall young man advancing toward them from the house with springing step. He was clad in the green and yellow costume of a hunter, and in his hand he trailed a long and heavy rifle. The ample woodman's frock obscured the outline of his person, and the vizor of his foraging-cap concealed, in part, his features. The ladies paused in some alarm, for the dress and carriage belonged not to the quiet region of the sober Netherlanders by whom they were surrounded. Slackening his speed as he drew near, the stranger halted at the distance of a few paces. His face was deeply sunburnt, and they did not recognize him. Enjoying their confusion for a moment, he removed the cap to wipe the perspiration from his brow, and laughed.

"Charles! dearest Charles!" exclaimed the younger lady, and sprung to meet him with the girlish frankness of sixteen. But why did she arrest her steps midway, and blush at her precipitation. She never hesitated thus before! She knew not—nor did he—but so it was. She blushed, and bidding him welcome with the simple phrase, "we are glad to see you," retreated instantly, and left her companion to express, in stronger terms, their pleasure and surprise. Charles thought her cold.

"I am just returning to the sunny south," he said, "after a long and most enchanting journey; and could not pass so near your residence without extending my ramble for a few miles, to tender you my respects and offer to convey your messages to friends at home."

"We shall return ourselves in a few weeks," replied the elder lady. "Mother has been wishing to enlist the services of some preux cavalier to protect us on our journey. She will be rejoiced at your arrival. Can you not share our hermitage and our wanderings for one short month? We will do our best to please you. Come, you must not refuse. But where have you been, you truant? And why have you assumed this strange attire? You look more like an Indian from the far west than our grave, pale and sentimental Mr. ———. How long since you left dear Virginia? Bless me, how brown you are! How did you leave Mr. Jones, and the Misses Thompsons, and—and Mr. Fontleroy, and all our other friends? Who's at home? and who's away? and where have they gone? and how do you live in the city when there is nobody there? Do tell me at once, for I am dying to hear all about it."

"So many questions in a single breath? Well, they shall all be answered at the house. I've been a

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chamois on the mountains—a wild deer in the forest—and a swan among the lakes! But you *shall* hear all about it, Ellen. Where is your mother? She was not at home when I called at the house just now."

"There is a lady of our acquaintance lying very ill on the next plantation," she replied, "and mother gives the afternoon to her. She will return to tea."

The party reached the mansion, and were joined there by the mother. Charles gladly yielded to their joint request that he would remain with them till their departure, and dismissed a servant to the neighboring landing to procure his baggage. Thus fairly domiciliated, the balance of the evening was consumed in lively pictures of his journey and the incidents of travel. The ladies learned, to their astonishment, that he had been so much enchanted with the scenery of the noble Susquehanna as to forward all his heavy baggage from Columbia to Albany, there to await his coming, while, with his rifle and knapsack and a ranger's dress, he crossed on foot the states of Pennsylvania and New York into the region of the lakes; thence, tending westward from Geneva, he had visited the far-famed torrent of Niagara, not then as now insulted by the vulgar gaze of fashionable folly, or disfigured by the puny structures of the Cockney and the Benthamite.

Returning by the way of Albany, he took passage on a sloop for the old Safe Harbor, "Apokipsing,"* and after two days, wearily spent upon the Overslaugh, arrived, and sought their hospitable roof, to rest from the labor of a march of full a thousand miles.

To all the glowing tales of his hairbreadth escapes upon the mountain or the flooded river—of glorious streams and noble inland seas whose names alone, though given by savage tongues, are full of poetry—his auditors were charmed till late into the night. But still his sprightly little favorite listened in total silence. She came not to his side, as formerly, but sat retired in the deep shade of a recess, scarce seeming to take notice of any thing that passed. She is sadly changed, thought Charles, when all his efforts to arouse her interest appeared to fail in their intended purpose.

Once, indeed, when he described how, lost in the wild forest on the Juniata, he had met a bear playing with her cubs, had shot and wounded without killing her; when he told how the infuriated animal pursued him down the mountain side, over the rolling stones and rocks that failed beneath their feet and followed them in cataracts, till, on the very verge of a whirling rapid, he turned and gained a momentary advantage for breathing and reloading; then Mary did, indeed, lean forward upon her chair, and gaze with painful keenness and intensity upon his animated face; sitting with lips apart in the full light of the lamp until she heard the issue of the contest. But she fell back again within the shade, without a word of comment, the moment the tale was concluded.

He told, then, of an evening spent upon the level summit of an overhanging precipice that guards the upper pass of Wyoming. The sun was setting behind the western hills bounding the loveliest valley of the Susquehanna, while cottages and ripening grain-fields, waving corn and velvet pasturage stretched far away for miles beneath the eye. Beautiful towns, with their tall spires and gilded vanes, shone brightly in the slanting beams, while the dark shadows of the highlands, reclining like weary giants on the verdant carpet of the plain, grew broader and broader in the distance, and the eastern sky, already fading into the gloom of night, cast back a yellow light upon the waves raised by the rapid current of the river, till they glowed in a long winding pathway paved with amber. He lay and mused for hours upon that happy scene of rural comfort and domestic peace; and his mind traveled back to the rude period of the border struggles, when that quiet valley was the scene of war, and fire, and fierce revenge: when rival states contended for the sovereignty of the soil, and fertilized it with their blood.

As the sun sunk, and the heavens grew red in the twilight, tinging the water with their golden reflection, he thought of the burning wigwam of old Tediuscund, when savages more brutal than the followers of Brandt consumed the venerable Christian chief in the ashes of his dwelling—an offering to the demon of discord—making an altar of his very hearthstone.

As the gloaming settled down gray and heavy around him, the air seemed loaded with the tumult of the night attack when colony met colony with hate as deadly as rankled in the bosoms of the Gaelic hordes on Scottish hills, or the more fiendish malice of the craven crew that turned the hospitable roofs of deep Glencoe to one wide human slaughter-house, and stamped the foulest blot on England's blood-stained escutcheon. He heard the shrieks of tender childhood crying in vain for mercy, the hoarser curse of dying warriors, and the moan of famished mothers, whose infants, still pressed madly to their bosoms, weighed down their weary frames in the black, trackless forest, there to lie a prey to wolves or to the lurking cougor—their names—their fate—their memory forever lost.

But the moon rose unclouded, and these dark thoughts were banished. All looked so lovely and so peaceful in the pale livery of the queen of night, that he preferred the balmy mountain air to the close

* Apokipsing was the Indian title now corrupted into Po'keepsie or Poughkeepsie. The word signifies The Safe Harbor. The village is, by wide difference, the most beautiful, spirited and intelligent on the Hudson, short of Troy; but, being located on a high hill, overlooking nearly eighty miles of a lovely valley, bounded by the Kattskill, Fishkill and Shawangunk mountains, (the latter now horribly contracted into *Showgum*,) with the hills dividing the waters of the Hudson from those of the Housatonic, its situation renders it nearly invisible from the river, and few who have not been made acquainted with the larder and the gentlemanly kindness of *mine host*, whose noble-looking hotel, placed directly on the landing, seems to represent the city, are tempted to land. The academic schools of Poughkeepsie, both for boys and girls, should stand at the very head of this class of institutions in the United States, if we except the great Collegiate Female Institute at Albany. In education, New York is rapidly taking the lead of New England. The view from the Collegiate Institute at Poughkeepsie presents us with one of the most magnificent panoramas in the country; but, like that from Wadsworth's Tower, on the heights west of Hartford, in Connecticut, and that from Rattlesnake Hill, at Northumberland on the Susquehanna, it is very rarely visited by the thousands who annually throng the more celebrated though vastly less attractive centres of popular resort.

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chambers of a cottage in July. So, choosing a mossy bed beneath a tree, he made a pillow of his knapsack and resigned himself to sleep.

The morning had risen high above the horizon, when his slumbers were disturbed by a singular dream. He thought he was reclining on his own couch at home, and some confusion in the street determined him to rise: but he had not the power. There were angry voices underneath his windows, with sounds of contest, and the watchmen were endeavoring to arrest some one who had overpowered the guardian of the district. Their rattles sounded loudly for assistance in every direction; but he could not move. At last, one of these unmusical appendages of the police was sprung within the chamber where he lay, and grated so harshly on his ear that with a start he awoke.

"Hold on, Mister, till I get another crack at him! You'll put your hand right on him if you rise," said a tall, gaunt, and thin faced figure leaning over him, with one arm thrown around the tree, and wielding a stout cudgel with the other.

"Hold on, I tell you, or you are a dead man!" he cried, with fearful energy, seeing Charles preparing to rise, and reaching for his rifle, which leaned against the side of the trunk opposite the intruder.

There is something in the tone of a determined spirit, speaking under high excitement, that will not be denied. Charles paused; for he felt bewildered and perplexed. He was not in his chamber, for there were woods and hills around on every side; but how he came thence he could not divine. Can I be dreaming, he thought; there is a riot sure enough, for here is this fierce-looking savage standing over me, and I hear the rattles still. But I must be asleep and in a nightmare, for my chairs and tables are turned to trees and rocks!

While these ideas passed rapidly through his mind, the club of his wild companion descended close to his head. He started and the rattles ceased to play: but his doubts of the reality of all he saw were scarcely dissipated.

"There, Mister," said his attendant, "I kinder calkilate you've been sleepin with a bed-feller not of your own choosin last night, any how. I'd rather keep to hum than come all the way up here after such a tarnal reptyle critter as that. It's well for you that our Crumple strayed away yester noon, and the old woman took on so powerful about the milk. This chap was quirled up close to your ear when I came upon you. Do tell! Arn't he a swingeing big one?" And he lifted, upon the end of his stick, a monstrous rattle-snake, whose head had been crushed by the last blow. His back had been broken before the sleeper woke.

Charles rose, and proceeded to thank his deliverer with the warmth which the importance of the service warranted, but was immediately checked by the settler.

"Oh, never mind! That 's not worth mentionin at all. The varmint hisself pays for the trouble, for he 's as fat as butter. We uses the big ones' tallow for the rheumatis, and my old woman pickles the little ones in whiskey, and sells them to the doctors for medicine. But hark ye, Mister—a—what did you say your name was?"

"I have not yet informed you, sir. My name is Charles ———."

"Well, now, is it! And may be you wouldn't think me too bold if I was just to ask you where you 're from, and what's your business in these clearins?"

Charles had never before encountered a genuine specimen of that curious variety of humanity, once so common, but now so rare, in the section of the Union from which the Valley of Wyoming was originally peopled; but he was familiar with it by report, and knowing well that no impertinence was here intended, he replied, with the instinctive courtesy of a gentleman—*a courtesy that never permits unnecessary stricture on mere manners where the heart is right.*

"I am from Virginia, on a hunting excursion for the benefit of my health, and intend to follow the East branch into New York, and then to visit the Falls of Niagara and the lakes."

"Now, you don't say! Come all the way from Virginia a huntin! Why, how tired you must be! You 'd find it much easier to ride. May be you and me could n't make a bargain for my four-year-old? He 's as handsome a critter as ever you see: he takes to the beach-woods as natural as a squirrel—gallops over log causeway and never stumbles—and gits fat on nothin and potatoe rinds!"

Even this little anecdote, narrated with graphic force, and mingling the fearful with the ludicrous—while it drew strong marks of feeling from the other ladies—failed to awaken any apparent emotion in the once loquacious and sprightly Mary. Charles was chagrined; and yet he knew not why. What claim had he on her, that he should take so strong an interest in her actions? She had been his playmate as a child, but now she had expanded fully into womanhood. Even three months of absence had changed her figure and her stature, while her brow wore an air of conscious dignity. Others might have engrossed the thoughts that formerly were his. The idea was unpleasant, but there was no ground for censure, and, pleading fatigue, he retired to his repose.

As his footsteps died away in the hall, the elder lady observed to Mary—"My dear child, you gave but a chilling welcome to our visiter. How is it that for three long months we heard of little else than Charles? 'Oh, if Charles were here, he could tell us the names of all these beautiful flowers; my botany does not describe the half of them'—'How Charles would admire that splendid mountain scene'—'I take no interest in these rocks, for Charles is not here to tell us of their structure!' Was it not so, my little omnivorous philosopher? And now Charles has come, and you have scarce a word to say to him—scarce a glance. He was offended with you, Mary."

"No, aunt. That is quite impossible. He never

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troubles himself with thinking of such a flirting little butterfly as I am. He has called me 'silly child' a hundred times within the year, and says my mind is like a magic lantern, making beautiful pictures, but forever changing. Had he cared much for us, he would not have been wandering all the summer, tanning his face with the sun and water, and hunting deer, wild cats and rattle-snakes, when he knew that we should have been so happy to see him, or even to travel with him if he wished. I do not think him half so handsome as he was last winter."

"Well, perhaps you are right. It certainly was very foolish for him to bury himself in the wilderness, spoiling his good looks and corrupting his manners among woodsmen and hunters, when he might have been welcomed in the best society, and spent his time profitably in gaining polish by traveling and observation among civilized people. He could connect himself with almost any family in Virginia if he would curb these vagabond tastes. How rustic he has grown!"

"Now, aunt! I cannot bear to hear you speak so of him. Corrupt his manners! so mild, so winning, and so manly. Not all the woodsmen that ever trod on this side of the Alleghanies could corrupt his manners. Foolish! *Charles foolish! He* never said or did a foolish thing in all his life. There is no such society as could polish Charles, and I should like to see the proudest woman, of the proudest blood in all Virginia, that would not be prouder still to gain him."

The glow of excitement deepened into the blush of shame as she concluded, lest she had spoken too warmly for the occasion, and she covered her face with her hands.

"Tut! tut! child!" said the old lady, "go to bed now, and preserve your good looks. You have grown pale of late. Charles and you are a couple of silly ones together, and every body reads you better than you can read yourselves."

Ellen hummed "Love's Young Dream," but in too low a tone to awaken the attention of Mary. Her mother smiled, half sorrowfully, and those ladies also sought their chambers.

But let us follow Charles. He found not on his couch the repose he wished and needed, but felt feverish and ill at ease. Fatigue and the unwholesome miasms of the Genesee had been secretly undermining his health, while an unaccountable, and, as it appeared, unreasonable displeasure at the manner of his reception assisted in banishing sleep from his pillow.

This question was continually recurring, as he tossed his throbbing temples from side to side—"Why should I care for the mere whims and humors of a child? But Mary is a child no longer. Well! That is natural, and what is it to me? And yet, wherever I go there is always something to remind me of her. 'Tis very strange.'" These thoughts disturbed his partial doze, until their very monotony composed him into a profound though troubled slumber.

But terrible were the visions that then crowded upon him. He thought he was wandering alone in a desert wilderness, when suddenly a beautiful lake expanded before him. It grew and became enlarged continually, spreading out on every hand until the distant shore was lost to view. Standing upon a perpendicular bank, beneath a grove of sycamores, he looked down on the sparkling waters a hundred feet below. A noble bay was at his feet, bounded upon the right by the general curve of the main land, and, on the left, by a low, densely wooded, hook-like peninsula, sweeping for miles into the lake, and forming there a land-locked harbor.

A bark canoe was resting lightly on the glassy surface, and a long silken cord extended from the bow into a little bank of mist that floated in the very centre of the basin. Presently he saw a slight commotion in the vapor. Slowly contracting within narrower limits it assumed the likeness of a human figure. Each airy and transparent limb was gradually moulded into graceful symmetry, and the long, flowing drapery reclined in fleecy folds upon the water. Feature after feature, dimly seen at first, soon warmed into expression, and he knew the being of his early dreams—the beau-ideal of his worship.

Self-poised, the vision floated on the air, holding in one hand the silken cord that drew the fairy vessel, while the other pointed far away toward the broad bosom of the lake. With a smile she beckoned him to follow, and gently shook the cord as if impatient of delay. He raised his hands, and by some unknown power was borne across the bay till he descended into the frail bark that sunk almost to the water's edge beneath his weight. Immediately the figure glided away, like a thin summer cloud before the breeze, and still the boat pursued its motion, while the shore receded farther and farther from his view. At length, they were alone upon the world of waters—he and his airy love.

Hours passed—and upon either hand the shores again appeared—the forest closing slowly in, until they found themselves upon the bosom of a noble river. Still sweeping onward, onward! The deep, dark waters gathered force, and poured more and more rapidly along, bearing them by many a flowery, many a woodland isle. The rushing tide assumed a majestic voice, and though no rocks arose to chafe its anger, the distant banks, the very air that rested on the surface, returned a monitory murmur of dread import, and he shuddered. But the same lovely hand still beckoned, and the same bright smile allured him onward.

Presently the water became roughened, and the crested billows curled into breakers—rocks shot up on every side, and the rugged bottom shone through the beryl-tinted current of the stream, clearer and clearer as the water shoaled with its continually increasing speed. Onward the bark shot like an arrow. Dashing—and foaming—and whirling—the waves were beaten into one wide sheet of foam. Destruction threatened to engulf him at every moment of that mad career. But still the airy figure smiled and beckoned onward.

Then, mingling with the war of waves and hiss of wrathful spray, there came a sound deeper than

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distant thunder. Louder and louder grew that pauseless roll. Like lightning was the motion of the magic boat, riding the lofty billows and darting through the darkened troughs that intervened between them. They neared a little group of islands—the largest dividing the wild torrent in the midst—but when he strove to trace the further progress of the river a thin cloud obscured his vision, and the broken fragments of the many-colored arc of heaven shed fitful radiance on the whirling masses of vapor, through which, as through a veil, were dimly seen long lines of rugged rocks; their perpendicular sides, crowned by the stunted, tempest-riven pine, stretched far away over a barren and a savage tract. The river was engulfed. He sunk beneath the terrors of the scene, and sense and feeling reeled, when, on the margin of a horrid chasm, the boat seemed pausing for a moment, as if in dread of the inevitable leap. He stretched his arms out toward his siren guide, now floating lightly through the unsubstantial mist, and fainted.

When consciousness returned, he found himself reclining on a ledge of crumbling stone, hung midway up the face of a vast pile of overhanging rock, whose shelving summit quite shut out the sun. Beneath his feet, the boiling caldron of white foam raved, tossed, and thundered, as the giant stream poured its eternal flood into the viewless depth of the abyss. Beside him was the same bright being of the air that lured him to that awful chasm; and still she smiled, but with a look of pity. Slowly, as he gazed on her, the misty drapery dissolved or mingled with the torrent's spray. The features also gradually changed. More human grew the figure, and bore increasing likeness to some familiar friend. He wondered, and endeavored to recall the countenance, when suddenly it took the form of Mary.

Bounding away with the wild, ringing laughter that had so often broken in upon his day-dream among the lonely glens of his far distant haunts of boyhood, she darted sportively beneath the bright green curtain of the falls, and disappeared.

Charles, wild with terror at her rash folly, rushed forward to the rescue; battling the stinging spray, and the fierce blasts of wind that swept through the watery hall, stumbling among the slippery stones, or on the backs of slimy reptiles, he hurried onward blindly in pursuit. But a rocky wall, impassable by human foot, arrested his career; and he stood, vainly calling on the name of Mary—mocking the thunder of eternity with the puny voice of man.

Mad with the disappointed search, he struck the opposing rock; it opened with the blow, and through the cleft rushed forth long tongues of flame and whirls of suffocating smoke. Within the glowing furnace stood Mary, her outstretched arms vainly imploring help, as the destroying element eddied and curled around her. He sprung to her assistance, but closing with a sharp report, the rock again opposed him, while a voice louder than the roar of falling torrents exclaimed: "Not all Niagara, flooded with human tears, can change her doom or thine!—Away!" and the broad canopy of waters was waved and rent with the explosion of a fiendish laugh, echoed from out the solid earth on which he stood. He woke—the cold drops rested on his brow, and his aching limbs refused their office. The jet of a garden engine was playing upon the window-panes, and the mirthful sounds of girlish sportiveness, mingled with the baying of the old house-dog, were ringing in the morning air.

Charles found himself affected with one of the fevers then so common on the lakes, (our tale commences in the year 1810;) but the case was a mild one, and in about ten days, his constitution rested the conqueror in the struggle. During his short though severe and dangerous illness, every attention to his comfort was paid with studious care by the elder lady of the family, and her kindness led him to adopt the appellation of endearment given her by Mary, though not in virtue of a real relationship. She became his *aunt* by courtesy; and her amiable daughter received the title of *Cousin Ellen*. But all that friendship could effect, could not prevent his constant disposition to dwell upon the singular dream of the first terrible night. It would recur to his memory again and again with almost its original vividness. At length a vague idea of some connection in their fates took strong hold on his mind, in spite of reason. He was well aware that slighter causes than those which obviously gave tone to the current of his ideas upon that occasion—the shout, the barking, and the jet of water—are quite sufficient to explain the texture of the wildest web that fancy ever wove, and hung as drapery round the cave of sleep. But yet he could not shake off the impression of that dream, so deeply graven on the tablet of a mind, alas! but too susceptible of all the pains and pleasures of the imagination. In moments of approaching delirium, when the violence of fever was at its height, the very throbbing of his temples seemed to beat time to the measured voice of a busy fiend, reiterating with sneering malice in his ear, the fearful words, "Not all Niagara, flooded with human tears, can change her doom or thine!" The repetition of this single phrase, repeated with the regularity of the pendulum, would sometimes almost drive him *mad*."

Those who have studied the history of the affections, are aware that few things more rapidly promote the attachment of young hearts, by nature well adapted to each other, than the constant repetition of even trifling circumstances which recall the image of the absent. While Charles was vainly endeavoring to recover from the superstitious dread engendered by his fancy, the thought of Mary continually came over him with feelings of increased endearment. He struggled manfully against this *weakness*, as he regarded it—for much as he had loved to watch the budding of her brilliant and playful genius, he sought more solid charms in the woman whom he could make the partner of his bosom. Serious himself, almost to a fault in one so youthful, he thought poor Mary light and trifling, because he knew her only in the hours of relaxation and amusement. Often, as his strength returned, he asked himself the question, "Had I not better leave this Circean bower, before I

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arn involved too deeply in this foolish net of my own idle weaving?" But as often pride came in to check the half-formed resolution. "What! shall I fear my self-command, and give up an acquaintance that I prize, from the dread of acting in a way directly contrary to my sound judgment, and deliberate conviction of propriety? No, no! fortunately the risk is all my own. If there were the slightest danger that she should also dream of love, then honor would, indeed, oblige me to fly quickly; and a sharp trial it would be, I feel too well convinced."

Meanwhile, Mary heard from her aunt the daily detail of the illness of her early friend, and was subjected to the occasional bantering of her kind, but far less sentimental cousin. She longed to hold his aching temples, and envied her aunt the privilege of matronly condition that permitted her to bathe his burning brow. And when, at length, pale with confinement, and attenuated by depletion, he descended, for the first time, to the parlor, leaning on Ellen's arm, she sprung to meet him with all her former frankness. Her reserve had flown. She shook the cushions of the old arm-chair, and when he was comfortably seated, drew a little stool beside him, and looked and spoke as though she were a child again.

"Dear Charles, you have been in danger! How pale you are; it gives you such an intellectual air. But do you not think you have ventured down too soon? I would not for the world you should exert yourself beyond your strength. How we have longed for your society. I know not what can be the reason, but before you came, Ellen and I could wander through the woods for miles, braving all dangers, and fearing nothing, like a pair of heroines; but now I start at every noise; if a dog barks, I tremble. We have given up all our rambles till you are well enough to join us. I always feel so safe when you are by."

"Have you, then, really thought so much of me in sickness?" said Charles, his large eye beaming with unusual kindness. "You have been present to me in my dreams by night and day. But we are growing older, Mary—you are almost sixteen; some other will soon claim your thoughts; and then you will remember me only as your censorious cousin, who used to call you silly, and compared your mind to the sea sand, on which men write idle words, for the next wave to smooth them over. Why should you think of one who thus berated you?"

Bending her beautiful head until her upturned eyes were deeply shaded by their long, dark lashes, she met his glance with a look so arch, and yet so full of feeling, that he shuddered. Her face had never worn that look before. It was the same that lured him to the lake. She seemed that moment the personation of his airy idol.

"I love to be censured by you, you are so gentle," she replied; "and were I to forget you, who would correct my faults?"

"You would not fear to be forgotten," said Ellen, "if you knew how she wears away her bloom with study, and all because Charles recommends this volume, and Charles said I should——"

"Hush, Ellen!" cried the trembling girl, rising with a cheek and brow all fire, and then becoming deadly pale, as she placed her hand firmly on the lips of her friend, and adding, reproachfully, "How can you use me so!" she ran from the room, but just in time to save the exposure of her tears.

It is a common habit with men of vulgar mind, to charge with indelicacy the female who betrays the slightest warmth of feeling in converse even with those of the other sex who are honored with the sacred title of *friend*; and cautious mothers, though they feel the injustice of the censure, well knowing what few men—even parents—have discovered, the innate purity of a noble woman's love, most anxiously inculcate the policy of strict concealment in their daughters. "Let not your husband or your lover know the extent of your affection," is a precept often uttered and sanctioned by many high authorities. I will not contravene it; for experience has shown me that it is the necessary offspring of the irrational arrangements of society—arrangements which it would be Quixotic to contend against—by which the accidents of wealth or station, or stylish dress and equipage, or even mere impertinence, when coupled with respectable connections, may elevate the low and groveling to the position which should be the exclusive birthright of nature's gentleman.

The guardians of the young and lovely have but slender means of testing moral worth—for the gloss and polish of spurious refinement quite obscures the metal; and the gold and brass pass current equally in the higher walks of life. But who that claims the loftiness of soul to rise above conventional chains, and feels, *however he may act*, not as the laws of fashion dictate, but as the promptings of a pure heart guide him, can deny that the richest of all compliments, the sweetest of all flattery, the strongest of all mortgages upon our honor and protection, is the unguarded evidence of personal affection.

He who by accident perceives the unobtrusive preference of a lovely woman, and smiles or triumphs in the conquest, or dares to trifle with the feeling, even while he deems his own heart free, deserves not the proud name of man, much less of *gentleman*. When he cannot become the lover, one of noble spirit will remain the friend. As prudence dictates, he will soothe, or shield, or fly.

Charles was not of the vulgar herd. The manner and the countenance of Mary told a tale that needs no commentary. He felt as when his fairy bark was pausing on the brink of the abyss. Sinking into a long and meditative silence, which Ellen, with a woman's tact, left undisturbed; his mind reverted to the history of more than two years past, during which he had been the voluntary instructor and companion of "a mere child;" but she was a child no longer. During those very years, her character was forming. While mere scholastic labors were storing her mind with facts, who had trained her reasoning powers? Who had given purpose to her knowledge, and taught those principles on which its daily application should be regulated? Her father, totally engrossed with business, had resigned his daughter's

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mind to her preceptor, and to Ellen's parent, who had been the friend of her departed mother. Whatever she had learned of life, as it is viewed by men, was gleaned in shreds and patches from himself, during their holiday rambles, and their winter nights of social intercourse; for, in the homely parlance of the day, she had not yet *come out*. He deemed her wild and versatile, ill trained, incapable of long enduring purpose—a spoiled and sportive child, deprived of all the moulding and restraint that fits a woman for the busy scenes of this dull, plodding world; and he had pitied her. His lessons and advice had been received, sometimes, indeed, with gratitude, but more generally with light-hearted and frolic carelessness. The impressions seemed *to him* as evanescent as the morning perfume of a flower, that noonday dissipates.

"She is a lovely being," he murmured almost audibly, "I have been very cruel, very careless. Oh, why did I forget *the heart*, in striving to improve *the mind!* Folly! yes, worse than folly, to make myself the confidant—the only male companion of *the girl*, regardless of *the woman*. What! link my fate with one who is as fitful as the breeze, and yet so tender, that the slightest word brings tears; a creature fitted only to be guarded like an exotic plant, with all the appliances that wealth and leisure can command. And I have loved her as a younger sister—as a daughter. *I*—a mere boy of twenty-two. To wed her is impossible. But what is to be done? I cannot see the rosebud fade upon the cheek that has so often rested on my shoulder. It were villany to dim with sorrow the brightness of a star so beautiful. Alas! I fear the feeling is deeper than I have been willing to acknowledge in myself; but, perhaps, it is not yet too late, and I must fly at once. But how can I relinquish almost the only being that fate has left me, toward whom my heart warms with a feeling deeper than mere courtesy? Yes, yes! It must be so! I cannot wed; as for *friendship*—after the look with which she left the room, friendship would be a cruelty to her. If I could cause her to forget or hate me—if she would hate me as I hate myself for my unguarded folly, we might both be happy yet."

"What ails thee, Polypheme?" said Ellen, after the long silence, during which she had been an attentive, though an unnoticed observer of the workings of his countenance, and knew well what was passing in his mind. "What has occurred to astonish you, that you should look so wildly and bewildered? Your company has been *exceedingly agreeable*, cousin mine. Is it so wonderful that a young miss in her teens should run away rather than have her merits canvassed to her face, before one of the most critical and accomplished men in all Virginia—and he so handsome, too—so *pale* and *intellectual*?"

"Why do you call me Polypheme, Ellen?" he replied.

"Oh, merely because you are a giant in philosophy, and, like most demigods, have one eye to see with when women are concerned. Straight forward souls; you follow your foreheads, looking to neither side, until the path grows narrow with precipices, right and left, and there is no room to turn with safety. Can you be surprised at what you have seen this morning? I thought it was written by one of your favorite, musty authors, Bacon or Newton, or some of those sage children, who studied stars and gunpowder, that "*like causes produce like effects.*" Have I not heard you quote some such unmeaning saw?"

"Ellen, I feel unhappy."

"No doubt. Lovers are all unhappy at certain moments, and never more so than just when they discover that they have every reason to rejoice."

"Lovers, Ellen? What can you mean? Explain yourself."

"Now, do n't be foolish, coz. You know that I can keep a secret, and to prove it, I 'll tell you one that I have kept religiously *almost two years*. You are in love, Cousin Charles, and if you cannot perceive it with the single eye of philosophy, your friends have known it well enough this long time."

Charles bit his lip, remained in thought a moment, and gravely replied—

"This is a matter far too serious for trifling. Ellen, you have ever been *my* friend, and Mary's chief companion. I will trust you with my confidence. It is time for me to leave this place, where a longer stay might be dangerous to the peace of one who never can be otherwise than dear to me from the recollection of many happy hours passed in her society. Her image is becoming too familiar to my thoughts, and, I fear, more mischief is already done than can be well amended. I must procure you some other protection on your journey, and leave as soon as strength permits. Your mother will *think me ungrateful*—but even this is better than to *know myself a heartless trifler with the feelings of a lovely girl.*"

"Well resolved, my sapient cousin. So—you suppose, like most of your lordly sex, that your smile or frown must soon become the warrant of life or death to any damsel that may chance to spend a few of her lighter hours within the influence of *your* irresistible attractions," said Ellen, with some signs of maiden pique. But, checking instantly her misplaced pride, upon observing that her tone had deeply wounded one for whom she felt a high and just respect, she proceeded thus—

"But I will not trifle with you, Cousin Charles. You say that you will make *me* your confidante. Confidence is no novelty to me, though my summers scarcely equal yours. Well—perhaps it is the wisest course to take. Whatever I may say will be disinterested, for Love and his diplomacy are matters of exceeding small concern to me except when *friends* are interested. I am quietly laid on the shelf, like an unsaleable volume, and, indeed, would much prefer to rest there, in the hope of cheering an occasional hour for some poor stray inquirer like yourself, when weary or in trouble, rather than to be scanned and thumbed by every curious school-boy or new-fledged graduate from college, who lacks the means to purchase, or the taste to prize me. No, I have passed that danger, nor will I ever be set up within the bookcase of a wealthy, witless booby, who chooses to

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cheapen me because the dust of years and the tooth of time have roughened my binding, and unglossed my title page. I would not wish to be produced in state on holidays, to show his wondering intimates how well he is provided with the means of knowledge he has not sense to use. Excuse me from becoming that care-worn and unhappy character—to which young maidens curtsy—*the head of an establishment.*"

"Do not abuse your merits or your hopes so far, fair Ellen. You are indeed"—

"Nay, spare your compliments. I know my fate, and made it what it is—I would not wish to change it. But you think that duty calls you from us. Why? What is there lacking in Mary, but her love? and that you seem to treat as if it were your own already."

Charles replied—"I cannot marry a mere child, and one whose mind is totally unfit to grapple with the cares and troubles of a lawyer's early life. If I were rich, and could afford her all that ease and luxury yields to please the fancy of a gay young bride, and fashionable wife—could I pass every summer at the springs, and spend my winter evenings at balls and routs—then, indeed, I would not wish a more beautiful or charming partner. I know that you will tell me she has never yet been brought into society, and has her habits all to form—but who can witness the vivacity and changefulness of feeling that flies from tears to laughter, and from laughter back to tears, ten times an hour, and not foresee that she will be the idol of society, without the training that might shield her from its poisoning influence?"

"You men," said Ellen, "but rarely know the real character of women—and why? Because it is rarely safe to trust you with such knowledge. Even you, my good philosopher, will learn, before your locks are gray, that observation and good sense—aye! and sound, stubborn principle, are often hid beneath the mask of a gay and frolic disposition. There is more reason to suspect the *seeming faultless*, than the frank, who show their follies on the surface. I tell you, Charles, if a woman *has a heart*, it is always a gay one until misfortune or affection tames it. And I tell you, too, that Mary is no child—but you are blind! So, you will leave us, will you? Go! I will not say it would not be desirable for Mary's sake; for, much as I esteem your talents, allow me to say she is fully equal with you; and, in matrimony, the balance should be *on the husband's side.* But it is too late to reason. The die is cast. It is not Mary that will detain you—*but yourself.* Your fates are linked together by that happy contrast which forms a stronger bond than mere resemblance. So you would leave us, Charles? *You cannot!* The chain *will not be broken!* Do not be surprised that I should tell you more of yourself than you yourself have ever known with all your studies and your reasonings. Women have more than the five senses, and I have used them all—quiet and unobservant as my manners are. Think you I could be passive when your interests and Mary's fate in life were both at stake? You love her, Charles. You loved her long ago, although you knew it not—and you will marry her. Take a woman's word for that, and the sage experience of twenty-three. There—go pack your things!" and Ellen's little foot beat a tattoo upon the carpet, as nimbly as her finger plied the needle, though *that* was rather quickly.

Charles thought for a moment in silence, and then renewed the colloquy.

"You speak in parables, my most dogmatical, but sweetly spoken friend. How should I love, *and yet not know I love?*"

"*You* think that Mary loves *you*, and yet *she* knows it not. She keeps no secret from myself and mother—and yet, only yesterday, she solemnly declared, '*'twas no such thing.*' Come, I will tell you the story, and then you will perceive how ridiculous you have been to suppose yourself of so much consequence, merely because a little girl runs out of the room for fear of hearing *her cousin praise her to a gentleman.* I found her weeping in the arbor, looking out over the velvet meadow and the curling Hudson, with its rocky shores, while the rugged side of the old Kaatskill, towering in the distance, with its deep, ragged gullies softened by the mist, and crowned with giant clouds, filled up the background. It was a glorious sight. There was a little cottage just beyond the river, standing all alone—a garden and a stubble field, a barn, a well, with its long pole and the old bucket hanging high in the air. You could just see the green window-shutters, and the clean white paling peeping, here and there, through the foliage of a grove of trees and patches of rude shrubbery, all painted over with a thousand colors by the fading leaves. They were blowing the horn for dinner. There was the silver river before it, and the dark mountains behind. I asked her why she wept—she smiled through her tears, and said—'I was thinking how very happy I should be, if that little cottage were mine; forgetting all the tiresome folly of the town, and living only for a few dear friends. How I should love to put on my nice new russet gown, and trip away with the clean milk-pail to the cow-yard, quite sure that there was enough for us, whether the cotton and tobacco thrived or not, and let who would, be President. How cheerfully would I leave a palace for a humble home in the country—my books—and—' 'And what?' I asked. But she only blushed and smiled. 'Charles will not live in a cottage,' said I, laughingly. 'Now, Ellen,' she replied, 'how can you be so very unkind? You know I love Charles only as a brother. If *he* were to suppose that I could be so vain as to think of him in any other light, how could I ever dare to meet his eye? Ellen, if you care for my happiness, pray never hint such foolish thoughts again.' There, sir, you have *her own authority* to prove that she does not love you, after all your vain surmises. You saw her leave the room just now. Think you *a sister* would have trembled so?"

"I can understand that a delicate and timid girl may even conceal her feelings from herself," said Charles; "but how have *I* betrayed the tender passion? Mary has beauty, talent and connections—

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what should prevent the avowal of my sentiments, if there were truth in your suspicions, Ellen?"

"Talk not of suspicions, Charles," replied his friend, "I speak of certainties. You may not know how deeply you are interested in that darling girl, while your proud judgment holds in check your taste. You know but little of her real worth, or long ago you would have been awake to your real sentiments toward her. I must arouse you. Answer me plainly a few simple questions. Pray, why did you refuse to join us in our tour, when we used every effort to entice you?"

"My business required attention. You know the fate of a young lawyer who neglects his business."

"Oh, these consistent, cold philosophers! Then why did you desert your business in three weeks from the time of parting?"

"Because the June term was completed—and I found both spirits and health demanding the relaxation of a journey."

"Then why not join us here, when you *did* leave Virginia? You knew, if you desired it, we would have visited the Niagara with you. Has loneliness such charms at twenty-two?"

"You are an excellent cross-examiner. To tell the truth then, frankly, though you will charge me with conceit, the cause was simply this: Mary had been for two long years the chief companion of my leisure hours, when the cares of the day were over, or when vacations permitted us to ramble in the country. But Mary was ripening into womanhood. I thought it wrong to risk the impression of such close attention as must have followed, had I passed the summer under one roof with her, and daily wandered through the same romantic scenery. Such intercourse is critical at sixteen and twenty-two."

"I am glad," said Ellen, "that you are ready to confess the danger *mutual*, and do not claim to have been actuated solely by mere charity for woman's weakness. So, even philosophers must guard themselves against the arrows of the saucy boy that makes us so much trouble. Well, well! But is it indeed so necessary that *brotherly* and *sisterly* affection should be repressed and kept within narrow limits for fear of rendering its object miserable? Had I a brother, *even by adoption*, it seems to me I could not love him too warmly for my peace. However, Charles, I honor your self-control, and the high principle that seems to regulate your conduct. Such cool and calm reflection is rarer than it should be *with very young men in general*. But there is another little circumstance that puzzles me. Say, why with all this dread of consequences, did you extend your journey to visit us at last? Would it not have been more prudent to have passed us by, and quietly waited our return? How wrong you were to accept so readily my mother's invitation, and agree to spend a month. Think of the time, Charles—a month of danger, here in this paradise, shut in by mountains—this very land of love. 'Twas selfish, surely, merely for your own amusement—all safe and heart-whole as you are—to lead a young and artless girl into such terrible risks. 'Tis surprising that your forethought overlooked *this danger*."

"Ellen, a truce to your bantering," he replied; "you are more deeply read in hearts than I supposed, and I may as well redeem my pledge of frankness perfectly at once. I do not know that I myself can clearly understand my feelings toward that girl. That her society has become, by habit, almost necessary to me, is true. When, in the lonely woods, I have broken suddenly into a clearing, after a long day's march, and hunger rendered the fresh steak of venison or coarse bear's meat, more delicious than the most costly viand that ever graced the tables of the rich, I have felt how sweet would have been even that repast, with all the rude accompaniments of border life, if she had shared it with me. When in my solitary bivouac by some brawling western stream, the moon has roused me from my slumbers, as she rose above the hills and shone full into my face, through the green forest curtains, I have gazed from the sparkling ripple up to the source of the bright beams that tinged its waves, and wondered whether Mary ever thought of me, when the same peaceful planet, peering through her chamber window, called her from her pillow to look forth on the broad rolling Hudson and the silver highway of Diana bridging its dark waters. When the rain embargoed me within some cabin in the mountain gorges, and pattered with its comfortable sound upon the slatted roof, I have longed to hear her tripping toward me, young, free, and careless of appearances as formerly, with a volume of Scott, or Burns, or Byron in her hand, exclaiming, 'Dear Charles, do read to me this beautiful passage—I love to hear it in your full toned voice.' I will not say I have not even dreamed of her," he added, with a shudder, "but it was always, *or almost always*, as a *child* that she appeared to me. This is not love, fair cousin. Perhaps it is *not brotherly affection*, as you insinuate so archly. But that I am preposterously young for such relationship, I should be tempted to declare the feeling *fatherly*. Even you would not tax me with a warmer thought toward a mere child. *There may be*, and I believe *there is*, affection quite sufficient for any tie; but in a wife, the judgment must be satisfied, as well as the affections. I am not one of those who could wed lightly, for a pretty face, or purse, or station, or mere fashionable notoriety—one of those who dance and sing, and spend their honey moon with crowds of friends and relatives, surfeited with cakes and wine, and wearied with forms of dissipation, as is the vulgar custom. A wedding-day should be the most serious day of life. The review of the past—the survey of the future—*the embodied present*, with its quiet, trusting happiness leaning upon your arm, and gazing in your face—these things, all resting with their eternal consequences *solely on yourself*, should render matrimony solemn and anxious as the hour of death. *My wife* must not be a rich, ornamental piece of costly household furniture for the owner to be proud of. She must be my partner—my companion—a woman, firm and gentle, not a thoughtless girl—a friend, and not a plaything. In the love

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that wears for life, I always have esteemed *respect* as an ingredient quite as necessary as *affection*. I would not demand *equality* in all things, and could pass over many faults. As for perfection, well I know *that was not made for man*. But tell me, Ellen—since you pretend to read my heart much better than its owner—tell me how a mind and temper, such as mine, would fare with a spoiled beauty for a wife—one who, though lovely as the loveliest and blest *or cursed*, as it may prove hereafter, with genius and sweetness, has been deprived of the early training that gives permanency and direction to such advantages—one who knows nothing of the duties of a household—one who has formed no fixed opinions, but drinks in, like a sponge, all forms of knowledge, and all lessons of experience, to yield them, like a sponge, to the next shower that falls?"

"Very badly, cousin," replied Ellen; "I love you far too well myself, to wish you married to such a character. But, let me tell you plainly, you know little of the girl. 'Tis strange that so much sense can be so very blind. How dare you picture my dear friend so poorly? Think you, because you have been two short years the companion, and, it would seem, the prejudiced companion, of her idle hours, that you have sounded all the chords of that most complex instrument, a woman's heart? Think you that mirthfulness, and gaiety in dress—a fondness for amusement, and lighter feelings, changeful as the shadows of summer clouds chasing each other over the waving grain, are proofs that nothing of more value lies beneath? Why, coz, more changes may be rung upon one single *belle* than all the chime of Antwerp could produce, if the ringer does but understand the order of the ropes. Go—tell me the depth of yonder river, by measuring the waves that the breeze raises on its surface. For shame—for shame! What trouble have you taken to judge correctly before you ventured to condemn? Would you have a timid girl to carry all her virtues in her face, for every passing knave or fool to read them there? How would this advertisement sound to ears polite? 'I am Miss B.—I sing, and play, and dance. *Item*—Boil turnips, and bake bread and pound-cake. *Nota Bene*—Make my own dresses, and my mother's bed; read Locke, and nurse the sick; write poetry, and hear the children say their lessons!'"

"It would be laughable enough. But much I fear that Mary's powers extend only to the more lofty of these accomplishments. Is it not so, Ellen?"

"She fulfills *all* these duties and amusements. She performs them well, too—you Cyclopean savage! Have you not many a time impressed upon her the great importance of commencing early to learn and practice all domestic duties? Did she not laugh, and run away—*to do as you advised?* Have you not read her *wearying homilies* upon her course of studies, and the regulation of her time, till she pouted and tossed her head—and when you called her 'silly child,' did she not hurry to her chamber, to note down all your hints before they were forgotten? Out on your injustice! Here you have been neglecting your business to wander in the wilderness, chasing the innocent deer, and sleeping with bears and rattlesnakes, or apostrophising the man in the moon, and catching fevers, while she was toiling for four long hours every morning in the study, to improve her mind, according to your precepts—*not your practice*—beginning at the break of day by candle-light, for fear of being behind-hand in the duties of the kitchen or the chamber, which she would not even let me share, because '*Charles says I ought to practice early!*' What say you to *this picture*, silly boy?"

"If this be true," said Charles, "I cannot blame you for being somewhat severe upon me. But Ellen, surely you exaggerate. Where could she have 'nursed the sick,' or 'heard the children say their lessons?' You must be playing upon my credulity."

"Go ask the cottagers and the parson," replied the warm-hearted girl; "go to the Sunday School—go ask the cook who furnished all the delicacies of your sick room, from a roast potatoe up to calves-foot jelly—ask any body in the neighborhood. I am tired of striving to open the eyes of one who will not see. This is no thing of yesterday; she was a cook and housekeeper, as far as a Virginia lady may be so, before you were a lawyer, and regulated her time much better than you ever did, *for she practiced what you only preached*. But all this did not render her forgetful of her station. Though a child, she was a lady at the proper hours, and was as gay and lively and as free from care as a wild bird upon the wing, *just when she should be so*. Her only folly was her monstrous notion of your vast superiority, that made her tremble at the bare idea that you should know and criticise her humble efforts. There—go and pack your things, for I am sure while you are here she will neglect her studies and her duties both—and that will be no blessing to the neighborhood."

Charles sunk into a long and thoughtful silence, at the conclusion of this conversation. At length he rose, and said—

"Ellen, you have given me much matter for reflection—but I feel weak, and must lay down an hour before I dress for dinner. Let me beg you to let no one know the subject of our conversation."

"Well—well! Go pack your things! I'll keep your secret. I am sorry we are to loose you so soon, and forever, too. Of course, you cannot visit us at home, for that would be as dangerous to Mary's peace, as to remain with us here, and you are so strict an observer of self-sacrificing duties, that it is not to be supposed you could neglect one of such high importance. 'Tis well for you that *you, at least*, are not in love. Poor Mary!"

Charles smiled, and left the room—but as the door was closing, Ellen called him back.

"Charles—Charles!" she cried, "if you want help in packing, send for me. I'll help you all I can."

Stepping up quickly to the usually tame, but now excited girl, he impressed a kiss upon her forehead, and whispered, laughingly—

"I fear you have gained your cause. Let us say no more about it now. I think my eyes are opened."

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It was a sunny evening in December, 1811—the year succeeding the conclusion of the last chapter. The calm, mild, yellow light of Autumn had given place to the chill, pale, but sparkling beams of winter. The last leaf had fallen; but the grass was scarcely seared upon the meadows, and the constringing frost which had already bound the harbors of the North with icy ribs, and capped her granite peaks with snow, had lightly touched, as yet, the warmer valleys of the "Old Dominion."

The personages who figure in our story had returned from their usual summer excursion some months before.

Within the library, at Ellen's residence, Charles and his Mary sat alone. It was an antique looking room, well calculated to dispose the mind to serious thought. Facing the South and East, some narrow windows looked down over a precipitous descent which divided the upper and more fashionable portion from the mercantile section of the city, and admitted a tempered light. Two sides of the apartment were chiefly occupied by oaken book-cases, well stored with venerable classic tomes of the bright age of Elizabeth, and the gayer period of the reign of Charles. Over the little sea-coal grate, where the fire burned and crackled merrily, there hung the portrait of a young and handsome cavalier—the founder of the house—with long, feminine locks parted on the middle of a manly forehead, and falling in ringlets behind the shoulders almost to the waist. The countenance, and the deep embroidery of the drapery, were dimmed by the lapse of years. Above the entrance, also, was suspended a well known scene of early colonial history—the unhappy Pocahontas interceding with her father in defence of Captain Smith. A single compartment in one of the cases had been cleared of the dusty lumber of ages, to make room for a well chosen collection of the popular volumes of more recent times; and the old oak table in the centre of the room, standing as firmly on its griffin-carved and lion-clawed legs, as if it were designed to rest unmoved forever, sustained a confusion of lighter works—novels and magazines, and all the rich bijouterie of Christmas literature. Over these were thrown, apparently at random, delicate dresses, scarfs and bayaderes, scraps of lace and cords, bobbin and tape, and millinet, together with a thousand other elements that go to form the wardrobe of a lady; while, in the midst, as if to crown the medley, arose that grand receptacle of pins and needles, thread, silk and cotton, scissors and bodkins, hooks-and-eyes and thimbles—the omnipresent workbasket. The decline of day had darkened the centre of the room, and the labors of the needle were deserted for the contemplative enjoyments of approaching sunset.

Seated by a window, Charles gazed abstractedly over the lovely valley where the western light tinged bloody red the surface of the river, lighting up masses of thin, vapory exhalations on the southern hills with blue, and pink, and purple coloring, and glancing back obliquely from vane, metallic roof, and window-pane, until the lower town glowed like a conflagration. Upon a foot-stool, by his side, sat his affianced bride. Her head reclining on his knee, she pored intently over the pages of the then unknown magician whose wand has made the dark recesses and heathery summits of the Scottish mountains, glen, burn, brae, frith and muir-land, familiar as our boyish play-grounds.

True happiness is not loquacious. The troubles and the doubts of love were nearly over, and these young beings were fast sinking down into "the sober certainty of waking bliss." But the scene before him vividly recalled to Charles their rambles by the Hudson in the preceding year, when, in the presence of the eternal hills, he had pledged a faith eternal as themselves, and united, past all severance, his fate with that of Mary. Memory even carried him beyond that happy, but most solemn hour. He thought of the doubts and fears—fears of himself and her—which often shook his purpose during the anxious days of self-examination that preceded his avowal of affection; and he smiled to think that, but for Ellen's frankness, he might have sacrificed to almost childish inexperience the richest treasure that ever fell to mortal guardianship. He almost blushed at the idea that he had dared to judge the soul of a noble woman by the mere gloss of manner—had measured the depth of mind and permanence of feeling by the light laugh and sportiveness of mirthful hours—had sought for grave demeanor as a proof of thoughtfulness—made pedantry the test of learning, and taken ostentatious liberality for heaven-born charity itself. While he compared the Mary of his earlier dreams with the Mary of his more recent waking hours, he forgot, at the moment, the Mary resting upon his knee. His hand had ceased to wander among the long tresses of her temple, and her warm breath played unfelt upon it.

The troubles of the past seemed but a dark background in the picture of his life, relieving the bright present by the contrast. One cloud alone dwelt heavily upon him—and of this he dared not whisper. All other thoughts were open to his chosen one; but *this* must rankle, hidden in his bosom, unrelieved by sympathy. He could not share with her the shadow of a superstitious dread, or blanch her cheek with terror of the future. Ever, as he fell into a contemplative mood, the fiendish voice that haunted his pillow, during his delirious fever, was breathing in his ear the dreaded warning—"Not all Niagara, flooded with human tears, can change her doom or thine!"

The mere consciousness of the possession of a secret important to the being of our choice—one which affection bars us from communicating—is sufficient to cast a gloom over the happiest prospects. Charles felt this bitterly, as the reflected beams, glancing from the windows of the lower town, recalled the horrid phantasm of the Falls, as he had seen it in the dream of the preceding year. This feeling—the natural offspring of the exaggerated dread engendered by the strange semblance to fatality displayed in the history of his race—grew stronger, vampire like, as moons rolled on, by feed-

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ing on its own shadowy progeny. Striving in vain to shake it off, and forgetting he was not alone, he suddenly exclaimed aloud, and sternly—

"*Dreams*—hateful dreams! Will they not be laid? 'Tis false! *We shall be happy*, in spite of fate itself!"

Springing up, upon the instant, placing her hands upon his shoulders, and gazing anxiously upon his troubled countenance, Mary cried out—

"What ails you, Charles? My love—my—my husband? Speak!"

"Nothing, dearest," he replied, relaxing into a smile, "nothing but a passing folly. Your husband! thank you for the delightful title, Mary, though it be won from you by fright. Your husband I shall be, if Providence permit, in ten *long* days, which the careless world will reckon short; and *then* we 'll make an end of all dark thought. Forgive me, Mary," he added, drawing her closer toward him, "forgive me for alarming you. There is a happiness so full, so perfect, that it oppresses by its very fullness. And then vain doubts creep in. Not doubts of you though, Mary. Heaven forbid! Look not so distressed. Since I retraced the scene where first I breathed my long, long cherished wishes—wishes I scarce acknowledged to myself; when yonder hills shone in the evening beams, like the tall range of the Shawangunk, and those purple clouds, resting upon the horizon, put on the form of the far distant Kattskill, and the river, winding through the valley there, looked like a miniature Hudson—then I thought of the grassy mound where we so often sat, and the soul gurgling of the little brook; the hill that sunk suddenly before us, so like this deep ravine from which the upper town looks down upon the meadows, as we then gazed over the wide, rich pastures of the low grounds. I thought of the storm that swept down from the highlands, *on a certain evening*, and overtook us before we reached the house; how I protected you beneath my cloak, and while I trembled at every flash, and peal of thunder—not for myself, but for you—you nestled closer to my side, and said, with a sweet smile, 'I always feel *so safe* when you are with me.' The voice rings in my ear even now." "Do you then think so much of your poor 'silly flower' little butterfly, that flits from flower to flower, but rests on none?' Now if I were mischievous, I might tease you; say I had forgotten all childish trifles, and *be the sage blue-stocking I should once have made me*. But speak not of coldness, Charles; for though you did alarm me much, what is there I would not forgive in you? Tell me why you looked so wildly, and what fearful words could mean? Something tries Charles; and have I not a right to share your grief?"

"You remember, Mary, where Romeo says,

'Fortune's lord sits lightly on his throne;
And this day an unthought-of spirit
Rises above the ground with cheerful thoughts.'

It is a morbid sentiment, but in my moments of perfect happiness, when I remember how I deserve such blessings, a prescience of coming evil weighs upon me, and will not be entirely repressed. The immortal bard of Avon had read deeply the influences of Providence, when he makes this lightened feeling of young Montagu the immediate precursor of a desperate crime, and a most fearful end. Is it surprising, then, that when I think by what a slender thread we hold our surest treasures, and our very lives; when I think it barely possible that fate, by some inscrutable decree, might intervene, and cut me off from what is dearer far than life, even in the little space between this and our union; is it strange, I say, that the mere overflow of joy and buoyant hope should yield to idle fears and threatening chimeras? Oh, when we feel our all at stake, who does not tremble at the issue of the cast, however fortune seems to favor us! Such thoughts stole over me just now; and, forgetting where I was, I strove to scare the phantoms with my voice. One look of thine is far more powerful. Mary, they are gone!"

"Charles, you have often called me light and trifling; but though it is more natural and proper that I should seek advice from you, than to turn adviser at seventeen—*and I a woman*—you must allow me, seriously, to say, that your own lessons should have raised you above such gloomy thoughts. Have you not taught *me* to put confidence in Providence—and where is *yours*? Do not think me bold, but you know not how often I have wept of late to see you giving way to fits of absence and despondency, though, I suppose, it is but natural that we should have such moments, just as the world that we must tread together is opening before us. I should have feared that something led you to regret the step we have taken, but that *I, too*, often feel a dread of the unknown future; and, oh, how different is this from any doubt of you. Such thoughts have made me gloomy for a moment; but I trust all—*my all*—to Providence. Why cannot *you* do so? 'Tis hard to bid you leave me for one hour; but you are in want of more amusement. Go and dissipate these cares among your friends. Here comes Ellen. Ellen, what shall I do with Charles? Here he has been giving way to the blues at the very time when he should be most happy. What do you think of such a compliment to me? Come, try if you can cheer him."

"My mother has just purchased an old work on the Art of Ingeniously Tormenting," said Ellen. "There is a chapter *on the art of ingeniously tormenting oneself*. Charles is a professor of that art; and if he should be tired of practice, why, then, there is another chapter, *how to tease a lover*; and another, *how to make a husband miserable*. Study these, Mary; and take my word for it, he will soon be too irritable to be gloomy. If I judge him rightly, you 'll find him *spirited enough*. But put away your book and run to your chamber. We have taken a box at the theatre, and you must go with us. Is not that a good prescription?"

Charles remarked that he had an engagement with a client at nine o'clock, and thought the amusement had better be postponed; but Mary urged him to ac-

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cept the invitation, for the purpose of enlivening his feelings; and Ellen, ever ready with expedients, observed that he could leave them at the end of the fourth act, transact his business, and return to the farce, in time to wait upon them home; for as there would be two other gentlemen in the company, his constant attention would not be required. To this arrangement he acceded; and the ladies left the library for the toilet.

The building occupied as a theatre was singularly constructed. The side door, opening to the pit, was broad and ample; but the boxes were approached by a single entrance, communicating with a narrow passage; and it was necessary to descend some steps and rise again upon another flight before arriving at the lobby.

Our company was seated near the stage. The play advanced, and all were gay and joyous, excepting Charles; but he could not recover from the secret influence of his revery, yet by strong self-restraint he conquered the external signs of gloom, that he might not repress the happiness of others.

The curtain fell at the conclusion of the fourth act, and he rose to meet his appointment; but though the engagement was imperative, an unaccountable attraction seemed to bind him to the spot. At length, with forced composure, and a kind assurance to Mary that half an hour would bring him once more to her side, he tore himself away.

The client, whose affairs were urgent, and who was compelled to leave the city in the morning, proceeded to open his case immediately on the arrival of his counsel. It was one of great importance; and Charles forgot, on the instant, all unpleasant feelings in the bright hopes it offered both for fame and fortune, at that most critical moment when success in his profession was rendered tenfold more desirable by its reaction on the interests of another far dearer than himself. In a few minutes they were buried in the hasty review of documents and evidence.

The half hour deemed sufficient for the occasion was expended, and they were approaching toward an understanding of the general merits of the case, when the deep tone of a bell startled the ear of night.

"Ha! What is that?" cried Charles as the loud note of the alarm swelled wide and wider over the silent town, and died away on the surrounding hills. The waves of sound that followed, as the huge mass of metal swayed and reverberated with the heavy blow, came mingled with the far-off hum of gathering multitudes, loading the air with its mysterious music.

"Can it be a rising of the slaves? Where are your arms?" exclaimed the stranger.

"I must away!" said Charles, springing to seize his hat.

"Stay but a moment, we are nearly through!" replied his client.

But again the alarm bell raised its solemn voice, and it was answered by the sharp complaining tone of many smaller sentinels—like village curs roused by the baying of the deep mouthed mastiff—while pattering feet fell fast and frequent on the stony footway. Charles paused not for another summons, but dashed at once into the street.

Torches, like wandering stars, were twinkling in the distance, and, on every hand, the sound of closing doors and rattling casements increased the discord of a thousand noises, while, over all, the bell rung out its measured, melancholy toll. He stopped not to inquire the meaning of the uproar.

"His heart more truly knew that peal too well."

And springing toward the theatre with all the energy that youth and love could give, he seemed to fly with more than human speed. Ever as he went, the cries grew louder and the crowd more dense. Each crossing street—each court, and lane, and alley, poured forth its stream of citizens, and all, with one consent, rushed toward the brow of the precipitous descent that led to the lower town. He heeded not the rough concussions and the muttered curses that followed when less interested passengers were overthrown or jostled in his reckless course. There were but two ideas in his mind—his Mary, and his absence from her side.

Turning the corner of the street fronting upon the terrace, a scene of agony burst suddenly upon his view. Over the whole roof of the devoted theatre light puffs of smoke arose from beneath the shingles in circling wreaths, and fell off gracefully before the wind; while denser clouds poured from the eves, and through the ventilators, as from the summit of a heated furnace. A dull, lurid, flickering glare illuminated all the upper windows, and, from within the house, were heard the sound of groans, and screams, and yells, in every key, from childhood's feeble wail and woman's piercing shriek to manhood's hoarser cry of terror and of pain—all deadened and half smothered by the thick walls of the building, and struggling through the narrow casements, yet audible above the wild confusion of the crowd without.

Checked, for an instant, by the view, as if a cataleptic spasm seized his frame, his eye drank in the terrors of the scene. But, during that brief pause, a haggard figure climbed through an upper window and hung, suspended by one hand, over the hard brick pavement twenty feet below; so close had been the contest with the elemental foe that the dress was already burning; and as the face shone in the torch-light, the signs of physical pain were strongly traced in features writhing with the agony of fear. A tongue of flame shot through the casement, and he fell. Madness was in the sight! Charles rushed to the entrance of the boxes—it was closed!

Upon the first alarm the frantic inmates, who might have retired in safety through the pit, had hurried to their fate along the narrow passage from the lobby. A few who took the lead escaped, but the crowd soon filled the entry to repletion, and catching on the edges of the door, which opened inward, the leaves closed like a valve. Return was impossible. Those in the rear pressed on, and knew not the obstruction till the stifling smoke and the hot, suffocating air gave notice of their doom. Then rose the wild cry of despair! And those without, to save the many, sacrificed the

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few. Their heavy axes cut away the door, regardless of the bosoms pressing against it from within—but all too late! Some of the nearest fugitives made good their exit, but the mass—borne down and trampled—clogged the way with piles of the dead and dying.

Then came the struggle at the windows. Panting for breath, men fought with fury to reach the air, but others, equally in want, still dragged them back. A few among the lightest, and particularly females, succeeded in climbing over the heads of the crowd, reached the casements, and were precipitated to the ground—crushing each other in the fall. Several were dragged from the horrible *melée* by one who lives to enjoy the rich reward of courage and manly coolness displayed amid the terrors of that awful night. Ascending by a ladder, he passed them safely to the ground. The rest, no human power could shield from inevitable destruction.

Charles waited not see the door give way. He remembered that the box, where all that rendered life desirable had been concentrated less than an hour before, was far remote from the passage leading from the lobby. "She cannot yet have reached it, and the pit is open still," was the thought that flashed upon his mind; and with it came a ray of hope. He flew to the pit entrance, and finding it clear of all incumbrance, dashed into the building.

The smoke that filled the vast apartment was luminous throughout with the reflection of the flames curling about the frame-work of the side scenes, and whirling in eddies round the lofty dome, while showers of sparks, burnt ropes, and falling timbers, descended on the now deserted stage, and shone like electric meteors through the mist of a stormy night. The air was charged to suffocation with the noxious fumes of the metallic paints, and thickened with the exploding fragments of the plastered ceiling. But he heeded not these dangers. Leaping from bench to bench, and stumbling among the pieces of the broken chandelier, he reached the boxes and sprung into the lobby.

Here, by the dim light of the expiring lamps—expiring in the foul, exhausted air, and dimmed still more by smoke—he found the rear of the frantic crowd, still pressing toward the narrow passage. At almost every step he struck against the body of some miserable wretch borne down and trampled in the general rush. But he had no ear for groans, nor light sufficient to avoid the fallen. Mingling at once with the fugitives, his voice rose loud above the stifled shrieks that came, half uttered, from the centre of the throng. He called upon his Mary in the piercing accents of despair—and the call was answered. Within a few feet of his station a feeble voice exclaimed, "Charles! Oh God! My Charles! Save me—oh, save me, Charles!"

With furious efforts he dashed aside the few who intervened between him and the idol of his heart, and, guided by the voice, had almost reached the spot before the sentence was completed; but, blinded by the smoke and poisonous gases, he found himself unable to distinguish persons.

"Where are you, Mary, where? Speak! Let me know!" he cried again.

"Here, Charles, here! They are pressing me to death! Oh, come! Come quickly—come——" And the voice died away as though the pressure of the multitude had arrested the breathing of the speaker.

He was nearly at her side. Once more—but, oh, how faintly—he heard his name pronounced, and an arm was extended toward him, above the heads of the crowd. He seized it with a vice-like grasp, and, with superhuman struggles, freed himself and her whom he had rescued from the desperate group of fugitives.

"Thank God! you shall be saved! Ha! Fiend! I have baffled thee!" he cried, as memory reverted to the warning that had so often haunted his happiest hours. But the danger was not over; not a moment was to be lost. The terrors of the scene—the rescue—and the poisonous fumes—had overcome the senses of his charge, who fell inanimate upon the floor the moment she had cleared the crowd.

Feeling his own head reeling, he summoned all his energies for the final effort. Though now completely blinded by the smoke that every moment rendered denser, he knew his thorough knowledge of the building would enable him to reach the entrance by groping. Throwing the passive body over his manly shoulder, he entered the boxes, and leaped with his precious load into the pit.

Already the showers of sparks that usually precede the falling of the roof, came thick and fast around them, as he hurried toward the door. The woodwork of the boxes near the stage had caught the spreading flames, and almost barred the passage; but boldly rushing through the fire, he reached the purer air, and smothering with one hand the burning skirts of the light dress of his fair charge, sprung, with a cry of joy, into the street.

Hurrying to a place of safety, his unnatural strength gave way, and both the hero and his burden fell on the grass together, at the foot of a neighboring tree.

Still the great bell tolled on; but it did not arouse the slumbering faculties of the desperate adventurer and his more delicate companion. Many an agonizing group surrounded them; here a frantic mother calling for her child; there a father leaning in speechless woe over the mangled and crisped body of a darling son; brothers bewailing their lost sisters; sisters vainly striving to assuage the torments of beloved brothers; and, loneliest of the lonely, the mutilated stranger, far from the sympathy of kindred, with none to soothe his dying hour or weep above his unknown grave—his very fate a problem never to be solved. They heard not, saw not this, as the great bell tolled on.

The roof fell in. The last faint hope was over. And now the horror stricken citizens had leisure to search for those who had escaped the fiery tomb. Distributed in groups around the neighboring grounds, they raised and bore away the wounded and the dead. At length, a heavy sigh, close to his ear, recalled to Charles his dormant memory. Slowly he rose upon his knees, murmuring his gratitude to Heaven.

"Oh, Mary!" he cried—"We are now alone in

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this wide world. All! all are gone but you! But how shall we ever sufficiently bless the Power that gave me strength to save you? You! who are more —far more to me, than all the world beside."

Another deep sigh replied; but the figure of his loved one stirred not.

"Mary, are you much hurt? Oh, Heaven! Tell me not that you are rescued from a fiery death to perish by the crowd and the horrible air of that sad charnel-house. No answer! You must be terribly injured! Mary! Turn your head and let me look upon your face. To lose you now would drive me mad! Still insensible! Then let me pillow your head upon my knee and chafe your temples."

Seating himself beside her, he gently raised her head, and, by the light of the smouldering ruins, gazed upon the unconscious features of his—Ellen!

The great bell rang its final peal over the funeral pile of youth and beauty. Its last sad echo died upon the hills. The scarce breathing form of Ellen had been borne away to the desolate mansion of her fathers. Morning was breaking in purple lines along the eastern sky. But, leaning against the trunk of that old tree, one solitary figure still reclined, watching the eddies of curling smoke that rose from out those blackened walls where slept the ashes of assembled hundreds. He muttered nameless things—pointed to viewless objects—*smiled*, and traced unmeaning characters in the black dust around him!—*He was not unhappy!*

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Several years after the date of the commencement of our tale, the watchman of the institution in which the troubled spirit of this unfortunate young man found rest, perceived a smell of smoke pervading one of the long galleries of the lunatic department. Some time elapsed before he could discover the origin of this alarming circumstance. There seemed to be no possible source from which a fire could originate in this well guarded establishment. The grates were all contained in chambers built within the solid walls of the apartments, and opened only on the passages beyond the control of the patients. No combustible material, except the proper fuel, was suffered to approach the furnaces or flues, and the heat was transmitted through the walls more than a foot above the floor.

The odor of some burning substance becoming stronger as the search proceeded, the watchman at length discovered smoke escaping through the crevices around the door of the cell in which poor Charles was quartered for the night.

Immediately, the door was opened wide, and running to the window the officer threw up the sash. The smothering fumes that filled the room were soon dispersed sufficiently to show the origin of the disaster. The night was very cold—the fires had been urged to the uttermost—and the wall of the apartment was so heated that it scorched whatever came in contact with the side of the furnace at some distance from the floor. Charles, chilled by the intense coldness of the night and deprived of reasoning power, had drawn his straw bed from the couch, and, piling it up against the side of the apartment, had laid him down to sleep almost in personal contact with the heated plaster. Unfortunately the straw began to smoulder, and incommoded by the slowly spreading fire he left his bed and threw himself upon the uncovered couch. He had not intellect enough to draw the bed away and then extinguish it—he did not call for help, nor did he even raise the window-sash—though either of these acts would have prevented any serious consequences.

The watchman, having trampled out the fire, endeavored to arouse the patient. He was insensible. The resident physician of the house was called upon the instant, but though the sufferer breathed for some minutes, the fatal element had done its work! He was not burned. No fire had touched his person. But the poisonous gases gave him a quiet exit from a life clouded by one overwhelming wo.

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Reader! It is said the brave and wise can govern circumstances. To the length of their short tether this is true. No further. Go do thy duty in thy proper sphere. Look to the motive well! But trust not to the arrogant assumption that *man the individual*—be he great or lowly—can control his destiny, and mend or mar the grand scheme of creation! Deem not success alone *the proof of merit*, nor judge the unfortunate in semblance, *weak!* Be humble in thy very pride! Thy power—thy wealth—thy love—thy boasted reason—are held by a gossamer thread! The lightest breeze may break it!

The good and ill of Time are but the ripple on the surface of Eternity. The sunshine gilds one side of every wave—the other lies in shadow. But below—the calm and quiet twilight of the waters feels not the momentary agitation. There sleep the Fire-Doomed and his chosen one!

CHILDREN TAKEN BY SURPRISE.

ILLUSTRATION OF A PICTURE.

Stout John, game-keeper to my lord,
From dawn till set of sun,
O'er field and park keeps watch and ward
With beagle and with gun.
Though game be safe from poacher's shots,
What rogues from his domain
Steal peaches, grapes and apricots?
John seeks to find in vain.

Shame, grief and rage glow in his eyes,
Clenched is his sinewy hand,
His "children, taken by surprise,"
Before the keeper stand.
The shame, the grief, the father feels,
The rage, the keeper's part,
For place to all but honor steels
The sturdy keeper's heart.

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BORN TO LOVE PIGS AND CHICKENS.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

THE guests at the Astor House were looking mournfully out of the drawing-room windows, on a certain rainy day of an October passed over to history. No shopping—no visting! The morning must be passed in-doors. And it was some consolation to those who were in town for a few days to see the world, that their time was not quite lost, for the assemblage in the large drawing-room was numerous and gay. A very dressy affair is the drawing-room of the Astor, and as full of eyes as a peacock's tail—(which, by the way, is also a very dressy affair.) Strangers who wish to see and be seen (and especially "be seen") on rainy days, as well as on sunny days, in their visits to New York, should, as the phrase goes, "patronize" the Astor. As if there were any *patronage* in getting the worth of your money!

Well—the people in the drawing-room looked a little out of the windows, and a great deal at each other. Unfortunately, it is only among angels and underbred persons that introductions can be dispensed with, and as the guests of that day at the Astor House were mostly strangers to each other, conversation was very fitful and guarded, and any movement whatever extremely conspicuous. There were four very silent ladies on the sofa, two very silent ladies in each of the windows, silent ladies on the ottomans, silent ladies in the chairs at the corners, and one silent lady, very highly dressed, sitting on the music-stool, with her back to the piano. There was here and there a gentleman in the room, weather-bound and silent; but we have only to do with one of these, and with the last mentioned much embellished young lady.

"Well, I can't sit on this soft chair all day, Cousin Meg!" said the gentleman.

"Sh!—call me Margaret, if you must speak so loud," said the lady. "And what would you do out of doors this rainy day? I'm sure it's very pleasant here."

"Not for me. I'd rather be thrashing in the barn. But there must be some 'rainy-weather work' in the city as well as the country. There's some fun, *I* know, that's kept for a wet day, as we keep corn-shelling and grinding the tools."

"Dear me!"

"Well—what now?"

"Oh, nothing!—but *I do* wish you would n't bring the stable with you to the Astor House."

The gentleman slightly elevated his eye-brows, and took a leaf of music from the piano, and commenced diligently reading the mystic dots and lines. We have ten minutes to spare before the entrance of another person upon the scene, and we will make use of the silence to conjure up for you, in our magic mirror, the semblance of the two whose familiar dialogue we have just jotted down.

Miss Margaret Pitflit was a young lady who had a large share of what the French call *la beauté du diable*—youth and freshness. (Though why the devil should have the credit of what never belonged to him, it takes a Frenchman, perhaps, to explain.) To look at, she was certainly a human being in very high perfection. Her cheeks were like two sound apples; her waist was as round as a stove-pipe; her shoulders had two dimples just at the back, that looked as if they defied punching to make them any deeper; her eyes looked as if they were just made, they were so bright and new; her voice sounded like "C sharp" in a new piano; and her teeth were like a fresh break in a cocoa-nut. She was inexorably, unabatedly, desperately healthy. This fact, and the difficulty of uniting all the fashions of all the magazines in one dress, were her two principal afflictions in this world of care. She had an ideal model, to which she aspired with constant longings—a model resembling in figure the high-born creature whose never varied face is seen in all the plates of the fashions, yet, if possible, paler and more disdainful. If Miss Pitflit could but have bent her short wrist with the curve invariably given to the well-gloved extremities of that mysterious and nameless beauty; if she could but have sat with her back to her friends, and thrown her head languishingly over her shoulder without dislocating her neck; if she could but have protruded from the flounce of her dress a foot more like a mincing little muscle-shell, and less like a jolly fat clam; in brief, if she could have drawn out her figure like the enviable joints of a spy-glass, whittled off more taperly her four extremities, sold all her uproarious and indomitable roses for a pot of carmine, and compelled the publishers of the magazines to refrain from the distracting multiplicity of their monthly fashions—with these little changes in her allotment, Miss Pitflit would have realized all her maiden aspirations up to the present hour.

A glimpse will give you an idea of the gentleman in question. He was not much more than he looked to be—a compact, athletic young man of twenty-one, with clear, honest blue eyes, brown face, where it was not shaded by the rim of his hat, curling brown hair, and an expression of fearless qualities, dashed just now by a tinge of rustic bashfulness. His dress was a little more expensive and gayer than was necessary, and he wore his clothes in a way which betrayed that he would be more at home in his shirt

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sleeves. His hands were rough, and his attitude that of a man who was accustomed to fling himself down on the nearest bench, or swing his legs from the top rail of a fence, or the box of a wagon. We speak with caution of his rusticity, however, for he had a printed card, "Mr. Ephraim Bracely," and he was a subscriber to the "Spirit of the Times." We shall find time to say a thing or two about him as we get on.

"Eph." Bracely and "Meg" Pifflit were "engaged." With the young lady it was, as the French say, *faute de mieux*, for her *beau-ideal* (or, in plain English, her ideal beau) was a tall, pale young gentleman, with white gloves, in a rapid consumption. She and Eph. were second cousins, however, and as she was an orphan, and had lived since childhood with his father, and, moreover, had inherited the Pifflit farm, which adjoined that of the Bracelys, and, moreover, had been told to "kiss her little husband, and love him always" by the dying breath of her mother, and (moreover third) had been "let be" his sweetheart by the unanimous consent of the neighborhood, why, it seemed one of those matches made in heaven, and not intended to be travestied on earth. It was understood that they were to be married as soon as the young man's savings should enable him to pull down the old Pifflit house and build a cottage, and, with a fair season, that might be done in another year. Meantime, Eph. was a loyal keeper of his troth, though never having had the trouble to win the young lady, he was not fully aware of the necessity of courtship, whether or no; and was, besides, somewhat unsusceptible of the charms of moonlight, after a hard day's work at haying or harvesting. The neighbors thought it proof enough of his love that he never "went sparking" elsewhere, and as he would rather talk of his gun or his fishing-rod, his horse or his crop, pigs, politics, or any thing else, than of love and matrimony, his companions took his engagement with his cousin to be a subject upon which he felt too deeply to banter, and they neither invaded his domain by attentions to his sweetheart, nor suggested thought by allusions to her. It was in the progress of this even tenor of engagement, that some law business had called old farmer Bracely to New York, and the young couple had managed to accompany him. And of course, nothing would do for Miss Pifflit but "the Astor."

And now, perhaps, the reader is ready to be told whose carriage is at the Vesey street door, and who sends up a dripping servant to inquire for Miss Pifflit.

It is allotted to the destiny of every country girl to have one fashionable female friend in the city—somebody to correspond with, somebody to quote, somebody to write her the particulars of the last elopement, somebody to send her patterns of collars, and the rise and fall of *tournures*, and such other things as are not entered into by the monthly magazines. How these apparently unlikely acquaintances are formed, is as much a mystery as the eternal youth of post-boys, and the eternal duration of donkeys. Far be it from me to pry irreverently into these pokerish corners of the machinery of the world. I go no farther than the fact, that Miss Julia Hampson was an acquaintance of Miss Pifflit's.

Every body knows "Hampson & Co."

Miss Hampson was a good deal what the Fates had tried to make her. If she had not been admirably well dressed, it would have been by violent opposition to the united zeal and talent of dressmakers and milliners. These important vicegerents of the Hand that reserves to itself the dressing of the butterfly and lily, make distinctions in the exercise of their vocation. Wo be to an unloveable woman, if she be not endowed with taste supreme. She may buy all the stuffs of France, and all the colors of the rainbow, but she will never get from those keen judges of fitness the loving hint, the admiring and selective persuasion, with which they delight to influence the embellishment of sweetness and loveliness. They who talk of "any thing's looking well on a pretty woman," have not reflected on the lesser providence of dressmakers and milliners. Woman is never mercenary but in monstrous exceptions, and no tradeswoman of the fashions will *sell* taste or counsel; and, in the superior style of all charming women, you see, not the influence of manners upon dress, but the affectionate tribute of these dispensers of elegance to the qualities they admire. Let him who doubts, go shopping with his dressy old aunt to-day, and to-morrow with his dear little cousin.

Miss Hampson, to whom the supplies of elegance came as naturally as bread and butter, and occasioned as little speculation as to the whence or how, was as unconsciously elegant, of course, as a well dressed lily. She was abstractly a very beautiful girl, though in a very delicate and unconspicuous style; and by dint of absolute fitness in dressing, the merit of her beauty, by common observers at least, would be half given to her fashionable air and unexceptionable toilette. The damsel and her choice array, indeed, seemed the harmonious work of the same maker. How much was nature's gift, and how much was bought in Broadway, was probably never duly understood by even her most discriminating admirer.

But we have kept Miss Hampson too long upon the stairs.

The two young ladies met with a kiss, in which (to the surprise of those who had previously observed Miss Pifflit) there was no smack of the latest fashion.

"My dear Julia!"

"My dear Margerine!" (This was a romantic variation of Meg's, which she had forced upon her intimate friends at the point of the bayonet.)

Eph. twitched, remindingly, the *jupon* of his cousin, and she introduced him with the formula which she had found in one of Miss Austen's novels.

"Oh, but there was a mock respectfulness in that deep curtsy," thought Eph.; (and so there was—for Miss Hampson took an irresistible cue from the inflated ceremoniousness of the introduction.)

Eph. made a bow as cold and stiff as a frozen horse-blanket. And if he could have commanded the

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"Well—what now?"

"Oh, nothing!—but I *do* wish you would n't bring the stable with you to the Astor House."

The gentleman slightly elevated his eye-brows, and took a leaf of music from the piano, and commenced diligently reading the mystic dots and lines. We have ten minutes to spare before the entrance of another person upon the scene, and we will make use of the silence to conjure up for you, in our magic mirror, the semblance of the two whose familiar dialogue we have just jotted down.

Miss Margaret Pifflit was a young lady who had a large share of what the French call *la beauté du diable*—youth and freshness. (Though why the devil should have the credit of what never belonged to him, it takes a Frenchman, perhaps, to explain.) To look at, she was certainly a human being in very high perfection. Her checks were like two sound apples; her waist was as round as a stove-pipe; her shoulders had two dimples just at the back, that looked as if they defied punching to make them any deeper; her eyes looked as if they were just made, they were so bright and new; her voice sounded like "C sharp" in a new piano; and her teeth were like a fresh break in a cocoa-nut. She was inexorably, unabatedly, desperately healthy. This fact, and the difficulty of uniting all the fashions of all the magazines in one dress, were her two principal afflictions in this world of care. She had an ideal model, to which she aspired with constant longings—a model resembling in figure the high-born creature whose never varied face is seen in all the plates of the fashions, yet, if possible, paler and more disdainful. If Miss Pifflit could but have bent her short wrist with the curve invariably given to the well-gloved extremities of that mysterious and nameless beauty; if she could but have sat with her back to her friends, and thrown her head languishingly over her shoulder without dislocating her neck; if she could but have protruded from the flounce of her dress a foot more like a mincing little muscle-shell, and less like a jolly fat clam; in brief, if she could have drawn out her figure like the enviable joints of a spy-glass, whittled off more taperly her four extremities, sold all her uproarious and indomitable roses for a pot of carmine, and compelled the publishers of the magazines to refrain from the distracting multiplicity of their monthly fashions—with these little changes in her allotment, Miss Pifflit would have realized all her maiden aspirations up to the present hour.

A glimpse will give you an idea of the gentleman in question. He was not much more than he looked to be—a compact, athletic young man of twenty-one, with clear, honest blue eyes, brown face, where it was not shaded by the rim of his hat, curling brown hair, and an expression of fearless qualities, dashed just now by a tinge of rustic bashfulness. His dress was a little more expensive and gayer than was necessary, and he wore his clothes in a way which betrayed that he would be more at home in his shirt

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Well, it was ten o'clock on the morning after Miss Hampson's arrival at Bracely farm, and, as we said before, Miss Pifflit was in despair. Presuming that her friend would be fatigued with her journey, she had determined not to wake her, but to order breakfast in the boudoir at eleven. Farmer Bracely and Eph. must have their breakfast at seven, however, and what was the dismay of Meg, who was pouring out their coffee as usual, to see the elegant Julia rush into the first kitchen, curtsy very sweetly to the old man, pull up a chair to the table, apologize for being late, and end this extraordinary scene by producing two newly hatched chickens from her bosom! She had been up since sunrise, and out at the barn, and down by the river, and up in the haymow, and was perfectly enchanted with every thing, especially the dear little pigs and chickens!

"A very sweet young lady!" thought old farmer Bracely.

"Very well—but hang your condescension!" thought Eph., distrustfully.

"Mercy on me!—to like pigs and chickens!" mentally ejaculated the disturbed and bewildered Miss Pifflit.

But with her two chicks pressed to her breast with one hand, Miss Hampson managed her coffee and bread and butter with the other, and chattered away like a child let out of school. The air was so delicious, and the hay smelt so sweet, and the trees in the meadow were so beautiful, and there were no stiff sidewalks, and no brick houses, and no iron railings, and so many dear speckled hens, and funny little chickens, and kind-looking old cows, and colts, and calves, and ducks, and turkeys—it was delicious—it was enchanting—it was worth a thousand Saratogas and Rockaways. How any body could prefer the city to the country, was to Miss Hampson matter of incredulous wonder.

"Will you come into the boudoir?" asked Miss Pifflit, with a languishing air, as her friend Julia rose from breakfast.

"Boudoir!" exclaimed the city damsel, to the infinite delight of old Bracely, "no, dear! I'd rather go out to the barn! Are you going any where with the oxen to-day, sir?" she added, going up to the gray headed farmer, caressingly, "I should *so* like a ride in that great cart!"

Eph. was still a little suspicious of all this unexpected agreeableness, but he was naturally too courteous not to give way to a lady's whims. He put on his old straw hat, and tied his handkerchief over his shoulder (not to imitate the broad ribbon of a royal order, but to wipe the sweat off handily while mowing) and offering Miss Hampson a rake which stood outside the door, he begged her to be ready when he came by with the team. He and his father were bound to the far meadow, where they were cutting hay, and would like her assistance in raking.

It was a "specimen" morning, as the magazines say, for the air was temperate, and the whole country was laden with the smell of the new hay, which somehow or other, as every body knows, never hinders or overpowers the perfume of the flowers. Oh, that winding green lane between the bushes was like an avenue to paradise. The old cart jolted along through the ruts, and Miss Hampson, standing up and holding on to old farmer Bracely, watched the great oxen crowding their sides together, and looked off over the fields, and exclaimed as she saw glimpses of the river between the trees, and seemed veritably and unaffectedly enchanted. The old farmer, at least, had no doubt of her sincerity, and he watched her, and listened to her, with a broad honest smile of admiration on his weather-browned countenance.

The oxen were turned up to the fence, while the dew dried off the hay, and Eph. and his father turned to mowing, leaving Miss Hampson to ramble about over the meadow, and gather flowers by the river side. In the course of an hour, they began to rake up, and she came to offer her promised assistance, and stoutly followed Eph. up and down several of the long swaths, till her face glowed under her sun-bonnet as it never had glowed with waltzing. Heated and tired at last, she made herself a seat with the new hay under a large elm, and, with her back to the tree, watched the labors of her companions.

Eph. was a well-built and manly figure, and all he did in the way of his vocation, he did with a fine display of muscular power, and (a sculptor would have thought) no little grace. Julia watched him as he stepped along after his rake on the elastic sward, and she thought, for the first time, what a very handsome man was young Bracely, and how much more finely a man looked when raking hay, than a dandy when waltzing. And for an hour she sat watching his motions, admiring the strength with which he pitched up the hay, and the grace and ease of all his movements and postures; and, after a while, she began to feel drowsy with fatigue, and pulling up the hay into a fragrant pillow, she lay down and fell fast asleep.

It was now the middle of the forenoon, and the old farmer, who, of late years, had fallen into a habit of taking a short nap before dinner, came to the big elm to pick up his waistcoat and go home. As he approached the tree, he stopped, and beckoned to his son.

Eph. came up and stood at a little distance, looking at the lovely picture before him. With one delicate hand under her cheek, and a smile of angelic content and enjoyment on her finely cut lips, Julia Hampson slept soundly in the shade. One small foot escaped from her dress, and one shoulder of faultless polish and whiteness showed between her kerchief and her sleeve. Her slight waist bent to the swell of the hay, throwing her delicate and well-moulded bust into high relief; and all over her neck, and in large clusters on the tumbled hay, lay those glossy brown ringlets, admirably beautiful and luxuriant.

And as Eph. looked on that dangerous picture of loveliness, the passion, already lying *perdu* in his bosom, sprung to the throne of heart and reason.

(We have not room to do more than hint at the consequences of this visit of Miss Hampson to the country. It would require the third volume of a novel to

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describe all the emotions of that month at Bracely farm, and bring the reader, point by point, gingerly and softly, to the close. We must touch here and there a point only, giving the reader's imagination some gleaning to do after we have been over the ground.)

Eph. Bracely's awakened pride served him the good turn of making him appear simply in his natural character during the whole of Miss Hampson's visit. By the old man's advice, however, he devoted himself to the amusement of the ladies after the haying was over; and what with fishing, and riding, and scenery hunting in the neighborhood, the young people were together from morning till night. Miss Pifflit came down unwillingly to plain Meg, in her attendance on her friend in her rustic occupations, and Miss Hampson saw as little as possible of the inside of the *boudoir*. The barn, and the troops of chickens, and all the out-doors belongings of the farm, interested her daily, and with no diminution of her zeal. She seemed, indeed, to have found her natural sphere in the simple and affectionate life which her friend Margerine held in such superfine contempt; and Eph., who was the natural mate to such a spirit, and himself, in his own home, most unconsciously worthy of love and admiration, gave himself up irresistibly to his new passion.

And this new passion became apparent, at last, to the incredulous eyes of his cousin. And that it was timidly but fondly returned by her elegant and high bred friend, was also very apparent to Miss Pifflit. And after a few jealous struggles, and a night or two of weeping, she gave up to it tranquilly—for, a city life and a city husband, truth to say, had long been her secret longing and secret hope, and she never had fairly looked in the face a burial in the country with the "pigs and chickens."

She is not married yet, Meg Pifflit—but the rich merchant, Mr. Hampson, wrecked completely with the disastrous times, has found a kindly and pleasant asylum for his old age with his daughter, Mrs. Bracely. And a better or lovelier farmer's wife than Julia, or a happier farmer than Eph., can scarce be found in the valley of the Susquehannah.

NAMASKA, OR THE CAPTIVES.

A LEGEND OF MOUNT WOLLASTON.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

Merry shouts rang out from a narrow cleared circle in the forest. The summit of a beautiful hill was crowned with a tall pole, which, as it swayed in the gentle breath of a spring morning, shook sparkling gems of dew from the heavy garlands of green with which it was wound from top to bottom. On its summit it bore a wreath, entwined amid its emerald with scarlet berries, and wild flowers of all the variety that the early season furnished—early, for it was May Day—May Day in New England.

New England—and yet those revellers, surely, are no Puritans. In the jaunty, yet negligent air of their costume, one would have sworn them cavaliers, who were waging war upon the great enemy of the trifler, time—in a manner, and by means not yet hackneyed to their senses, and having a zest and freshness which pursuers of pleasure, as a business, seldom enjoy. And who were they—those merry foresters? None other than the redoubtable company of Masters Wollaston and Thomas Morton—none other than the denizens of Merry Mount.

Sorely had the minor direlictions of the boisterous crew grieved the hearts of the founders of Plymouth Colony; and deeply had their habitual disregard of the Plymouth canons of doctrine, morals, and manners, pained the hearts of the rigid and devout men who had established a spiritual commonwealth in the wilderness. But this was the crowning outrage. The planting of a Maypole seemed to the Pilgrims an erection of the golden calf in the modern Israel; and the profane dances, and merry gambols of Mount Wollaston were as the worship of Baal—a pagan ceremony defiling the soil. The more erudite of the Puritans anathematized Maia, and all nymphs attendant; and denounced the festivities of the revellers as a feast upon meats offered to idols; while the less learned, whose memory had never been burthened with classic lore, found a parallel for the Maypole in the groves which Ahab planted.

But Morton, in his "nest," little recked the scruples of the Pilgrims, or if at all he heeded them, did it but to carry his contempt for Plymouth, from daily sneers into such overt acts as he knew would most painfully offend the colony. Happy had it been for Morton if he had confined his acts of outrage to such deeds as the erection of the hated symbol of idol worship; but in his intercourse with the Indians, he introduced a levity and freedom, which led to consequences serious to the infant colony. The Puritans confined their largesses of "fire-water, which the salvages love so well," to state occasions; but if, at Plymouth, Massasoit was treated to such huge draughts, that his avowals of royal affection were more warm than coherent in expression, the humblest savage in his tribe might meet the same civility at Mount Wollaston, while he had aught to barter for the coveted beverage.

The same influences which carried the Puritans to the rigidity of discipline and of belief to which they proceeded in the wilderness, moved their sometime enemies at Mount Wollaston, to the extremities of revel and of wickedness. The Puritans brought over such precedents as had grown into custom in their exiled community at Leyden. The

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Mount Wollaston emigrants sought to transplant to the New World the manners of "Merrie England in the olden time." Without the presence of restraint from civil authority, the religious commonwealth ran somewhat into asceticism, while following the promptings of a devout spirit; and the memory of their persecutions gave a stern joy to their lives of devotion. They were as martyrs who had escaped the fiery trial; and we cannot consider it an unreasonable spiritual pride in such men, that they held themselves as gold seven times tried. And, on the other hand, the revellers of Mount Wollaston, alike without control—adventurers who had probably had their reverses, and felt the dangers, and perchance the discipline of the laws, for traits and conduct the opposite of those of the Pilgrims, gave loose to their inclinations also. They took the largest liberty in the pursuance of such freaks as suggested themselves to their unruly inclinations. The savage was to them but a new source of amusement; and they did not scruple to use those as inferiors, when they became troublesome, whom, if tradition speak true, they admitted as equals to their wassail. They delighted to see the taciturnity of the Indian brave dissolve in the potations with which they pressed their savage guests; and they did not hesitate to defend, with the threat of the gun, the bargains which they had won with the bottle. But to return to our May Day fete.

A party of Indians had stolen up, and were looking with evidences of intense curiosity at what, doubtless, seemed to them a custom somewhat allied to their own. True, they did not find the hatchets brandished, or hear the whoop; but as the merry party trolled forth their carol, as they swung around the pole, the pale faces of Merry Mount certainly seemed to the Indians more like their own race, than did the dwellers of Plymouth colony.

One of that Indian group—a maiden of singular beauty—at length advanced, with curious eye, toward the revellers. One of them seized her hand, on a sudden impulse, and in an instant more the daughter of the forest was swinging in the merry circle, with all the bounding joy of youth and maiden innocence. At first she was timid as a fawn, and half inclined to resent the liberty which had been taken with her; but as the English maidens humored the freak of their volatile companion, the girl's reserve wore off. To crown the frolic, the Queen of May took the chaplet from her own brow, and its wild flowers danced in the glossy black hair of the daughter of the forest—and not ungracefully did that rude coronal appear upon her olive temples. As she walked back to rejoin her companions, the Englishmen could but admire the air of untaught dignity with which she carried away what were, by her, evidently highly appreciated honors. Woman, savage or civilized, never looks more graceful than when she puts on a queenly presence. While all the revellers admired, there was one who had borne, to that moment, no share in the sport, who looked with yet more interest than the rest upon the amateur participant.

When a woman has followed one's fortunes across the globe, it would seem that her constancy might be rewarded with the privilege of indulging in such woman's whims as she might have enjoyed at home. But men are ever less charitable to such of the other sex as endure most for them. And Herbert Morton had been taking offence at his pretty cousin, that she had accepted the hand of another for a moment in the dance. It may have been that he really did feel inclined to worship at the untried shrine of one of the aboriginal divinities; or it might have been sheer male coquetry that induced him to place a string of beads upon the neck of the Indian girl. Again, and this time readily, she came forward at the merry sound of the pipes, and following Herbert's lead, once more the revellers gamboled about the pyramid of evergreen. An English maiden, and the fairest of them all, was now the out—the pouting spectator. If she had followed the prompting of her woman's spirit of retaliation, she would have led an Indian warrior forward to the dance; but her delicacy shrunk from that revenge.

Suddenly the frolic was interrupted. A party of rigid colonists appeared among them, and in an instant the garlands were stripped from the tree, and thrown, with gestures of contempt, into the faces of the dancers. Herbert's sword flew from the scabbard, and he threw himself forward to avenge the insult. Before dangerous results had followed his impetuosity, he found himself pinioned—but pinioned by no foe. Agnes, his betrothed, discerning with a lover's quickness that his rashness exposed him to danger, flung herself upon his breast, and bound his arms with her own. For a brief moment he struggled to free himself, till looking up, he perceived that the Puritan band, having succeeded in the demolition of what to them seemed sacrilegeous mummery, had disappeared as suddenly as they came.

"By my faith, Agnes," he said, "you have saved the life of a fool; for in a moment more——"

"Say two fools, then, Herbert Morton. Think you, if you had slain one of those men, that his brethren would have left his memory unavenged upon this weak encampment?"

"Woman's argument is ever craven," he answered.

"And man's answer is ever a sneer," the girl replied, while her lip trembled. She burst into tears, and the day was all her own. Pursuit of the intruders was now out of the question; a resumption of the dance, to men in their present moods, was equally impossible. Herbert Morton's lip curled as he turned from the place, and sought relief for his vexation in solitude. He had passed but a few steps into the forest, when he felt a light touch upon his elbow. Impatiently shaking off the hand which would have detained him, he pressed forward. A low musical laugh made him stop suddenly and turn his head.

"Does the pale face chieftain mistake the daughter of the Eagle-eyed for the daughter of the Yengeese? Namaska would have held his quiver, and not have broken the point of his arrow. Ha! the pale face is angry with his wife!"

"The pale face has no wife," said the volatile

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hunter, exceedingly diverted at what appeared to him a bit of womanly finesse which would not have been out of place in a masquerade in the father land.

"The *sister* of the chieftian has a woman's heart," Namaska proceeded. Morton stood in amused astonishment, to find himself thus almost betrayed into a confession by an Indian maiden; but he cared not to humor her so far at his own expense. He essayed to change the discourse to such prettinesses as were the fashion of the time in Europe, but Namaska, to whom much of this was unintelligible, and the rest of a character that did not flatter an Indian maiden's opinion of herself, at length cried, as she bounded from him into the forest, "The white brave has been spoiled. He can talk to the daughters of the Yengeese, but the Wampanoags would not trust him with their children."

"Truly an adventure!" said Morton to himself, as he pursued his way slowly back to his comrades. "It is not every pale face in the colony who has made a conquest of an Indian girl; and, by my troth, in these dull solitudes, it is something worth winning." But, among that reckless company, Herbert Morton was not the worst; and the trifling adventure which would have suggested infinite amusement in the future to one thoroughly depraved, had passed from his mind before he reached the mount. It was true that he was more fortunate than his companions, in that he was attended to the New World by his guardian angel—Agnes. She was the ward, as he was the nephew, of Thomas Morton, one of the principals of the expedition, to whose name history has given no enviable notoriety; and they would, ere the date of our story, have been united, but that the feuds between his uncle and the rigid colonists precluded their seeking that clerical assistance in the Plymouth colony, which could not be obtained at Mount Wollaston. Herbert's first care, like all repentant lovers, was to seek the pardon of her whom he repulsed in thought, when he felt the touch of Namaska upon his arm in the forest.

Still Herbert could not altogether forego the advantage which his prompt attempt at the punishment of the intruders upon Merry Mount had won for him in the heart of the Indian girl. Mount Wollaston was no school in which he could learn to respect the feelings of the Indians as human beings, or to remember that even an Indian maid has a heart capable of attachment. He was not at all displeased when, in his rambles, the daughter of the Eagle-eyed interrupted his solitude; and if he professed to believe that he walked forth alone merely to escape the senseless dissipation of his comrades, and their rude and coarse merriment, he forgot, in the analyzation of his motives, to remember that he never asked Agnes to join him in these walks, though to her mind the character of the Mount Wollaston colony was as little congenial as to his own.

And Namaska could not conceal from herself, had she so desired to do, what motive led Herbert so often to the place which had come by custom to be regarded as their "trysting tree." The Indian maiden had no artificial notions of relative rank to consider as bars to affection which she cherished for the pale face; and so far as ideas of rank occurred to her untutored mind, they favored rather than discouraged her hopes. At the time of which we write, the bloody feud between the races had not commenced in New England. The policy of the great sachem, Massasoit, on the one hand, controled the Indians; and on the other, the careful administration of their Indian relations, by the colonists of Plymouth, and the settlements in and near Boston, justified the friendly conduct of the chieftain, whose name is immortalized in that of one of the states of this confederacy.

Morton, in the eyes of the colonists even, from his relation to one of the principals of Merry Mount, was in some sort a chief. Namaska was of proud Indian parentage; her father had been brave in the field, and her brothers wore proud trophies in the war-dance. She found in her love of her tribe and lineage a plausible excuse for her intercourse with the Englishman. More than once, by obtaining redress for the wrongs of her comrades, through Morton's influence over his uncle and his companions, she prevented an appeal to the colonial authorities; and more than once, too, she averted the more dreadful revenge for insults and injuries, fancied and real, by which her countrymen afterwards brought upon themselves a war of extinction.

These Indian love passages gave Morton a separate existence; it was an episode, distinct from his life, as allied to that of Agnes. Had Agnes not been his daily counsellor and friend—his nearer than friend—devoted with her whole trusting heart to him, he might have *sought* to win the love of the Indian maid, toward whom it was his greatest crime that he permitted her affection for him to grow, if he did not foster it. He did not suspect that an Indian heart was capable of devotion so earnest. Perchance, like many men who permit the attachment of those they deem inferior, he fancied, if he thought at all upon the future, that Namaska would relinquish him with as little care as he thought he could abandon her. Still he did not make Agnes his confidante by any means; nor did he, on the other hand, disabuse the Indian maid of her natural belief that the Yengeese brave had discarded a love unworthy, in her opinion, of his courageous heart.

While matters thus progressed with the lovers, affairs on Mount Wollaston were approaching a crisis. Wollaston himself had long since left the colony, and the senior Morton had become more notorious for dissipation and riot. Namaska could no longer visit the mount, for the very friendship of the colonists had become the terror of the Indians; and her stolen interviews with Herbert Morton were thus doubly guarded. It was at the peril of her fame, that she met one of those whom the Indians, no less than the Puritans, had learned at last to hate and despise. It is said in the ancient writers, with expressive meaning, that the acts of friendship of Thomas Morton, and his colony, for the Indians, were, as much as their acts of enmity against them, inexcusable. His own irregularities were flagrant; and, of course, such an example in the principal would

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not be lost upon the subordinates. Herbert Morton could not boast to his comrades of the attachment of Namaska, without exposing her to the danger of being waylaid and insulted by his coarser companions. He held his peace; and thus unknown to all save themselves, and unsuspected, the interviews daily took place, which were the life of the Indian girl—the heartless gallantry of Herbert Morton. But he could but admire and respect the native nobility and confiding truth of the savage's truly refined attachment; and the *liaison* puzzled him as an enigma.

Thomas Morton, in freaks of lawless avarice, frequently seized such Indian property as he coveted, but could not, or cared not, honestly to purchase. When the exasperated natives demanded restitution, he insulted them with threats. Complaints to the authorities at Boston produced nearly the same result that too often follows the litigation of the poor and weak against the rich and powerful. It was not that the Puritans did not earnestly desire to do justice; it is not that the law is not intended to mete the same measure to the poor and to the rich; but a wily antagonist, like Thomas Morton, will too often discover some cunning mode of evading justice. Savages frequently seek redress in a directer path; and hence the origin of almost all Indian wars. The good among the whites are compelled, indirectly, to support the bad, by defending a whole nation from the wrath of those whom the bad have outraged.

Agnes, with a female friend, was sitting in the house of Thomas Morton, when a party of Indians suddenly entered. That they had all the marks of anger and fierceness in their aspects did not surprise Agnes—for such countenances she had often seen her guardian's native visiters bear—so frequently came they to complain of wrong, and remonstrate against outrage. But she had not time to commence a parley with the angry Indians. Herself and companion were suddenly seized—prevented from shouting by withes twisted in the mouth, and carried noiselessly and rapidly to a neighboring thicket on a knoll, on which, while their position commanded a full view of Mount Wollaston, they were so disposed that their white drapery would not betray the place of their concealment.

Namaska was entrusted by her brothers with the custody of the prisoners. Warning them to silence, she accepted their promises, while she removed the painful means which had been taken by the rude Indians to compel them to forego exclamation. Fainting with fear and excitement, Agnes seated herself upon a bank, where her older and calmer companion supported her trembling frame.

The quick eye of an Indian maiden detected the glitter of a chain and trinket on the neck of Agnes. The elder of the captives, with the hasty thought of purchasing their ransom, took the bauble from the neck of her companion, and placed it in the hands of the Indian girl. With what intense curiosity did Namaska examine it. Curiosity—a deeper emotion fires those features. Her eyes have lighted with the same fierce expression that her brothers wore; she looks an instant at the prisoners, and her hand seeks the beautifully embellished hatchet which ornamented the toilet of the Indian belle. Agnes trembled, and even her more equable companion shuddered with fear.

The wild expression passed from the face of the Indian girl. It is not the gold she is scrutinizing—it is not the cunningly wrought chain that attracts the maiden's eye. An expression of faint delight and wonder for an instant has possession of Namaska's countenance—and then the sun-light of pleasure fades from her features, and calm sorrow succeeds—the mask of fearful emotions within.

A shout of surprise from the Indians! The house of Thomas Morton has broken out into flames—and see—those are Puritans—messengers from Boston who stand and regard the conflagration as evidently of their own causing. A runner who has been despatched to the place from the Indian party returns—the savages converse a moment together—and in a short space more the captives are alone—and free! Namaska has dropped at the feet of Agnes the—MINIATURE of HERBERT MORTON.

The key to this event is on the ancient records of Massachusetts Colony, as followeth:

"*September* 7, 1730. Second Court of Assistants, held at Charlestown. Present, Governor Winthrop, Deputy Governor Dudley, Sir Richard Saltonstall, and others. Ordered, 'That Thomas Morton, of Mount Wollaston, shall presently be set in the bilboes, and after sent to England by the ship called the Gift, now returning thither: that all his goods shall be seized to defray the charge of his transportation, payment of his debts, and to give satisfaction to the Indians for a canoe he took unjustly from them, and that his house be burnt to the ground in sight of the Indians, for their satisfaction for many wrongs he has done them.'"

The prompt execution of this order of the Court of Assistants, occurring so soon after the capture of the English maidens, was the secret of their manumission. The girls had been seized as the most direct reprisal for "many wrongs," and were to have been detained as hostages to compel reparation—a measure which, as we have seen, became unnecessary. The full sentence of the court was carried into effect, and Thomas Morton was sent in disgrace to England. Agnes returned with him—Herbert purposed so to do, also; but he would once more see Namaska. This time the maiden did not seek the tryst. Herbert had infinite trouble in obtaining an interview—but he discovered her at last—alone. She started wildly at his approach, and prepared to fly—

"The Yengeese has two faces," said she, breaking from him, her fine features eloquent of scorn, "the brothers of Namaska will not that she listen to him."

"But Namaska, dearest Namaska, they need not know of our conference—"

"The pale face is double-tongued, like the serpent, and the daughter of the Eagle-Eyed spurns the traitor."

Herbert Morton looked with bitter emotions—shame—regret—affection—after the fleeing maiden. He looked his last—an arrow whirred in its lightning passage through the air—one howl of agony from the false lover, and all was over! Indignation for a sister's wrongs had nerved the arm which sped the weapon—the hate of a brother for his sister's betrayer had fixed his unerring aim.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Import and Value of the Popular Lecturing of the Day. A Discourse pronounced before the Literary Societies of the University of Vermont, Aug. 3, 1842. By Charles Pease.

With many and prominent faults this discourse possesses essential merit; and, if studied aright, is well calculated to affect, in a salutary manner, the public mind. Its faults are those mainly of style, and in the manner of its execution. The author's meaning is not always clearly expressed, and the deficiency evidently arises from a want of acquaintance with, or rather, perhaps, of deference for, the ordinary style of our best and purest writers. Without intimating or suspecting that there is any thing like an imitation of the peculiarities of expression and of thought which characterize some of the erratic, though strong-minded, literary men of the present day, we have no hesitation in judging that their works have been diligently read by Mr. Pease. But the benefit he has derived from them is evidently much greater than the injury he has sustained. The tone of his discourse is lofty, and its general teaching of high intellectual worth. In his critical examination of the influence, upon society and the cause of science, of superficial and shallow instruction, he displays good ability and the warmest sympathy with that which is permanently good and true, and the most thorough indifference to the popular clamor with which whatever is brilliant, though worthless, is usually welcomed. Something of the spirit of Coleridge and of Carlyle is in his discourse; and maturely, we are persuaded, will bring strength and self-possession to his powers—which will free them from much that is faulty that now clogs their freest and highest exercise.

The "phenomenon"—as he terms it—of which he speaks, namely, the Popular Lecturing of the Day, is one of the most prominent features of the times. In age but a few seasons old, it has still shot up with a rapidity which of itself suggests comparison with mushroom growth in the vegetable world; and, as becomes evident on the slightest consideration, it now absorbs a great share of the literary enthusiasm of the present day—much of which, indeed, it has created, and will, we fear, entirely satisfy. Assuming as a fact its great prevalence, Mr. Pease seeks to determine its import and value; to trace the feeling which gives it birth to its source, and to determine as accurately as possible the grounds, of promise or of fear, which it affords.

"These interpretations," he says, "vary between the widest extremes. On the one side, is heard the exulting shout of those who whirl unresistingly in the vortex—'Does not wisdom cry and understanding put forth her voice?' 'Behold the 'progress of the species' and the march of mind!' And, on the other side, the contemptuous murmur of those who will be overwhelmed rather than rave against their will, they know not whither—'What meaneth this bleating of the sheep in mine ears?'"

This stamina for lectures, taken in connection with the prevailing literary taste (of which it is in some sort an index) is regarded as pointing, more or less directly, to a want of the human spirit—to its cry—and importune, though often stifled and but dimly felt, for light—the light of science and of truth. Many feel this want only as a *traditional* need—one which their fathers before them have felt and have taught them to feel—and *they* are apt to be satisfied with a traditional supply. Others ask for science *because* it will help them make, or work, and perhaps *become*, machines, whereby they may earn bread; but, sometimes, says the writer, "does this mere irritability of the coating of the stomach pass itself off as the waking up of the Life of the Soul, and the sublime and pure aspirations of the spirit for high and ultimate truths, pure as itself." Then it is the *fashion* at the present day to be learned; and if the "fops of literature" desire to shine they must "follow the fashion"—and become learned as easily and speedily as possible. These, the writer thinks, and certainly with some truth, are the prevailing features of that demand for science which is so clamorous at the present time. The lectures of the day he thinks well calculated to supply it. He examines in detail the several classes into which they may be divided—those, first, the object of which is instruction—then those which seek to amuse—and finally those which profess to combine both these aims. The leading aspect of them all, in his opinion, is that they have no *vital, form-giving, organific principle* running through them, developing properly each separate part and uniting them all by its own power. In these discourses, the writer says:

"The carpenter is the actual model; for like him the discourser cuts and fits his timber, according to rules the grounds of which it concerns not him to understand, with little labor, beyond that of hacking and hewing—materials being ever ready at his hand: for the world is full of books as the forest is of trees and the market of lumber. And this is done to instruct us; to build us up inwardly; to administer food to our intellect; to nourish our souls; to kindle the imagination and awaken to energetic action the living but slumbering world within. But, alas! this inner world cannot be kindled like a smouldering fire, by a basket of chips and a puff of wind! This inner world is a world of spirits, which feed on thoughts full of truth and living energy. And thought alone can kindle thought: and truth alone can waken truth: not veracity, nor fact, but truth vital,

'Truth that walks
To perish never.'

This is the bread for which the soul is pining, and such are the husks with which its cells are answered."

There is in this statement of the predominant character of our popular lectures much that is true and most wholesome. If the office properly belonged to this place, we could easily show its truth by a definite examination of the most popular discourses to which our audiences listen. Every one can see that their aim is, not to announce great truths, which are essential to the well-being of society and the instruction of the soul, but so to shape their sentences, so to point their paragraphs, and to give such a turn to their expressions, as to tickle most effectually the fancy of those who hear them, and to call down that round of applause which tells them they have made a hit. Now just so far as this is the case, popular lecturing not only seeks to supply the place of the theatre, but actually becomes theatrical; and lacking the essential worth and dignity of the drama, assumes its tricks and shallow vanities. Look at the exhibitions we have had in this city; the attempted dramatizing of the French Revolution, under the name of lectures; and the introduction upon the stage, set off in all the tinsel finery of the green-room, the foot-lights, and the curtain, of Astronomy and the exact sciences. Is there not, when it is regarded seriously and with any thing like a proper appreciation of the nature and value of science, something in all this supremely absurd and ridiculous? Yet, though we have alluded to an extreme case, it is only a tithe of the whole. All our lectures partake of the same spirit, with a few exceptions, which not in the least destroy the force of the general rule.

Still Mr. Pease is not discouraged by this clamorous prevalence of a shallow taste. On the contrary, he sees in it

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signs of promise—for it signifies the existence and the struggling toward the light of the absolute want of the soul—which will soon rectify the public taste, and teach men that pleasure lies only in the life-giving and the true.

"In this," he says, "lives an abiding ground of hope and cheerful confidence; for it teaches us that every human heart has those depths and living powers in it, the healthful action of which is the true life and well-being of the soul—and in none, we hope, are they forever dormant; and no heart, we hope, is wholly closed. Light, though in rays feeble and scattered, may shine in upon it, and it shall awake—for it is not dead, but sleepeth." . . . "The feeling of wants that lie deeper and farther inward than the sensual appetites, must be supplied or suppressed; and hence arise a struggle and conflict between the antagonist principles of our being. Firm peace, and healthful, quiet energy of soul, are the fruit of victory, and of victory only. Therefore, though attended with a 'troubled sea of noises, and hoarse disputes,' the contest, with its hubbub and vain clamor, is the door to quietness and clear intelligence. Pedantry and pretension, quackery and imposture, shall, in spite of themselves, conduct to their own exposure and extinction; for a higher sway than ours guides all affairs, causing even the wrath of man to praise Him, and making folly itself the guide to wisdom. Hooker characterized his own times as 'full of tongue, and weak of brain;' and Luther said to the same effect, of the preachers and scholars of his day: 'If they were not permitted to prate and clutter about it, they would burst with the greatness of their art and science, so hot and eager are they to teach.' But the noise and dust having subsided, there is left us, of these very times, works which men will not willingly let die. Noise and smoke causeless do not come. There is a force at bottom which will ultimately work itself clear, and produce good and substantial fruits. There is force somewhere, or no foam and dust would rise; but there is little force in the foam and dust themselves. And the immediate instruments are *only* instruments, working without knowing what they do, like puppets, dancing and swinging their arms, while far behind resides the force that works the wires. All wonder bestowed upon *them* is, most certainly, foolish wonder. But there is no ground for discouragement, or for any but good hopes, although ignorance and pretension stand in high places, and vanity bubble concerning things beautiful and profound. This uproar comes only from the troubling of the stream—the foam and roar will not continue always; the smooth plain lies below, along which it shall soon flow, quietly, but strongly, murmuring sweet music. And for the ambitious rainbows painted in the mists above, there shall be the sweet reflection of earth and heaven from its calm bosom."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

An Intercepted Letter to Dickens.—A friend of ours, connected with the dead letter office, sends us the following epistle to "Charles Dickens, *Esquire*." As the author, who lives somewhere out west, and may not have known the law in the case, failed to prepay the inland postage, it was not forwarded by the steamer; and as Boz has doubtless received enough of the same kind already, we give it a "general circulation" through our magazine.

Dear Sir,—As you wish for a private narration,
Of the cavils that rise at your "notes" on this nation,
I've devoted the evenings of two or three Sundays,
(You, I know, are a *liberal,*) to gather the *un data.*
That was easy enough, for the people (the rabble,
Of course,) are quite free with their insolent babble;
But for me to repeat it is quite lacerating,
Though I trust you're above being hurt at such prating.
You urge me to candor, and sonorously sings
That *candor* and *candied* are different things;
(Which I dare say you know, for the stores of your knowledge
Are such as could never be gather'd at college.)
So here goes for the whole—not the views of a *clique;*
I shall call to my aid neither Latin nor Greek,
But just a plain English, that *look* of us speak.
You 'll allow me at starting to state that a few of us
Are chop-fall'n to find that you've said nothing new of us.
We hop'd from our Pickwick some striking *tableaux,*
And were ready to laugh most "consumedly" at those;
(As indeed when you tickle there 's seldom a choice)
But our verdict agrees with the general voice—
That the book, as a book, has not half the profundity
Of that of the club, let alone its jocundity;
And your foes vow there 's nothing Pickwickian in it,
Save the "brandy and water" recurring each minute.
As to humor, 'tis thought there is plenty of that,
But 'tis only ill humor, and desp'rately flat.
One *tableau,* you 'll kindly permit me to say,
Might have shown up the hubbub in Boston that day
When our magistrates and minnows with beau and with belle come
To kiss the "cork soles" in their ardor of welcome;
And you—just conceive of the change that came o'er them!—
Could not keep in your errand, but flung it before them.
And when they herhumph'd you with words steep'd in honey,
Just call'd up a snuble, but kept hawking for money;
When all eyes seemed in danger of quitting their sockets,
You bowed and grimaced, but still fingered the pockets.
How you, my dear sir, must have relished the fun,
Since you knew long ago how such things should be done.*
Oh! rich field for an artist, of forty-Boz power,
(I was going to say,) might be found in that hour!
If you 'll undertake it, I'll back my friend Johnson
To give it a touch (in his "scrape" that come on soon)
That shall set the world roaring; and then in a label,
Bursting forth from your lips as you sit at the table,
We 'll have—"Shell out your shiners as fast as you can shell!"
"I no come here for chatter!" but "something substantial!"
You 'll excuse this digression; my pen ran away
At the thought of that whitest and funniest day.
To return to the strictures: your "notes," it is said,
Show a deficit either of heart or of head;
(Some do say of *both*) and that too much strong liquor
Has muddled your brains, 'stead of making them quicker;
And they hint that the fact of your seeing the door
Break loose from its mournings and yawn on the floor,
(Aboard ship) was not one of old Neptune's famed marvels,
But just the "mull'd claret" that glows through your travels.
There are those to your face were as supple as knittens,
Now handle yourself and your books without mittens.
"Six months" for a circuit of thousands of miles,
Has called up a legion of ill-natured smiles.
'Twas a cockney idea, the knowing ones say,
And scarce honest, to give such "your preach" for good pay;
Nay, even your defenders (I grieve while I'm writing)
Own your satire is stale, and your praise not inviting.
Your spitting and spitters, we think "the fair thing,"
And we wish every tourist would give them a fling,
(Though even here, truth is a jewel, you'll own,
And the case did not need that oath *clew* should be thrown;)
But we can't, for our lives, spite of warm admiration,
Discover the reason for one exclamation—
(It occurs at page fortieth, line twenty-nine—)
"Delighted to find ourselves once more alone!"
Now to scrape an acquaintance with dear Mrs. D.,
Scarcely ever led the rash of the treacherous sex;
And as to the "maid"—why, to say nothing even of her,
She was surely no study for such a philosopher.
Please explain in your next. There are further objections
Called up by the tone of your *moral* reflections.
Our forefathers thought that Religion had sense in't,
At least they felt sure there could be no offence in't;
But we learn from the "notes" that the theatre 's surer
To make saints than the church, since its morals are purer;
And 'tis plain that you 'd rather the exquisite Fanny
Should train up your younglings, than "Il Puritani."
But thus giving *our dicta*—you are not an archbishop—
Yet I own I dislike such opinions to fish up;
And as to advice, it is really a trial,
Yet you urge and insist, and will take no denial.
(It must be for the future; what 's done can't be undone,
Though I wish you 'd been safe in the purlieus of London,)
As the "notes" have accomplished the main point—the proofs—
I scarcely dare whisper a caution—*ne sutor;*
Yet truth, which I've praised, prompts this humble suggestion—
Since you've powers, as few touch, that no mortal will question,
Better let well alone! husband close your resources;
Make no soaring attempts; fly an venturesome courses;
Fall back on your conquests; sit under your laurels;
Don't be greedy of money; don't meddle with morals;
But let alone temperance, and Hoosiers, and hominy,
And stick to your cockneys, et *id genus* omne;
The tavern, the play house, the prison, the circus,
The Tuggees at Ramsgate, the boys in the "work 'us;"
And while you have Sam and sweet Ned to rally by,
When accused of these "notes," I would just "grunt an *allegbi.*"
But my paper is out ere my tale is half finished;
I'll write you again when the buz is diminished;
And hoping we 'll soon have the pleasure of hearing,
Remain your devoted AMINADAB PEERING.

* See the reply of old Weller, "Pickwick Papers"—"It 's a rum sort of thing, Sammy, to go a hankering arter any body's property."

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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THE END OF THE WORLD.

A VISION.

BY JAMES K. PAULDING, AUTHOR OF "THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRE-SIDE," "WESTWARD HO!" ETC.

HAPPENING, the other day, to meet with an account of a mighty gathering of the disciples of a certain great prophet, who, I believe, has, in spite of the proverb, rather more honor in his own country than any other, I fell upon a train of reflections on the probability of this world coming to an end the first of April next, as predicted by that venerable seer. That it will come to an end, some time or other, is certain, for nothing created can last forever; and that this event may happen to-morrow, is, for aught we know, just as likely as that it will take place an hundred or a thousand years hence. The precise hour is, however, wisely hidden from all but the eyes of our inspired prophet, and the first of April is quite as probable as any other, although, for the credit of the prediction, I could wish it had been fixed for some other day than that so specially consecrated to making fools.

It appeared to me, however, on due consideration, that there were many startling indications that this world of ours was pretty well worn thread-bare, and that it was high time to lay it aside, or get rid of it altogether, by a summary process, like the Bankrupt Law. Nor am I alone, among very discreet reflecting persons, in this opinion. I was lately conversing with an old gentleman, of great experience and sagacity, who has predicted several hard winters, and who assured me he did not see how it was possible for this world to last much longer. "In the first place," said he, "it has grown a great deal too wise to be honest, and common sense, like a specie currency, become the most uncommon of all commodities. Now, I maintain that, without the ballast of common sense, the world must inevitably turn upside down, or, at least, fall on its beam-ends, and all the passengers tumble overboard. In the second place, it is perfectly apparent that the balance-wheel which regulates the machine, and keeps all its functions in equilibrium, is almost worn out, if not entirely destroyed. There is now no medium in any thing. The love of money has become a raging passion, a mania equally destructive to morals and happiness. So with every other pursuit and passion of our nature. Every man is "like a beggar on horseback," and the old proverb will tell where he rides. All spur away, until they break down, ride over a precipice, or tumble into the mire. If a man, as every man does now-a-days, pines for riches, instead of seeking them in the good old fashioned way of industry, prudence and economy, he plunges heels over head in mad, extravagant and visionary schemes, that lead inevitably, not only to his own ruin, but that of others, and in all probability, in the end, leave him as destitute of character as of fortune. Or, if he is smitten with a desire to benefit his fellow creatures, he carries his philanthropy into the camp of the enemy, that is, to the opposite extreme of vice. His sympathies for one class of human suffering entirely shut his eyes and his heart to the claims and rights of others, and he would sacrifice the world to an atom. His pity for the guilty degenerates into the encouragement of crime, and instead of an avenger, he becomes an accomplice. No man, it would seem, in this most enlightened of all ages, appears to be aware of what is irrefragably true, that an honest abhorrence of guilt is one of the most powerful preservatives of human virtue; and that one of the most effectual modes of engendering vice in our own

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hearts, is to accustom ourselves to view it merely as an object of pity and forgiveness. It seems to be a growing opinion, that the punishment of crime is an usurpation of society, a despotic exercise of power over individuals, and, in short, 'a relic of the dark ages.'"

My excellent old friend is a great talker, when he gets on a favorite subject—though he rails by the hour at members of Congress for their long speeches—and proceeded, after stopping to take breath, as follows:—"There are other pregnant indications of this world being on its last legs, in the fashionable cant"—so my friend called it, most irreverently—"of ascribing almost all the great conservative principles of the social state to 'the dark ages.' The laws, indispensable to the security of property, the restraint of imprudence and extravagance, the safety of persons, and the punishment of their transgressors—those laws, in short, that constitute the great pillars of society, and without which barbarity and violence would again overrun the world, are, forsooth, traced by the advocates of 'progress' to those very dark ages, whose ignorance and barbarism they contributed more than all other causes to dissipate and destroy. An honest man who resorts to those laws which are founded in the first principles of justice, for the recovery of that which is necessary to his comfort, perhaps his very existence, or for the purpose of punishing some profligate spendthrift for defrauding him, is now denounced by philanthropic legislators, and mawkish moralists, as a dealer in human flesh, a Shylock demanding his pound of flesh, and whetting his knife for performing the sacrifice. The murderer—the cool, premeditated murderer—is delicately denominated 'an unfortunate man,' lest we should hurt his fine feelings. Our sympathies are invoked when he is called upon to pay the penalty of his crime, while the poor victims, living and dead, are left, the one without pity, the other without relief.

"Not only this," continued the worthy old gentleman, who gradually waxed warmer and warmer as he proceeded—"not only this, but as if to give the last most unequivocal evidence of dotage, we have become puffed up with the idea of this being the most enlightened of all the ages of the world, for no other reason, that I can perceive, than that we are become very great mechanics, and have, in consequence of the wonderful perfection to which machinery has been brought, depreciated the value of human labor, until it has become insufficient for human support, and beggared ourselves and our posterity, in making canals for frogs to spawn in, and railroads from interminable forests to flourishing towns that never had existence. It is perfectly evident to me, that matters are speedily coming to a crisis, and that a world, in which there is no other pursuit but money, where all sympathy is monopolized by guilt, and where common sense and common honesty are considered as relics of the dark ages, cannot last much longer, unless," added he, with a peculiar expression of his eye, "unless Congress takes it in hand, and brings about a radical reform, by speechification. The truth is, it owes so much more than it can pay, that the sooner it winds up its concerns the better."

Saying this, my worthy and excellent friend, after predicting a hard winter, left me to cogitate alone in my old arm chair, very much inclined to a nap, as I generally am after listening to a long harangue. It was in a quiet back room, where I could see nothing but the smoke of my opposite neighbor's chimney; nothing disturbed me but a fly, which, notwithstanding the world was wide enough for us both, I should have utterly exterminated, if I could; and I continued to ponder over the subject, till, by degrees, sleep overpowered me, and the following vision passed over my bewildered brain.

Methought the eve of the first of April had come, and with it every indication that the prediction of the prophet was about to be fulfilled. The waters of the rivers, brooks and springs became gradually warmer and warmer, until some of them began to boil; hot currents of air issued from the fissures of the earth, whose surface became heated so that the bare-footed urchins rather danced than walked upon it; a thick, dun-colored vapor, by degrees, involved the world from the horizon to the skies, and there prevailed a dead, oppressive calm, without a single stirring breath of air. The earth became, as it were, one vast heated oven. The air was dry and parching; the turkeys lay sprawling on their breasts, with expanded wings; the dogs strolled wistfully around, seeking some cool retreat, panting and lolling out their tongues; the little birds hid themselves in the recesses of the woods, and ceased to sing; the leaves of the trees and flowers wilted and shriveled up under the excessive heat of the burning sun—and the world ceased to revolve, either from a suspension of the laws of nature, or for fear of dissolving in a profuse perspiration.

Other fearful auguries proclaimed that the hour had come. The sun was like a red ball of living fire; the whole firmament rocked and trembled, as if panting with the throes of suffocation; ever and anon, long flashes of zigzag lightning shot athwart the heavens in dead silence, for no thunder followed; and all nature, rational and irrational, animate and inanimate, seemed awaiting in death-like silence the hour of their final dissolution, as predicted by the prophet.

Methought I wandered about in that unhappy and distracted state of mind which generally ensues when we are haunted by some dim, half visible spectre of undefined misery, whose presence we feel, but whose persecutions we cannot avoid. It seemed that I strolled to the river side, in the hope of inhaling the cool, refreshing breezes from its bosom, but it sent forth nothing but a scalding vapor, like that from a steam-engine. The fishes lay sprawling and panting, and dying on its surface; and a hungry hawk, that had plunged down for his prey, being exhausted by the consuming heat, lay fluttering helplessly on the waters. From the mountains of the opposite shore, columns of blood-red smoke and flashes of sulphurous fire issued with an angry roaring vehemency; and in some of the deep fissures of the rocks,

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methought I could see the raging fires, as through the bars of a furnace. Then came rolling out of the bowels of the earth torrents of liquid flame; then came on the dread struggle of the rebel elements, released from the guiding hand of their Great Master. The dissolving earth rushed into the waters; a noise, like the hissing of millions of serpents, succeeded, and when I looked again the river was dry.

I fled from the appalling spectacle, and sought the city, where all was dismay and confusion. Some were shrieking and tearing their hair, in guilty apprehension of the horrors of death, and the sufferings of the world to come. Others sat in mute despair, awaiting in numb insensibility the fate of all the rest of their race; while others, impelled by the instinct of self-preservation, and forgetful of the inevitable doom that awaited them, were devising various expedients for escaping, and securing their most valuable articles about their persons. A little love-sick maiden had hung the picture of her lover about her snowy neck; an anxious mother sat weeping and wringing her hands by the side of a cradle, where lay a little laughing cherub playing with a kitten; while another was rushing madly about, with a child in her arms, which she had squeezed to death in her convulsive writhings. Thousands of scenes like these occurred all around, but I delight not to dwell on horrors, and will proceed to state what I saw of the exhibitions of the various modes of grief, disappointment and despair, which served to convince me that the ruling passion will struggle in the last agonies of existence, and triumph at the moment of the dissolution of nature herself.

In the course of my wanderings, methought I encountered the celebrated Fire-King, who was sitting at home, quietly smoking his cigar, and calculating that being the destined survivor of all his race, he would succeed to an immense landed estate, and become lord proprietor of the whole earth. Having agreed upon the terms, he furnished me with an antidote against the heat of the most raging anthracite furnace, and being now assured of safety, I made my observations with more coolness and precision. Being of rather a prying disposition, I conceived that as every thing was in a state of utter confusion, the doors and windows all open, and no police officers on duty, there was no occasion to stand upon ceremony.

I accordingly made my way into the most private recesses of various habitations, where I saw many things which I would not disclose, were it not that all this is nothing but a dream. Entering a handsome house, rather splendidly furnished, I saw an old man of upwards of fourscore, who was bitterly complaining of being thus suddenly cut off, without time to make his will, and repent of his sins; while an elderly woman, whom I took to be one of Job's comforters, was upbraiding him for not taking her advice, and attending to these matters long ago. In another miserable house, without furniture, and destitute of every comfort of life, I discovered a shrivelled, cadaverous spectre, hugging a bag of gold, and lamenting the hardship of being called away just the day before the interest became payable on his bank stocks. I met in another place a speculator, with the perspiration rolling down his face in torrents, who was calculating the immense profits he might have made if he had only foreseen this sudden catastrophe. A little farther on, I saw a glutton devouring a pair of canvass backs, and heard him at intervals mumbling to himself—"They sha n't cheat me of my dinner." The next person I particularly noticed, was a stanch believer in "progress," who was terribly out of humor that the world should be destroyed just as it was on the high-road to perfectibility. He had an essay in his hand, which he was rolling up to enclose in a bottle, hermetically sealed, in the hope that it might float down to posterity, and make him immortal, forgetting, as I supposed, that the world was now about to perish by fire, and not by water. In the course of my farther peregrinations, I fell in with a father, very busy in making a will, dividing his property among his children; and another disinheriting his son for marrying against his wishes. A usurer was lamenting that he was not aware of what was coming, as he would certainly have borrowed a good round sum, and thus escaped paying the interest. A worthy dealer in political haberdashery, who had been seeking office, I believe, ever since the flood, was exclaiming against fate for casting him off, now that he had actually received a promise of succeeding a gentleman who was only five years younger than himself, immediately on his death. This example, by the way, brought to my recollection a circumstance that actually happened in real life, and within my own knowledge, where an old man of upwards of threescore and ten actually hanged himself on the marriage of his daughter, to whose fortune he looked forward to becoming heir, provided she died without issue. It is somewhat singular that people always calculate on outliving those by whose deaths they expect to be benefitted.

In the course of my peregrinations, I encountered some of the disciples of the prophet, who, one might have supposed, would have been prepared for the event they had so long confidently anticipated. But it seemed they were as much taken by surprise as their unbelieving neighbors, and were running to and fro in great consternation, or preparing in all haste for what they had been expecting at leisure, according to the ways of the wise people of this world, who see farther into futurity than their neighbors. Entering the chamber of a middled-aged widow, a stanch follower of the prophet, who had retreated somewhere, I found an open letter, not quite finished, which purported to be an answer to a proposal of marriage from another disciple, and in which the prudent dame very judiciously postponed her final decision until after the first of April. I own I proceeded to other unwarrantable indulgences of curiosity, only pardonable in a person fast asleep, in the course of which I made certain discoveries, which, now that I am awake, I scorn to disclose to the world. All I will venture to say is, that I saw enough to convince me that if the widow really believed in the

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approaching dissolution of the world, she had determined to make the most of it while it lasted. It is impossible to say what other discoveries I might have achieved if I had not heard footsteps approaching; and apprehending it might be the lady herself, I retreated with considerable precipitation, in doing which I encountered, and overthrew, a fat cook maid, who was coming up in great haste to apprize her mistress that the kitchen was so hot she could not breathe in it any longer, and who, notwithstanding the solemnity of the occasion, gave me a most awful benediction.

The next house I entered was that of a notorious usurer, who was never known to do a kindness to any human being. He had accumulated millions by a rigid, inflexible system of preying upon the wants of his fellow creatures, and denying himself the common necessaries of life, except on rare occasions, when his vanity got the better of his avarice; and he would give some great party, or ostentatious feast, in order to excite the envy of his neighbors, and get puffed in the newspapers, always making himself amends for this prodigality by squeezing additional sums out of his unfortunate clients. I found him busily employed in making his will, and talking to himself by fits and starts, from which I gathered there was a great contest going on between the ruling passion and the fear of the future, which prompted him to make reparation, as far as possible, for his past transgressions. From what I could gather, he had come to a determination to restore the principal of all the money he had screwed from his debtors by his usurious practices, but could not bring himself to give back the interest on these exactions, which he said would utterly ruin him. As the heat became more intense, he seemed gradually to relax; but the moment it subsided a little, relapsed again. This happened several times, until at length the old man quieted his conscience by leaving his whole estate for the purpose of erecting a hospital for the reception of the families of all those he had reduced to beggary by his frauds and inhumanity, at the same time saying to himself, "I shall go down to posterity as a great public benefactor." As I looked over his shoulder, I, however, observed that the bequest was conditional on the fulfillment of the prophecy.

Leaving the house of this repentant sinner, I proceeded on my way without any definite object, and met a fellow in irons, who had taken advantage of the confusion which reigned every where around, to make his escape from prison. He had committed a wanton and atrocious murder; and his execution was fixed for the next day. He seemed so elated at his escape, that I could not forbear reminding him that he had only got out of the frying-pan into the fire. He briskly replied, "O, but you forget I have escaped the disgrace of hanging." On my reminding him that the disgrace was in the crime, not the punishment, he answered, "I differ with you entirely in this matter," and proceeded on, rattling his chains as if in triumph.

My next encounter was with a person who had distinguished himself in several controversies on questions which, admitting of no demonstration either of facts or arguments, afford the finest scope for interminable discussion. He had written more than one dissertation to prove that the prophet knew nothing about what he had predicted, and gone nigh to convince his readers that he was in the same predicament. I was proceeding to converse with him on the unexpected catastrophe so rapidly approaching, when he impatiently interrupted me: "Unexpected, indeed!" said he, "I have been so busy in proving it to be all humbug, that I am sorry to say I am altogether unprepared. But that is not the worst. The most provoking part of the business is, that this old blockhead should be right, and I wrong. My reputation is entirely ruined; and I shall go down to posterity as a teacher of false doctrines, and a bad reasoner." "Don't be uneasy on that score," I replied, "posterity will know nothing of the matter." Upon which he left me in a great passion, affirming that I had reflected on himself and his works, which, upon my honor, was not my intention.

The philosopher had scarcely left me, when there approached an old man of rather venerable appearance, who seemed an exception to the rest of the world—being evidently elated at what filled all others with horror and dismay. He was rubbing his hands in great glee, ever and anon exclaiming, "I told them so; I predicted all this years ago, but the blockheads would n't believe me. They have got it now, and may laugh as much as they please." Anxious to know the meaning of all this, I ventured to ask an explanation: "What!" said he, "don't you know I am the prophet who foretold the destruction of the world by fire, the first of April, 1843? The clergy preached against me in their pulpits; the philosophers laughed; and the would-be wise ones hooted at me as a fool, or an impostor. But they have got it now—they have got it now—ha! ha! ha!" and the worthy old prophet went his way delighted at the fulfillment of his prediction. He had not proceeded far, however, when he came in sight of the bed of the river, which was now one vast volcano of consuming fires, and encountered such a scorching blast from that quarter, that he turned round and approached me again with great precipitation. On inquiring where he was going in such a hurry, he replied, "Going? why to make preparation for this awful catastrophe, which, to tell you the truth, I have entirely neglected, being altogether taken up with predicting it. Bless my soul! I had no idea it would be so hot!" At that moment it seemed that he took fire, and in a few minutes was consumed to ashes, exclaiming to the last, "Well, well! it matters not, I shall go down to posterity as the last of the prophets!"

The last person I recollect meeting, was the worthy old gentleman who railed against the world so copiously at the commencement of this vision. He was puffing and blowing, and fanning himself with his hat at a prodigious rate. "Well, my friend," said I, very coolly and quietly, "well, my friend, you were quite right in your opinion that the world was pretty well worn out, and on its last legs. It is, in

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truth, an old, superannuated concern, not worth mending; and as you truly stated, so over head and ears in debt, that the sooner it winds up its affairs, and calls its creditors together, the better." The old gentleman, however, did not seem altogether to agree with me in this opinion. He hesitated, wiped his brow, and at length replied: "Why, ay—yes—to be sure! I confess, I thought so yesterday, but had no idea it was going to happen so soon; and, besides, really when one comes to consider the matter coolly," and then he puffed and panted as if almost roasted to death; "when one, I say, considers the matter coolly, this world, after all is said and done, is not so bad but that an honest man might have made up his mind to live in it a little longer. It might have been mended so as to be tolerable; and considering the pains every body is taking to make it better, I don't think the case was altogether desperate. Really, it has scarcely had a fair trial, and with a few scores of years more, what with the great improvements in machinery; the wonderful facilities in traveling; and the exertions of a comprehensive philanthropy, I see no reason to despair of the millennium. But it is all over now; the advocates of 'progress,' will never know whether they were dreaming or awake; and I shall die without ever predicting another hard winter."

How much farther my good old friend would have carried his recantation, can never be known; for just at this critical moment, methought he blew up with a prodigious explosion; a glare of light, so intensely brilliant as to be beyond endurance, flashed before my eyes, and a sense of suffocation came over me, with such overwhelming force, that I struggled myself awake; and the first sounds I heard in the street, were those of the little boys crying out "April fool! April fool!"

OBSERVATION.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

Nature is full, to overflow, of charms,
For those that seek her with a searching eye
And the heart portals open. Rude and lone
May seem the spot, but the instructed sense
Finds in familiar things what makes delight
And stirs emotion.
Let us thread our way
Through these close streets. A glance of sunshine paints
A golden track athwart this naked field
And up that knoll of pines. We trend along,
Clamber and downward pass. A chasm winds on,
Such as a torrent makes—a basin here
Scooped like a dried-up pool—and now we pause.
An elm is slanting o'er, its wreathing roots
Scarce holding to the banks: beneath the bulge
Of its broad base, a little mined-out nook.
Pebbles and jagged stones are scattered round:
A pine above has shed its dead dry mass
Of fibres; here and there are withered cones
With horny wide-spread edges. Plumes of brake
And blades of grass have struggled from the earth,
But not a single flower. Within the nook
A coat of moss, and on that shelf of rock
A bristling tuft of lichen. Seemingly
There is no trace of beauty in the spot,
Naught to arouse a feeling—draw a glance;
The common foot would pass it unobserved.
But let us rest awhile upon this bank.
Listen! a humming sound arises up;
'T is Nature's voiceless, low soliloquy!
Let the ear separate the blended tones:
An orchestra of insects! in the nook
A trill with pauses—on the rocky shelf
A light swift tick-tick—in the brake and grass
A strain like fluid winding of a clock,
And blending all, a murmur soft and sweet,
As though the pine were breathing.
Now cast round
A scanning eye. This withered pine-tuft hold
Between you and that streak of mellow light,
That like a slanting shaft of quivering motes
Glances you opening through: five bars of gold
Joined at the base. This dark unsightly cone
Lift to the sun! what a rich hue of brown!
How sharp and delicate each oval edge.
Pick up that pale sea elm-leaf from the nook
Cast there by Autumn's sythe: how beautiful
Those branching arteries! what myriad veins!
Yea, the whole leaf seems but a woven web
Of veins and arteries. Pluck you plumed brake—
A fairy chisel has been here at work
Tracing most exquisite sculpture; waving lines;
Scallopings; dottings; perfect, wonderful!
Tear from that coat of moss a single branch—
A mimic pine tree bristling o'er with fringe.
Sweep from the shelf the lichen; let your grasp
Be gentle or it crumbles. See this stem!
A pillar of pale green, with crimson balls
Thick on its summit. Mark! the very stones
Seem sown with glittering gems: the pebbles, smooth
And polished, have their light gray tint o'erstreaked
And shaded with rich, varying hues.
Oh Thou!
Parent of Nature! Awful Deity!
The earth is but the skirt of thy vast robe
That sweeps infinity. In love hast Thou
Set round the feeble insects on that skirt
The signs that tell of Thee. The most minute
Are eloquent as the greatest. Thou hast given
An eye to see, an ear to hear, a mind
To comprehend. And yet we blind the eye,
Deafen the ear, and shroud the mind, until
The plainest things, those spread in showers around,
We pass unheeding. Oh that we would wake
The sense that is within us, to behold
The loveliness and hear the harmony
Of all thy gifts, and, chief, to comprehend
The meanings that they utter. Constantly
Shadow those meanings' deepest wisdom forth,
Wisdom that, understood, would happier make
The beings that now grope their darkened way.
And, chief of all, the meanings point to Thee—
Thee the Omniscient—the Eternal God!
The Fount, and Ocean of all earthly things.

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CONDUCT AND CONSEQUENCES.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A NEW HOME," "FOREST LIFE," ETC.

INTRODUCTIONS are awkward things enough—necessary evils sometimes, it is true; but always to be dispensed with if possible. It would not, perhaps, be civil to thrust a mirror before a gentleman's eyes without a preliminary—"By your leave, sir!" But if we are able to place it so that he can catch a glimpse of himself in passing, and thus afford him an opportunity of reforming some trifling inaccuracy of costume, he will be content to avail himself of the advantage without adverting to the obscurity which may envelop his benefactor. Did it sort with my humor to grope like a mole through the earth that covers an hundred generations, I could make out an authentic pedigree that would rival any in the Sporting Calendar; but besides that this deliberate method is entirely foreign to my nature and habits, I cannot but see that there would be about as much propriety in such a mode of introducing one's self to the reader, as there would be in engraving a genealogical tree upon our visiting cards.

I shall, therefore, forbear to gratify my pride of ancestry, by enumerating the various generations of the Hasty family, that flourished beyond the flood (of the Atlantic, I mean) and commence with my first American ancestor, Mr. Wildrake Hasty, who, after a headlong quarrel with his guardians concerning the amount of his allowance while under age, scampered over with Sir Walter Raleigh, and falling head over heels in love the very first day after he landed, was married in a month, and became the founder of our family on this side the water. Skipping several of his successors, who were not remarkable, for any thing that ever I could learn, beyond an unusual facility in getting rid of money, I shall mention only Mr. Solomon Hasty (the only Solomon of the name) who happily achieved an heiress, and thus in some measure retrieved the rather drooping fortunes of the race, and enabled my immediate ancestors to transmit to me a goodly inheritance, which was considerably augmented by a long (and oh! how tedious!) minority.

So much by way of introduction. I should have preferred omitting even this short specimen of the art of prosing. I love the stirring, abrupt style, where the narrator bounds on in the middle of a scene, brandishing his wooden sword, and shaking his cap and bells, and calling "Presto! Presto!" for a continual change of scene; but this sort of commencement supposes the story or chit-chat which follows, to be, if not as sparkling as champagne, at least as brisk as bottled ale. I have no wit, and scarcely a wonder in store; and I am far too honest to lure the reader on by a promise of turtle, and then set him down to hasty-pudding. So I prose at the outset, meaning to be rather better than worse than my promises.

When I had reached the independent age, and my guardians had resigned their control over my person and fortune, they very considerately advised me to marry and settle in life, thinking, perhaps, that so mercurial a character required a wife by way of ballast. But I had other matters on hand. I could not think of "settling" until I had, by a long flight, prepared myself to relish repose. So I dashed over Europe, feeing *conducteurs* to extra diligence, and overturning cicerони, and laming *valets de place*, in the impetuosity of my sight-seeing efforts. Like all the rest of the world, I talked large and felt small at St. Peter's; I leaned over the Leaning Towers; I paced and repaced the gallery of the Louvre, and threaded the intricacies of the Palais Royal; I dived under the Thames, peeped from the top of St. Paul's, and said and did all that is proper in the hallowed atmosphere of Poet's Corner; and then came home as fast as winds and waves would carry me, in a violent hurry to "settle." And here began my difficulties. If men could live like albatrosses, forever on the wing, I should have settled at once, in imitation of that sensible bird; but being resolved to clip my roving wing, and seek a gentle mate, it became necessary to provide a nest fit for the keeping of so dear a charge. Fortunately for me, a tract of forest land, which had been purchased by my grandfather, as a sort of land-in-the-moon speculation, afforded just the site I wanted for my dwelling, and I was soon involved in all the delightful bustle of building. Plans crowded upon me; elevations without limit exalted my imagination. All and each seemed to promise all that need be promised; yet every new projector found a flaw in the ideas of his predecessor. At length, to cut the matter short, I decided by lot; and, dismissing my theorists, set myself seriously at work to realize "a romance in stone and lime."

This proved the first great lesson of my life. To build in the country! Words fail me, and I pass on.

My house was finished, my shrubberies planted, my garden under skillful hands, and now I set about

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falling in love, with all my heart and soul, as I am said to do every thing. Nothing could equal the rapidity with which I lost my heart, save the celerity with which I found it again; and after this process had been repeated some two or three times, I began to fear that my friends had been correct in prophesying that I should never be of one mind long enough to be married. But my time had not yet come. Love had his revenge at last, and when I least expected it.

I had taken my gun, and was popping away in the grounds of a cynical old bachelor, my very good neighbor, within whose walls I had never beheld the shadow of a petticoat, when I came very near shooting a lady who sat reading in a summer-house. She was pale with fright, and I thought her scarcely pretty; but as I poured forth my apologies, rich blushes rose to her cheek, and enhanced the radiance of her dove-like eyes, till my charmed sense confessed her the perfection of feminine loveliness. The fair Serena was doubtless my destiny, and after a few faint struggles I yielded myself her captive, rescue or no rescue.

Of all the wonders Master Cupid ever performed, certainly this feat was the most wonderful. My fair enslaver was in every thing my opposite, or at least the prominent parts of our characters were altogether and strikingly dissimilar; and it was the consciousness of this difference that alone induced my attempts at resistance. Serena was lovely and well-connected—what reasonable mortal could ask more? I was not a reasonable mortal. I sighed for a perfect similarity of taste and temperament, of habits and opinions; and I expected some evidence of a reciprocal passion, which though female delicacy and reserve might restrain, they should not, I thought, be able wholly to conceal. I sighed in vain for any thing of this kind. She was won after an age of wooing, and I ought to have felt assured that she would not have accepted me unless she had preferred me to all the world. I did at first believe so, when, having once rejected my suit on the score of her fears for the stability of my attachment, she was induced to revise her sentence after I had endured a year's probation, and at length acknowledged herself satisfied by my perseverance. But doubts, once planted, continued to torment me at intervals. Unskilled in the female heart, I expected the most powerful of all sentiments to exhibit itself in nearly the same manner in all characters, at least in married life; and it was hard for me to learn to read in my wife's mild eyes and unimpassioned gentleness of manner, the tranquillity of happy love.

A chilling doubt of Serena's affection caused me to quarrel with her unchanging placidity of temper. I fancied that I should be happier if she were angry, or even jealous, since I should then have some proof of my influence over her feelings. No husband ever took half the pains to soothe the angry passions of his termagant spouse, that I tried in endeavoring to discover whether my wife had any passions. I sought occasions to thwart her wishes; I pretended at times an indifference I never felt, and even affected to flirt with other pretty women—yet never could succeed in ruffling her temper. Perhaps her nicer tact enabled her to read, through the mists in which I strove to envelop it, the almost idolatrous devotion with which I regarded her. At any rate, there must have been a preservative power somewhere, since my waywardness did not estrange her from me. I must often have seemed to her cruelly unobservant of her feelings; yet the same unvarying gentleness, the same cloudless smile was ever ready to welcome me. Her complexion, indeed, would change, and be pale or glowing, according to my mood, and her eyes withdraw themselves from any expression in mine which harmonized not with their own natural dewy tenderness; but never, under any provocation, did I detect a harsh tone in her sweet voice, or mark in those eyes a single look that spoke resentment.

Another difference between us gave me some, though far less, uneasiness. I had accustomed myself to doing every thing with great rapidity. Let me read, write, ride, drive, play or hunt, I was content with nothing short of racing pace. My wife, on the contrary, was habitually deliberate, and there was a delicate finish about her most trivial actions which often put to shame my more slovenly performances. But my impetuosity was not satisfied with perfection. I fretted myself with the reflection that love—true love—love such as I was conscious of feeling, would have induced Serena to assimilate her habits to mine, forgetting that this very love had never prompted the slightest change on my part. This was one of my cultivated troubles.

If I were not writing behind an *alias*, I should shrink from any detail of the expedients to which I was driven by my worthy resolve of transforming my seraph to a mere mortal. Covered by that friendly screen from the indignant flashing of bright eyes, I shall venture upon a few specimens, leaving the intelligent reader to gather, from these, a general idea of the life which my wife had the happiness of leading with the man whom she had married for love.

I had been shooting in excessively dirty weather, and brought home almost as much mud on my boots as game in my pouch, every step making a mark that would have done for Gog or Magog, when, as I was passing the front door to reach a side entrance, of which I was accustomed to avail myself at such times, I saw Serena descending the stairs, dressed for an evening party. On perceiving me, she approached the door to remind me that we had invited company, and also to make her usual kind queries as to the day's sport. I blush to acknowledge that even while drinking in those gracious tones, and meeting those gentle glances, I was devising an unkind return, which I proceeded forthwith to put in execution.

My bolts had hitherto fallen powerless from her armor of proof, but might I not find some joint or crevice pervious to a lesser weapon—one which she would scarce think it worth while to guard against? It is often more difficult to possess one's soul in patience under a small provocation than under a great

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one. Our philosophy is apt to walk on stilts that raise it above our petty needs. The man who can face a shower of bullets without flinching, will be miserable if he be caught in the rain without his umbrella.

My wife, like most married ladies who have no children, was excessively particular—neat to a fault; making a sacred temple of her house, and worshiping its stocks and stones (at least, so I said) in the absence of those living idols which are so apt to engross the thoughts of those who enjoy the name of mother. On this occasion I had observed her, as she descended the stairs, pass her handkerchief over the balustrade, to ascertain whether the duster had done its duty; and this suggested the idea of my ungracious experiment. Instead of seeking a place of less sanctity to cast my slough in, I mounted the steps between a double row of my wife's geraniums and oleanders, proceeded deliberately along the glossy floor cloth, and with one foot on the stair-carpet, and the other on the snowy floor beside it, had ascended half the first flight before my wife spoke. With scarce a glance at the huge black tracks that marked my progress, she only asked, in her usual calm way—"Hadn't you better change your boots, dear?"

I made a rapid toilet, and descended to the drawing-room, with confession on my lips. There I found Serena engaged with a visiter—not one of the expected, but a neighbor, who had "dropt in," as the phrase is, sociably. If, however, her coming was a drop, her conversation was a continued stream; and, to pursue the figure, it seemed to have flowed through caverns sulphurous, or marshy bed of roots and herbs medicinal. Her visit was certainly any thing but welcome; but the closest scrutiny could not have detected, in my wife's manner, any symptom of this truth. She was even more attentive than usual, lest her guest should be pained by a suspicion that her coming was mal-apropos.

I must confess I was far from following this amiable example; and if Mrs. Peewit did not discover that I wished her at the antipodes, it was only because she had not found time to bestow a glance upon my countenance, and took my statue-like silence as a compliment to her conversational powers.

Serena's polite inquiries after the husband (poor fellow!) and children of this "wearifu' woman," unlocked, it would seem, the fountains of her soul. O, Esculapius! what a burst was there! Mrs. Peewit needed no pitch-pipe. Her voice, her practiced voice, struck at once upon the key best calculated to implore—nay, to compel commiseration. She described, as having occurred in her own family, diseases enough to have filled every ward of a metropolitan hospital; and enumerated, in the history of their cure, an inventory of drugs that would have set up in trade a village apothecary, and made him the envy of all his cotemporaries. Imagine me, O, compassionate reader, listening to a detailed account of every pang that had attended the dentition of Malvina; the scarlet fever of Lucius Junius Brutus; and the chin-cough of Saccharissa Celestina, with their various symptoms, mode of treatment, and progress of cure.

I had gathered, in the course of the infliction, that these three were all her store, and supposed, of course, that we had come to the end of the chapter; but, alas! she turned a new leaf, and without the smallest appearance of compunction, fairly laid the whole family down with the measles, and bated us not a jot of all the nauseating details that belong to a sick chamber.

While my wife, with compassionate kindness, murmured, "What a world of fatigue and anxiety you must have suffered!" I, in any thing but an amiable mood, listened only for the bell, hoping for the arrival of relief in the form of other guests; but, ah! less fortunate than "sister Anne," I could descry in the moonlight no "cloud of dust," announcing the wished approach, though I leaned out of the window so far as to be in danger of tumbling headlong among the shrubbery below. Our case was harder yet than that of Fatima. Her distress was the punishment of her curiosity; but our Bluebeardess had forced upon us the secrets of the fatal chamber, against the stomach of our sense.

Once, and once only, Serena was able adroitly to avail herself of a moment's pause to attempt a diversion in my favor, by inquiring after some gay, agreeable acquaintances of our Niobe neighbor; but she only stopped one sluice of bitter waters to open the floodgates of another. Mrs. Peewit had been unable to see these pleasant people when last they called, because—but I spare you, O, fortunate reader! (fortunate in having so considerate a caterer,) I spare you the repetion of that under which I groaned for an endless half hour—a drawling detail of the outrageous doings and misdoings of Mrs. Peewit's "hired help." This continued until the expected company had arrived, by which time I was in a towering passion with Serena for not being angry.

Never did I welcome a bevy of guests with half the cordiality that I displayed toward those who now came to my rescue. Men with whom I had never touched palms before, winced at the fervor of my grasp, while the ladies, I am certain, would have voted me, *nem. con.*, the most agreeable of men, had the question been called that evening. I think it not unlikely that I owe no small portion of the popularity, which resulted in my election to Congress the next year, to the animation which attended the rebound of my spirits on that memorable night. My complacency included even Serena and her provoking patience.

I had brought from the city, not long before, a pair of porcelain vases of exquisite mould, selected with express reference to my wife's delicate taste. They were not only ornamented with beautiful paintings, but the skill of the artist had been still farther displayed in the addition of wreaths of flowers modeled in the China itself, to a degree of transparency and accuracy which I had never seen equaled. They were, indeed, the perfection of elegance, and such pets with Serena, that she took the sole charge of them herself, and permitted not the touch of hands

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profane. Both the specimen and the species were new to most of our guests, and these gems of the plastic art were much admired. Our chronicler of ague-fits, the lugubrious Mrs. Peewit, nervous, no doubt, from the freshened recollection of her various woes, in attempting to replace one of these vases upon the mantel-piece, let it fall upon the hearth, where the roses and violets, and trees and castles, which she had just been admiring, cut a sorry figure enough; not to mention the oil from a small lamp, which had been placed within, to give effect to the transparent painting. Serena's cheek showed a passing flush; but she treated the accident as a thing of small moment, which was all very right and ladylike; but when we were alone, will any one believe she could be so vexatious as to say,

"Poor Mrs. Peewit! how I felt for her!"

Not a single word of my vexation, or her own regret at the loss of my beautiful gift. All swallowed up in the consideration that that intolerable woman must have felt doubly embarrassed, because she was an uninvited and rather humble guest. Was it not too much—too much for any man, especially one of the hasty race?

Even on the subject of dress, that weak point of woman, I had never yet been able to throw Serena off her guard; when we were one evening preparing for a grand gala, during a visit to the city—an occasion when I was particularly desirous she should be looking her best, as the hour for the fête approached, I went to Serena's dressing-room to satisfy myself as to the result of the toilet, and found her arrayed in green velvet, with sleeves of "woven air," or to speak more intelligibly, some perfectly transparent material, under which her white arms lost none of their rounded beauty. A necklace, composed of several strands of pearl, rested its tassels on the emerald boddice, and was clasped midway by a diamond rose. The same brilliant gems supported her abundant tresses; and a single white feather, most tastefully disposed, completed the picture, which I did not hesitate to pronounce perfect. I remember every particular of it as if I had seen it but yesterday.

My wife smiled at the vehemence of my encomiums, yet "smiled in such a sort," as showed her not wholly insensible to the advantages which she derived from the simple elegance of her dress. Indeed, her heightened color, and sparkling eyes, betrayed a consciousness of beauty altogether unusual in my meek Serena. As I clasped the last bracelet, a cup of coffee was brought, which I must needs present myself; and being a little pre-occupied with the dress and its wearer, I most awkwardly overset the cup, and sent full half of its contents trickling down the front of the green velvet.

The maid filled the air with her bewailings, and I stood aghast at the mischief I had done.

"Wipe it quickly, Elinor," said Serena.

I looked at her as the thought struck me that she spoke in a hurried tone. Had I found at last the key note?

"It will not do," she said; "you cannot make it fit for this evening's wear. But fortunately the injury is confined to a narrow space, and can easily be repaired."

"But not to-night!" I exclaimed, in a tone of vexation—for I was much disappointed.

"No, not to-night, certainly," she replied; "but I have another dress ready for immediate use—for it was doubtful until a late hour whether this would be sent in time. The other will do just as well."

"How can you say so!" I replied, pettishly, "when you know how much I liked this? Nothing was ever half so becoming to you."

"How ungallant!" she said, smiling; "are you not bound, as a courteous knight, to believe that your lady-love will be charming in any thing? Take a book for a quarter of an hour, and see if I do not make you forget the green velvet."

And the fair stoic proceeded with unclouded brow to substitute paltry blond and white satin, frills, flowers, and frippery, for her rich and becoming costume.

While I awaited the re-robing, in no very amiable mood, I must confess—for what man likes to see his wife *too* sensible? it occurred to me that the present was an opportunity to try Serena's temper in a way which might not offer itself again. It was too good to be lost; and I quieted some qualms of conscience by resolving, in case this should be as unsuccessful as former ones had been, never to make another. Serena's temper should henceforth be considered a Gibraltar, unassailable either by sap or storm.

When I was summoned again to the toilet, my wife gaily demanded sentence.

"Charming, charming!" I replied; "you know you look well in every thing; and if nobody were to see you but myself, I should think nothing could be more beautiful. But two thirds of the women to-night will be dressed just so; and I confess I would rather stay at home than see you make one of forty or fifty transparencies over white satin, like a row of dolls dressed to order for transportation, or a dancing-master's pupils in uniform for a ballet."

"Are you in earnest?"

"Never more so, I assure you."

"Well, then," she said, drawing off her gloves, "I challenge you to a game at chess; and I shall *beat* you with all possible pleasure."

I certainly ought to have been very unhappy, for the next few hours at least; for I had not only acted like a ——, (hard name,) in depriving my wife of her brilliant evening, but had failed in producing the effect I had intended. But justice yet delayed its stroke, and I do not know when I have spent the hours more happily—thanks to the sunny temper which I so tyrannically strove to render more like my own.

We had been about three years married, when I was chosen delegate to a convention that was called to meet in a southern city; and as my wife had several friends in that place, she consented to accompany me. Our journey was delayed by a variety of vexatious accidents. It was late in autumn, and bad roads and various hindrances of travel conspired to render it very doubtful whether I should be present at the

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opening of the convention. I was in a perfect fever at the thought. I fretted—I scolded—and, in short, made myself very uncomfortable.

"Why will you distress yourself, Frederick," said Serena; "your colleague being on the spot, it is not possible that any serious injury to the cause can result from your detention."

Now was not that a provoking observation? I will appeal to the whole corps of husbands, ought not a wife to have believed that nobody could accomplish the purpose for which we were sent, so well as her own lord and master? I had a short fit of the sullens at this; but my good resolutions were strong, and the evil hour did not last long. I recalled many proofs of devoted interest in Serena; and on the strength of these recollections I confided to her my intention to make a speech, for which I had been at some trouble to prepare myself, and my fears that I should find the arena pre-occupied. Her reply was like oil upon the smothered fire of my feelings.

"I have heard you say, love, that no converts are to be expected from the eloquence poured forth on such occasions—all minds being made up beforehand. You will therefore have the less to regret if you should be too late."

I turned from her, muttering between my teeth, "Who could ever expect to move such a dish of skimmed milk!"

This vexation, like all others of the same kind, resolved itself into the old conclusion—Serena could not feel the pride of affection in her husband's talents and reputation, or she could never be thus indifferent to his opportunities of distinguishing himself. Such an impression made me, I fear, any thing but an agreeable companion for the rest of the journey, though I must own that my wife tried, by every gentle art, every soothing attention, to calm my ruffled spirits.

Thanks to the rapidity of travel on the latter part of our route, it so happened, after all, that I was just in time; so that naught of my purpose failed. My wife's kind inquiries, however, were very coolly answered. I had made up my mind to show her that my happiness was not dependent upon her sympathy; and as our time was filled, even to overflowing, with business and pleasure, I had ample opportunities to show off my indifference. Yet unfrequent as were our tête-à-têtes, compared with our home life, Serena must, I was certain, have observed the change in my manner; yet she never commented upon it, nor complained of our continual separation. Her manner to me was as usual, except, perhaps, an additional tinge of softness.

"It is plain enough!" thought I, "she loves me not. If she were not indifferent to my affection, would she not have murmured at this seeming alienation? If she prized my society, would she not express uneasiness at seeing me so seldom? It is not in human nature (judging by my own) to bear thus calmly the loss of what we value."

Determined to conceal my ill-humor from every eye, and most of all from that of her who caused it, I assumed an appearance of extravagant gaiety; was the life of every party; the roisterer of each convivial meeting; and always the devoted admirer of the prettiest woman present, my wife alone excepted—to her I was only scrupulously polite.

Among the most conspicuous of the gay circle in which we were thus temporarily moving was a lady who was known to be living apart from her husband, in consequence of mutual dissatisfaction—in short, one who was divorced in fact, though not in law. This lady, whom I may call Mrs. Beresford, was a beauty and a wit; off-hand and dashing in her manners, free in her conversation, and famous for brilliant sallies and good things that would bear repeating. It is, to be sure, cheap to be witty when we allow ourselves to throw aside the various restraints which curb the wit of others; but Mrs. Beresford's wit was such as often passes current in what is called good society, and she was voted "a privileged person"—"a good creature, and so unfortunate!"—in fine, a splendid woman. She was of course the centre of attraction to a group of idlers who were ever ready to echo her witticisms, and offer incense to her vanity, in return for the amusement she afforded them, and the advantage of sharing in some degree her *éclat*.

Into this set I was most graciously admitted, and I found myself not a little gratified by the distinction with which I was at once treated by Mrs. Beresford. Whether by the power of sympathy or the magical influence of some mesmeric contact, I know not, but I found myself suddenly transformed into a wit, at least one whose lively nothings were sure to command applause, which in society does as well. Mrs. Beresford found my most trivial observation worthy of attention, and in matters of taste my opinion very soon became her law. If I praised blue, blue was the only wear until I happened to admire something pink, when Mrs. Beresford's ribbons and roses began to blush as if under the spell of an enchanter. The fair ungovernable, who treated her beaux with so little ceremony that they sometimes rebelled, spite of wit and beauty, would endure from me even the intimation that some of her extravagances were neither delicate nor feminine—what could lady more?

My attentions to this dashing dame, prompted originally by the amiable desire of exciting my wife's jealousy, were continued for my own amusement, until I began to be alarmed for their effect upon the lady herself, as evinced in her manner toward me. The confidential tone of her conversation when we chanced to be alone, and her reproaches when I failed in my attendance, became extremely embarrassing, and I began revolving in my altered mind the practicability of retreating with a good grace. Perhaps these reflections would not have come so early to my aid, if Mrs. Beresford's deportment had been more to my taste. In a neglected wife, one known not to be on good terms with her husband, far greater circumspection would have been more respectable, and some appearance of sensibility under such unhappy circumstances far more amiable than the extravagant gaiety which she had seen fit

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to adopt. The retiring delicacy of my wife's manners had especially unfitted me to be long pleased with the society of one who was never known to sacrifice a witticism to decorum, or to suppress a brilliant or *piquant* thought because it might wound the feelings of others. My vanity had at first made me overlook or soften these faults, so odious in woman, but when flattery had lost the gloss of novelty I began to discern the coarse materials of which it was composed; and became sensible that neither wit nor beauty could compensate for the lack of delicacy of feeling and propriety of conduct.

Mrs. Beresford had brought to the matrimonial partnership a moderate fortune and an immoderate fondness for expense. The first was soon exhausted; the latter seemed to grow by use, and, like the giant in the story, soon became too mighty to share its habitation with another. This produced reproaches, and reproaches recriminations. Domestic comfort walked out at the door, and love (an old trick of his) flew out of the window. The husband, after submitting to be nearly ruined, cut short the supplies which fed the extravagance of his fair dame; and she, in return, revenged herself for what she called his parsimony, by the most unsparing ridicule of his tastes, habits and manners—conduct little likely, one would think, to gain admirers, or to retain those whom her charms had attracted. I, for one, began to be heartily tired of my flirtation, and fully aware of the difficulty of retracing my steps; and yet, as if this vexation were not enough, I tormented myself with contrasting Mrs. Beresford's now open partiality with what I called my wife's indifference, and resolving that the lack of *empressement* (I know of no corresponding English word) in Serena's manner would always remain a chilling barrier between us.

One morning when my cogitations had, I suppose, somewhat affected my appearance, Serena as she entered the breakfast-room, instead of taking her place at the table, came to me, and, after a moment's pause, said—

"Frederic! you are either ill or unhappy, yet you say nothing to me! How have I forfeited your confidence? You deny me one of my dearest privileges when you are ill or ill at ease and shut me out from all participation in what affects you. Say—tell me—what is it? Has any thing occurred to trouble you?"

Her beautiful eyes, upturned to mine, were almost irresistible, but I called pride to the field.

"Me! not at all! nothing whatever! I am perfectly well, I thank you! How do you find yourself this morning? Ready for breakfast, I trust! I am famously hungry!"

And I sat down and fell upon the toast as if I had eaten nothing for a week. I could not look full at Serena, but as I stole a glance I thought her eyes were full of tears. They were downcast, however, and when she spoke, it was in her usual manner. That morning I found in the Shakspeare she had been reading a geranium leaf laid at that pretty speech of Portia's, beginning

> You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand
> Such as I am; though for myself alone
> I would not be ambitious in my wish,
> To wish myself much better; yet for you
> I would be trebled twenty times myself.

And a few lines further down, I could discern a very light pencil mark at these lines—

> She is not bred so dull but she may learn;
> Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
> Commits itself to yours to be directed,
> As from her lord, her governor, her king.

I fixed my eyes upon the passage and fell into a long and most unpleasant reverie.

We had been engaged out that evening, but Serena declined, on plea of indisposition; and I, not sorry for an opportunity to come down a little from my ungracious altitude, offered to stay and read to her. She thanked me, with lips and eyes both, and, if I could have freed myself from the consciousness of wrong, I should have had a taste of my former happiness as I sat in her dressing-room, reading from that very play in whose touching lines she seemed to have observed something applicable to her own feelings. As she lay back in her chair with her eyes closed I could not but observe that she looked paler and thinner than usual, and my awakened conscience and my softened feelings alike urged me to seize this moment for acknowledgement and explanation, when the servant announced a lady, and added, that the visiter wished to see me alone. I went down stairs, expecting to discover that my wife was the person inquired for, and standing before the parlor I found Mrs. Beresford. She turned round as I entered, and advancing with a somewhat theatrical air she broke out into a declaration that she had quarreled irrevocably with her husband, and had come to throw herself upon my protection. My reply or my manner not satisfying her, she burst into a passion of tears and hysterical sobs, so violent that I became alarmed, and rang for a glass of water.

"Yes! ring, and expose me to the house, if you will! You shall neither persuade nor force me again to put myself in the power of Beresford. In vain do you give me this cold and cruel advice. If it is an idea that I shall be induced to return to him, that causes you to refuse me your protection, hear me declare—swear—"

Here she was interrupted by the return of the servant, and the entrance of my wife, who, hearing sounds of distress, had hastened down stairs. Serena supposing, in the innocence of her heart, that this passionate appeal was intended as much for her as for me, hastened to interpose her kind offices, trying with her gentle tones to soothe Mrs. Beresford's agitation, and to prevent her from completing her vow of eternal separation from the man to whom she had promised a life-long affection and duty.

The appearance of my wife just at this juncture had been at first sufficiently embarrassing, but her simplicity afforded me unlooked-for relief. Echoing her advice, I declared my resolution to avoid all interference which should tend to widen the unhappy differences between Mrs. Beresford and her husband. I begged her to return home at once, before her absence should have been noticed, and put my hand to the bell to order the carriage.

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If I had coveted excitement and admired impetuosity of feeling, I had now good reason to be satisfied. A violent fit of hysterics, with all the usual accompaniments of that interesting complaint, was the reply to our urgency. Serena, affrighted, left the room in search of restoratives, and Mrs. Beresford observing her absence (spite of her hysterics) took the opportunity to overwhelm me with reproaches for having won her affections by the most devoted attention, and then dishonorably failed her when she had cast herself upon my love and my generosity. Bitter was the torrent which now pierced my unwilling ears, and ere I could collect words to reply to the charge—too well deserved, indeed; for though I had never talked of love, I had followed her like her shadow ever since our first acquaintance—I beheld, close at my side, the face of my wife—pale, ghastly, corpse-like; and I had but just time to receive her in my arms to prevent her falling prone at my feet.

I should in vain attempt any description of my sensations at this moment. Mrs. Beresford's conduct was, perhaps, such as might have been expected from her—but what man ever counts upon utter shamelessness in a woman? That my present distress was no more than I richly deserved, the reader will probably have concluded; but I felt at the time as if the punishment were too heavy for the offence. I never had for a moment contemplated any serious wrong to my wife, and Mrs. Beresford was not a woman whose sensibilities were likely to suffer severely through the medium of the affections; but how was I to make Serena understand all this? How tell her that the whole was the result of a deliberate plan of playing upon her affection, and revenging on her unoffending gentleness the wounds which my vanity had received?

I carried Serena to her room, and now it remained to get rid of Mrs. Beresford. And who can tell the humiliation to which a man is reduced who has wilfully put himself in the power of a wicked woman? The very recollection, even at this distant day, makes my cheeks tingle. And I am sure my reader will believe that my blushes are not all for my own shame, when I confess that it was only upon the promise of a large sum of money that I persuaded the wretched woman to allow me to hand her to the carriage, and relieve myself of her presence.

To tell Serena all—to implore her forgiveness for the wretchedness which I had caused her, and to promise that this last, worst instance should prove the finish of my follies, and then to bear her at once and forever from the scene of my disgrace—these were the resolutions which occupied my thoughts, and contributed to moderate the whirl of my brain as I ascended the stairs to my wife's room. But before I could open the door, I was met by her maid, shrieking and wringing her hands, and calling for help, with the one terrible word prevailing over all, "She is dead! She is dead!"

I rushed to the bed-side, and for a moment thought it was indeed so; but as I raised her frantically in my arms, calling upon the beloved name, and beseeching her to look once more upon me, I perceived that her heart was still beating. Redoubled efforts recalled her to life, but not to consciousness. She opened her eyes, but their wandering gaze recognized no one, and in less than half an hour she was in a raging fever, which the physician declared to proceed from a sudden inflammation of the brain.

What a change now came over my ever gentle Serena! How did her eye's fierce glances appal me, and the strained tones of that once silver voice agonize my wretched soul! For ten days and nights did she rave almost without intermission, and her whole theme was misery—disappointment—despair; while my name mingled incessantly with her incoherent complaints and supplications. Through the whole course of the disease she never once recognized me, though I watched constantly by her side; and when she did show symptoms of returning reason, I was obliged to absent myself, lest the sight of me should recall the distress which had brought her to this condition. I think I know something of the feelings of a murderer. At least, I fancy my agony could scarcely have been more intense if I had been conscious of having stabbed her body, than it was under the recollection that I had wilfully wounded her mind, and brought her to the verge of the grave by sheer, deliberate unkindness.

After I had had ample opportunity for self-abasement and repentance, I was once more suffered to present myself before Serena. She received me with her own sweet smile, and held out her trembling hand, but could not speak; and I, obliged to keep down my bursting heart, could only turn away and weep, inly renewing, in that moment of mingled joy and anguish, the vows of amendment which I had made during the sad night watches and long days of almost despairing anxiety.

When at length I ventured to begin the confession which I had been longing to pour out before my injured wife, her generosity would not allow me to proceed.

"It is enough, Frederick," she said, "I understand it all. We have both been faulty; I in adhering too closely to the extreme self-command which I had prescribed to myself as necessary on account of the impetuosity of your temper—you, in suffering yourself to doubt the affection of a woman whose only possible motive in uniting herself to you was—must have been—love, founded on a well-tried confidence in your worth; and whose only fault (in *your* eyes, love, I mean) was that she *would* keep her temper when you lost yours."

"'You are too good, Serena—"

"No—no—no! any thing but that! I shall take especial care never to be *too good* again. I will be naughty enough after this, especially if you forget your promise to be reasonable."

And we were once more happy (spite of repentant recollections on my part) and were preparing to return to our own dear home, when I received a hostile summons from Mr. Beresford. He had only waited to hear of Serena's recovery, and then, with the usual philosophy of men of the world, sought relief

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to his wounded pride in an attempt at murder—and all for the sake of a woman whom he detested.

Such a message on the eve of my wedding-day would not have broke in more cruelly upon my dream of bliss. My principles forbade me to lift my hand against the life of another, yet how could this be reconciled with a reputed attempt at seduction? Seduction and duelling are natural allies; they belong to each other, as cause and effect; and since the world believed me capable of the one, would it put any faith in my alleged reason for declining the other? Must I incur either the guilt of murder, or the stain of cowardice? Was this the dread choice? Oh! how my soul loathed the recollection of my criminal folly! I had before considered my punishment severe, though just; here was another consequence—a natural consequence—of my conduct, now hanging over me, with tenfold horror in its aspect, because of its certain effect upon my wife, and my vivid appreciation of our new-found happiness.

I was closeted with a friend, whose counsel I had sought in these unhappy circumstances, when a knock at the door interrupted our conference. I opened it to dismiss the intruder, when Serena, pale and trembling, and supported in the arms of her maid, presented herself before me.

"Why are you here, my love, so far from your own room?" I said, as composedly as I was able, taking her at the same time from the woman, and leading her to the sofa.

"Frederick," she said, in tones which pierced my heart, "do not seek to deceive me by an assumed calmness. I more than suspected the errand of Colonel Foster this morning; and when I learned that Mr. Hartley was with you, I was convinced that the forebodings which had tormented me were about to be realized. Can it be that you are going to raise your daring hand against life? You! with thanksgivings for my safety yet warm upon your lips? You will not be so inconsistent! You will not make me regret the grave which seemed opening for me a little while since. Oh, my husband! be true to yourself, and do not madly attempt to wipe out one wrong by the commission of another!"

She threw herself weeping upon my breast, regardless of the presence of Mr. Hartley, who was much moved by her appearance. I strove to reassure her, but she would accept of nothing short of an absolute promise that I would decline the meeting with Beresford.

"Serena!" I exclaimed, "would you see me disgraced before the world? branded as a coward? despised as one who is not afraid to attempt injury, yet dare not face its consequences? I will give you my word that I will not fire at Mr. Beresford, but I dare not promise to avoid the meeting."

"That would be only exchanging one sort of guilt for another," she said; "murder for suicide; as well as the yet more dread consequence of adding the sanction of your example to a Heaven-daring sin. Oh, Frederick! if you would wish me ever again to confide in your principles—if you would have me put faith in one of your late resolutions of self-government—make this one sacrifice to your sense of right. Be called a coward, if that must be, but retain the approbation of your own conscience! Fear not man, but God!"

She stopped, exhausted, and her head dropped faintly on my shoulder. Mr. Hartley considerately withdrew, giving me a sign that he would return after some little interval. I tried to argue, to persuade, to assure Serena; but she would listen to none of the sophistries prompted by my pride, and I was on the point of yielding to her arguments or her entreaties, when Mr. Hartley returned, and put a paper into my hand.

Mrs. Beresford had that very afternoon eloped with a young man whose fortune gave him a place in society, though his intellect was scarcely above imbecility. The note contained two lines from Mr. Beresford, saying that he renounced all claims upon me, and should concern himself no further with Mrs. Beresford's affairs.

* * * * * * * * * *

Many years have flown by us since this crisis in our destiny. Sons and daughters have grown up around us, and now form the blessing of our declining years; and I cannot but ascribe much of the excellence which is allowed to distinguish them, to the peculiarly placid temper and perfect self-control which I once madly condemned as a fault in their dear mother.

LILLIORE.

BY W. H. BURLEIGH.

I heard a soft voice murmur "Lilliore!"
So sweet a name, methought, should be for one
Whose very presence is a benison—
Whose smile, like sunshine, warms the spirit's core,
And feeds the heart long versed in sorrow's lore
With thought of love—for one in whom are blent
White chastity, and pity, meek content,
Divinest charity, hope, faith, and more
Of heavenly essences than may be kept
In earthly vessels by the rude winds swept
Of pride or passion. Lovely names should be
For loveliest natures—and 't were most unmeet
That one whose life gave out no music sweet,
Should wear a title born of harmony!

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF.

BY J. F. COOPER, AUTHOR OF "THE RED ROVER," "LE FEU-FOLLET," ETC.

(Continued from page 102.)

When I found myself once more in the possession of Bobbinet & Co., I fancied that I might anticipate a long residence in their drawers, my freshness, as an article, having been somewhat tarnished by the appearance at Mrs. Trotter's ball. In this I was mistaken, the next day bringing about a release, and a restoration to my proper place in society.

The very morning after I was again in the drawer, a female voice was heard asking for "worked French pocket-handkerchiefs." As I clearly came within this category—alas, poor Adrienne!—in half a minute I found myself, along with fifty fellows or fellowesses, lying on the counter. The instant I heard the voice, I knew that the speaker was not "mamma," but "my child," and I now saw that she was fair. Julia Monson was not as brilliantly handsome as my late owner, but she had more feeling and refinement in the expression of her countenance. Still there was an uneasy worldly glancing of the eye, that denoted how much she lived out of herself, in the less favorable understanding of the term; an expression of countenance that I have had occasion to remark in most of those who think a very expensive handkerchief necessary to their happiness. It is, in fact, the natural indication that the mind dwells more on show than on substantial things, and a proof that the possessor of this quality is not content to rely altogether on the higher moral feelings and attainments for her claims to deference. In a word, it is some such trait as that which distinguishes the beautiful plumage of the peacock, from the motive that incites the bird to display his feathers.

In company with Miss Monson was another young lady of about her own age, and of a very similar appearance as to dress and station. Still, a first glance discovered an essential difference in character. This companion, who was addressed as Mary, and whose family name was Warren, had none of the uneasiness of demeanor that belonged to her friend, and obviously cared less what others thought of every thing she said or did. When the handkerchiefs were laid on the counter, Julia Monson seized on one with avidity, while Mary Warren regarded us all with a look of cold indifference, if not of downright displeasure.

"What beauties!" exclaimed the first, the clerk at that moment quitting them to hand some gloves to another customer—"What delightful needle-work! Mary, do *you* purchase one to keep me in countenance, and I will purchase another. I know your papa gave you the money this very morning."

"Not for that object, Julia. My dear mother little thinks I shall do any such thing."

"And why not? A rich pocket-handkerchief is a stylish thing!"

"I question if style, as you call it, is just the thing for a young woman, under any circumstances; but, to confess the truth, I think a pocket-handkerchief that is to be *looked* at, and which is not to be *used*, vulgar."

"Not in Sir Walter Scott's signification, my dear," answered Julia laughing, "for it is not so very *common*. Every body cannot have a worked French pocket-handkerchief."

"Sir Walter Scott's definition of what is vulgar is open to criticism, I fancy. The word comes from the common mind, or common practices, beyond a question, but it now means what is common as opposed to what is cultivated and refined. It is an absurdity, too, to make a thing respectable because it is common. A fib is one of the commonest things in the world, and yet it is scarcely respectable."

"Oh! every one says you are a philosopher*ess*, Mary, and I ought to have expected some such answer. But a handkerchief I am determined to have, and it shall be the very handsomest I can find."

"And the *dearest?* Well, you will have a very lady-like wardrobe with one pocket-handkerchief in it! I wonder you do not purchase a single shoe."

"Because I have *two* feet," replied Julia with spirit, though she laughed good-naturedly—"but here is the clerk, and he must not hear our quarrels. Have the goodness, sir, to show me the handsomest pocket-handkerchief in your shop."

I was drawn from beneath the pile and laid before the bright black eyes of Julia, with an air of solemn dignity, by the young dealer in finery.

"That, ma'am," he said, "is the very finest and most elegant article not only that *we* have, but which is to be found in America. It was brought out by 'our Mr. Silky,' the last voyage; *he* says *Paris* cannot produce its equal."

"This *is* beautiful, sir, one must admit! What is the price?"

"Why, ma'am, we *ought* in justice to ourselves to have $120 for that article; but, to our regular customers I believe Mr. Bobbinet has determined to ask *only* $100.

This sounded exceedingly liberal—to ask *only* $100 for that for which there was a sort of moral obligation to ask $120!—and Julia having come out with the intent to throw away a hundred-dollar note that her

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mother had given her that morning, the bargain was concluded. I was wrapped up carefully in paper, put into Miss Monson's muff, and once more took my departure from the empire of Col. Silky. I no longer occupied a false position.

"Now, I hope you are happy, Julia," quietly observed Mary Warren, as the two girls took their seats side by side in Mrs. Monson's chariot. "The surprise to me is, that you forgot to purchase this *ne plus ultra* of elegance while in Paris last summer."

"My father said he could not afford it: we spent a great deal of money, as you may suppose, in running about, seeing sights, and laying in curiosities, and when I hinted the matter to my mother, she said we must wait until another half year's rents had come round. After all, Mary, there is *one* person at home to whom I shall be ashamed to show this purchase."

"At home!—is there, indeed? Had you merely said 'in town' I could have understood you. Your father and mother approving of what you have done, I do not see who there is *at home* to alarm you."

Julia blushed when her friend said "in town," and her conscious feelings immediately conjured up the image of a certain Betts Shoreham, as the person in her companion's mind's eye. I detected it all easily enough, being actually within six inches of her throbbing heart at that very moment, though concealed in the muff.

"It is not what you suppose, Mary, nor *whom* you suppose," answered my mistress; "I mean Mademoiselle Hennequin—I confess I *do* dread the glance of her reproving eye."

"It is odd enough that you should dread reproval from the governess of your sisters, when you do not dread it from your own mother! But, Mademoiselle Hennequin has nothing to do with you. You were educated and out before she entered your family, and it is singular that a person not older than yourself, who was engaged in Paris so recently, should have obtained so much influence over the mind of one who never was her pupil."

"I am not afraid of her in most things" rejoined Julia, "but I confess I am in all that relates to taste; particularly in what relates to extravagance."

"I have greatly misunderstood the character of Mademoiselle Hennequin if she has ventured to interfere with you in either! A governess ought not to push her control beyond her proper duties."

"Nor has Mademoiselle Hennequin," answered Julia honestly. "Still I cannot but hear the lessons she gives my sisters, and—yes—to own the truth, I dread the glance she cannot avoid throwing on my purchase. It will say, 'of what use are all my excellent lessons in taste and prudence, if an elder sister's example is to counteract them?' It is *that* I dread."

Mary was silent for fully a minute; then she smiled archly, as girls will smile when certain thoughts cross their playful imaginations, and continued the discourse.

"And Betts Shoreham has nothing to do with all this dread?"

"What is Betts Shoreham to me, or what am I to Betts Shoreham? I am sure the circumstances that we happened to come from Europe in the same packet, and that he continues to visit us now we are at home, do not entitle him to have a veto, as they call it, on my wardrobe."

"Not *yet*, certainly, my dear. Still they may entitle him to have this *veto*, *in petto*."

I thought a shade passed over the features of the pretty Julia Monson as she answered her friend, with a seriousness to show that she was now in earnest, and with a propriety that proved she had great good sense at bottom, as well as strong womanly feeling.

"If I have learned nothing else by visiting Europe," she said, "I have learned to see how inconsiderate we girls are in America, in talking so much, openly, of this sort of thing. A woman's delicacy is like that of a tender flower, and it must suffer by having her name coupled with that of any man, except him that she is to marry."

"Julia, dear, I will never speak of Mr. Shoreham again. I should not have done it now had I not thought his attentions were acceptable to you, as I am sure they are to your parents. Certainly, they are *very* marked—at least, so others think as well as myself."

"I know it *seems* so to the *world*," answered Julia in a subdued, thoughtful tone, "but it scarcely seems so to *me*. Betts Shoreham is very agreeable, every way a suitable connection for any of us, and that is the reason people are so ready to fancy him in earnest."

"In earnest! If Mr. Shoreham pays attentions that are pointed, and is not in earnest, he is a very different person from what I took him to be."

Julia's voice grew still more gentle, and it was easy enough to see that her feelings were enlisted in the subject.

"It is no more than justice to Betts Shoreham," she continued, "to say that he has *not* been pointed in his attentions to *me*. We females are said to be quick in discovering such matters, and I am not more blind than the rest of our sex. He is a young man of good family, and has some fortune, and that makes him welcome in most houses in town, while he is agreeable, well-looking, and thoroughly amiable. He met us abroad, and it is natural for him to keep up an intimacy that recalls pleasant recollections. You will remember, Mary, that before he can be accused of trifling, he must trifle. I think him far more attentive to my mother, my father—nay, to my two little sisters—than he is to *me*. Even Mademoiselle Hennequin is quite as much, if not more of a favorite than I am!"

As Mary Warren saw that her friend was serious she changed the subject; soon after, we were set down at Mr. Monson's door. Here the friends parted, Mary Warren preferring to walk home, while Julia and I entered the house together.

"Well, mother," cried Julia, as she entered Mrs. Monson's room, "I have found the most beautiful thing you ever beheld, and have bought it. Here it is; what do you think of my choice?"

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Mrs. Monson was a kind-hearted, easy, indulgent parent, who had brought her husband a good fortune, and who had married rich in the bargain. Accustomed all her life to a free use of money, and of her own money, too, (for this is a country in which very many persons cast the substance of *others* right and left,) and when her eldest daughter expressed a wish to possess an elaborate specimen of our race, she had consented from a pure disinclination to deny her child any gratification that might be deemed innocent. Still, she knew that prudence was a virtue, and that Julia had thrown away money that might have been much better employed.

"This is certainly a very beautiful handkerchief," observed the mother, after examining me carefully, and with somewhat of the manner of a connoisseur, "surprisingly beautiful; and yet I almost wish, my child, you had not purchased it. A hundred dollars sounds frightfully *en prince* for us poor simple people, who live in nutshells of houses, five and twenty feet front, and fifty-six deep, to pay for a pocket-handkerchief. The jewel-box of a young lady who has such handkerchiefs ought to cost thousands, to be in keeping."

"But, mother, I have only *one*, you will remember, and so my jewels may be limited to hundreds."

"*One* pocket handkerchief has a mean sound, too. Even one hat is not very superfluous.

"That is *so* like Mary Warren, mother. If you did not wish me to make the purchase, you had only to say it; I am sure your wish would have been my law."

"I know it, love; and I am afraid it is your dutiful behavior that has made me careless, in this instance. Your happiness and interests are ever uppermost in my mind, and sometimes they seem to conflict. What young man will dare to choose a wife from among young ladies who expend so much money on their pocket-handkerchiefs?"

This was said smilingly, but there was a touch of tenderness and natural concern in the voice and manner of the speaker that made an impression on the daughter.

"I am afraid now, mother, you are thinking of Betts Shoreham," said Julia, blushing, though she struggled powerfully to appear unconcerned. "I do not know *why* it is, but both you and Mary Warren appear to be always thinking of Mr. Shoreham."

The mother smiled; and she was not quite ingenuous when she said in answer to the remark,

"Shoreham was not in my mouth; and you ought not to suppose he was in my mind. Nevertheless, I do not believe he would admire you, or any one else, the more for being the owner of so expensive an article of dress. He is wealthy, but very prudent in his opinions and habits."

"Betts Shoreham was born to an estate, and his father before him," said Julia, firmly; "and such men know how to distinguish between the cant of economy, and those elegancies of life that become people of refinement."

"No one can better understand the difference between cant in economy as well as cant in some other things, and true taste as well as true morals, than young Shoreham; but there are indulgences that become persons of no class."

"After all, mother, we are making a trifle a very serious matter. It is but a pocket-handkerchief."

"Very true, my love; and it cost *only* one hundred dollars, and so we'll say no more about it; *bien entendu*, that you are not to purchase six dozen at the same price."

This terminated the dialogue, Julia retiring to her own room, carrying me with her. I was thrown upon the bed, and soon after my mistress opened a door, and summoned her two younger sisters, who were studying on the same floor, to join her. I shall not repeat all the delightful exclamations, and other signs of approbation, that so naturally escaped the two pretty little creatures, to whom I may be said to have now been introduced, when my beauty came under examination. I do not thus speak of myself out of any weakness, for pocket-handkerchiefs are wholly without vanity, but simply because I am impelled to utter nothing but truth. Julia had too much consideration to let her young sisters into the secret of my price—for this would have been teaching a premature lesson in extravagance; but, having permitted them to gratify their curiosity, she exacted of them both promises not to speak of me to their governess.

"But why not, Julia?" asked the inquisitive little Jane, "Mademoiselle Hennequin is *so* good, and *so* kind, that she would be glad to hear of your good fortune."

Julia had an indistinct view of her own motive, but she could not avow it to any one, not even to herself. Jealousy would be too strong, perhaps too indelicate a word, but she alone had detected Betts Shoreham's admiration of the governess; and it was painful to her to permit one who stood in this relation to her own weakness in favor of the young man, to be a witness of an act of extravagance to which she had only half consented in committing it, and of which she already more than half repented. From the first, therefore, she determined that Mademoiselle Hennequin should never see me.

And now comes an exhibition of my mesmeritic powers, always "handkerchiefly speaking," that may surprise those who have not attended to the modern science of invisible fluids. It is by this means, however, that I am enabled to perceive a great deal of that which passes under the roof where I may happen to be, without absolutely seeing it. Much escapes me, of course—for even a pocket-handkerchief cannot hear or see every thing; but enough is learned to enable me to furnish a very clear outline of that which occurs near me; more especially if it happen to be within walls of brick. In wooden edifices I find my powers much diminished—the fluids, doubtless, escaping through the pores of the material.

That evening, then, at the usual hour, and while I lay snugly ensconced in a most fragrant and convenient drawer, among various other beings of my species, though not of my family, alas! the inmates of the house assembled in the front drawing-room to

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take a few cups of tea. Mr. and Mrs. Monson, with their only son, John Monson, their three daughters, the governess, and Betts Shorcham, were all present; the latter having dropped in with a new novel for the ladies.

"I do really wish one could see a little advance in the way of real refinement and true elegance among all the vast improvements we are making in frippery and follies," cried Mr. Monson, throwing down an evening paper in a pettish manner, that sufficiently denoted discontent. "We are always puffing our own progress in America, without exactly knowing whether a good deal of the road is not to be traveled over again, by way of undoing much that we have done. Here, now, is a specimen of our march in folly, in an advertisement of Bobbinett's, who has pocket-handkerchiefs at $75."

"By the dozen, or by the gross, sir?" demanded Betts Shoreham, quickly.

"Oh, singly—seventy-five dollars each."

"Nay, that *must* be a mistake, sir! who, even in this extravagant and reckless country, could be found to pay such a price? One can fancy such a thing in a princess, with hundreds of thousands of income, but scarcely of any one else. How could such a thing be *used*, for instance?"

"Oh," cried John Monson, "to hide the blushes of the simpleton who had thrown away her money on it. I heard a story this very afternoon, of some person of the name of Halfacre's having failed yesterday, and whose daughter purchased even a higher priced handkerchief than that the very same day."

"His failure is not surprising, then," put in Betts Shorcham. "For myself, I do think that I——"

"Well, *what* do you think, Mr. Shoreham?" asked Mrs. Monson, smiling, for she saw that Julia was too much mortified to speak, and who assumed more than half the blame of her own daughter's extravagance. "You were about to favor us with some very magnificent resolution."

"I was about to utter an impertinence, I confess, ma'am, but recollected in time, that young men's protestations of what *they* would do by way of reforming the world, is not of half the importance to others that they so often fancy; so I shall spare you the infliction. Seventy-five dollars, Mademoiselle Hennequin, would be a high price for such a thing, even in Paris, I fancy."

The answer was given in imperfect English, a circumstance that rendered the sweet round tones of the speaker very agreeable to the ear, and lent the charm of piquancy to what she said. I could not distinguish countenances from the drawer, but I fancied young Shoreham to be a handsome youth, the governess to be pale and slightly ugly, though very agreeable in manner, and Julia excessively embarrassed, but determined to defend her purchase, should it become necessary.

"Seventy-five dollars sound like a high price, monsieur," answered Mademoiselle Hennequin, "but the ladies of Paris do not grudge their gold for ornaments to decorate their persons."

"Ay," put in John Monson, "but they are consistent. Now I'll engage this Mrs. Hundredacres, or Halfacre, or whatever her name may be, overlooked her own household work, kept no housekeeper, higgled about flour and butter, and lived half her time in her basement. Think of such a woman's giving her daughter a hundred-dollar pocket-handkerchief."

Now Mrs. Monson *did* keep a housekeeper; she was *not* a mere upper-servant in her own family, and Julia was gratified that, in this instance, her fastidious brother could not reproach *her* at least.

"Well, Jack, that is a queer reason of yours;" cried the father, "for not indulging in a luxury; because the good woman is careful in some things, she is not to be a little extravagant in others. What do *you* say to such logic, Mr. Shorcham?"

"To own the truth, sir, I am much of Monson's way of thinking. It is as necessary to begin at the bottom in constructing a scheme of domestic refinement, as in building a house. Fitness is entitled to a place in every thing that relates to taste, at all events; and as a laced and embroidered pocket-handkerchief is altogether for appearance, it becomes necessary that other things should be in keeping. If the ladies will excuse me, I will say that I never yet saw a woman in America, in a sufficiently high dress to justify such an appendage as that which Monson has just mentioned. The handkerchief ought not to cost more than the rest of the toilette."

"It is true, Mr. Shoreham," put in Julia, with vivacity, if not with spirit, "that our women do not dress as women of rank sometimes dress in Europe; but, on the whole, I do not know that we are so much behind them in appearance."

"Very far from it, my dear Miss Monson—as far as possible—I am the last man to decry my beautiful countrywomen, who are second to no others in appearance, certainly; if they do not dress as richly, it is because they do not need it. Mademoiselle Hennequin has no reason to deprecate comparisons—and—but—"

"Certainly," answered the governess, when she found the young man hesitated about proceeding, "certainly; I am not so bigoted, or so blind, as to wish to deny that the American ladies are very handsome—handsomer, as a whole, than those of my own country. It would be idle to deny it—so are those of England and Italy."

"This is being very liberal, Mademoiselle Hennequin, and more than you are required to admit," observed Mrs. Monson, in the kindest possible tone of voice, and I make no manner of doubt with a most benevolent smile, though I could not see her. "Some of the most brilliantly beautiful women I have ever seen, have been French—perhaps the *most* brilliantly beautiful."

"That is true, also, madame; but such is not the rule, I think. Both the English and Americans seem to me handsomer, as a whole, than my own countrywomen."

Now, nothing could be sweeter, or softer, or gentler, than the voice that made this great concession—for great it certainly was, as coming from a woman. It appeared to me that the admission, too, was more

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than commonly generous, from the circumstance that the governess was not particularly pretty in her own person. It is true, I had not yet seen her, but my mesmeritic impulses induced me to fancy as much.

"What say the *young* gentlemen to this?" asked Mr. Monson, laughing. "This is a question not be settled altogether by ladies, old or young."

"Betts Shoreham has substantially told you what *he* thinks; and now I claim a right to give *my* opinion," cried John Monson. "Like Betts, I will not decry my countrywomen, but I shall protest against the doctrine of their having *all* the beauty in the world. By Jove! I have seen in *one* opera-house at Rome, more beautiful women than I ever saw together, before or since, in any other place. Broadway never equals the corso, of a carnival."

"This is not sticking to the subject," observed Mrs. Monson. "Pocket-handkerchiefs and housekeepers are our themes, and not pretty women. Mademoiselle Hennequin, you are French enough, I am sure, to like more sugar in your tea."

This changed the subject, which became a desultory discourse on the news of the day. I could not understand half that was said, laboring under the disadvantage of being shut up in a close drawer, on another floor; and that, too, with six dozen of chattering French gloves lying within a foot of me. Still I saw plainly enough, that Mademoiselle Hennequin, notwithstanding she was a governess, was a favorite in the family; and, I may add, out of it also—Betts Shoreham being no sort of a connection of the Monsons. I thought, moreover, that I discovered signs of cross-purposes, as between the young people, though I think a pocket-handkerchief subject to those general laws, concerning secrets, that are recognized among all honorable persons. Not having been actually present on this occasion, should I proceed to relate *all* that passed, or that I fancied passed, it would be degrading myself to the level of those newspapers which are in the habit of retailing private conversations, and which, like most small dealers in such things, never retail fairly.

I saw no more of my mistress for a week. I have reason to think that she had determined never to use me; but female resolutions, in matters of dress, are not of the most inflexible nature. There was a certain Mrs. Leamington, in New York, who gave a great ball about this time, and being in the same set as the Monsons, the family was invited as a matter of course. It would have surpassed the powers of self-denial to keep me in the back-ground on such an occasion; and Julia, having first cleared the way by owning her folly to a very indulgent father, and a very tormenting brother, determined nobly to bring me out, let the effect on Betts Shoreham be what it might. As the father had no female friends to trouble him, he was asked to join the Monsons—the intimacy fully warranting the step.

Julia never looked more lovely than she did that night. She anticipated much pleasure, and her smiles were in proportion to her anticipations. When all was ready, she took me from the drawer, let a single drop of lavender fall in my bosom, and tripped down stairs toward the drawing-room; Betts Shoreham and Mademoiselle Hennequin were together, and, for a novelty, alone. I say, for a novelty, because the governess had few opportunities to see any one without the presence of third persons, and because her habits, as an unmarried and well educated French woman, indisposed her to *tête-à-têtes* with the other sex. My mistress was lynx-eyed in all that related to Betts Shoreham and the governess. A single glance told her that their recent conversation had been more than usually interesting; nor could I help seeing it myself—the face of the governess being red, or in that condition which, were she aught but a governess, would be called suffused with blushes. Julia felt uncomfortable—she felt herself to be *de trop;* and making an incoherent excuse, she had scarcely taken a seat on a sofa, before she arose, left the room, and ran up stairs again. In doing so, however, the poor girl left me inadvertently on the sofa she had so suddenly quitted herself.

Betts Shoreham manifested no concern at this movement, though mademoiselle Hennequin precipitately changed her seat, which had been quite near—approximatively near, as one might say—to the chair occupied by the gentleman. This new evolution placed the governess close at my side. Now whatever might have been the subject of discourse between these two young persons—for Mademoiselle Hennequin was quite as youthful as my mistress, let her beauty be as it might—it was not continued in my presence; on the contrary, the young lady turned her eyes on me, instead of looking at her companion, and then she raised me in her hand, and commenced a critical examination of my person.

"That is a very beautiful handkerchief, Mademoiselle Hennequin," said Betts Shoreham, making the remark an excuse for following the young lady to the sofa. "Had we heard of its existence, our remarks the other night, on such a luxury, might have been more guarded."

No answer was given. The governess gazed on me intently, and tears began to course down her cheeks, notwithstanding it was evident she wished to conceal them. Ashamed of her weakness, she endeavored to smile them away, and to appear cheerful.

"What is there in that pocket-handkerchief, dear Mademoiselle Hennequin," asked Betts Shoreham, who had a pernicious habit of calling young ladies with whom he was on terms of tolerable intimacy, "dear,"—a habit that sometimes misled persons as to the degree of interest he felt in his companions—"what *can* there be in that pocket-handkerchief to excite tears from a mind and a heart like yours?"

"My mind and heart, Mr. Shoreham, are not as faultless, perhaps, as your goodness would make them out to be. *Envy* is a very natural feeling for a woman in matters of dress, they say; and, certainly, I am not the owner of so beautiful a pocket-handkerchief—pardon me, Mr. Shoreham; I cannot command myself, and must be guilty of the rudeness of leaving you alone, if——"

Mademoiselle Hennequin uttered no more, but

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rushed from the room, with an impetuosity of manner and feeling that I have often had occasion to remark in young French women. As a matter of course, I was left alone with Betts Shoreham.

I shall conceal nothing that ought to be told. Betts Shoreham, notwithstanding her dependent situation, and his own better fortunes, loved the governess, and the governess loved Betts Shoreham. These were facts that I discovered at a later day, though I began to suspect the truth from that moment. Neither, however, knew of the other's passion, though each hoped as an innocent and youthful love will hope, and each trembled as each hoped. Nothing explicit had been said that evening; but much, very much, in the way of sympathy and feeling had been revealed, and but for the inopportune entrance of Julia and myself, all might have been told.

There is no moment in the life of man, when he is so keenly sensitive on the subject of the perfection of his mistress, as that in which he completely admits her power. All his jealousy is actively alive to the smallest shade of fault, although his feelings so much indispose him to see any blemish. Betts Shoreham felt an unpleasant pang, even—yes, it amounted to a pang—for in a few moments he would have offered his hand—and men cannot receive any drawback with indifference at such an instant—he felt an unpleasant pang, then, as the idea crossed his mind that Mademoiselle Hennequin could be so violently affected by a feeling as unworthy as that of envy. He had passed several years abroad, and had got the common notion about the selfishness of the French, and more particularly their women, and his prejudices took the alarm. But his love was much the strongest, and soon looked down the distrust, however reasonable, under the circumstances, the latter might have appeared to a disinterested and cool-headed observer. He had seen so much meek and pure-spirited self-denial; so much high principle in the conduct of Mademoiselle Hennequin, during an intimacy which had now lasted six months, that no passing feeling of doubt, like the one just felt, could unsettle the confidence created by her virtues. I know it may take more credit than belongs to most pocket-handkerchiefs, to maintain the problem of the virtues of a French governess—a class of unfortunate persons that seem doomed to condemnation by all the sages of our modern imaginative literature. An English governess, or even an American governess, if, indeed, there be such a being in nature, may be every thing that is respectable, and prudent, and wise, and good; but the French governess has a sort of ex-officio moral taint about her, that throws her without the pale of literary charities. Nevertheless, one or two of the most excellent women I have ever known, have been French governesses, though I do not choose to reveal what this particular individual of the class turned out to be in the end, until the moment for the *dénouement* of her character shall regularly arrive.

There was not much time for Betts Shoreham to philosophize, and speculate on female caprices and motives, John Monson making his appearance in as high evening dress as well comported with what is called "republican simplicity." John was a fine looking fellow, six feet and an inch, with large whiskers, a bushy head of hair, and particularly white teeth. His friend was two inches shorter, of much less showy appearance, but of a more intellectual countenance, and of juster proportions. Most persons, at first sight, would praise John Monson's person and face, but all would feel the superiority of Betts Shoreham's, on an acquaintance. The smile of the latter, in particular, was as winning and amiable as that of a girl. It was that smile, on the one hand, and his active, never dormant sympathy for her situation, on the other, which, united, had made such an inroad on the young governess's affections.

"It 's deuced cold, Betts," said John, as he came near the fire; "this delightful country of ours has some confounded hard winters. I wonder if it be patriotic to say, *our* winters?"

"It 's all common property, Monson—but, what have become of your sister and Mademoiselle Hennequin? They were both here a minute since, and have vanished like—"

"What?—ghosts!—no, you dare not call them *that*, lest their spirits take it in dudgeon. Julie is no ghost, though she is sometimes so delicate and ethereal, and as for Henny—"

"Who?" exclaimed Betts, doubting if his ears were true.

"Henny, Tote and Moll's governess. Whom do you think I could mean, else? I always call her Henny, *en famille*, and I look upon you as almost one of us since our travels."

"I 'm sure I can scarcely be grateful enough, my dear fellow—but, you do not call her so to her face?"

"Why—no—perhaps not exactly in her very teeth—and beautiful teeth she has, Betts—Julie's won't compare with them."

"Miss Monson has fine teeth, notwithstanding. Perhaps Mademoiselle Hennequin—"

"Yes, Henny has the best teeth of any girl I know. They are none of your pearls—some pearls are yellowish, you know—but they are teeth; just what ought to be in a handsome girl's mouth. I have no objection to pearls in a necklace, or in the pockets, but *teeth* are what are wanted in a mouth, and Henny has just the finest set I know of."

Betts Shoreham fidgetted at the "Henny," and he had the weakness, at the moment, to wish the young governess were not in a situation to be spoken of so unceremoniously. He had not time to express this feeling, before John Monson got a glimpse of me, and had me under examination beneath the light of a very powerful lamp. I declare that, knowing his aversion to our species, I felt a glow in all my system at the liberties he was taking.

"What have we here?" exclaimed John Monson, in surprise; "has Miss Flowergarden made a call, and is this her card?"

"I believe that pocket-handkerchief belongs to your sister," answered Betts, drily, "if that be what you mean."

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"Jule! well, I am sorry to hear it. I did hope that no sister of *mine* would run into any such foolish extravagance—do you own it, Jule?" who entered the room at that instant—"is this bit of a rag yours, or is it not more likely to be Henny's?"

"Bit of a rag!" cried the sister, snatching me dexterously out of the spoiler's hands; "and 'Henny,' too! This is not a bit of a rag, sir, but a very pretty pocket-handkerchief, and you must very well know that Mademoiselle Hennequin is not likely to be the owner of any thing as costly."

"And what did it cost, pray? At least tell me *that*, if nothing else."

"I shall not gratify your curiosity, sir—a lady's wardrobe is not to be dissected in this manner."

"Pray, sir, may I ask," Mr. Monson now coming in, "did you pay for Jule's handkerchief? Hang me, if I ever saw a more vulgar thing in my life."

"The opinion is not likely to induce me to say yes," answered the father, half-laughing, and yet half-angry at his son's making such allusions before Betts—"never mind him, my dear; the handkerchief is not half as expensive as his own cigars."

"It shall be as thoroughly smoked, nevertheless," rejoined John, who was as near being spoilt, and escaping, as was at all necessary. "Ah, Julie, Julie, I 'm ashamed of thee."

This was an inauspicious commencement for an evening from which so much happiness had been anticipated, but Miss Monson coming down, and the carriages driving to the door, Mademoiselle Hennequin was summoned, and the whole party left the house.

As a matter of course, it was a little out of the common way that the governess was asked to make one, in the invitations given to the Monsons. But Mademoiselle Hennequin was a person of such perfect *bon ton*, had so thoroughly the manners of a lady, and was generally reputed so accomplished, that most of the friends of the family felt themselves bound to notice her. There was another reason, too, which justice requires I should relate, though it is not so creditable to the young lady as those already given. From some quarter, or other, a rumor had got abroad that Miss Monson's governess was of a noble family, a circumstance that I soon discovered had great influence in New York, doubtless by way of expiation for the rigid democratical notions that so universally pervade its society. And here I may remark, *en passant*, that while nothing is considered so disreputable in America as to be "aristocratic," a word of very extensive signification, as it embraces the tastes, the opinions, the habits, the virtues, and sometimes the religion of the offending party—on the other hand, nothing is so certain to attract attention as nobility. How many poor Poles have I seen dragged about and made lions of, merely because they were reputed noble, though the distinction in that country is pretty much the same as that which exists in one portion of this great republic, where one half the population is white, and the other black; the former making the noble, and the latter the serf.

"What an exceedingly aristocratic pocket-handkerchief Miss Monson has this evening," observed Mrs. G. to Mr. W., as we passed into Mrs. Leamington's rooms, that evening; "I do n't know when I've seen any thing so aristocratic in society."

"The Monsons are very aristocratic in all things; I understand they dine at six."

"Yes," put in Miss F., "and use finger bowls every day."

"How aristocratic!"

"Very—they even say that since they have come back from Europe, the last time, matters are pushed farther than ever. The ladies insist on kneeling at prayers, instead of inclining, like all the rest of the world."

"Did one ever hear of any thing so aristocratic!"

"They *do* say, but I will not vouch for its truth, that Mr. and Mrs. Monson insist on all their children calling them 'father' and 'mother,' instead of 'pa' and 'ma.'"

"Why, Mr. W., that is downright monarchical, is it not?"

"It 's difficult to say what is, and what is not monarchical, now-a-days; though I think one is pretty safe in pronouncing it anti-republican."

"It is patriarchal, rather," observed a wit, who belonged to the group.

Into this "aristocratical" *set* I was now regularly introduced. Many longing and curious eyes were drawn toward me, though the company in this house was generally too well bred to criticise articles of dress very closely. Still, in every country, aristocracy, monarchy, or democracy, there are privileged classes, and in all companies privileged persons. One of the latter took the liberty of asking Julia to leave me in her keeping, while the other danced, and I was thus temporarily transferred to a circle, in which several other pocket-handkerchiefs had been collected, with a view to compare our several merits and demerits. The reader will judge of my surprise, when, the examination being ended, and the judgment being rendered altogether in my favor, I found myself familiarly addressed by the name that I bore in the family circle, or, as No. 7; for pocket-handkerchiefs never speak to each other except on the principle of decimals. It was No. 12, or my relative of the extreme *coté gauche*, who had strangely enough found his way into this very room, and was now lying cheek by jowl with me again, in old Mrs. Eyelet's lap. Family affection made us glad to meet, and we had a hundred questions to put to each other in a breath.

No. 12 had commenced life a violent republican, and this simply because he heard nothing read but republican newspapers; a sufficiently simple reason, as all know who have heard both sides of any question. Shortly after I was purchased by poor, dear Adrienne, a young American traveler had stepped into the *magasin*, and with the recklessness that distinguishes the expenditures of his countrymen, swept off half a dozen of the family at one purchase. Accident gave him the liberal end of the piece, a circumstance to which he never would have assented had

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he known the fact, for being an *attaché* of the legation of his own country, he was *ex officio* aristocratic. My brother amused me exceedingly with his account of the indignation he felt at finding himself in a very hot-bed of monarchical opinions, in the set at the American legation. What rendered these *diplomates* so much the more aristocratic, was the novelty of the thing, scarcely one of them having been accustomed to society at home. After passing a few months in such company, my brother's boss, who was a mere traveling diplomatist, came home and began to run a brilliant career in the circles of New York, on the faith of a European reputation. Alas! there is in pocket-handkerchief nature a disposition to act by contraries. The "more you call, the more I won't come" principle was active in poor No. 12's mind, and he had not been a month in New York society, before he came out an ultra monarchist. New York society has more than one of these sudden political conversions to answer for. It is such a thorough development of the democratic principle, that the faith of few believers is found strong enough to withstand it. Every body knows how much a prospect varies by position. Thus, you shall stand on the aristocratic side of a room filled with company, and every thing will present a vulgar and democratic appearance; or, *vice versa*, you shall occupy a place among the *oi polloi*, and all is aristocratic, exclusive, and offensive. So it had proved with my unfortunate kinsman. All his notions had changed; instead of finding the perfection he had preached and extolled so long, he found nothing to admire, and every thing to condemn. In a word, never was a pocket-handkerchief so miserable, and that, too, on grounds so philosophical and profound, met with, on its entrance into active life. I do believe, if my brother could have got back to France, he would have written a book on America, which, while it overlooked many vices and foibles that deserve to be cut up without mercy, would have thrown even de Tocqueville into the shade in the way of political blunders. But I forbear; this latter writer being unanswerable among those neophytes who having never thought of their own system, unless as Englishmen, are overwhelmed with admiration at finding any thing of another character advanced about it. At least, such are the sentiments entertained by a very high priced pocket-handkerchief.

Mademoiselle Hennequin, I took occasion to remark, occupied much of the attention of Betts Shoreham, at Mrs. Leamington's ball. They understood each other perfectly, though the young man could not get over the feeling created by the governess's manner when she first met with me. Throughout the evening, indeed, her eye seemed studiously averted from me, as if she struggled to suppress certain sentiments or sensations, that she was unwilling to betray. Now, these sentiments, if sentiments they were, or sensations as they were beyond all dispute, might be envy—repinings at another's better fortunes—or they might be excited by philosophical and commendable reflections touching those follies which so often lead the young and thoughtless into extravagance. Betts tried hard to believe them the last, though, in his inmost heart, he would a thousand times rather that the woman he loved should smile on a weakness of this sort, in a girl of her own age, than that she should show herself to be prematurely wise, if it was wisdom purchased at the expense of the light-heartedness and sympathies of her years and sex. On a diminished scale, I had awakened in his bosom some such uneasy distrust as the pocket-handkerchief of Desdemona is known to have aroused in that of the Moor.

Nor can I say that Julia Monson enjoyed herself as much as she had anticipated. Love she did not Betts Shorcham; for that was a passion her temperament and training induced her to wait for some pretty unequivocal demonstrations on the part of the gentleman before she yielded to it; but she *liked* him vastly, and nothing would have been easier than to have blown this smouldering preference into a flame. She was too young, and, to say the truth, too natural and uncalculating, to be always remembering that Betts owned a good old-fashioned landed estate that was said to produce twenty, and which did actually produce eleven thousand a year, nett; and that his house in the country was generally said to be one of the very best in the state. For all this she cared absolutely nothing, or nothing worth mentioning. There were enough young men of as good estates, and there were a vast many of no estates at all, ready and willing to take their chances in the "cutting up" of "old Monson," but there were few who were as agreeable, as well mannered, as handsome, or who had seen as much of the world, as Betts Shoreham. Of course, she had never fancied the young man in love with herself, but, previously to the impression she had quite recently imbibed of his attachment to her mother's governess, she had been accustomed to think such a thing *might* come to pass, and that she should not be sorry if it did.

I very well understand this is not the fashionable, or possibly the polite way of describing those incipient sentiments which form the germ of love in the virgin affections of young ladies, and that a skillful and refined poet would use very different language on the occasion; but I began this history to represent things as they are, and such is the manner in which "Love's Young Dream" appears to a pocket-handkerchief.

Among other things that were unpleasant, Miss Monson was compelled to overhear sundry remarks of Betts's devotion to the governess, as she stood in the dance, some of which reached me, also.

"Who is the lady to whom Mr. Shoreham is so *dévoué*, this evening?" asked Miss N. of Miss T. "'Tis quite a new face, and, if one might be so presuming, quite a new manner."

"That is Mademoiselle Henny, the governess of Mrs. Monson's children, my dear. They say she is all accomplishments, and quite a miracle of propriety. It is also rumored that she is, some way, a very distinguished person, reduced by those horrid revolutions of which they have so many in Europe."

"Noble, I dare say!"

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"Oh! that at least. Some persons affirm that she is semi-*royal*. The country is full of broken-down royalty and nobility. Do you think she has an aristocratic air?"

"Not in the least—her ears are too small."

"Why, my dear, that is the very symbol of nobility! When my Aunt Harding was in Naples, she knew the Duke of Montecarbana, intimately; and she says he had the smallest ears she ever beheld on a human being. The Montecarbanas are a family as old as the ruins of Prestum, they say."

"Well, to my notion, nobility and teaching little girls French and Italian, and their *gammes*, have very little in common. I had thought Mr. Shoreham an admirer of Miss Monson's."

Now, unfortunately, my mistress overheard this remark. Her feelings were just in that agitated state to take the alarm, and she determined to flirt with a young man of the name of Thurston, with a view to awaken Betts's jealousy, if he had any, and to give vent to her own spleen. This Tom Thurston was one of those tall, good-looking young fellows who come from, nobody knows where, get into society, nobody knows how, and live on, nobody knows what. It was pretty generally understood that he was on the look-out for a rich wife, and encouragement from Julia Monson was not likely to be disregarded by such a person. To own the truth, my mistress carried matters much too far—so far, indeed, as to attract attention from every body but those most concerned; viz. her own mother and Betts Shoreham. Although elderly ladies play cards very little, just now, in American society, or, indeed, in any other, they have their inducements for rendering the well-known office of matron, at a ball, a mere sinecure. Mrs. Monson, too, was an indulgent mother, and seldom saw any thing very wrong in her own children. Julia, in the main, had sufficient *retenue*, and a suspicion of her want of discretion on this point, was one of the last things that would cross the fond parent's mind at Mrs. Leamington's ball. Others, however, were less confiding.

"Your daughter *is* in *high spirits* to-night," observed a single lady of a certain age, who was sitting near Mrs. Monson; "I do not remember to have ever seen her so *gay*."

"Yes, dear girl, she *is* happy,"—poor Julia was any thing but *that*, just then—"but youth is the time for happiness, if it is ever to come in this life."

"Is Miss Monson addicted to such *very* high spirits?" continued one, who was resolute to torment, and vexed that the mother could not be sufficiently alarmed to look around.

"Always—when in agreeable company. I think it a great happiness, ma'am, to possess good spirits."

"No doubt—yet one need n't be always fifteen, as Lady Mary Wortley Montague said," muttered the other, giving up the point, and changing her seat, in order that she might speak her mind more freely into the ear of a congenial spirit.

Half an hour later we were all in the carriages, again, on our way home; all, but Betts Shoreham, I should say, for having seen the ladies cloaked, he had taken his leave at Mrs. Leamington's door, as uncertain as ever whether or not to impute envy to a being who, in all other respects, seemed to him to be faultless. He had to retire to an uneasy pillow, undetermined whether to pursue his original intention of making the poor friendless French girl independant, by an offer of his hand, or whether to decide that her amiable and gentle qualities were all seeming, and that she was not what she appeared to be. Betts Shoreham owed his distrust to national prejudice, and well was he paid for entertaining so vile a companion. Had Mademoiselle Hennequin been an American girl, he would not have thought a second time of the emotion she had betrayed in regarding my beauties; but he had been taught to believe all French women managing and hypocritical; a notion that the experience of a young man in Paris would not be very likely to destroy.

"Well," cried John Monson, as the carriage drew from Mrs. Leamington's door, "this is the last ball I shall go to in New York;" which declaration he repeated twenty times that season, and as often broke.

"What is the matter now, Jack?" demanded the father. "I found it very pleasant—six or seven of us old fellows made a very agreeable evening of it."

"Yes, I dare say, sir; but you were not compelled to dance in a room eighteen by twenty-four, with a hundred people treading on your toes, or brushing their heads in your face."

"Jack can find no room for dancing since the great ball of the *Salle de l'Opera*, at Paris," observed the mother smiling. "I hope *you* enjoyed yourself better, Julia?"

My mistress started; then she answered with a sort of hysterical glee—

"Oh! I have found the evening delightful, ma'am. I could have remained two hours longer."

"And you, Mademoiselle Hennequin; I hope you, too, were agreeably entertained?"

The governess answered meekly, and with a slight tremor in her voice.

"Certainly, madame," she said, "I have enjoyed myself; though dancing always seems an amusement I have no right to share in."

There was some little embarrassment, and I could perceive an impulse in Julia to press nearer to her rival, as if impelled by a generous wish to manifest her sympathy. But Tom's protests soon silenced every thing else, and we alighted, and soon went to rest.

The next morning Julia sent for me down to be exhibited to one or two friends, my fame having spread in consequence of my late appearance. I was praised, kissed, called a pretty dear, and extolled like a spoiled child, though Miss W. did not fail to carry the intelligence, far and near, that Miss Monson's much-talked-of pocket-handkerchief was nothing after all but the *thing* Miss Halfacre had brought out the night of the day her father had stopped payment. Some even began to nick-name me the insolvent pocket-handkerchief.

I thought Julia sad, after her friends had all left her. I lay neglected on a sofa, and the pretty girl's

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brow became thoughtful. Of a sudden she was aroused from a brown study—reflective mood, perhaps, would be a more select phrase—by the unexpected appearance of young Thurston. There was a sort of "ah! have I caught you alone" expression about this adventurer's eye, even while he was making his bow, that struck me. I looked for great events, nor was I altogether disappointed. In one minute he was seated at Julia's side, on the same sofa, and within two feet of her; in two more he had brought in play his usual tricks of flattery. My mistress listened languidly, and yet not altogether without interest. She was piqued at Betts Shoreham's indifference, had known her present admirer several months, if dancing in the same set can be called *knowing*, and had never been made love to before, at least in a manner so direct and unequivocal. The young man had tact enough to discover that he had an advantage, and fearful that some one might come in and interrupt the *tête à tête*, he magnanimously resolved to throw all on a single cast, and come to the point at once.

"I think, Miss Monson," he continued, after a very beautiful specimen of rigmarole in the way of love-making, a rigmarole that might have very fairly figured in an editor's law and logic, after he had been beaten in a libel suit, "I think, Miss Monson, you cannot have overlooked the *very* particular attentions I have endeavored to pay you, ever since I have been so fortunate as to have made your acquaintance?"

"I!—Upon my word, Mr. Thurston, I am not at all conscious of having been the object of any such attentions!"

"No?—That is ever the way with the innocent and single-minded! This is what we sincere and diffident men have to contend with in affairs of the heart. Our bosoms may be torn with ten thousand distracting cares, and yet the modesty of a truly virtuous female heart shall be so absorbed in its own placid serenity as to be indifferent to the pangs it is unconsciously inflicting!"

"Mr. Thurston, your language is strong—and—a little—a little unintelligible."

"I dare say—ma'am—I never expect to be intelligible again. When the 'heart is oppressed with unutterable anguish, condemned to conceal that passion which is at once the torment and delight of life'—when 'his lip, the ruby harbinger of joy, lies pale and cold, the miserable appendage of a mang—' that is, Miss Monson, I mean to say, when all our faculties are engrossed by one dear object we are often incoherent and mysterious, as a matter of course."

Tom Thurston came very near wrecking himself on the quicksands of the romantic school. He had begun to quote from a speech delivered by Gouverneur Morris, on the subject of the right of deposit at New Orleans, and which he had spoken at college, and was near getting into a part of the subject that might not have been so apposite, but retreated in time. By way of climax, the lover laid his hand on me, and raised me to his eyes in an abstracted manner, as if unconscious of what he was doing, and wanted to brush away a tear.

"What a confounded rich old fellow the father must be," thought Tom, "to give her such pocket-handkerchiefs!"

I felt like a wren that escapes from the hawk when the rogue laid me down.

Alas! Poor Julia was the dupe of all this acting. Totally unpracticed herself, abandoned by the usages of the society in which she had been educated very much to the artifices of any fortune-hunter, and vexed with Betts Shoreham, she was in the worst possible frame of mind to resist such eloquence and love. She had seen Tom at all the balls in the best houses, found no fault with his exterior and manners, both of which were fashionable and showy, and now discovered that he had a most sympathetic heart, over which, unknown to herself, she had obtained a very unlimited control.

"You do not answer me, Miss Monson," continued Tom, peeping out at one side of me, for I was still at his eyes—"you do not answer me, cruel, inexorable girl!"

"What *would* you have me say, Mr. Thurston?"

"Say *yes*, dearest, loveliest, most perfect being of the whole human family."

"*Yes*, then; if that will relieve your mind, it is a relief very easily bestowed."

Now, Tom Thurston was as skilled in a fortune-hunter's wiles as Napoleon was in military strategy. He saw he had obtained an immense advantage for the future, and he forbore to press the matter any further at the moment. The "yes" had been uttered more in pleasantry than with any other feeling, but, by holding it in reserve, presuming on it gradually, and using it in a crisis, it might be worth—"let me see," calculated Tom, as he went whistling down Broadway, "that 'yes' may be made to yield at least a cool $100,000. There are John, this girl, and two little ones. Old Monson is worth every dollar of $700,000—none of your skyrockets, but a known, old fortune, in substantial houses and lands—let us suppose the old woman outlive him, and that she gets her full thirds; *that* will leave $466,666. Perhaps John may get a couple of hundred thousand, and even *then* each of the girls will have $88,888. If one of the little things should happen to die, and there's lots of scarlet fever about, why that would fetch it up at once to a round hundred thousand. I don't think the old woman would be likely to marry again at her time of life. One must n't calculate too confidently on *that*, however, as I would have her myself for half of *such* thirds."

[To be concluded in our next.

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OUR LIDA, OR THE MOCK MARRIAGE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

"Scold, scold, thump, thump, scold, scold away!
There is no comfort in the house upon a washing day!"

NONSENSE! I only wish the writer of those lines had been at our cottage by the old bridge on washing-days, it would have made him sing other words to the same lively air, or I am sadly mistaken.

Washing-day! why it was the happiest twelve hours of the week to "us children." We could scarcely sleep all the night before from fervent anticipations of the frolic which it brought. It was astonishing how our intellects were sharpened, and our ingenuity brought in force to devise ways and means for escaping school on that particular morning. How resolutely we compelled a healthy appetite to refuse breakfast; what feverish cheeks we borrowed from the rude oak-leaves that lay concealed beneath our pillows; what headaches we pleaded—and how very desperate all our symptoms were just before the tones of that academy bell came sweeping down from school hill. It was a new bell, and the man always rang it uncommonly long and loud on Monday morning, to begin the week with a flourish, he said, but to us it seemed an instance of cruel, personal spite toward three innocent little girls that had never done him the least harm in the world.

Though determined invalids, we were always out of bed immediately after daylight on a washing-day; and one face at least might always be seen peeping eagerly through our low chamber window. We had secretly pushed back the old honeysuckle vine just far enough to leave a single pane of glass uncovered, and that commanded a view of the foot-path where our washerwoman was always first seen coming through the pine woods—a blessing on her short scarlet cloak, she always wore it, summer and winter. It had been her grandmother's; but in form and material would be the height of fashion in Broadway this very winter. Bless the old cardinal once again! It has made my heart leap many a fine summer morning to see its first brilliant gleam through the pine boughs. A nice tidy old creature was our washerwoman, one that an artist would have sketched in spite of himself, had he seen her wending along that shady path, in the cool morning, with a kerchief of brilliant cotton passed neatly over her cap, and tied beneath the chin. Gray or Page would have taken a fancy to the old woman, even before her sad, mild face came in view. There was something picturesque about her raiment, and her movements were in fine keeping with the dewy quietude reposing among the dark green foliage through which she was wholly revealed, or seen only by glimpses, as she came toward the cottage.

But there was sometimes another object which almost every young man of taste, even though not an artist, would have fancied—for Lida was possessed of a beauty so soft and delicate, that it seemed natural to the green woods, almost as the flowers that spring to life and perish there. Lida—sweet, pretty Lida—as we always called her, was a girl of some ten years old, when I could remember her coming to the house with her mother—and she is almost the first object that I can remember—for she was just the creature to fasten herself on the mind of a child whose instinct it was to love the beautiful, and be grateful for kindness. Lida came with her mother every week for many a year; and it was to her that our washing-day owed half its cheerfulness. The old woman brought her girl to "take care of the children," she said; and such care as she took to make us happy, was never so successfully exerted by mortal being before or since.

First she would go to our mother with her sweet coaxing smile, and plead for a day at home. "We should be no trouble," she said, "none in the world; she would keep us out in the pine woods, or down by the river side, with her mother, all day long. We should certainly wear our sun-bonnets, and keep our shoes on; should never go down to the water unless she were with us, nor climb the rocks to tear our dresses, nor carry turf in our aprons to dam up the spring, as we had done once when company was expected. In short, she promised all sorts of good behavior for us; and to do ourselves justice, we seldom brought her into disgrace by very glaring misconduct. In truth, we found the young girl so much more agreeable than mischief—so womanly in her control over our wild spirits, and yet so joyously childlike, that we had little desire to go beyond her presence.

Lida usually prevailed, and always, as our mother insisted, for the last time. The next week we should certainly go to school. No matter, we were very willing to let the morrow provide for itself; besides, we had heard that same old promise so often before, that consent would have seemed unnatural without it.

Half-way between our house and the falls, which our readers will find described in the story of "Malina Gray," was a little green hollow; a brooklet ran through it in the spring season, and even when there was no water, a thousand blue-eyed violets shed an azure tinge along the moist and rich grass which formed its bed; while in July and August the upper

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curve of the bank was covered with golden buttercups; and a few strawberries might be found where the sunshine came most frequently, embedded like rubies in the velvet grass. One extremity of this hollow sloped gently down to the river's brink, while the upper end was guarded by a singular old buttonwood tree. The rude trunk rose upward four or five feet, when it made a sudden bend, like the elbow of a man's arm, ran parallel with the earth, perhaps three feet more, and then shot toward the sky, straight as an arrow, and its smooth, white stem, and fantastic boughs, which loomed high up in the air, seemed the more picturesque because it was the only tree of that species in the neighborhood. It was beneath this old tree that our washerwoman performed her duty, from the first starting of the grass in spring till the frost of an Indian summer rendered it crisp beneath her feet. In a tiny hollow, just below the roots, she built her fire, an iron grapple secured her hook to that portion of the trunk which formed a line above it, and a huge brass-kettle swung all day long over the cheerful blaze, with the smoke curling round it and forming fantastic wreaths among the broad leaves and tassel-like balls overhead.

The droll-looking old tree would have formed a scanty shadow to protect our kind old woman from the sun; but just beyond it, on the level ground, stood a huge white pine and a hemlock, with the branches interlaced and covered with foliage so thick that it seemed impossible for the sunshine ever to reach the moss which grew underneath. It was a pleasant sight when that nice old woman took her stand at the wash-tub, within the shadow flung from this group of trees. The red cloak lay folded on the moss near by; the sleeves of her striped short-gown were carefully rolled up; and the snow-white border of her cap rose and fell with the motion of her head, while her hands passed with a constant, but sometimes feeble motion, up and down her wash-board.

There the old woman was, in the quiet shade, all day long hard at work, and with a tranquil melancholy hanging about her which must have originated in the more tearful sorrow of her early life. How kind and patient she was—always smiling indulgently at our mischievous pranks, and thanking us every time we brought her a stick of drift-wood or a cup of water from the spring, like a broken-down gentlewoman as she was; how good naturedly she prepared the smallest sized tub of her set that we might wash out the pocket-handkerchiefs and muslins. She would smile to see how busy we became, how earnestly we scattered the white foam about, and with what desperate energy we wrung the bits of muslin and tiny ruffles in imitation of herself when she prepared a sheet or tablecloth for the boiling-kettle.

It was seldom that our industry outlived the thousand tiny bubbles that rose and broke with a rainbow tinge amid the snowy foam which filled our tub; before we could get a fair view of the water underneath some new freak always carried us off into the woods in search of birds' nests, or young wintergreen. We became very thirsty and wanted drink, or had taken a decided fancy to search for strawberries on the knoll, or gather peppermint from the hollow. But the old woman did not scold us, though we tired of our usefulness ever so soon; she was always ready to indulge us over again, and if we insisted on spreading her clothes on the grass, toward sunset, she never made any objection, though it always gave her additional trouble when she was worn out with labor. But we loved the poor washerwoman, and would run to the house after luncheon for her half a dozen times in the day. We always kept her fire a blaze from the driftwood which lodged on the river brink; and when nightfall came, and her task was done, there was always a spirited run from the grassy slope, where the clothes were dried, to the pine shade; and she who carried the washerwoman's cloak back, was a happy girl, indeed. Then came the buttered muffin, and strong tea, which was provided for her comfort in the house. How we loved to climb up the back of her chair, and study the tea-grounds in the bottom of her cup. Such castles, and serpents, and rings, to say nothing of the birds and wild animals as we saw there, was a perfect miracle. The fortunes always came true; we were to get all the "credit marks" during the week; be very good children, and not say a single angry or naughty word for a long time; she saw that in the cup—with presents and all sorts of pretty things—and the words wrought out their own prophecy with us.

There was always a parcel, containing various small papers of tea, sugar, and other groceries, laid on a corner of the table just before the washerwoman went home. And when our mother gave her the money due for her work, and pointed to the parcel, she would drop a curtsy, fold the gift under her cloak, and depart without speaking a word; but some time in the week Lida always came with a basket of wild fruit, a bouquet of flowers, or, perhaps, a quantity of young wintergreen and sassafras bark, just enough to exhibit a grateful feeling, and an honest desire to relieve herself from obligation.

A change fell upon our washing-days; the old woman came as usual, but, alas! Lida, dear Lida, no longer helped us to gather sticks from the drift heaps, or allowed her ringing laugh to set the birds a chirping, from sympathy, in the pine woods. Lida was an apprentice now—learning a milliner's trade on Falls Hill. It was a sad loss to us. We went down to the hollow two or three days after her desertion, with a desperate resolution to be happy in spite of her absence. We laughed louder than ever; ran races like so many greyhounds; frightened the pinfishes with pebble-stones; and tried every expedient to make the day seem natural; but it was like dancing without music, or a green flower with the sunshine excluded.

It was a disappointment to us that Lida never came through the pine woods to her work. She lived in a little one-story house close behind Castle Rock. It was a solitary and beautiful spot, far from any highway; and Lida went to Falls Hill through a footpath which ran across the pasture lots, spreading away from the high banks which formed our valley.

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But sometimes the young girl would start early, and come with her mother for a few moments Monday mornings; but she seemed more thoughtful than formerly, and there was something peculiarly sweet in her smile, which was more beautiful even than her pure, bird-like laugh. Her complexion settled into that clear pearly white which carries the idea of mental purity with it, while it indicates perfect health quite as truly as the richest bloom. Her eyes were very changeable, and shaded by the longest and most jetty lashes you ever saw; while her little mouth was bright and red as a ripe strawberry. When she smiled much, a dimple settled on her cheek and round her mouth, like the shadow of a honey-bee when hovering around a lily; and when Lida was seventeen, and had begun her apprenticeship, it was pleasant to observe how lovely the child had become as she approached the threshold of womanhood.

The milliner's shop where Lida worked, was in the second story of a dry-goods store, near the Episcopal church. There were two rooms in front, separated by a narrow entry; and as Miss Smith, the milliner, always took a remarkable fancy for fresh air whenever lawyer Gilbert was in the opposite room, and insisted that the door should be left open, Lida was sometimes hours together that she could not lift her eyes without knowing that a young man, rather handsome, and with singularly fine eyes, sat within the adjoining room; though she never looked directly at him, or could see the least indication that he took any advantage of Miss Smith's liberality regarding the door.

Miss Smith was a town-bred, dashing milliner, rather social, and ready to impart information regarding former conquests in town, even to her apprentice girls, so long as they were content to admire and wonder at a respectful distance; but amid all her condescension she never once allowed "our Lida" to forget the immeasurable distance that existed between a bleach-box and a wash-tub. She sat before her two apprentice girls, with one foot resting on the top of a bonnet-block, twisting up little bows of ribbon, and admiring the effect, like Calypso among her nymphs—that is, supposing the goddess had ever *condescended* to become useful without the least shadow of necessity, as Miss Smith affirmed was the case with herself. Sometimes the lady would quietly steal a glance through her black ringlets to observe if the lawyer were remarking the elegance of her position; and as the girls seldom lifted their eyes in that direction, it was easy to indicate the force of her charms by exclamations of "Dear me! I wonder why Mr. Gilbert is always looking this way! What can he find so interesting? I really wish he would not sit so exactly against the door!"

Had the girls looked toward the lawyer's office at such times, they would have seen him tranquilly poring over a very new volume in paper binding, with his back toward the door, his chair balanced on two legs, and his feet resting on the edge of a table covered with law books in sheepskin backs, perfectly unfurnished, a pair of boxing-gloves, a flute, quantities of writing-paper, and pens without number. If Mr. Gilbert really was attracted by the bold, black eyes which were so often bent upon him, or the beauty of a neck more than usually exposed when the weather was warm enough for doors to be left open, he was enough of a lawyer to avoid the observation of witnesses to his delinquencies; and though Miss Smith's evidence passed very well before her elder apprentice, and dear, unsophisticated Lida, it was good for nothing in a court of law, and no damages were likely to follow.

It would have been a very unprincipled thing in the young lawyer, had the deep flounces and pretty caps, which Miss Smith set for him, taken effect—for he was already engaged to a young lady who had just returned from boarding-school in New Haven; and the fine old homestead, which stood a little back from the church, embowered in a grove of oaks, and with an old-fashioned flower-garden attached, was at that very moment tumultuous with the noise of workmen who were preparing it for the reception of a bride—lawyer Gilbert's bride.

Once or twice Mr. Gilbert did actually lift his eyes from the paper-bound volume, when his position admitted of the effort without too much trouble, and looked earnestly into the milliner's room; but as Miss Smith leaned her head, and cast a side glance through the interstice thus made between two of her longest curls, she saw that his eyes were fixed, not on her, but on the drooping lids and dark lashes of Lida, the washerwoman's daughter.

He might well gaze on the innocent picture of that young girl, as she sat on a low stool, bending over her work with her dark hair twisted in a single massive braid around her finely moulded head, her tiny foot creeping out from the folds of her calico dress, and her small hand fluttering about the rose-colored silk she was sewing, like a bird coquetting with a flower. And the milliner might, indeed, experience an uncomfortable sensation as she turned her kindling eyes on the unconscious possessor of so much loveliness—especially as lawyer Gilbert never turned a page that afternoon without stealing a look at the gentle girl from over the top of his volume.

The next morning Lida was banished to a front window directly out of range with the door. The prettiest prospect imaginable lay before it; and the poor girl was delighted with the change. Bred to the fields as she had been, it was so pleasant to look up from her work now and then, and rest her aching eyes with a glance at the green trees, and the cool blue sky beyond. She was very grateful for the change in her position, and thanked the milliner so sweetly again and again, that the lady really began to applaud herself for having done a kind action—a sensation which, from its extreme novelty, must have been exceedingly agreeable.

Directly before Lida's window was a closely trampled greensward, divided by the highway as it curved up from the valley. Opposite stood a huge willow tree, with a profusion of delicate foliage dropping over its heavy branches to the ground. Behind this tree was a two-story house, white as a snow-

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drift, and surrounded by rose thickets; a light portico was over the front door, and around one of its slender pillars a single honeysuckle-vine had twisted itself like a wreath. The house was so near that Lida could almost count the crimson blossoms from her seat by the window; and when a young girl would come into the portico with a book, which she never read, or an embroidery-frame, which she never used, Lida would ply her needle with great diligence, and blush to be so earnestly regarded by the most accomplished and haughty girl in our village. She knew that this young lady was the intended bride of Mr. Gilbert, but never dreamed that it was his presence near a window, with his flute, that drew Miss Warner's attention to the building. Poor Lida! in the innocence of her heart, she was beginning to think that the boarding-school graduate had taken a fancy to her, and was desirous of an acquaintance.

In order to interest lawyer Gilbert, Miss Smith had already exhausted all positive means of attack. She had sent to his room for a volume of Byron, she doated on his poetry, it was *so* soft, and would be *so* obliged if Mr. Gilbert favored her by the loan of Childe Harold, or Manfred, or any of his comedies.

Mr. Gilbert returned answer that his copy of Byron was sent to Miss Warner, across the way.

Miss Smith's compliments again—"Would Mr. Gilbert oblige her by playing that lovely air once more—Miss Smith was *so* delighted with it."

Mr. Gilbert unscrewed his flute, laid it on the table, and then returned his most respectful compliments to Miss Smith, but the physician had forbidden him to practice more than fifteen minutes at a time, under any circumstances.

The milliner could hit on no other device, so she gave an additional flounce to her dress, let down a ringlet of more subduing length from her hair, moved her work-table decidedly opposite the door, and had resolved on a siege, the success of which must depend on her own personal attractions; when Lida became an apprentice, and was banished to the window.

During the four days that followed the punishment intended for Lida, Miss Smith was in fine spirits. Mr. Gilbert not only looked toward her more than twenty times a day, but on one instance he paused in the entry passage, and took a step toward the door, as if tempted to enter. But he changed his mind, and in a few minutes Lida saw him cross the highway, enter the white portico opposite, and sit down by the young lady who was loitering away the morning in its shade.

The next day it rained, and every thing looked dull and miserable. The water-drops pattered ceaselessly against the windows, and the old willow stood on the green with its branches drooping to the earth, like the plumage of a great bird that could find no shelter. The work-room was cold and cheerless. Miss Smith sat by her table, disappointed and cross. The moist air, which swept in from the entry, took the stiffening from her silks, and if she closed the door, all hopes of seeing the lawyer were at an end for the day. She would have submitted to the faded lustre of her goods, but when the damp had taken her ringlets out of curl, and began to chill her neck, she flung a shawl over her shoulders, tore up a bonnet pattern to roll her hair in, and putting on the worst of tempers with her altered looks, ordered the doors closed, and determined to make a miserable day of it.

A knock at the door.

"Come in," said Miss Smith; "Lida, go and get the black crape bonnet you altered yesterday, the boy has come after it, I suppose."

Lida had scarcely time to lay down her work, when the door opened and Mr. Gilbert walked quietly into the room.

Miss Smith blushed crimson, dropped her shawl, and seemed tempted to commence depredations on the curl-papers forthwith. Lida took up her work again, and Mr. Gilbert sat down amid a torrent of compliments from Miss Smith, and began to turn over a volume of Byron, which he had brought in his hand.

He had done himself the pleasure of bringing the book which Miss Smith desired.

Miss Smith was delighted—would Mr. Gilbert oblige her by reading a few pages, if he was not too much engaged—she had been informed that he read beautifully.

Mr. Gilbert would be too happy, but the light was so dim that he must sit by the window—so moving his chair with the self-possession of a man accustomed to having his own way—he sat down within a few paces of Lida. She did not look up, but the most delicate of all blushes broke into her cheek, and the young man saw that her fingers were a little tremulous, as she bent diligently over her work. He seemed busy searching for a favorite poem, and Miss Smith took advantage of the opportunity to let down a quantity of black hair, which the mutilated pattern had failed to render more than wavy, and giving her flounces a light shake, she drew her chair to the window, ordered Lida to place a bonnet block for her feet, and folding her hands with a graceful langnor, composed herself to listen.

It would be quite superfluous to say how many times the sensitive Miss Smith lifted her hands, and exclaimed—"Beautiful! Exquisite! Oh! how sweet!" while the reading of Childe Harold went on; or to give any description of the color which glowed and deepened in the cheek of our Lida, and the pleasure which filled those soft eyes till they sparkled like gems beneath her drooping lashes. But it is quite necessary to inform the reader that after this rainy day, Mr. Gilbert was a constant visiter at the milliner's shop—that he read Childe Harold quite through, and when Miss Smith solicited some of the shorter poems, he looked at Lida and answered no—he would read them to Miss Smith, but not there. Miss Smith was delighted with this indication that her neighbor desired a *tête-à-tête*, and Lida, who had heard Byron for the first time—though she had read more than most girls of her age—was quite unconscious of the compliment paid to her purity of character in the denial. The lawyer had a large library, and there was no lack of books for perusal. Lida seldom spoke while he was reading, but it was

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pleasant for an indolent and refined man like Gilbert to study the changes of her sweet face. It was like a volume of "unwritten poetry," which no one could read but himself. In less than a week his easy chair was wheeled into the milliner's room every day, and he was quite domesticated among the straw trimmings, scraps of satin, and pasteboard chips, that littered the floor.

A sense of aristocratic distinction is a remarkable pleasant feeling, but in order to enjoy it perfectly, there must be some companionship. It was very pleasant and agreeable for Miss Warner to return from a four years' residence at school, to be the richest and most accomplished belle of a country village. It was pleasant to be engaged to a wealthy and handsome young man like Gilbert, but as she did not care for books, had no one but a widowed mother to bestow the flattery which schoolmates barter one with the other, as she detested all useful employment, it was to be expected that her time must pass somewhat heavily, especially after the first objects that presented themselves when she went to lounge away her mornings in the portico, were the sweet face of our Lida, bent over her work, by the opposite window, and, just beyond, the dark locks and white forehead of her own affianced husband. Miss Warner was not absolutely jealous, but she was very idle, and so, naturally enough, began to think it just possible that the country milliner might have received something worth looking at from town. One morning, she was seen crossing the highway, elaborately dressed, with delicate peach blossom gloves on her pretty hands, and a deeply fringed parasol guarding her face from the sun. There was a great deal of artificial grace in her step as she glided over the green sward, and the little affected knock which she gave to the milliner's door was eloquent of high breeding. Then there was the patronizing bend to Miss Smith, the gracefully extended hand to Gilbert, and the quiet stare at poor Lida, who sat blushing like a guilty thing by the window. Gilbert touched his lips to the peach blossom glove, but when he saw the supercilious look fixed on Lida, he dropped it again, and a dash of color swept over his forehead. Miss Smith was full of delight, exhibited all her finery, and distilled more flattery into a conversation of fifteen minutes, about blue ribbons and leghorn flats, than was ever bestowed in the same time on those ladies who purchase it by the year, in the form of "a humble companion."

Miss Warner's dignity was not of an order to withstand this incense to her vanity, and even if her affianced husband had not been a constant visiter, it is doubtful if the honeysuckle portico would not soon have been abandoned for the milliner's room and its gossiping freedom.

In less than a fortnight, the peach blossom gloves were soiled by constant use, and if Gilbert was a feature in the milliner's shop, his lady-love haunted it almost as regularly as he did. She thought Miss Smith "such a nice creature—such a dear, good soul—so capable of appreciating true elegance of manner—so very tasteful in her bonnets and fancy caps!" It was beautiful to see how condescending the sated Miss became, how useful she made herself in snipping up little bits of satin, and how prettily she would ask Gilbert if he did not think *she* would make a good milliner, if she should not learn the trade, and other important questions, which must have diversified the passages of Milton and Young, which he was reading, with an agreeable variety.

The jealousy which springs from affection painfully aroused, cannot be divested of generosity; but that which arises from mortified vanity, is bitter and implacable. It was not long before Miss Smith became convinced that the gentle girl who sat listening with such intense interest to every word that dropped from the eloquent lips of lawyer Gilbert, was his sole attraction to the room, and a few adroit words to his affianced bride were enough to arouse her attention to the damask color that came and went in the poor girl's cheek whenever young Gilbert addressed her.

"Artful wretch!" muttered the future bride, setting her pearl white teeth passionately together as she spoke; "*she* think of attracting him!" and with a slight scornful laugh, in which the milliner joined, she began practicing her steps in a distant corner of the room.

Gilbert went home that night with his affianced bride, and the next day he sent in a book for Lida, but avoided the milliner's room altogether. The young apprentice only saw him as he crossed the green toward the building—his countenance was very serious, and he seemed to avoid looking toward the window.

Just at night Miss Warner came in. She took the milliner into a distant part of the room, and as they conversed in low voices, a scornful laugh now and then reached the apprentice, who had become nervous and sensitive, she scarcely knew why. Miss Smith followed her visiter into the entry.

"It is well I mentioned it in time," she said, in a confidential whisper.

Miss Warner tore her glove as she attempted to draw it on.

"A pretty speculation for a washerwoman's daughter!" she said, with a curling lip.

"But he cared nothing about her?" rejoined Miss Smith, a little anxiously.

"No, indeed; he was quite angry at the charge, and consented to stay from your room forever, if I desired it."

"She would have made a splendid mistress for the homestead up yonder," rejoined Miss Smith, with another low, disagreeable laugh; "it is almost a pity she failed in her aim upon it."

"Splendid!" exclaimed the bride, with a light mocking laugh; "but no, no—I should not so much regard seeing him the son-in-law of a washerwoman, but it would break my heart to know that any one but myself was mistress of the homestead and property."

"Hark! did you not hear some one moving in his office?" said the milliner, listening apprehensively.

Miss Warner listened a moment, and then answered, in a faint voice—

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"No—it cannot be. I saw him going toward the house just as I came in."

"Let us move away from his door—there is no harm in that," whispered Miss Smith, and they walked down the entry conversing together. After a little, the sound of their but half-suppressed laughter filled the little apartment.

"It would be a capital joke!" said the milliner.

"Just the punishment she deserves, presumptuous creature!" was the reply.

"But can you persuade him to join us?" was the next question.

"*He shall!*"

Gilbert was standing that night in the little portico of his bride's dwelling. It was a lovely evening—every thing was deluged with a flood of pearly moonlight, and the dew lay like rain-drops among the crimson flowers which shed a rich fragrance from the honeysuckle vine. *She* was by his side, his arm had been around her waist, and but a few moments before his eyes had been bent with tender and affectionate earnestness on her face, but now his arms were folded, and he looked almost sternly upon her.

"Do you really desire this, Louisa?" he said, in a deep, constrained voice; "would you ever respect me again, if I could do so cruel, so unmanly an act?"

"I will never love you again, if you do not!" was the petulant reply.

An expression almost of disgust swept over the young man's face, and his lips trembled as he spoke.

"Tell me, have you been to Miss Smith's room to-day?" he inquired.

"Yes—I was there just at sunset. But why do you ask?"

"No matter! Have you thought all this over; are you resolute to deceive this poor girl?"

"Resolute!"

"And you are willing that I devote myself to win her affections?"

"They are already given, without the trouble of asking."

Gilbert's brow contracted in the moonlight, and the word "Unwomanly!" was smothered between his compressed lips.

"And you will assist me—will tell her that you resign all claims on my hand—on the homestead and property?" he added, with a slight and bitter emphasis on the last words.

She did not observe it, but answered eagerly—

"Yes—yes; I will do my part to perfection—how mortifying the truth will be when she thinks herself Mrs. Gilbert and finds that it is all a joke."

"But think of the shock it will give her pride and delicacy—"

"Add refinement—pray, add refinement!" said the young girl, scornfully; "pride, delicacy and refinement are such common attributes to the daughters of our washerwomen!"

"You are only doing this to annoy me," said the young man; "so good night, you will throw off the cruel wish before morning."

"*Shall* I?" replied the girl, with a slow bend of the head.

Gilbert turned away, and taking up his hat, was about to leave the house, but she laid her hand on his arm, and looked smilingly in his face.

"They tell me the house is finished—will you take me to look at it in the morning?"

"If you desire it," was the cold and abstracted reply.

"Well—I shall be ready at ten. Good night!" and gaily kissing her hand, the young creature glided into the house.

"It *was* her voice then, and she was planning this design with that infamous milliner. I would not believe my own senses, till she confirmed them. But she will not persist in any thing so cruel—it is absurd to suppose so. If she does—if she does—I will obey her."

As he muttered these words, the young man walked slowly from the house.

How melancholy poor Lida had been all the previous day—how many strange conjectures had passed through her brain regarding the remarkable absence of Mr. Gilbert. They haunted her all night, and in the morning, when she came along the foot-path through the fields, tears stood in her eyes more than half the way. She had cast many a sad, earnest gaze through the shop-window, before she saw Gilbert and Miss Warner coming through the opposite portico. The sight made the heart struggle with a throb of pain in Lida's bosom, and a mist came over her eyes till they could scarcely discern the needle with which she seemed occupied. They were coming toward the shop, and the sound of their footsteps in the entry made the young girl tremble in her seat.

"Come," said Miss Warner, addressing the milliner, "put on your bonnet. We are going up to the house, and want your opinion."

Miss Smith ran for her bonnet, and, for the first time in her life, the young lady addressed the apprentice.

"Get your sun-bonnet," she said; "you can go with us."

The blood rushed over Lida's face, and she would have refused; but Miss Warner whispered a word to her lover, and he pressed Lida to go with such respectful earnestness, that she arose, tied on her little straw cottage, and was ready to attend them long before Miss Smith made her appearance.

The homestead was a large and superior old mansion for a country village. Its material was heavy, and touched with the brown tinge of age; the trees around it were majestic, and its shrubbery luxuriant; its furniture was that of another century, old fashioned and massive, but Gilbert had interspersed it with chairs and tables of lighter and more recent model; and the gloom which low ceilings give to an apartment was relieved by tall mirrors and modern windows, which were cut from ceiling to floor. Altogether, it was the dwelling which a domestic and studious person would have preferred above all others.

Lida had never seen any thing half so splendid before, but there was a heavy feeling at her heart which mere novelty could not dispel. She followed

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her conductors up the broad stairs, heard them admire the balusters of dark mahogany, and walked through the chambers like one in a dream. She was pale, bewildered, and sick at heart, almost for the first time in her life.

There was one room on the first floor which Gilbert had fitted up exclusively for his bride. It had but one bay window, which opened upon the most verdant nook of the old fashioned garden; and this window required no drapery, for an immense white rose-tree was trained along the casement, till a profusion of thick green leaves and snowy blossoms drooped like a curtain over the upper part, and when the sash was open a storm of fragrant leaves fell like snow-flakes all over the rich old easy chairs and moss-like carpet which decorated the room. On a curious little table, with legs carved and twisted together like a knot of serpents, lay a guitar, with an azure ribbon just attached, and as yet unused; a superb old book-case, crowded with neatly bound volumes, stood opposite the bay window, and a little French work-table, perfectly new, occupied a corner close by.

Miss Warner flung herself on a seat, and taking up the guitar, began to trifle with the strings, as she turned with an unpleasant smile toward Lida.

"How would you like this room for your own?" she said.

"Me?" said Lida, faintly; "I have never dreamed of living in such a place as this."

"But you can live here if you like," replied the milliner.

"My mother was well off once, and she would not let me 'live out' for any thing," said the apprentice, for she could only imagine that Miss Warner wished to engage her for "help," when she should take possession of the homestead; "besides, I am not strong enough for very hard work!"

"Oh, we didn't mean that," replied the milliner; "Mr. Gilbert wants a wife, and as this lady here has taken a fancy that he likes you rather better than he does her, she is quite willing that he makes you mistress of the homestead, instead of herself."

"Don't say so—it is cruel to joke in this manner!" said the bewildered girl, turning very pale; "I am sure, quite sure that Mr. Gilbert never thought of me!" Lida spoke hastily, but in a faint voice, and she had a look of troubled doubt in her eyes, as if she almost hoped they would contradict her.

"But he does think of you—he told me so last night!" said Miss Warner; "and if I am willing to give him up, what harm can come of it?"

"And *could* you give him up?" said Lida, clasping her small hands with an energy which bespoke her astonishment that any one could resign, of her own free will, a being so perfect.

"Oh, Mr. Gilbert is not the only agreeable man on earth," replied the young lady, removing the azure ribbon from her neck, and laying down the guitar; "I am perfectly willing to resign him at any moment—so prepare for the wedding to-morrow, if you like!"

As she spoke, Miss Warner and her companion glided from the room. Lida had no power to follow, she was confused and strengthless, a mist came over her sight, and sinking to a seat she covered her face with both hands, and remained in a state of mental bewilderment, almost unconscious of the solitude which surrounded her.

Miss Warner and the milliner met Gilbert in the hall, and both were laughing as they moved toward him.

"We have broken the ice for you," said Miss Warner; "she is in the little room yonder, quite prepared for a proposal."

"And you are really determined to carry this hoax to an end?" inquired the young lawyer, gravely.

"Oh! by all means," was the reply; "it really is ridiculous, the idea of her believing us. I wish you had seen her clasp those hands, and wonder how I *could* give you up. Go—go! before she takes it into her head to follow us. But I say, Gilbert, do remove that horrid little table with the twisted legs—it is such a fright."

"It was my mother's," replied the lawyer, quietly.

"Well—well; it can be put in the garret, and kept quite safe. But go along—your lady-love is waiting."

Mr. Gilbert stood motionless in the hall till his affianced bride and her companion disappeared amid the oaks; he then turned with a calm face and resolute step toward the little room where Lida had been left. She was still sitting in the easy chair, sobbing like a child, and tears were breaking, like half-confined jewels, through the slender fingers that concealed her face.

Gilbert approached with a noiseless tread, and gently taking one of the hands from her face, pressed it to his lips. She started up, and tried to conceal her tears with the remaining hand, while her brow and face and neck were deluged with crimson.

His voice was strangely tender and musical for the cruel plot he was acting.

"They have told you no falsehood, Lida," he said, "I do indeed love you—very, very much. Will you come and live with me here in this pleasant old house where my parents were so happy? Can you love me, and study for my sake, when we are married?—for if you can answer yes, to what I have said, with your whole heart, in three days you shall be my own sweet wife!"

The poor girl could not answer—she was perfectly overcome by the sensation of exquisite happiness that thrilled every nerve.

"Why do you weep so, Lida? Am I annoying you by these questions?"

"No—no," said the young girl, half lifting her eyes to his face, "it is not that! I am so surprised, so shocked—so very, very happy—" she broke off in confusion, turned her head away an instant, and then looked him earnestly in the face.

"You are sincere with me?" she said; "I half suspected that Miss Warner guessed how much—I mean how well I thought of you—and so was trying to punish me with false thoughts; but you, Mr. Gilbert, you could not have the heart to trifle with me so dreadfully—it would kill me, it would indeed!"

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Gilbert tried to look in the soft eyes, lifted so full of eloquence to his face, but he felt the hot blood rush up to his forehead, and answered hurriedly that he was most sincere, most earnest to make her his wife. He kissed her forehead as the words were uttered, and when she became suddenly conscious that they were alone in the house, and wished to leave it, he drew her arm respectfully through his, and conducting her to the hall, went in search of Miss Warner and her companion. They were in the garden, chatting in high spirits, and full of laughter at the success of their scheme.

"And how did you succeed? did she suspect? how did she act?" they exclaimed together, running eagerly toward him.

"As you predicted," replied the lawyer, with a grave smile; "your pleasant little hoax will be carried out three evenings from this."

"But I have just been thinking—who can we find that will play the minister?" exclaimed Miss Warner.

"Here is a dilemma!" chimed in the milliner.

"Not in the least," replied Gilbert; "I have thought of that already. My friend Morris, who graduated with me at Yale last year, is just the man. He looks as much like a parson as if bred to the cloth—I will ride to town in the morning, and let him into our frolic."

"There—now all is arranged. We must give her a wedding-dress, Gilbert, and that will console her for your loss," said Miss Warner.

They walked toward the house, and found Lida standing in the hall. She advanced to the milliner, as she came in.

"I am not well enough to work this afternoon—can I go home?"

"Oh, certainly! We cannot expect you to think of a trade now," said the milliner, casting a glance of sly ridicule at Miss Warner. "Mr. Gilbert, of course, will see you home."

The blood burned in Lida's cheek, but she answered, with quiet dignity, that she wished to see her mother alone.

"Then she is not out washing to-day?" inquired the milliner, with another covert look at Gilbert and his companion.

Lida could not understand the low malice of the question, so she answered quietly that her mother was at home, and left the party, when they went toward the milliner's work-room.

The next morning the washerwoman was at our house very early—she wished to consult with those who had been kind friends to her, regarding the strange proposal which her daughter had received. Mr. Gilbert had been at her house the night before, she said, and every thing was settled for a wedding on the next evening but one. Of course, no opinion could be given after affairs had gone so far; so consenting that "the children" might come to see Lida on her wedding day, our mother allowed the kind woman to depart without expressing any of the misgivings that beset her own mind.

Mr. Gilbert drove by our house during the afternoon, and took the New Haven road. The second day from that we were permitted to visit the washerwoman's house, behind Castle Rock.

It was a bright day, and the little house looked neat and cheerful as we approached it, through a foot path cut across a meadow, golden with buttercups and mottled lilies. Lida was gathering flowers from a little yard which surrounded the only door in her dwelling, and in a few moments we were busy as herself gathering daisies from the meadow, and wild honeysuckle from the rocks, which we brought down in armsful, and heaped on the door-step, ready for use.

Before sunset the widow's house might have been mistaken for a sylvan lodge, it was so fragrant with blossoms. The whole dwelling contained but three apartments, a kitchen and two small sleeping rooms; but these were as neat as human hands could make them. The pine floors and splint chairs were scoured white as it was possible for wood to become; the little old-fashioned looking glasses were crowned with asparagus branches, where the red berries hung thick and bright as coral drops along the delicate green spray; the scant window-curtains, of coarse but snow-white muslin, were festooned with wild blossoms and ground-pine woven together—while that in "the spare bed-room" was looped up by a single wreath of wild roses and sweet brier, which filled the window with a delicious fragrance. On the little table, in this apartment, stood a japan waiter, with a decanter of wine in the middle, surrounded by slender wine-glasses; and a fine napkin was spread over a loaf of cake close by. A dress of the purest muslin lay upon a counterpane of old-fashioned dimity, that covered the bed like a sheet of snow.

We stood by while the old woman arrayed her child for the bridal, and wondered why her hands should tremble so, and why the tears should fill our Lida's eyes so constantly, when she observed her mother's agitation.

It was scarcely dark when we saw a party of two ladies, and as many gentlemen, coming along the foot-path toward the house. The washerwoman closed the bed-room door, and went out to receive her guests, leaving us with the bride. How beautiful and pure she looked in the simple dress, that had exhausted all the money which her mother had hoarded for winter in the purchase. The black hair which she usually wore twisted in one heavy woof over her head, was now divided into three rich braids, and knotted together on one side, just back of the ear, by a single white rose. Another bud, with the blush leaves just bursting asunder, lay within the folds of sheer muslin that covered her bosom. When she placed it there, Lida's cheek grew pale, and her hands began to tremble, for that moment she heard Gilbert's step in the next room. It was instantly drowned by the voices of Miss Warner and the milliner, both in high and cheerful conversation. That sound only caused our friend to tremble the more. But when her mother came into the room, folded her in a kind embrace, and led her toward the young man, who came forward to receive her, a soft blush broke over her cheek, and her fingers

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wove themselves in his, confidingly, as if she had nothing to fear then, yet could not help trembling all the time.

"Be kind to my child," said the washerwoman, gently; "when I was married to her father, he was prosperous, happy, and proud as you are. He died, and left me in poverty. His child has never heard a harsh word beneath this humble roof—be gentle to her, as I have been."

The old woman sat down, and bending her head, began to smooth the folds of her faded silk dress, and thus she tried to conceal the tears that her own words had unlocked.

Gilbert did not answer, but his cheek turned a shade paler, and he bent his eyes almost sternly on the two females who had urged him into his present embarrassing position.

The young student arose. He had been wisely chosen by the plotters, for never was clerical dignity more thoroughly put on. He looked serious and earnest enough to have deceived more suspicious persons than Lida and her honest hearted mother. He pronounced the ceremony with impressive solemnity—so impressive that Miss Warner and her companion could hardly suppress their laughter at his successful acting.

The young couple sat down. Lida, pale, confused and trembling—but Gilbert sat motionless, and with his eyes bent steadfastly on the two females who were a little nearer the door. They were whispering together. Miss Warner seemed striving to suppress her inclination to mirth till the proper time, and a slight giggle now and then broke from the milliner at the exquisite success of their joke.

The washerwoman arose and brought forth the tray of cake and wine. Lida could not taste a drop, but she touched her lips to the glass, while Gilbert drained his to the bottom. The milliner was compelled to set her wine on a table, to conceal the laughter which shook her hand—while Miss Warner gracefully drank to the bride.

"And now," said the young lady, setting down her glass, and dusting the crumbs of cake from her white gloves, "as our amusement is over for the evening, we will return home, if you are ready, Mr. Gilbert."

Lida lifted her eyes almost in terror to the man whom she believed to be her husband, while the washerwoman arose from her seat and looked Miss Warner keenly in the face.

"You need not look at me so voraciously, good woman," said the unfeeling girl; "if I have lent Mr. Gilbert to Miss Lida here, it was for our mutual amusement; but play cannot last forever, and as it is getting dark, we must go home again."

"Very much delighted with our little party," chimed in Miss Smith; "if you ever get up a wedding *in earnest*, this would be a delicate pattern. I trust the bride will not feel so much exalted that she cannot come to her work in the morning."

The washerwoman was deadly pale—she lifted her hand as if to enforce silence on the flippant mockery with which she was insulted, and stepping a pace foward, was about to address the man who had violated the peace of her home—but Lida had risen to her feet, and in trying to reach her mother, staggered, and would have fallen, but Gilbert reached forth his arm, and drawing her to his bosom, kissed her forehead and her pale lips, while he trembled from head to foot.

"What means this?" exclaimed Miss Warner, grasping his arm in passionate amazement; "what means this, in my presence, sir?"

"It means," said Gilbert, who lifted his head, and looked firmly around, "it means that she is my wife, my own beloved and wedded wife, before God and in the sight of man! Weak, wicked girl—did you believe me so base—so utterly devoid of all manhood, that I could lend myself to a plot so atrocious? I loved you, Louisa—at least, I thought so—and when I was flung into the dangerous society of a creature so good and lovely as this young girl, who is my wife, I felt that your fears were well founded, that my allegiance to yourself was in danger. I consented, as an honorable man should, to see her no more. You were not satisfied with this submission to a just demand—but would have made me a villain—and after that would have married the dastard for the sake of *his property and the homestead!*"

Before the last words were fairly uttered, Miss Warner had dropped to the floor in violent hysterics, and some two hours after she undertook rather an unpleasant walk home through the damp grass, between the crest-fallen milliner, and the young clergyman.

The next day she had the satisfaction of seeing Gilbert drive toward the homestead in a barouche which had been purchased for another occasion, and in the back seat was the washerwoman, in a new straw bonnet and that identical red cloak—by her side sat our Lida, looking as pretty as a snow-drop, a sight which made the village aristocrat rather out of conceit with the "mock marriage;" but we were perfectly satisfied—true, we were obliged to look out for new help—but the homestead gained a capital housekeeper in the washerwoman, and the most lovely, joyous, and warm-hearted little mistress you ever saw, when it received "our Lida."

TO A WINTER-ROSE, THE GIFT OF MISS ——.

BY GEORGE HILL.

Rose, nursling of a sun before
Whose chill slant ray the summer flies,
One blast from wintry skies swept o'er
Thy frail form and it perishes.

But, as thy sweets unshed remain
When life and bloom together part,
So dwells within my breast and brain
The thought of her whose gift thou art.

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THE LORD OF THE MANOR,

OR THE TIMES OF THE LAST OF THE STEWARTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BROTHERS," "CROMWELL," ETC.

(Concluded from page 73.)

But, was it indeed Rose, on whom, as Hunter had insinuated, Sir Edward Hale turned that quick glance, which had so nearly cost him a heavy fall from his horse? Reader, it was—for like most youths of hot, impetuous dispositions, he was a passionate admirer of female beauty, and Rose's loveliness was, indeed, of so high an order, that it might well have attracted the eyes of a colder and far less inflammable nature. She was, indeed, in face and figure, a paragon, more fitted for the sphere of courts, than for the simple and somewhat hard realities of a plain country life. Her beauty was not the mere animal beauty, consisting chiefly in fresh coloring and vigorous health, which marks so frequently the country maiden—it was of a far higher and more delicate order. Had she been robed in unison, she might have moved, her birth and rank unquestioned, among the most magnificent array of England's aristocracy—for she was very tall, and, though her swelling bust and ample shoulders and all her lower limbs were exquisitely rounded and developed to the most voluptuous symmetry, her waist was small and tapering, and the whole contour of her person slender and graceful. Her arms were rounded ivory—her hands, small, delicate and fair, as if they had been little used to any hard or menial labor—her ancles trim and shapely, and her feet singularly little for so full formed and tall a figure. Her face, however, was yet more striking than her person—it was that of a clear brunette, with but the palest flush of the most delicate rose, tinging the lustrous darkness of her cheek—her features approached nearly to the classic model, but there was a trifling upward inclination in the outlines of the well shaped thin nose, which added a charm of archness that regularity too often will be found to lack—her pouting lips were, if such a thing can be, almost too deeply crimson; for to nothing that exists of warm and soft and sentient, could the hue of that balmy mouth be possibly compared. It was the eyes, however, the large deep lustrous eyes of the darkest hazel, that caught most suddenly the observation of all who looked upon her, if it were but for a passing moment—there was an indescribable fascination in those eyes, an inexplicable mixture of wild out-flashing light, and soft voluptuous languor, half amorous, half melancholy, such as is rarely, indeed, seen at all, and never but in orbs of that clear translucent brown, that is so far more beautiful than the dull bead-like black, or the more shallow glitter of the blue. Her hair of a dark sunny brown, shining with many an auburn gloss where the light fell strong upon its heavy masses, was singularly and luxuriantly abundant; falling off on each side of her high polished forehead in a maze of thick clustering ringlets, and flowing down her neck and over her sloping shoulders, in large and natural curls. The dress of this fair girl was simple as it could be, yet, perhaps, no magnificence of garb would have so well displayed her wondrous charms, as that undecorated garment. A low necked frock of plain white muslin, sitting quite close to her bust and slender waist, with tight sleeves reaching to the elbow, and terminating there in ample plaited ruffles, and a long flowing skirt—a little cottage bonnet of home-made straw, with a pink ribbon to match her silken neckkerchief and sash, a cluster of violets in the bosom of her frock, and a nosegay in her hand, the gift—much prized that morning—of the now half rejected lover. Such was the choicest finery of the village belle; and, as I have already said, it would have been hard, indeed, to deck her comely person in any thing that could have displayed her beauties with more advantage. Those were the days, in courts, of whalebone stomachers and hoops five fathoms in circumference, of stiff brocaded stuffs, and powdered head-dresses, of art, and most ungraceful art, against any touch of nature; grace and simplicity were discarded, and every native movement, so beautiful in its natural ease, was hampered and confined by every species of ligature and bandage that the most depraved and artificial taste could by any means imagine or suggest. What wonder then that Edward Hale, a passionate admirer as he was of female beauty, accustomed only to the stiff airs and affected *minauderies* of starched fine ladies, should have been momentarily struck by the natural and simple loveliness of that fair being, whose every movement was full of poetry, and instinct with easy life. What wonder that, when he crossed the hill and lost sight of the gay concourse, he should have called the keeper up to his side and asked him quite abruptly—"Tell me, Mark Eversly," for the ill-looking guardian of the chase was in truth

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son of the good steward, "tell me," he said, not without a slight shade of embarrassment appearing in his manner, "who was that fine old silver-headed farmer who stood close to me on the left-hand side, when my horse reared so suddenly? There stood a tall young fellow by his elbow with a quarter-staff—Frank Hunter, I believe, if I have not forgotten more than I think have—I used to ferret rabbits with him, if it is the same, many a year ago in the Monks' coppice. But who was the old farmer, Mark? I can't remember him."

"Oh, that was Master Castleton, I think, Sir Edward," answered the fellow, with a cunning grin, clearly perceiving the drift of his master's question; "there was a very pretty lass upon his arm, was n't there, sir?"

The hot blood rushed to the brow—the ingenuous brow—of the young gentleman; and vexed at the bare idea that his thoughts should be read, his secret penetrated by a menial, he answered hastily, "Was there? I did not notice; I hardly think there was, though, for I suppose I should have observed her if there had—seeing I am a great admirer of pretty faces."

"I'm sure that you'd admire Rose's," answered the wily keeper, "for it's the prettiest eye, and the handsomest face, too, in all the village; and then her shape is not behind her face neither. But I'm a thinking it could n't have been Master Castleton, else, as you say, you must have noticed Rose. It might have been old Andrew Bell, or Simon Carter, or John Hall—they were all gathered thereabout; and they are all gray-headed men, too."

"No, no!" replied the landlord, "it was not any one of these; I recollect *them* all right well. It must have been old Castleton; what did you call him?—Harry?"

"No! James, so please your honor; but I don't think it could have been him anyhow, Sir Edward, least ways I don't see how you could have missed observing Rose; why bless you, she is the beauty of the village; there is not a girl like her for twenty miles around. I don't believe, Sir Edward, you ever saw a handsomer in London."

"Well, now I think on it, I believe there was a girl—a very tall girl—on his arm, dressed all in white, was she? but Oliver reared up just then, and that prevented me from taking notice, I suppose. What is she? daughter to old Castleton?"

"Yes, sir; and troth-plighted to that Frank Hunter, d—n him; but I don't reckon much of that—for she's an arrant jilt, is pretty Rose. Why she kept company with me, Sir Edward, six months and better, and then flew off as if she was meat for a king, when I asked her to be my wife. I warrant me, she'd fly from Frank there just as sudden, so be she could 'light on a higher or a richer sweetheart."

"Well, well!" said Hale, half angrily, perhaps, at feeling that his servant was tampering with thoughts that were even then, though faintly and uncertainly, at work in his own bosom, and not being yet prepared to be hurried on his way—"Well, all that's nothing to me, Mark; but why did you damn the young fellow, Eversly? He used to be as fine a lad as any in the country; and if he did win your sweetheart, I dare say that he won her fairly. You should not bear a grudge, man; all goes by luck in love and liking."

"Oh, it 's not that, Sir Edward, it is not that at all. I would not have the girl now if I could; I'm very glad he took her off my hands, and grateful to him for it. I would not have her now, I'm sure, unless it was for a mistress—and that she is not like to be for a poor fellow, whatever she might for a born gentleman. It is not that at all that made me damn him—but, bless you, he's the biggest poacher in the country."

"Ha! is he—is he? that's bad; we must see to that. Have you got any proof against him?"

"Not clear—not clear, Sir Edward; but I keep a tight watch on him always, and I'll be nabbing him, I warrant me, one of these times."

"Do so—do so!" returned the other, forming, almost unconsciously, a secret feeling of dislike to the young man who was known as the accepted suitor of Rose Castleton. "Do so; and if we can catch him tripping badly, we can send him across the seas; and then you can get the pretty Rose, you know."

"Oh, I don't want her, sir, not I," returned the keeper. "I would not marry her at all, unless I was to be well paid for it; and then I'd marry the foul fiend if need were."

"Fie! fie, Mark!" answered Hale, "don't talk in that manner, I beg of you. But tell me, where does old Castleton live now? Your father was saying something to me about his lease, I think, this morning. It has run out, I fancy, and he wants it renewed."

"Yes, yes, Sir Edward," the other interrupted, eagerly, "it *has* run out, and he does want it renewed. But then, Sir Edward, it's the home-farm, like, between Monks' coppice and Raywood; and the spring-brook trout-pond lies in the very middle of it—all the best ground for game in the whole manor, and the best water, too, for fishing. Now I've been thinking that it will make bad work if Hunter marries Rose, and Castleton gets a new lease. Why, bless you, sir, Frank would not leave a feather in the woods, or a fin in the waters, after he'd lived in the home-farm a fortnight; beside, the kennels lie so handy, it always seemed to me the keeper should live there. I was a going to speak to you about that myself. I should like well to rent it; and my two brothers could look after it, so that I would not be kept from my duties neither."

"I'm afraid, Mark, that can't well be; for you see, I promised not to remove any tenant; and beside, old Castleton lived there under my grandfather, if I remember rightly, and has been a good tenant, too. But I wont forget you, Mark—never fear, for I wont forget you. But now we must make haste, or we'll be late at Barnsley;" and with the words he again put spurs to his horse, and rode on as fast as he could gallop, until he reached the little post town, where he drew bridle at the door of the neat country inn, and called aloud to the hostler, who was running across the court-yard toward him, asking

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whether "Lord Henry St. Maur and Captain Spencer had arrived from London." But before the man had time to answer, a loud burst of laughter from within replied, and then a gay voice cried,

"Here we are, Ned—here we are, and have been these two hours. Come in—come in here, quick, man, or that rogue, Percy Harbottle, will finish the cool tankard before you get a taste of it. Our horses will be ready in a minute—come, make haste; you must be athirst this hot day!"

Edward Hale leaped down at the jovial summons, and flinging his rein to the keeper, ran up the steps, and entered the small clean parlor to the left of the entrance, where he found his three friends—gay youths, dressed in the height of fashion, employed in circulating rapidly a mighty silver flagon, filled with the generous compound of ale and sherry, with toast, and store of spices. For a few minutes the young men conversed merrily and gaily of fifty trivial incidents which had occurred since their last meeting; and light jokes called forth lighter laughter, as for the most part is the case, when the gay-hearted and the cheerful, over whose heads time has not shed a single sorrow, meet, after passing absence. But, by and by, the tankard was exhausted; and the young comrades now began to lack some newer and brisker excitement.

"Come, come," cried Edward Hale, "let us get all of us to horse, and ride as quickly as we may back to the manor. There is a kind of merry-making of the villagers—a Mayday frolic on the green; and as it is my birth-day, too, I was obliged to promise the good people there that I would join their sports, and, what is more, to ask them all to dine with me, at noon, under a tent. I am afraid it will be but a tedious sort of merriment to you, my boys, after the gayeties of London. But we must make the best of it; and to make up for it, we'll sup at eight, when all is over, and try my father's choice old Burgundy."

"Ods life!" cried St. Maur, "there will be nothing tedious in it, so far as I'm concerned; for I doubt not you have store of pretty lasses here among your tenantry; and if we are to pass the summer here with you, you know we must look out for something in the shape of *bona robas* to while away the time before the shooting season."

"Well, well, Lord Harry, you shall see all of them, I promise," answered the baronet, with a quick, meaning smile; "but then it must be honor bright. You shall have every help from me in *your* amours, but then you must not interfere with *mine*, hey, St. Maur?"

"Hark to him—hark to him, Spencer! hark to him, Harbottle!" cried the young lord, laughing, "did you, in all your lives, did you ever hear such a Turk? Why he only came down here last night, for the first time these sixteen years, and the dog has cut out an intrigue already!"

"Oh, I do n't wonder at it—not I in the least," Spencer replied, "the fellow always had the eye of a hawk for a pretty wench, and the devil's own luck in winning them, too. Do n't you remember, Harbottle, how he tricked Neville out of his black-browed Julia, after two days' acquaintance, when Neville had been better than six months in bringing her to reason?"

"And Neville, such a lady-killer too!" lisped Harbottle; "but I suppose we had better promise him."

"To be sure—to be sure we had!" answered the others in a breath; "for if he has got the least start in the world with the girl, we have no more chance of her than the merest bumpkins in the country. So it 's a bargain, Hale," continued St. Maur; "you will give each of us the best of your countenance and assistance, provided we keep all due distance from your own dulcinea."

"A bargain!" answered the young baronet; and "A bargain! a bargain!" chimed in his gay, licentious comrades.

"And now, Sir Edward," inquired Spencer, gravely, after they had mounted, and galloped a few hundred yards from the inn door, "what is your wench's name, that we may have no mistakes here? and what does she look like?"

"Her name 's Rose Castleton," answered Sir Edward Hale, the hot blood rushing hurriedly to his brow and cheek, as he named her against whose peace and honor the wild words of his reckless and unprincipled companions had almost simultaneously matured his vague thoughts into violent designs. "Her name 's Rose Castleton; and she is like, simply, the most beautiful woman it ever was my luck to gaze upon. The finest and most voluptuous figure; the brightest and most sparkling face; the most luxuriant hair; the softest and most passionate eye; by Heaven, the loveliest girl I ever have yet looked upon were but a foil to her transcendant beauties. But let us hurry on our way, or we shall be too late."

No farther words were spoken; for, indeed, the fiery rate at which the cavaliers spurred on toward the manor precluded any conversation—the thick clang of their hoofs on the country road drowning all words pitched in tones lower than a shout. It was not long, however, before the headlong pace at which they rode brought them to the summit of the hill commanding the scene which has been heretofore described; and so extraordinary was the beauty of that scene that the three guests of the young lord of the manor pulled up, as it were by a common impulse, their hot horses, and uttered a simultaneous expression of surprise and admiration.

"Is that your place? By Heaven! you are a luckier fellow than I fancied, Ned."

"Give us your hand, old boy; long may you live to enjoy this fair manor!"

"By the Lord! what a lovely picture. A Poussin in the distance, and a Teniers' merry-making in the foreground."

"It is a fine old place," Hale answered, gratified much by the pleasure of his college-mates; "but come along, and you shall see the deity whom I propose to enshrine in the temple."

And, with the words, he again touched his horse with the spur and galloped lightly down the slope, and across the greensward of the common, toward a

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large and gayly decorated tent, with several flags and streamers fluttering in the summer air above it, which had been erected during his temporary absence at a short distance from the May-pole. About the entrance of this grand marquee a dozen or more of Sir Edward's servitors were clustered, and flinging his rein to the foremost of them, as he alighted, he bade the others look to the horses of his friends, and lead them to the stables of the manor. Loud rang the plaudits of the tenantry as the young master of their destinies, accompanied by his distinguished-looking friends—for they were all finely made and handsome men, superbly dressed in the rich mode of the day, with gold embroideries and rich lace, and fluttering shoulder-knots, and waving feathers—walked through the merry throng; now pausing for a moment to shake hands with some sturdy yeoman whom he remembered as his playfellow of yore; now listening to the tedious—but not for that insincere or unwelcome—gratulations of some hoary-headed farmer; now giving brief directions to his steward or serving-men concerning the ale buts to be broached, and the ox to be roasted whole by noon; now chucking some bright-cheeked demure-looking damsel under the chin with a light laugh; till all pronounced him the most affable and kind-hearted landlord in the county, and augured years of peace and comfort under his patriarchal sway.

But it was acting all—sheer acting—natural acting, indeed, and such as might have imposed on the shrewdest judge of human nature, and for this reason—that Edward but enacted at that time what would have been his own instinctive, natural conduct at another, had his mind been at ease and his thoughts disengaged; and even while he was thus acting, he was almost if not entirely unconscious of the fact; for he was not a hypocrite—not even a dissembler—and though full many a gay licentious vice might have been laid with justice to his charge, he never had committed any serious or premeditated wrong—was not a hardened or habitual sinner. But now all the worse portions of his nature were aroused within him. Voluptuous by nature, and not, perhaps, disinclined to sensuality, his attention had been struck by the singular beauty of Rose Castleton, and a keen although vague desire of possessing her had occupied his mind for the moment. A little thought, however, had quickly brought him back to his better senses, and while he was thus fluctuating between the influences of his good and evil genii, a single admonition from a wise and sincere friend had drawn the black drop from his heart; but in the place of the sage adviser Edward had met the tempter. The question which he had asked of his ill-disposed gamekeeper, in curiosity and from the want of any other interesting topic, had been so answered by that artful man as to inflame the nascent passions of his master, and by creating a doubt of Rose's purity to palliate to his mind the offence which he soon began to meditate against her. Twofold was the design of Eversly; first, and most prominent, by basely pandering to the evil qualities of the young baronet, to gain such an ascendancy over his mind as might contribute to his own advancement—second, to wreak his vengeance on a girl who had rejected his addresses, and on the man who had won the love of her whom he once courted. With his heart burning yet at the hints and instigations of that bad servant, he had been thrown into the whirl and vortex of licentious merriment which characterized the conversation of his companions, and there his passions were excited, his dormant vanity aroused, till he had worked himself into a resolute determination to make Rose Castleton his victim and his mistress. It was on this account that he walked with an absent mind among his shouting peasantry, uneasy that he could not discover the object of his burning passion, unwilling to inquire her whereabouts, lest he should prematurely wake suspicion.

Suddenly, as he passed the May-pole and neared the hawthorn bush and pastoral throne beneath it, his glad eye fell upon the rustic beauty. She had been chosen Queen of the May, and sat on high, surrounded by the prettiest of the village maidens, upon the grassy seat—her bright eye sparkling even more brightly than its wont with gratified ambition—her dark cheek flushed with the quick lustre of successful vanity. A crown of gorgeous flowers had now supplanted the meek cottage bonnet, and many a dewy bud was mingled with her long curled tresses; the modest kerchief that had veiled her falling shoulders and fair neck was gone, and insufficiently replaced by a gay wreath which crossed her bosom, like a baldric, and twined around her waist; a tall white lily, meet sceptre for so beautiful a queen, graced her right hand, as with young, artless mirth she issued her commands to the blithe crowd around her. Why does her cheek so suddenly turn pale—why flush to so hot crimson? Alas! poor maid! her eye met Edward Hale's, as he drew nigh, and noted the strong passionate expression of delighted admiration which it had noted once before. And yet she loved Frank Hunter—ardently, truly loved him! And yet—and yet—oh woman! woman! well said the great Magician of the North, noting thy changeful mood, well did he paint thee

> "In our hours of ease,
> Fantastic, wayward, hard to please."

Well wrote the Roman bard, himself no mean judge of thy quick, capricious humor, well wrote he

> "Varium et mutabile semper
> Femina—"

For thou, Rose Castleton, loving, most truly and most singly loving, Frank Hunter, and caring nothing for Sir Edward, all for a poor brief triumph of thy sex's passion, and therewithal to punish Frank for his short jealous fit that morning, didst meet the eye of the young baronet with that half bold, half bashful glance of thine—half innocent, half conscious, that made him fancy thee half won already, made him strain every nerve to win thee. Fair face, and graceful form, and eloquence so warm and wily as never peasant maiden listened to without dread peril, and rare skill in the mazes of the dance, and sumptuous garb, and dignity and rank—beware! beware!

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Rose Castleton. All day he danced with her upon the green, his gay companions selecting for their partners the prettiest four of her attendant nymphs, and, like Sir Edward, monopolizing them the live-long day—and at the noonday feast she sat beside him, her little heart high fluttering with vanity, and pleasure, and ambition. She had listened to his vows of love, how delicately syllabled to her fond ear—his arm had been about her waist—his lips had snatched a kiss before they parted—and she had promised, too—promised to meet him in the Monks' coppice ere the moon set that evening—and yet, weak fool! she dreamed she did no wrong, and laid the flattering unction to her soul, that she would forgive Frank soon; when she had made him soundly jealous. Beware! Rose Castleton, beware! Heaven succor thee, or thou art but a lost one!

The lighted hall succeeded—the sumptuous supper, the rich Burgundy, the mirth, the revelry, the *boasting*. The hour drew nigh for his appointment; and easily excused, Sir Edward went his way to the lone coppice. That night, although they revelled long and late, his friends saw nothing of their host, and when—two hours past midnight—they adjourned, they learned that he had been abed these three hours.

"Why this," cried Henry St. Maur, as they met at breakfast, "this is the very insolence of conquest—was not the lovely Rose worth even an hour's attention?"

"Tush!" answered Edward Hale, with a sharp voice and moody brow, "tush! she came not to the appointment—they would not let her come—and her old dotard of a father has been here these three hours ago, begging my sanction for her marriage with Frank Hunter on to-morrow morning, lest scandal come of her dancing with a gallant such as I. By all the powers of hell! she is lost to me altogether."

"Nonsense, man—nonsense!" interrupted Spencer, "we will arrange it *for* you in a twinkling—only it will not do that you be seen in it. My ship lies on the coast, not fifteen miles from Barnsley; I'll ride across and get a press-gang up, and lay this Master Hunter by the heels, if we can only lure him out of doors to-night—and Harry St. Maur must have a carriage ready at midnight, somewhere by the park wall, and must break into the girl's chamber and carry her off for you. The only difficulty that I see, will be to get Frank Hunter out of doors at night, for we must do that part of the business quietly."

"There is no difficulty in that," said Sir Edward, his face brightening up in a moment; "Hunter was here with the old man, and told me he should ride to Stapleford this afternoon on business, and return home ere midnight by the coppice road—Mark Eversley will show *you* where to lay in ambush; and he will show you, St. Maur, where the girl lives—he is a trusty knave, and will keep counsel—by Heaven! this is well thought of. I will go straight away, and feign some business summoning me to London, and will ride on with Spencer as far as to the inn at Barnsley—there I will tarry until all is over, and meeting St. Maur at the cross-road on the London turnpike by the old battle pillar, enact the rescuer of the girl, and carry her off to the coast, or any where until the scandal shall blow over—she is right willing, I am certain. Good friends—by Heaven! you are good friends to me!"

In a few minutes, Eversley was called in to council, and the dark plot was laid, and all made ready—and Spencer and Sir Edward rode away for Barnsley, leaving Lord Henry St. Maur and Percy Harbottle behind them at the manor, to finish the arrangements of the night.

The night was far advanced, and in all respects suited to the purposes of the conspirators. It had been a dim, gray, misty evening, with every now and then a violent burst of cold and wintry rain; the wind howled fearfully about the tree tops and the chimneys of the manor, and it was withal so black and dark that before midnight a man could not have seen his hand a yard before his face. Twelve o'clock was already striking, and all things were prepared for action—a carriage, one of the lightest of the ponderous vehicles of that day, with four strong horses harnessed to it, stood in a hollow way close to the postern gate in the park wall, sheltered from observation by a dense screen of overhanging coppice, ready to bear Rose off to London, so soon as she should be seized by the ruffians appointed for the task under the orders of Lord Henry St. Maur. Meantime, the gang of sailors, well armed with bludgeons, pistols and cutlasses, lay hid in the dark Monks' wood coppice, with Captain Spencer and his first lieutenant, who had been summoned for the purpose from the frigate at Portsdown; and at a small hedge ale-house, scarcely a mile distant, a light taxed cart, with two swift horses attached to it, tandem fashion, was in waiting to bear the captured yeoman to his floating prison.

The times had been calculated closely, and all so far had gone successfully. Frank Hunter was even now jogging home, as the press-gang had anticipated, with a full purse and happy heart, from the distant market; and now Lord Henry, with his ruffians, was actually planting firm the ladder against the chamber window of the innocent girl, who slept, all unsuspicious and unconscious, the calm soft sleep of modesty and youthful happiness.

Sir Edward Hale, however, who, as it had been previously arranged, was to be absent from the spot, that no suspicion should rest on his fair fame as having been connected with either of these outrages—Sir Edward was ill at ease and anxious—he was too young in evil—he had too much of actual goodness in his composition—was too unhardened in the road of sin—not to feel many a twinge of conscience, many a keen compunctious visitation. He, too, was now in action—he had already supped at the small market town, where he had met his evil counsellors only three days before, and was now mounted and riding onward rapidly toward the point on the great London road, where, at some three hours later, he was to meet the carriage bearing his destined mistress from her terrified and grieving family. He had, as we have said already, felt full many a prick

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of conscience, full many a touch of half repentant sorrow, but still, whenever he made up his mind, as he did many times that night, a dread—that false dread which so often drives frail men to crime and sorrow—the dread of the mockery and laughter of his more hardened comrades prevailed, and hindered him from turning his head homeward, and stopping those base outrages. Still, though he dared not halt in the career of sin, (though he felt that he could not, even though he would, repent,) he was sad, moody and reluctant, and he rode onward slowly, guiding his horse with an irresolute and feeble hand through the blind darkness. He was now eight or nine miles only distant from the bridge which had been fixed upon as the spot where he was to overtake the carriage, and enact the part of Rose's rescuer from St. Maur and his myrmidons—and was just in the act of crossing the road which led from the market town, whence Hunter was returning, past the Monks' coppice, where the press-gang was patiently awaiting the young yeoman. The London road, after it crossed the narrow track in question, mounted the brow of a short bold hill, and dived at once into a deep and shadowy dingle, with a large brook, which had been swollen by that night's rain into a wild and foamy torrent, threading the bottom of the dell. The brook, which lay deep between rocky banks, was spanned at this place by a rude wooden bridge, which had, for some time past, been gradually falling into ruin, and scarce two hours before the time of which we write, the whole of the weak fabric had been swept away by the swollen torrent. At the cross-road, the youthful baronet paused even longer than before, and doubted—yes, greatly doubted, whether he should not alter even now his purpose; but as he did so, the distant clatter of a hoof came down the horse-road from the direction of the town, and instantly suspecting that the traveler could be no other than Frank Hunter, he dashed his spurs into his horse's side, and galloped furiously across the hill, and down the steep descent toward the yawning chasm, fearful of being seen under the circumstances by the man to whom he was engaged in plotting so fearful an injury. Down the steep track he drove—furiously—headlong—spurring his noble hunter—On! on! as if he were careering in full flight—flight from that fearful fury—a self-tormenting conscience—which, to borrow the glowing image of the Latin lyrist—"Climbs to the deck of the brazen galley, and mounts on the croup of the flying horseman!" On! he came on!—now he is on the brink of the dread precipice—one other bound would have precipitated horse and man together into the dark abysm—but the horse bounded not—he saw almost too late the frightful space, and stood with his feet rooted to the verge, stock still, even as a sculptured image—stock still from his furious gallop, even at the chasm's brink. Headlong was Edward Hale launched by the shock into the wheeling stream, and well was it for him that the stream was so wildly flooded, for had he fallen on the rocks he had been dashed to atoms. Deep! deep! he sunk into the wheeling stream—but he rose instantly to the surface, and struck out lightly for his life, for he was both a bold and active swimmer. At the same instant he shouted loudly—wildly—so as no man can shout who is not in such desperate extremity—again—and again, for succor. Just at this moment the moon came out bright from the scattering clouds, and showed him all the perils of his state, but showed him no way to escape them—so steeply did the rocks tower above his head, so wildly did the torrent whirl him upon its mad and foaming waters. Again he shouted—and again—and once he thought his shout was answered—fainter he waxed and fainter—he sunk—rose—sunk and rose again—a deadlier and more desperate struggle—a wilder yell for help—and the water rushed into his mouth, and a flash glanced across his eyes, and he floated helplessly, hopelessly down the gulf, when a strong arm seized hold of him and dragged him to the bank, for he had drifted through the gorge, and the stream flowed here through low and level meadows. A little space he lay there senseless, and then by the kind and attentive energies of his rescuer, he was brought back to life, and his first glance, as his soul returned to him, fell on the frank face of the man who had preserved him—that man Frank Hunter! All Edward Hale's best feelings rushed back in a flood upon him—he started to his knee.

"I thank thee," he cried fervently, "with all my soul I thank thee—mighty, all-mighty Lord, that thou hast saved me—not from death alone—but from this deadly sin!"

And seeing Hunter's hand, he poured into his half incredulous and all bewildered ear, the story—the confession of his dark, meditated crime.

"But there is time—there is yet time," he cried; "the horses—where are the horses?"

"Here! here! Sir Edward," cried the stout yeoman; "I caught your hunter as I came along, and tied him with my hackney to this tree."

A moment, and they were both in the saddle, furiously spurring toward the place where we have seen the carriage. They reached it—reached it in time—reached it just as Rose Castleton, fainting betwixt surprise and terror, was thrust into it by the hand of Henry St. Maur.

"St. Maur!" cried Edward, "St. Maur, you are a villain—you forced me into this—but God be praised, who has given me grace to turn before more ill is done. Here, take her, Hunter—take her, I give her to you—take her—God bless you, and be happy!"

"Sir Edward Hale, you answer me for this, by Heaven!" cried St. Maur, furiously.

"When you will, my lord—when you will!"

"Now, then—now!" shouted St. Maur, unsheathing with the word his rapier. Sir Edward followed his example—their blades crossed instantly, but the young baronet fought only on the defensive. St. Maur thrust fiercely, furiously, madly—but he was too enraged to keep his wonted skill in fence, and at the third pass he fell headlong, breaking his small sword as he did so.

"Take your life—take your life, my lord, and mend it!"

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Sullenly, slowly the young nobleman arose, and shook the hilt of his broken blade at his victor.

"You will repent of this," he said, and disappeared in the swart darkness.

But Sir Edward Hale never did repent that hour—from that night never more had sin dominion over him. He lived, and married, and became the father of a family—happy among his happy tenants—and when he died, the country people mourned him as "The Good Lord of the Manor."

ADAM'S MONODY ON EVE.

BY REV. WALTER COLTON, U. S. N.

Mother of mortal being! matchless Eve!
Sole partner of this heart thy beauty blest,
More than for Eden's early loss I grieve
To close the earth above thy narrow rest:
What now to me earth, sky, or sparkling wave,
Or change of morn and eve, thou in the grave?

Forgive the frown which darkened on my brow
And fell on thy sweet face like an eclipse
When first the fatal fruit was plucked its bough
And turned to ashes on our pallid lips:
Thy thirst of knowledge triumphed o'er thy fears
And prompted crime, since canceled by thy tears.

When I remind me of the noontide hour
I first beheld thee near Euphrates' stream,
And led thee, sweetly blushing, to my bower,
The ills that we have felt appear a dream:
So warm and blest the memory of the time
When thou wert faultless, I without a crime.

How freshly on our slumbers broke the morn,
How sweet the music of the mountain stream,
How all things seemed of bliss and beauty born
And bounding into life with day's young beam:
Alas the sin that could such bliss forego
And fill an infant world with guilt and woe!

But mine the fault; for I stood silent by,
Nor sought dissuasion by a look or sign,
But, dazzled by the tempter's gorgeous lie,
That we should be than gods scarce less divine,
Assented, fell, and found, too late to save,
This virtue guilt—its only gift the grave.

But Eden lost, this heart still found in thee
A depth of love it else had never known;
As clings the vine to its sustaining tree,
When 'gainst its form the tempest's strength is thrown,
So thou, as each new care or sorrow prest,
The closer clung to this unshrinking breast.

The birds still sing to wake thee from thy rest,
The young gazelle still waits to greet thy glance,
The flowers still bloom thy early cares caressed,
Thy shallop's sails still in the sunbeams dance:
O that on these unheeding things were spread
The deep and tender thought that thou art dead.

But now to whom can my deep sorrows turn?
Where find in others' tears for mine relief?
I only live to dress thy gentle urn
And shrine thy virtues in a widowed grief,
Till near thy side I seek my native dust
And wait that signal trump which calls the just.

THE FORSAKEN.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

[It was a beautiful sentiment of one whom her lord proposed to put away—"Give me, then, back," said she, "that which I brought to you." And the man knew well, in his vulgar comprehension of wealth, how to return to her. "I thought not of fortune," said the lady; "give me back my rest, wealth—give me back my beauty and my youth—give me back the virginity of soul—give me back the cheerful mind, and the heart that had never been disappointed."—*Philosophy.*]

Think not for fortunes gifts I care,
Alas! what are they now to me,
But give me back youth's promise fair,
And every charm I brought to thee;
Give me again the many years
O'er which thy hand a blight has cast,
Give me the hopes unstained by fears,
Those glowing visions of the past.

Give me that freshness of the soul
That knew no doubt, that feared no ill,
That ne'er had bowed 'neath grief's control,
But fondly loved and trusted still,
And that deep fount of holy love
My heart has ever poured on thine.
Hadst thou a power earth's power above
Couldst thou restore what once was mine?

Couldst thou give back the cheerful mind,
As cloudless as the beams of day,
That ne'er 'mid cold neglect had pined,
Or viewed its fairest dreams decay?
Then tell me not of golden store!
Thy proffered gift how poor—how vain—
My real, my *only* wealth restore—
Give me my happy heart again.

Yet though thou send'st me forth, alone
To brave the cold world's heartless scorn,
Though every trace of love has flown
From her who is indeed forlorn,
I still will proudly bear the worst
That fate may hold in store for me;
It cannot bring a lot more curst
Than longer to abide with thee.

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THE FALL OF PALMYRA.

A GLANCE AT THE PAST.

BY MISS JANE T. LOMAX.

THE brilliant sun of an Eastern sky looked down in cloudless splendor on the thronged courts and magnificent palaces of the fair city of Palmyra. Men of every nation were there assembled; the proud Roman, the swarthy Egyptian, the stately Persian, and the polished Greek, mingled in the crowded streets. In a small and simply furnished apartment of one of the most majestic dwellings, sat a man scarcely past the early summer of life, and habited in a costume whose graceful simplicity was rarely seen among the luxurious nobles of the East. On a table made of dark and curiously wrought wood were scattered scrolls in various languages, and implements for writing, while an unfinished manuscript lay before the occupant of the studio. With the exception of a few couches and some antique statues, the room had no other furniture nor ornament, and presented a singular contrast in its unpretending decorations to the sumptuous chambers of many of the city's mansions. The occupant of this apartment was Longinus, the minister and secretary of Zenobia, the powerful queen of the East. As a writer and scholar, the minister's name had from his youth been an honored one; and as the favorite of his sovereign, he was the most influential among the multitude of courtiers. With an eccentricity which, whether the result of philosophical tastes, or worldly affectation, was at least wise in one seeking popularity with the crowd, Longinus shunned the splendid style of the nobility, and lived a life of peculiar severity. His palace, though magnificent in itself, was unadorned, except by ancient curiosities and learned volumes; and this singular freedom from luxury among a people with whom it was the alpha and omega of existence, gained him the reverence of the mass, and won the respect even of those whose habits he avoided, and on whose costly pleasures his own simple pursuits were a silent but eloquent sarcasm. Though still young, intense reflection and long devotion to study had given the author an air of meditation almost amounting to gloom; and the intellectual forehead, shaded by dark, waving hair, was already pressed with the signet of earnest thought. His face was not regularly handsome, but his smile changed the mournful expression of his features to winning softness; and his eyes were shadowy and lustrous as if they looked dreams. Possessing much of that high ambition which is at once the companion and the shadow of genius, Longinus spared neither time nor application in increasing his vast store of learning which even now was wonderful; and, except when fulfilling public duties, he rarely joined the pomp and gayety of the court. Fame was his idol, and more gracious to him than to many of her worshipers, she gave him the crown of celebrity so often sought in vain. The wish for distinction taught him to toil for the admiration of futurity; and like the god-given pillar of old, it was at the same time a column of light luring him onward, and a mass of cloud shutting out the temptations of the world. The scholar seemed now in an idle mood; and he carelessly put aside the illumined scroll he was reading, and threw himself on a couch. The hopes which gilded his life floated before him—visions of glory, long, bright day-dreams of a future, brilliant with the shining jewels of universal praise. He fancied the approbation to be bestowed by following ages, when the generation which first wreathed his deeds with laurel should have passed away. He pictured the homage of other lands, and the reverential wonder of those who, through the dust and dimness of the past, would hereafter trace out the records of his life. Perhaps, even in his wildest wishes, the dreamer could not portray the length of celebrity he was fated to gain; he little thought that when Zenobia's history should be far off, and indistinct as some fairy legend; when the very name of Palmyra should become a doubtful memory; and the sand-clouds of the desert have buried the last vestige of a mighty people, *his* fame would glitter still; and the unknown thousands of a new world would dwell on his greatness as a scholar, and ponder on the mighty mind whose works should live on, while monarchs died, and empires passed away to be forgotten. The knowledge of all this would have cheered many a moment of depression, and stolen from his path much of its roughness; but the veil which hides the doom of the lowly, falls alike over that of the lofty in wisdom; and the mist which shuts from *us* our coming joys and sorrows, clung also around the proud pyramid of that student's destiny.

The sound of approaching steps roused the visionary; and Longinus, unwilling to be seen indulging in such indolence, and with that regard to appearances which had gained many a high reputation, hastily took a volume from the table, and appeared absorbed in its pages. An attendant, in the garb of an Egyptian, entered the room, and presenting a roll of

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parchment, silently withdrew. A shade of anger flitted over the minister's countenance, as he glanced at the characters traced on the scroll.

"These Romans cannot forget old feuds!" he muttered; "each day brings new demands, and creates stronger jealousies; but we will crush them yet, and Palmyra shall not bear their yoke while Zenobia will be ruled by me!" And, as if resolved to banish thoughts which were unpleasant, he placed the manuscript in a secret drawer, and quitted the apartment.

Life is made up of contrasts and contradictions—the lofty and the lowly—the gifted and the simple—the brilliant with joy and the bowed down by sorrow—mingle, side by side, in the world. The sunshine that gladdens the palace, illumines the hovel; the stars that gaze on the splendors of royalty, look also on the wretchedness of the poor and lonely; and the sky spreading above *us*, is the same that watched over the wonders and miracles of old. The human heart, too, with all its changes, is yet the same, and beats now with the like passions and affections that throbbed in the bosoms of those whose names have come down to us through the darkness of antiquity. The stream of time that rushes onward to the ocean of eternity, glides at once by all the glory and all the misery of the earth; unvaried in itself, it alters all things; and the same billow that leaves a pearl on the sea-shore, sweeps away the flowers blooming on the banks.

CHAPTER II.

In a room widely different from the student's, and furnished with all the luxury of Eastern lands, reposed a maiden of proud stature, whose face was haughtily beautiful. She wore the purple drapery which distinguished the nobility of Zenobia's court, and the rich hue of her dress harmonized well with the style of features, which, though regular and classic, were too stern to be lovely. Her eyes were half closed, as she reclined on soft cushions, and listened to the low, ringing sound of her attendant's music.

"Cease those dull love ballads, I pray you," said the lady, in a languid tone of authority; "you are strangely fanciful to imagine such gloomy verses suit my taste. Lay aside your lute, Merea, ere you make me as sad as your songs."

The Persian girl silently obeyed, and then returned to her seat on a low ottoman at her mistress's feet.

"Tell me one of the stories of your land," continued the lady; "but I am weary to day, so let it be brief, and not too sorrowful."

After a moment's thought the Persian commenced her story, and her voice was deep and thrilling as the echo of a lover's farewell.

"Far away, beyond the blue mountains, is a valley where the roses are as fresh as young hopes, and the air is fraught with the fragrance of undying spring. The streams are brighter than liquid jewels, and the flowers that bend over them are sweeter than any that open here. The stars love to look on such beauty; and the birds that once find a resting there, never leave it for another. It is a spot of matchless loveliness, lady; and though I cannot picture it to you, its image is graven on my heart. In this fair valley was a happy home, where childhood's laugh mocked the murmuring of clear fountains; and the tender tones of love were more musical than the low whispers of the long grasses, as they tell their secrets to the summer wind. The bulbul's song was the night's unceasing melody; and the moon that shone on that peaceful dwelling was brighter than the one that looks on Palmyra——"

"Listen, Merea!" said the auditor, interrupting the description which, with tearful eyes, the Persian was giving, "listen! that is surely his step!" and as she spoke, the silk curtains were drawn aside, and Longinus entered. "I knew I could not be mistaken," said the lady, as she eagerly rose to welcome the visiter; "but you are later to-day than usual—why is it?"

"Because, even the dictates of the heart, sweet sister, must bend to those of duty," was the answer, as with his winning, eloquent smile Longinus returned her greeting. "I have little time now to spare from public duties, but that little, Beatrice, is always given to you."

"I do not doubt it," she replied, and her warm look of love lent her face an expression of high and earnest tenderness; "but you are pale and sad, my brother—tell me what is passing in the city to depress you thus?"

"My intelligence is gloomy, indeed," said Longinus, sadly; "the demands of Rome are ever increasing, and I this morning received tidings of an approaching army to subdue the queen. If war cannot be avoided, the city might be long defended, though there is slight prospect of our final success."

"The gulf of jealous hatred between Rome and Palmyra seems ever widening," said Beatrice; "who can foretell the ruin its waves may work."

"Nay, dear one, we must hope for the best," said the scholar, in a lighter tone; "but let us now forget the tumult around us, and be happy while we are together. Will you strike your lute, Beatrice, and drown sad thoughts in music?"

"Bring me a lute, Merea," said the lady, turning to the window, where, shaded by heavy drapery, the Persian girl was standing. Beatrice spoke in the cold, imperative manner she always assumed to her inferiors; and her countenance lost the sweet light of love which had welcomed her brother. With a step falling noiselessly on the Turkish carpet which covered the floor, the attendant brought the instrument, and Longinus, attracted by her wonderful loveliness, gazed at her with an earnestness that called to her cheek a tinge like the faint roseate hue of an ocean shell. The tears summoned up by the description of her childhood's home, yet glittered on her lashes; for the recollections of the young exile were always mournful, and memory to her was the Marah whose bitterness could never depart.

"I cannot tune this lute," said Beatrice, petulantly, as one of the wires broke; "take it, Merea, and string it better in future."

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Calmly replacing the wire, Merea again presented the instrument; but Beatrice, with the capriciousness which marked her character, now refused to play, and rudely rejected it.

"Since you will not cheer me with music, Beatrice," said Longinus, as he cast a glance of compassion on the meek attendant of so haughty a mistress, "at least let this maiden strike the chords."

"As you will," replied the lady, carelessly, "as you will; but the girl has wearied me so often with her love-sick ballads, that I would fain be spared a repetition of them now."

Again a vivid color flushed the Persian's cheek, and again it died away, as in her low, touching voice she said,

"I am grieved, lady, that my music should have wearied you; but I will remember hereafter, that to tell of love, and to gain it, are both denied me."

"Nay, Merea, Beatrice meant not what she said!" exclaimed Longinus, softened by the hopeless tone of the girl's reply; "do not believe her heart is chill as her words."

Merea made no answer, but her dark eyes were full of gratitude as they met the student's gaze of sympathy; and the time came when she deemed that look a recompense for the harshness she had borne for years. O, if there be a sorrow on this earth that breaks the spirit, that the lapse of days heals not; a sorrow that scars the soul it darkens, it is the wearisome lot of one, exiled from the home and the friends to which love clings closest, and living in that worst of solitude, the pining, yearning loneliness of the heart. Such a lot was Merea's; and sad enough were the dreams of home, and friends, and freedom, that came back as if in mockery; bitter, indeed, was the slave's remembrance of old ties, dear and broken—of old hopes, bright and blighted.

CHAPTER III.

The streets of the city were crowded with passengers of various nations, and on the countenances of all rested a look of care and anxiety. Groups of men met at the corners, and spoke together in low, mysterious whispers; while others, bolder, or less prudent, talked loudly of ending present suffering, even at a fearful cost. The few weeks which had passed since the scenes of the last chapter, had wrought mighty changes in Palmyra; and war, with its myriad hosts of evil, had descended like a tempest on the doomed people. The Roman army, under Aurelian himself, had gained a victory in the field, and was now besieging the city. For many days the immense force of the enemy had been fiercely and proudly resisted; but the defenders had become dispirited; famine threatened to prostrate their ranks; and their opposition, though still held out, was less unanimous, and each hour waxed fainter. The Romans dwelling within the walls fought neither for their countrymen nor their fellow-citizens, and though few in number, their wealth and rank gave them great influence over the lower order. Their counsels to surrender, which were at first vehemently rejected, now found calmer listeners; and the tumult of an impatient and divided populace was added to the horrors that hovered round Palmyra. Harassed by troubles on all sides, yet still aspiring and determined, the queen summoned Longinus to a final consultation regarding her future course. The minister's brow was shadowed, and his face was wan and care-worn as he entered the sovereign's palace. Proceeding through a long gallery, adorned with paintings and statues, Longinus reached the room where the queen awaited his coming. It was a large hall, paved in curious mosaic, with flat circular pebbles of various hues; and its vaulted ceiling was supported by Corinthian pillars of black marble, between which hung flowing crimson drapery, looped up with golden cords. A single immense arched casement, at the extremety of the apartment, and round windows of stained glass in the roof, admitted a mellow light, that fell brightest on the throne of crimson and gold where Zenobia was seated. Her costume was the imperial purple she delighted to wear; and as her conference with the minister was a private and informal one, she wore no crown. But even the anxiety of the sovereign could not banish the vanity of the woman; and though surrounded by danger, and threatened with treachery, Zenobia had not forgotten to deck her brow with gems. Her hair fell in long, glossy braids, and the rich colored light gleamed full on a face, the records of whose marvelous beauty have lasted for centuries. The minister's look of gloom was reflected in his companion's countenance, as she listened to his detail of rebellion and discontent among the people. But even while fearing that resistance would be vain, the student advised its continuance; and Zenobia resolved to follow a counsel suiting so well her own haughty pride. The terms which Aurelian had proposed she spurned with disdain; and, at her command, Longinus wrote that arrogant letter of defiance, which afterwards cost him so dear.

"We shall see how this will suit the conqueror's taste," she said, with a proud smile, as she read over the bold and lofty eloquence of the scholar's letter; "we will show these Romans that, with all their success, they have not learned to bend Zenobia's spirit."

But the counsellor's answer was not encouraging, for his hopes were faint; and as he returned to his home, the increased excitement of the populace told him the prospect of long resistance was fleeting rapidly.

The evening of that day closed without a cloud, and the full moon gleamed radiantly on the high minarets and majestic columns of the mighty city, while loftiest above a wilderness of palaces, rose the splendid dome of the magnificent Temple of the Sun. It was near midnight; the confused hum of human voices was hushed, and no sound was audible save the occasional clash of armor in the Roman ranks. The curtains of Beatrice's apartment were drawn aside, and she stood by a window that looked beyond the city walls. Before her, on one side, towered the mountains, which seemed to guard Palmyra, and be-

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low them spread the vast desert, now sprinkled with the snow-white tents of the besieging army. The lady's face lost its common air of sternness as she gazed—for Longinus' gloomy anticipations and faint hopes depressed her mind—and breathing one earnest prayer for her brother's safety, she retired to dream of a glory that never rose again on the fairest city of the East.

As soon as her mistress slept, Merea, wrapping a mantle around her, descended with noiseless steps to the street. No sound was now heard, and the long shadows rested on the marble pavement. Rapidly, but silently, the Persian traversed, one after another, the most splendid squares, till she reached a remote quarter, where the mansions were less noble and less numerous. Pausing at last before a low dwelling, consisting of a single apartment, and built of rough fragments of stone, the girl knocked gently on the closed door. It opened immediately, and Merea entered the cell of the famous Persian astrologer. A feeling of awe crept over her as she glanced at the mysterious instruments and various charms lying on the granite block that formed the magician's table. The astrologer was by birth a Persian, but a member of the Essene Philosophers—a Jewish sect, of singular opinions, and practicing great austerities. The old man's face was mild and benevolent; he wore the flowing white robe of his order, and his dwelling was destitute of luxuries, and even of comforts. Merea's cheeks grew pale as the door shut, and she found herself alone with the sage, whose strange deeds and miracles had long been the wonder of Palmyra.

"What wouldst thou, maiden?" said her companion, in a gentle tone; "Ask my aid without fear; it is given to all who seek it, and will not be refused one from my own land." But Merea was still silent, and her heart beat quicker as she listened. "It is of that land you would speak," the philosopher continued; "you would ask of a home long left, of friends far away; you would know if they love you yet."

"Father, you have said rightly," she answered, reassured by the kind tone of one she deemed apart from all sympathy with the world; "Oh, for a single look at my home to bring back the past!"

"Your wish shall be granted," said the magician; "gaze in this mirror, and tell me what is there."

A clear, golden light suddenly filled the room, and gradually leaving the rest of the apartment in deep shadow, was concentrated on a plate of polished steel, which gave the image of a fair scene. A dwelling, wreathed with the vines and flowers of a sunny land, stood beside a bright stream, and blossoms of every hue grew around. The sun looked on that valley with a brilliant eye, and the dimpled waters seemed smiling in sympathy.

"It is my own home!" said the girl, as her fascinated gaze rested on the picture, "the sweet spot I dreamed I should never see again."

"It is never well, maiden, to anticipate sorrow, for hope is the gift of Heaven. Would you see the faces you love as they shone on you last? Look again."

The scene changed. The mirror gave back a group of mourners, and one of them bowed in prayer.

"My mother!" said the gazer, and her eyes were dimmed with burning tears. Her companion paused till her passionate burst of grief passed away, and then said,

"View your home as it is now, maiden, and read the sad lesson of forgetfulnes, which sooner or later all must learn."

The lovely dwelling once more appeared, and smiling faces looked from its balcony; her mother was not there, but she saw the loved companions of other years. Their brows were glad, and their lips were smiling; she was not missed; her place at home was filled. Beside a fair girl, crowned with a garland of roses, a youth knelt with earnest and kindled eyes. Merea remembered him well—for even thus he once had knelt to her. With a shudder she turned away, as she murmured,

"I can look no longer—they have all forgotten me!"

"Merea," said the magician, "such is the destiny of all; the flower blooms, withers, and is gone; the star shines and falls—we miss them not. I tell you that ere many days have passed, the lot you mourn shall come even to this proud city, and hereafter the name of Palmyra shall mark only ruin and decay. Silence shall follow the strife of war; and the sand-billows of the desert shall roll above the loftiest towers that now rise here to heaven. Repine not that the fate of all the earth hath dawned so early on you. What matters it whether the leaf die by itself in the spring-time, or lives to be swept away by the autumn wind which bows the forest?"

Merea hesitated for a moment, and a slight color flushed her cheek as she said, falteringly,

"Father, in the book of wisdom which predicts the sorrow of this city, have you read the fate of Longinus?"

"He must die!" was the answer. "Alas, for Palmyra! The tempest hath gathered above her, and fearful will be its wrath."

"Once more, father," said the girl, "the cloud darkens before the lightning strikes; will there be no sign given to this people?"

"Is there a voice in the whirlwind to tell the ruin it will work?" replied the astrologer, "or does the oak listen to the warning of the storm? The proud are rarely wise. Merea, the wisdom that foretells and prepares, is the meed of the lowly—for humility is the perfection of our knowledge. Predictions have been given and mocked; signs shall be seen, yet heeded not. Mark you you bright star, whose lustre dims the orbs around it? while that star shines, Palmyra will not be lost. Ask no more, maiden, but return to thy gloomy dwelling. The harshness which has clouded it will soon be punished; and the haughtiness that has made thy lot so sad, will be laid low. Depart in peace, and my blessing be with thee."

He placed his hand on the young girl's head, and murmuring a farewell, she left him to his solitude.

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With rapid steps Merea retraced her way, and soon reached the apartment where Beatrice still slept. Raising the drapery of the window, the Persian looked on the Roman tents that stretched far out toward the moonlit desert. The astrologer's prophecies came back to her memory, and she anxiously sought the star whose radiance was now an omen. It shone still, and Merea murmured—

"Hope cannot yet be lost, or that light would gleam less brightly!"

And even as she spoke, the star fell from heaven!

CHAPTER IV.

The loud shouts of the crowd broke Beatrice's slumbers, and she looked on a scene of wild and startling confusion. A dense throng of men swept on to the gates of the city, and their weapons were thrown aside. Suddenly, strange stillness rested on the mass—it lasted but a moment—the next instant the ponderous gates were flung open by the populace, and, with a deafening peal of triumph, the Roman troops filled the streets. With mingled shame and sorrow, Longinus learned that Zenobia, overcome by fear, had deserted her people, and with only her immediate attendants, had fled from the city. Her escape he knew was impossible, for the enemy's vigilance could not long be eluded; and the proud soul of the scholar was crushed by a degradation so unexpected and so useless. The rage of the beseigers, on discovering the queen's departure, knew no bounds; parties were sent in pursuit, and Longinus, who was her acknowledged counsellor, was consigned to a dungeon. The sun went down that night on many changes; Zenobia, overtaken in her flight, was a captive in her own palace, and her favorite follower slept in a prisoner's cell.

The queen was alone in her splendid apartment, guarded by Roman soldiers, and with no trace remaining of her former fearlessness. She was weeping bitterly. All that she had lived to win was gone, and she looked back on her eventful career with the wildness of unavailing sorrow. She dwelt on the calm days spent in the Arab tent, which was her first home; she recalled the glory of her conquests, the splendor of her court, the faithfulness of her friends. These she had forsaken, and with the depth of her despair mingled the reproaches of her own conscience.

"Lady," said a low voice, near her—and roused by the sound, Zenobia saw a young girl kneeling before her; "can you forgive the boldness that brought me here?" continued the suppliant, "and grant me one boon?"

"You forget, maiden," said Zenobia, "that my power is gone. I cannot now bestow the simplest gift."

"I do *not* forget," returned Merea, "that Zenobia's wishes have never been denied. It is no personal advantage I would ask, lady; I sue for one whose arm has ever been the first to aid his queen, and whose mind has poured forth for her its mightiest treasures. He is a lonely captive, condemned to die. You can no longer command, lady, but will you not deign to ask as a favor the life of Longinus?"

"It is impossible, maiden," said the queen, sadly, while a tear glittered in her eye; "the request would not be granted were it made, and the condescension would be in vain. I also am a captive, and those who have shared my glory must bear my sorrow too."

"He has done both," returned Merea, warmly; "his only crime is zeal in your service. Oh, do not refuse to save him—remember his faithfulness, and let it plead for him."

"Thou art strangely earnest, maiden," said the sovereign, looking with surprise on the enthusiastic bearing of the girl; "thy garb bespeaks thee of a foreign clime—why hath the fate of Longinus such powerful interest with a stranger?"

"Lady," was the reply, "I am of another land; and here I have lived a life of slavery and grief. No word of softness greeted me, no look of kindness answered mine for long years. His pity was the first that brightened my weary exile; and slight and transient though it was, I would fain repay his sympathy. His claims on his queen cannot be forgotten, and they are above reward. Aurelian is gracious, and he would not deny thee the life of a friend."

"Again I tell you the request is impossible. I have confessed Longinus to have been the writer of the defiance which has so greatly incensed the Romans. They will not pardon that offence, and I cannot demand its forgiveness."

"Then your own acknowledgment has wrought his ruin!" exclaimed the Persian; "let him not die at the instigation of the mistress he has spent his whole existence to aid."

"Urge me no more," returned the sovereign, haughtily; "though conquered and a captive, I am still a queen, and Zenobia is not yet so fallen as to become a suppliant of Rome."

Silently Merea rose from her lowly posture, and after a long look at the proud face before her, she said, calmly—

"Then be it thus! I had deemed that gratitude was a virtue of the great, but I find it is felt only by the slave. The time may come, lady, when the memory of this vain prayer will be to you a sorrow, when you will mourn the empty pride that prompted the sacrifice of your most faithful counsellor. Believe me, not all your conquests, not all your splendor, can atone for this most base ingratitude. The name of Zenobia will hereafter be named with scornful pity, as one who lived only for herself, and was apart from those higher and holier impulses that are better than the glory of princes."

And ere Zenobia could reply, the curtains had closed on the Persian, and she was gone.

The light of morning broke dimly and faintly through the barred window of the minister's cell, and no sound from the busy world without entered the gloomy chamber, save when the heavy step of a

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sentinel passed the door, or a loud shout from the troops in the city announced another triumph.

A rough stone couch was the only furniture of the room, and on this Longinus was seated. He bore no fetters, for he had made no resistance to his fate, and Aurelian, with the generosity of a conqueror, had granted this last privilege to one whose fame extended through all the known world. The philosophy the student had so long inculcated in his writings supported him now; and on his intellectual forehead were no lines more mournful than those traced by a scholar's midnight vigils. But, perhaps, with all his resignation, the thoughts which contrasted his destiny with his hopes, were thoughts of bitterness. It was no common trial, to end thus a life devoted to honor, to have won by years of care and toil only a prisoner's cell and a rebel's death. And with these stern meditations blended soft memories of his youth, and tender dreams of a sweet face, too well beloved, and too early lost. Few dreams outlive so much of the world's strife, and shine so clearly to the last, as the sad, hallowed remembrance of first and blighted love. It brightens with the changes of time, it is the fairest vision of life, a gleam from the spirit world of old times, a spell recalling and concentrating all the pleasant memories that shine like gems in the dark, shadowy coronet worn by the past. There is religion in such chastened recollections, and their holy stillness was over the captive now. The harsh voice of the soldier who guarded the cell's entrance interrupted the student's reflections, and after a few moments the iron-studded door opened, and admitted a figure enveloped in a large mantle. The bolts were again drawn, and the stranger was left in the dungeon.

"Beatrice!" exclaimed Longinus, hastily approaching the visiter, as sudden hope brightened his eyes. The cloak fell from her form, and the scholar met—not the proud look of his sister—but the eloquent gaze of the Persian girl. Disappointed, he half turned away, and a quick flush mantled the maiden's cheek, as she said—

"It is from Beatrice I come; she has left Palmyra to attend the queen to Rome, and was forbidden to visit you. I bear you her last and sorrowful farewell."

The listener made no answer, but bowed his face on his hands. After a long pause, which Merea did not break, Longinus murmured—

"Then hope is indeed lost. Beatrice departed, and Zenobia gone, I have nothing to live for! My warmest thanks are due to you, maiden, for the kindness which has prompted you to remember one whom all the world hath forsaken; your reward will be bestowed hereafter."

"It is gained already in your gratitude," answered Merea; "but is there nought I can do to serve you?"

"Nothing, maiden, my lot is fixed!" was the reply.

"Will you charge me with no farewell words to friends you love? I will give them faithfully."

"I doubt it not, Merea; but my friends would value such tokens little, since even Zenobia has deserted me. I had rather be forgotten, than recollected with indifference."

His voice trembled, and he spoke with the sudden despair of one who had hitherto hoped unconsciously.

"Then farewell," said Merea, "since I cannot aid thee, though I would do it with my life! May peace rest with thee!"

"You have given it, Merea, by your gentle kindness," he answered, "and its blessing will be yours forever."

Merea pressed her lips to the hand he extended, and gave one earnest look at the proud, mournful face, so eloquent with thought. The next instant the iron door had closed on the Persian, and Longinus had parted with his last friend.

CHAPTER V.

Night descended darkly, and fraught with clouds on the devoted city. The clash of armor, and the confused sound of many voices, broke loudly on the midnight. Since Zenobia's departure for Rome, the tumult in Palmyra had increased, for Aurelian had accompanied the queen, and the troops left to guard the city were opposed by the populace whenever they attempted any act of authority. Conflict succeeded conflict in rapid succession, but at last, conquered, disarmed and broken spirited, the people submitted, and a calm brooded over the city, as treacherous as the stillness of the sea. Suddenly, from various quarters, rose bright, lurid flames, darting like fiery serpents upward to the sky. Faster and faster rushed this new foe to its victory; palaces of marble fell crashing in its path, and the wild agony of human despair made its music of triumph. Fear settled on every heart, and spirits that never yielded to mortal power shrunk trembling and aghast before the mighty conqueror. Prompted by one impulse of hope, a dense body of people, composed alike of Roman soldiers and their desperate opposers, fled toward the gates. To escape from the falling city was the only prospect of safety, and with the speed of dread the mass swept onward. A wild cry of horror burst from those who were foremost, and was sent back with frightful distinctness by the mountain echoes. The gates of the city were closed, and fastened on the outside; the sentinels that had guarded them lay dead, and the immense massive doors of iron which had resisted the Roman army for weeks, were now shut between them and their last hope! To scale the lofty walls was impossible, for all means facilitating such departure had been destroyed to prevent the escape of the populace. The fire, too, was rapidly spreading, and as the certainty of a fearful and inevitable fate sunk deep on each soul, every voice was hushed, and every eye turned horror-stricken, yet fascinated, on the glorious spectacle of the burning city. One after another, monuments, palaces and temples crumbled to dust; and at length, the flames reaching the walls, they also mingled their tottering mass with the overwhelming ocean of ruin. In the madness of desperation, many attempted to climb the smoking parapets, and perished in the attempt. A few only succeeded,

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and of these, the greater part, exhausted by the struggle, lived only to avoid one doom, and die by another.

The day was dawning—the last day that ever dawned on Palmyra as a city—when the band of wretched survivors gathered at a distance, to gaze on the destruction of their homes. The famous Temple of the Sun, whose splendor was the boast and pride of Zenobia, bore up longest against the victor, and a moan of sorrow burst from the lips of the spectators, as the lurid shroud enwrapped the gorgeous turrets which had reared their gilded summits so proudly to the skies. The magnificent building fell with a mighty crash, and the miserable pilgrims turned away in agony from the funeral pyre of all their hopes.

The morning's sun rose gloriously to light the wreck of the fairest city of the world, a city whose corner stone was laid by Solomon, and whose peerless beauty was the marvel of its age. No tales lingers now to tell of glory gone, and never since hath sunlight shone there, save on the dust and ashes that cover with their dark pall the mouldering relics of the might of Palmyra.

THE CROWDED STREET.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Let me move slowly through the street,
Filled with an ever-shifting train,
Amid the sound of steps that beat
The murmuring walks like autumn rain.

How fast the flitting figures come!
The mild, the fierce, the stony face;
Some bright with thoughtless smiles, and some
Where secret tears have left their trace.

They pass—to toil, to strife, to rest,
To halls in which the feast is spread,
To chambers where the funeral guest
In silence sits beside the dead.

And some to happy homes repair,
Where children, pressing cheek to cheek,
With mute caresses still declare
The tenderness they cannot speak.

And some, who walk in calmness here,
Shall shudder as they reach the door
Where one who made their dwelling dear,
Its flower, its light, is seen no more.

Youth, with pale cheek and slender frame,
And dreams of greatness in thine eye!
Goest thou to build an early name,
Or early in thy tasks to die?

Keen son of trade, with eager brow,
Who is now fluttering in thy snare?
Thy golden fortunes, tower they now,
Or melts the glittering shape in air?

Who of this crowd, to-night, shall tread
The dance till daylight gleams again?
Who sorrow o'er the untimely dead?
Who writhe, themselves, in mortal pain?

Some, famine-struck, shall think how long
The cold dark hours, how slow the light!
And some, who flaunt amid the throng,
Shall hide in dens of shame to-night.

Each, where his tasks or pleasures call,
They pass and heed each other not.
There is who heeds, who holds them all
In his large love and boundless thought.

These struggling tides of life that seem
In shifting, aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its predestined end.

WORDSWORTH.

Poet of the lofty brow! far-sighted seer!
Whose gifted eye on mountain peak and plain,
The eternal heavens and never-sleeping main,
Mysterious writings saw and read with fear!
In the deep silence of the night thine ear
Heard from the earth a "still, sad music" rise,
Nor less the anthem caught that midnight skies
Pour through the soul from each rejoicing sphere;
But most thou lov'st, with solemn steps, to take
Down through the awful chambers of the soul
Thy dreadful way, and hear the billows roll
Of that deep ocean whose far thunders break
Upon the everlasting shores, and wake
Echos that wiser make whom they control.

Thy song sublime, the tinkling charm disdains,
And painted trappings of the gaudy muse,
And in such dress as Truth and Nature use
Majestic mounts in high Miltonic strains,
And pours its strength along the ethereal plains,
Solemn and grand as when the hills reply
To the full chorus of a stormy sky,
Or ocean round his rock-bound shores complains;
Yet not the highest heaven amid the "quire
Of shouting angels and the empyreal thrones,"
Nor lowest Erebus, nor Chaos old,
Thy chiefest haunt: but, with sublimer tones,
Through the dark caverns of the mind are rolled
The mighty thunders of thy master lyre!

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THE BELLE OF THE BELFRY,

OR THE DARING LOVER.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

A *grisette* is something else beside a "mean girl" or a "gray gown," the French dictionary to the contrary notwithstanding. Bless me! you should see the grisettes of Rochepot! And if you wished to take a lesson in political compacts, you should understand the grisette confederacy of Rochepot! They were working-girls, it is true—dress-makers, milliners, shoe-binders, tailoresses, flower-makers, embroideresses—and they never expected to be any thing more aristocratic. And in that content lay their power.

The grisettes of Rochepot were a good fourth of the female population. They had their jealousies, and little scandals, and heart-burnings, and plottings, and counterplottings (for they were women) among themselves. But they made common cause against the enemy. They would bear no disparagement. They knew exactly what was due to them, and what was due to their superiors, and they paid and gave credit in the coin of good manners, as cannot be done in countries of "liberty and equality." Still there were little shades of difference in the attention shown them by their employers, and they worked twice as much in a day when sewing for Madame Durozel, who took her dinner with them, *sans façon* in the workroom, as for old Madame Chiquette, who dined all alone in her grand saloon, and left them to eat by themselves among their shreds and scissors. But these were not slights which they seriously resented. Wo only to the incautious dame who dared to scandalize one of their number, or dispute her dues, or encroach upon her privileges! They would make Rochepot as uncomfortable for her, *parblew!* as a kettle to a slow-boiled lobster.

But the prettiest grisette of Rochepot was not often permitted to join her companions in their self-chaperoned excursions on the holidays. Old Dame Pomponney was the sexton's widow, and she had the care of the great clock of St. Roch, and of one only daughter; and excellent care she took of both her charges. They lived all three in the belfry—dame, clock and daughter—and it was a bright day for Thénais when she got out of hearing of that "tick, tick, tick," and of the thumping of her mother's cane on the long staircase, which always kept time with it.

Not that old Dame Pomponney had any objection to have her daughter convenably married. She had been deceived in her youth (or so it was whispered) by a lover above her condition, and she vowed, by the cross on her cane, that her daughter should have no sweetheart above a journeyman mechanic. Now the romance of the grisettes (*parlons bas!*) was to have one charming little flirtation with a gentleman before they married the leather-apron—just to show that, had they by chance been born ladies, they could have played their part to the taste of their lords. But it was at this game that Dame Pomponney had burnt her fingers, and she had this one subject for the exercise of her powers of mortal aversion.

When I have added that, four miles from Rochepot, stood the château de Brevanne, and that the old Count de Brevanne was a proud aristocrat of the *ancien régime*, with one son, the young Count Felix, whom he had educated at Paris, I think I have prepared you tolerably for the little romance I have to tell you.

It was a fine Sunday morning that a mounted hussar appeared in the street of Rochepot. The grisettes were all abroad in their holiday *parure*, and the gay soldier soon made an acquaintance with one of them at the door of the inn, and informed her that he had been sent on to prepare the old barracks for his troop. The hussars were to be quartered a month at Rochepot. Ah! what a joyous bit of news! And six officers beside the colonel! And the trumpeters were miracles at playing quadrilles and waltzes! And not a plain man in the regiment—except always the speaker. And none, except the old colonel, had ever been in love in his life. But as this last fact required to be sworn to, of course he was ready to kiss the book—or, in the absence of the book, the next most sacred object of his adoration.

"*Finissez donc, Monsieur!*" exclaimed his pretty listener, and away she ran to spread the welcome intelligence with its delightful particulars.

The next day the troop rode into Rochepot, and formed in the great square in front of St. Roch; and by the time the trumpeters had played themselves red in the face, the hussars were all appropriated, to a man—for the grisettes knew enough of a marching regiment to lose no time. They all found leisure to pity poor Thénais, however, for there she stood in one of the high windows of the belfry, looking down on the gay crowd below, and they knew very well that old Dame Pomponney had declared all soldiers to be gay deceivers, and forbidden her daughter to stir into the street while they were quartered at Rochepot.

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Of course the grisettes managed to agree as to each other's selection of a sweetheart from the troop, and of course each hussar thankfully accepted the pair of eyes that fell to him. For, aside from the limited duration of their stay, soldiers are philosophers, and know that "life is short," and it is better to "take the goods the gods provide." But "after every body was helped," as they say at a feast, there appeared another short jacket and foraging cap, very much to the relief of red-headed Susette, the shoebinder, who had been left out in the previous allotment. And Susette made the amiable accordingly, but to no purpose, for the lad seemed an idiot with but one idea—looking forever at St. Roch's clock to know the time of day! The grisettes laughed and asked their sweethearts his name, but they significantly pointed to their foreheads and whispered something about poor Robertin's being a privileged follower of the regiment and a *protegé* of the colonel.

Well, the grisettes flirted, and the old clock of St. Roch ticked on, and Susette and Thénais, the plainest and the prettiest girl in the village, seemed the only two who were left out in this extra dispensation of lovers. And poor Robertin still persisted in occupying most of his leisure with watching the time of day.

It was on the Sunday morning after the arrival of the troop that old Dame Pomponney went up, as usual, to do her Sunday's duty in winding up the clock. She had previously locked the belfry door to be sure that no one entered below while she was above; but—the Virgin help us!—on the top stair, gazing into the machinery of the clock with absorbed attention, sat one of those devils of hussars! "Thief," "vagabond," and "house-breaker," were the most moderate epithets with which Dame Pomponney accompanied the enraged beating of her stick on the resounding platform. She was almost beside herself with rage. And Thénais had been up to dust the wheels of the clock! And how did she know that that *scélérat* of a trooper was not there all the time!

But the intruder, whose face had been concealed till now, turned suddenly round and began to gibber and grin like a possessed monkey. He pointed at the clock, imitated the "tick, tick, tick," laughed till the big bell gave out an echo like a groan, and then suddenly jumped over the old dame's stick and ran down stairs.

"*Eh, Sainte Vierge!*" exclaimed the old dame, it's a poor idiot after all! And he has stolen up to see what made the clock tick! Ha! ha! ha! Well! —well! I cannot come up these weary stairs twice a day, and I must wind up the clock before I go down to let him out. "Tick, tick, tick!—poor lad! poor lad! They must have dressed him up to make fun of him—those vicious troopers! Well—well!"

And with pity in her heart, Dame Pomponney hobbled down, stair after stair, to her chamber in the square turret of the belfry, and there she found the poor idiot on his knees before Thénais, and Thénais was just preparing to put a skein of thread over his thumbs, for she thought she might make him useful and amuse him with the winding of it till her mother came down. But as the thread got vexatiously entangled, and the poor lad sat as patiently as a wooden reel, and it was time to go below to mass, the dame thought she might as well leave him there till she came back, and down she stumped, locking the door very safely behind her.

Poor Thénais was very lonely in the belfry, and Dame Pomponney, who had a tender heart where her duty was not involved, rather rejoiced when she returned, to find an unusual glow of delight on her daughter's cheek; and if Thénais could find so much pleasure in the society of a poor idiot lad, it was a sign, too, that her heart was not gone altogether after those abominable troopers. It was time to send the innocent youth about his business, however, so she gave him a holiday cake and led him down stairs and dismissed him with a pat on his back and a strict injunction never to venture again up to the "tick, tick, tick." But as she had had a lesson as to the accessibility of her bird's nest, she determined thenceforth to lock the door invariably and carry the key in her pocket.

While poor Robertin was occupied with his researches into the "tick, tick, tick," never absent a day from the neighborhood of the tower, the more fortunate hussars were planning to give the grisettes a *fête champêtre*. One of the saints' days was coming round, and, the weather permitting, all the vehicles of the village were to be levied, and, with the troop-horses in harness, they were to drive to a small wooded valley in the neighborhood of the château de Brevanne, where seclusion and a mossy carpet of grass were combined in a little paradise for such enjoyment.

The morning of this merry day dawned, at least, and the grisettes and their admirers were stirring betimes, for they were to breakfast *sur l'herbe*, and they were not the people to turn breakfast into dinner. The sky was clear, and the dew was not very heavy on the grass, and merrily the vehicles rattled about the town, picking up their fair freights from its obscurest corners. But poor Thénais looked out, a sad prisoner, from her high window in the belfry.

It was a half hour after sunrise and Dame Pomponney was creeping up stairs after her matins, thanking Heaven that she had been firm in her refusals—at least twenty of the grisettes having gathered about her, and pleaded for a day's freedom for her imprisoned daughter. She rested on the last landing but one to take a little breath—but hark!—a man's voice talking in the belfry! She listened again, and quietly slipped her feet out of her high-heeled shoes. The voice was again audible—yet how could it be! She knew that no one could have passed up the stair, for the key had been kept in her pocket more carefully than usual, and, save by the wings of one of her own pigeons, the belfry window was inaccessible, she was sure. Still the voice went on in a kind of pleading murmur, and the dame stole softly up in her stockings, and noiselessly opened the door. There stood Thénais at the window, but she was alone in the room. At the same instant the voice was heard again, and sure now that one of those

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desperate hussars had climbed the tower, and unable to control her rage at the audacity of the attempt, Dame Pomponney clutched her cane and rushed forward to aim a blow at the military cap now visible at the sill of the window. But at the same instant, the head of the intruder was thrown back, and the gibbering and idiotic smile of poor Robertin checked her blow in its descent, and turned all her anger into pity. Poor, silly lad! he had contrived to draw up the garden ladder and place it upon the roof of the stone porch below, to climb and offer a flower to Thénais! Not unwilling to have her daughter's mind occupied with some other thought than the forbidden excursion, the dame offered her hand to Robertin and drew him gently in at the window. And as it was now market time she bid Thénais be kind to the poor boy, and locking the door behind her, trudged contentedly off with her stick and basket.

I am sorry to be obliged to record an act of filial disobedience in the heroine of my story. An hour after, Thénais was welcomed with acclamations as she suddenly appeared with Robertin in the midst of the merry party of grisettes. With Robertin—not as he had hitherto been seen, his cap on the back of his head and his under lip hanging loose like an idiot's—but with Robertin, gallant, spirited and gay, the handsomest of hussars, and the most joyous of companions. And Thénais, spite of her hasty toilet and the cloud of conscious disobedience which now and then shaded her sweet smile, was, by many degrees, the belle of the hour; and the palm of beauty, for once in the world at least, was yielded without envy. The grisettes dearly love a bit of romance, too, and the circumventing of old Dame Pomponney by his *ruse* of idiocy, and the safe extrication of the prettiest girl of the village from that gloomy old tower, was quite enough to make Robertin a hero, and his sweetheart Thénais more interesting than a persecuted princess.

And, seated on the ground while their glittering cavaliers served them with breakfast, the light-hearted grisettes of Rochepot were happy enough to be envied by their betters. But suddenly the sky darkened, and a slight gust murmuring among the trees, announced the coming up of a summer storm. *Sauve qui peut!* The soldiers were used to emergencies, and they had packed up and re-loaded their cars and were under way for shelter almost as soon as the grisettes, and away they all fled toward the nearest grange—one of the dependencies of the château de Brevanne.

But Robertin, now, had suddenly become the director and ruling spirit of the festivities. The soldiers treated him with instinctive deference, the old farmer of the grange hurried out with his keys and unlocked the great store-house, and disposed of the horses under shelter; and by the time the big drops began to fall, the party were dancing gayly and securely on the dry and smooth threshing-floor, and the merry harmony of the martial trumpets and horns rang out far and wide through the gathering tempest.

The rain began to come down very heavily, and the clatter of a horse's feet in a rapid gallop was heard in one of the pauses in the waltz. Some one seeking shelter, no doubt. On went the bewitching music again, and at this moment two or three couples ceased waltzing, and the floor was left to Robertin and Thénais, whose graceful motions drew all eyes upon them in admiration. Smiling in each other's faces, and wholly unconscious of any other presence than their own, they whirled blissfully around—but there was now another spectator. The horseman who had been heard to approach, had silently joined the party, and making a courteous gesture to signify that the dancing was not to be interrupted, he smiled back the curtseys of the pretty grisettes—for, aristocratic as he was, he was a polite man to the sex, was the Count de Brevanne.

"Felix!" he suddenly cried out, in a tone of surprise and anger.

The music stopped at that imperative call, and Robertin turned his eyes, astonished, in the direction from which it came.

The name was repeated from lip to lip among the grisettes, "Felix!" "Count Felix de Brevanne!"

But without deigning another word, the old man pointed with his riding-whip to the farm-house. The disguised count respectfully bowed his head, but held Thénais by the hand and drew her gently with him.

"Leave her! disobedient boy!" exclaimed the father.

But as Count Felix tightened his hold upon the small hand he held, and Thénais tried to shrink back from the advancing old man, old Dame Pomponney, streaming with rain, broke in unexpectedly upon the scene.

"Disgrace not your blood," said the Count de Brevanne at that moment.

The offending couple stood alone in the centre of the floor, and the dame comprehended that her daughter was disparaged.

"And who is disgraced by dancing with my daughter?" she screamed with furious gesticulation.

The old noble made no answer, but the grisettes, in an under tone, murmured the name of Count Felix!

"Is it he—the changeling! the son of a poor gardener, that is disgraced by the touch of my daughter?"

A dead silence followed this astounding exclamation. The old dame had forgotten herself in her rage, and she looked about with a terrified bewilderment—but the mischief was done. The old man stood aghast. Count Felix clung still closer to Thénais, but his face expressed the most eager inquisitiveness. The grisettes gathered around Dame Pomponney, and the old count, left standing and alone, suddenly drew his cloak about him and stepped forth into the rain; and in another moment his horse's feet were heard clattering away in the direction of the château de Brevanne.

We have but to tell the sequel.

The incautious revelation of the old dame turned out to be true. The dying infant daughter of the Marchioness de Brevanne had been changed for the healthy son of the count's gardener, to secure an heir to the name and estates of the nearly extinct family

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of de Brevanne. Dame Pomponney had assisted in this secret, and but for her heart full of rage at the moment, to which the old count's taunt was but the last drop, the secret would probably have never been revealed. Count Felix, who had played truant from his college at Paris, to come and hunt up some of his childish playfellows, in disguise, had remembered and disclosed himself to the little Thénais, who was not sorry to recognise him, while he played the idiot in the belfry. But of course there was now no obstacle to their union, and united they were. The old count pardoned him, and gave the new couple a portion of his estate, and they named their first child Robertin, as was natural enough.

THE SISTERS.

BY ROBERT MORRIS.

"The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow—"

God guide and guard the sisters dear,
And keep them free from every art,
All cloudless be their morning sky,
And guileless each young heart;
The world is all before them now—
How green and bright its pathways seem!
They pant to mingle in the flow
Of pleasure's tempting stream,
Joy's lark-like voice rings clearly out,
And list! they join the echoing shout!

Sweet buds of life and loveliness—
The pure soul's mirror is the face!
How sinless is each fond caress,
How girl-like each embrace!
Angels may from their starry home
Gaze down with looks of light and love,
And yearn to whisper "fair ones, come
And join the choirs above!"
Aye—hand in hand, and heart in heart,
High Heaven in such must claim a part!

A sister's love! Has earth a fount
Where mingles less of self or guile?
No fear the faithful heart can daunt,
No peril, and no toil—
Whene'er the voice of nature pleads
Will woman like a martyr spring,
And, reckless where the danger leads,
Around the loved one cling—
Death is a triumph then for her,
And she a god-like sufferer.

Daughters of Beauty! may the hours
On rosy pinions pass,
And youth grow radiant with the hues
That live in Fancy's glass,
The future rich with many a scene,
Each landscape bathed in living light,
With no dark cloud to intervene
And dim the glorious sight;
Fair shapes, glad hearts and voices bland,
Gay dwellers in a happy land!

But may this be? The maiden breast
Where gentlest feelings calmly flow,
The lip by sister only prest,
Will these ne'er warmly glow?
Will life its brightest hues e'er take
From fields, and flowers, and summer skies?
Will the fond spirit ne'er awake
To wilder sympathies?
Within the deeper soul enshrined
Oh! lives there not a kindred mind?

God of the young! watch kindly o'er
These artless dreamers of life's Spring,
Around them choicest blessings pour,
Their visions upward wing—
Oh! give them trusting heart for heart
Whene'er their fate shall be to love,
'Tis woman's highest bliss on earth,
It may be Heaven's above—
It *may* be! Nay—it is—it is—
For bliss is Heaven, and love is bliss!

THE SOUL'S LAMENT FOR HOME.

BY MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

As 'plains the home-sick ocean-shell,
Far from its own remembered sea,
Repenting, like a fairy spell
Of love, the charmed melody
It learned within that whispering wave,
Whose wondrous and mysterious tone
Still wildly haunts its winding cave
Of pearl, with softest music-moan—

So asks my home-sick soul, below,
For something loved, yet undefined;
So mourns to mingle with the flow
Of music, from the Eternal Mind;
So murmurs, with its child-like sigh,
The melody it learned above,
To which no echo may reply,
Save from thy voice, Celestial Love!

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OUR AMATEUR POETS.

NO. I.—FLACCUS.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

THE poet now comprehended in the *cognomen* Flaccus, is by no means our ancient friend Quintus Horatius, nor even his ghost, but merely a Mr. —— Ward, of Gotham, once a contributor to the New York "American," and to the New York "Knickerbocker" Magazine. He is characterized by Mr. Griswold, in his "Poets and Poetry of America," as a gentleman of elegant leisure.

What there is in "elegant leisure" so much at war with the divine *afflatus*, it is not very difficult, but quite unnecessary, to say. The *fact* has been long apparent. Never sing the Nine so well as when penniless. The *mens divinior* is one thing, and the *otium cum dignitate* quite another.

Of course Mr. Ward is not, as a poet, altogether destitute of merit. If so, the public had been spared these paragraphs. But the sum of his deserts has been footed up by a *clique* who are in the habit of reckoning units as tens in all cases where champagne and "elegant leisure" are concerned. We do not consider him, at all points, a Pop Emmons, but, with deference to the more matured opinions of the "Knickerbocker," we may be permitted to entertain a doubt whether he is either Jupiter Tonans or Phœbus Apollo.

Justice is not, at all times, to all persons, the most desirable thing in the world, but then there is the old adage about the tumbling of the heavens, and *simple* justice is all that we propose in the case of Mr. Ward. We have *no* design to be bitter. We notice his book at all, only because it is an unusually large one of its kind, because it is here lying upon our table, and because, whether justly or unjustly, whether for good reason or for none, it has attracted some portion of the attention of the public.

The volume is entitled, somewhat affectedly, "Passaic, a Group of Poems touching that river: with Other Musings, by Flaccus," and embodies, we believe, all the previously published effusions of its author. It commences with a very pretty "Sonnet to Passaic," and from the second poem, "Introductory Musings on Rivers," we are happy in being able to quote an entire page of even remarkable beauty.

> Beautiful Rivers! that adown the vale
> With graceful passage journey to the deep,
> Let me along your grassy margo recline
> At ease, and, musing, meditate the strange
> Bright history of your life; yea, from your birth
> Has beauty's shadow chased your every step:
> The blue sea was your mother, and the sun
> Your glorious sire, clouds your voluptuous cradle,
> Roofed with o'ertarching rainbows; and your fall
> To earth was cheered with shouts of happy birds,
> With brightened faces of reviving flowers,
> And meadows, while the sympathizing west
> Took holiday and donn'd her richest robes.
> From deep mysterious wanderings your springs
> Brenk bubbling into beauty; where they lie
> In infant helplessness awhile, but soon,
> Gathering in tiny brooks, they gambol down
> The steep sides of the mountain, laughing, shouting,
> Teasing the wild flowers, and at every turn
> Meeting new playmates still to swell their ranks;
> Which, with the rich increase resistless grown,
> Shed foam and thunder, that the echoing wood
> Rings with the boisterous glee; while, o'er their heads,
> Catching their spirit blithe, young rainbows sport,
> The frolic children of the wanton sun.
>
> Nor is your swelling prime, or green old age,
> Though calm, unlovely; still, where'er ye move,
> Your train is beauty, trees stand grouping by
> To mark your graceful progress; giddy flowers
> And vain, as heretofore, stoop o'er the verge
> To greet their faces in your flattering glass:
> The thirsty herd are following at your side;
> And water-birds in clustering fleets convoy
> Your sea-bound tides; and jaded man, released
> From worldly thraldom, here his dwelling plants—
> Here pauses in your pleasant neighborhood,
> Sure of repose along your tranquil shores;
> And, when your end approaches, and ye blend
> With the eternal ocean, ye shall fade
> As placidly as when an infant dies,
> And the Death-Angel shall your powers withdraw
> Gently as twilight takes the parting day,
> And, with a soft and gradual decline
> That cheats the senses, lets it down to night.

There is nothing very *original* in all this; the general idea is, perhaps, the most absolutely trite in poetical literature; but the theme is not the less just on this account, while we must confess that it is admirably handled. The picture embodied in the whole of the concluding paragraph is perfect. The seven final lines convey not only a novel but a highly appropriate and beautiful image.

What follows, of this poem, however, is by no means worthy so fine a beginning. Instead of confining himself to the true poetical thesis, the Beauty or the Sublimity of river scenery, he descends into mere meteorology—into the uses and general philosophy of rain, &c.—matters which should be left to Mr. Espy, who knows something about them, as we are sorry to say Mr. Flaccus does *not*.

The second and chief *poem* in the volume, is entitled "The Great Descender." We emphasize the "poem" merely by way of suggesting that the "Great Descender" is any thing else. We never could understand what pleasure men of talent can take in concocting elaborate doggerel of this order. Least of all can we comprehend why, having perpetrated the atrocity, they should place it at the door of the Muse. We are at a loss to know by what right, human or divine, twattle of this character is intruded into a

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collection of what professes to be *Poetry*. We put it to Mr. Ward, in all earnestness, if the "Great Descender," which is a history of Sam Patch, has a single attribute, beyond that of mere versification, in common with what even Sam Patch himself would have had the hardihood to denominate a poem.

Let us call this thing a rhymed *jeu d'esprit*, a burlesque, or what not?—and, even so called, and judged by its new name, we must still regard it as a failure. Even in the loosest compositions we demand a certain degree of *keeping*. But in the "Great Descender" none is apparent. The *tone* is unsteady—fluctuating between the grave and the gay—and never being precisely either. Thus there is a failure in both. The intention being never rightly *taken*, we are, of course, never exactly in condition either to weep or to laugh.

We do not pretend to be the Oracles of Dodona, but it does really appear to us that Mr. Flaccus intended the whole matter, in the first instance, as a solemnly serious thing; and that, having composed it in a grave vein, he became apprehensive of its exciting derision, and so interwove sundry touches of the burlesque, behind whose equivocal aspect he might shelter himself at need. In no other supposition can we reconcile the *spotty* appearance of the whole with a belief in the sanity of the author. It is difficult, also, in any other view of the case, to appreciate the air of positive gravity with which he descants upon the advantages to *Science* which have accrued from a man's making a frog of himself. Mr. Ward is frequently pleased to denominate Mr. Patch "a martyr of science," and appears very doggedly in earnest in all passages such as the following:

> Through the glad Heavens, which tempests now conceal,
> Deep thunder-guns in quick succession peal,
> As if salutes were firing from the sky,
> To hail the triumph and the victory.
> Shout! trump of Fame, till thy brass lungs burst out!
> Shout! mortal tongues! deep-throated thunders, shout!
> For lo! electric *genius*, downward hurled,
> Has startled *Science* and illumed the world!

That Mr. Patch was a *genius* we do not doubt; so is Mr. Ward; but the *science* displayed in jumping down the Falls, is a point above us. There might have been some science in jumping *up*.

"The Worth of Beauty: or a Lover's Journal," is the title of the poem next in place and importance. Of this composition Mr. W. thus speaks in a Note: "The individual to whom the present poem relates, and who had suffered severely all the pains and penalties which arise from the want of those personal charms so much admired by him in others, gave the author, many years since, some fragments of a journal kept in his early days, in which he had bared his heart and set down all his thoughts and feelings. This prose journal has here been transplanted into the richer soil of verse."

The narrative of the friend of Mr. Flaccus must, originally, have been a very good thing. By "originally," we mean before it had the misfortune to be "transplanted into the richer soil of verse"—which has by no means agreed with its constitution. But, even through the dense fog of our author's rhythm, we can get an occasional glimpse of its merit. It must have been the work of a heart on fire with passion, and the utter *abandon* of the details, reminds us even of Jean Jacques. But alas for this "richer soil!" *Can* we venture to present our readers with a specimen?

> Now roses blush, and violets' eyes,
> And seas reflect the glance of skies;
> And now *that frolic pencil* streaks
> With quaintest tints the tulips' cheeks;
> Now jewels bloom in secret worth
> Like blossoms of the inner earth;
> Now painted birds are pouting round
> The beauty and the wealth of sound;
> Now sea-shells glance with quivering ray
> Too rare to seize, too fleet to stay,
> And hues out dazzling all the rest
> Are dashed profusely on the west,
> While rainbows seem to palettes changed,
> Whereon the motley tints are ranged.
> But soft the moon *that pencil* tipped
> As though, in liquid radiance dipped,
> A likeness of the sun it drew,
> But flattered him with pearlier hue;
> Which haply spilling runs astray,
> And blots with light the milky way;
> While stars besprinkle all the air
> Like spatterings of *that pencil* there.

All this by way of *exalting* the subject. The moon is made a painter and the rainbow a palette. And the moon has a pencil (*that* pencil!) which she dips, by way of a brush, in the liquid radiance, (the colors on a palette are *not* liquid,) and then *draws* (not paints) a likeness of the sun; but, in the attempt, plasters him too "pearly," puts it on too thick; the consequence of which is that some of the paint is spilt, and "runs astray" and besmears the milky way, and "spatters" the rest of the sky with stars! We can only say that a very singular picture was spoilt in the making.

The *versification* of the "Worth of Beauty" proceeds much after this fashion: we select a fair example of the whole from page 43.

> Yes! pangs have cut my soul with grief
> So keen that gashes were relief,
> And racks have rung my spirit-frame
> To which the strain of joints were tame
> And battle strife itself were nought
> Beside the inner fight I've fought. etc., etc.

Nor do we regard any portion of it (so far as rhythm is concerned) as at all comparable to some of the better ditties of William Slater. Here, for example, from his Psalms, published in 1642:

> The righteous shall his sorrow scan
> And laugh at him, and say "behold
> What hath become of this here man
> That on his riches was so bold."

And here, again, are lines from the edition of the same Psalms, by Archbishop Parker, which we most decidedly prefer:

> Who sticketh to God in stable trust
> As Sion's mount he stands full just,
> Which moveth no whit nor yet can reel,
> But standeth forever as stiff as steel.

"The Martyr" and the "Retreat of Seventy-Six" are merely Revolutionary incidents "done into verse," and spoilt in the doing. "The Retreat" begins with the remarkable line,

> Tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!

which is elsewhere introduced into the poem. We look in vain, here, for any thing worth even qualified commendation.

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"The Diary" is a record of events occurring to the author during a voyage from New York to Havre. Of these events a fit of sea-sickness is the chief. Mr. Ward, we believe, is the first of the *genus irritabile* who has ventured to treat so delicate a subject with that grave dignity which is its due:

Rejoice! rejoice! already on my sight
Bright shores, gray towers, and coming wonders reel;
My brain grows giddy—is it with delight?
A swimming faintness, such as one might feel
When stabbed and dying, gathers on my sense—
It weighs me down—and now—help!—horror!—

But the "horror," and indeed all that ensues, we must leave to the fancy of the poetical.

Some pieces entitled "Humorous" next succeed, and one or two of them (for example, "The Graham System" and "The Bachelor's Lament") are not so *very* contemptible in their way, but the way itself is beneath even contempt.

"To an Infant in Heaven" embodies some striking thoughts, and, although feeble as a whole, and terminating lamely, may be cited as the best composition in the volume. We quote two or three of the opening stanzas:

Thou bright and star-like spirit!
That in my visions wild
I see 'mid heaven's seraphic host—
Oh! canst thou be my child?

My grief is quenched in wonder,
And pride arrests my sighs;
A branch from this unworthy stock
Now blossoms in the skies.

Our hopes of thee were lofty,
But have we cause to grieve?
Oh, could our fondest, proudest wish
A nobler fate conceive?

The little weeper fearless!
The sinner snatched from sin!
The babe to more than manhood grown,
Ere childhood did begin!

And I, thy earthly teacher,
Would blush thy powers to see:
Thou art to me a parent now
And I a child to thee!

There are several other pieces in the book—but it is needless to speak of them in detail. Among them we note one or two political effusions, and one or two which are (satirically?) termed satirical. All are worthless.

Mr. Ward's *imagery*, at detached points, has occasional vigor and appropriateness; we may go so far as to say that, at times, it is strikingly beautiful—by accident of course. Let us cite a few instances. At page 53 we read—

O! happy day!—earth, sky is fair,
And fragrance floats along the air;
For all the blooming orchards glow
As with a fall of rosy snow.

At page 91—

How flushed the overloaded flowers
With gems, a present from the showers!

At page 92—

No! there is danger; all the night
I saw her like a starry light
More lovely in my visions lone
Than in my day-dreams truth she shone.
'T is naught when on the sun we gaze
If only dazzled by his rays,
But when our eyes his form retain
Some wound to vision must remain.

And again, at page 234, speaking of a slight shock of an earthquake, the earth is said to tremble

As if some wing of passing angel, bound
From sphere to sphere, had brushed the golden chain
That hangs our planet to the throne of God.

This latter passage, however, is, perhaps, not altogether original with Mr. Ward. In a poem now lying before us, entitled "Al Aaraaf," the composition of a gentleman of Philadelphia, we find what follows:

A dome by linked light from heaven let down
Sat gently on these columns as a crown;
A window of one circular diamond there
Looked out above into the purple air,
And rays from God shot down that meteor chain
And hallow'd all the beauty twice again,
Save when, between th' Empyrean and that ring,
Some eager spirit flapped his dusky wing.

But if Mr. Ward's imagery is, indeed, at rare intervals, good, it must be granted, on the other hand, that, in general, it is atrociously inappropriate, or low. For example:

Thou gaping chasm! whose wide devouring throat
Swallows a river, *while the gulping note*
Of monstrous deglutition gurgles loud, etc. *Page* 26.

Bright Beauty! child of starry birth,
The grace, the gem, the flower of earth,
The *damask livery* of Heaven! *Page* 44.

Here the mind wavers between gems, and stars, and taffety—between footmen and flowers. Again, at page 46—

All thornless flowers of wit, all chaste
And delicate essays of taste,
All playful fancies, wing'd wiles,
That from their pinions scatter smiles,
All prompt resource in stress or pain,
Leap ready-armed from woman's brain.

The idea of "thornless flowers," etc. leaping "*ready-armed*" could have entered few brains except those of Mr. Ward.

Of the most ineffable *bad taste* we have instances without number. For example—page 153—

And, straining, fastens on her lips a kiss
That seemed to *suck the life-blood from her heart!*

And here, very gravely, at page 25,

Again he 's roused, *first cramming in his cheek*
The weed, though vile, that props the nerves when weak.

Here again, at page 33,

Full well he knew where food does not refresh
The shrivel'd soul sinks inward with the flesh—
That he 's best armed for danger's rash career
Who 's crammed so full there is no room for fear.

But we doubt if the whole world of literature, poetical or prosaic, can afford a picture more utterly *disgusting* than the following, which we quote from page 177:

But most of all good eating cheers the brain,
Where other joys are rarely met—at sea—
Unless, indeed, we lose as soon as gain—
Ay, there 's the rub so baffling oft to me.
Boiled, roast, and baked—*what precious choice of dishes*
My generous tarout has shared among the fishes!

'T is sweet to leave, in each forsaken spot,
Our foot-prints there—if only in the sand;
'T is sweet to feel we are not all forgot,
That some will weep our flight from every land;
And sweet the knowledge, when the seas I cross,
My trusty messmates! ye will mourn my loss.

This passage alone should damn the book—aye, damn a dozen such.

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Of what may be termed the *nimiseries*—the sillinesses—of the volume, there is no end. Under this head we might quote two thirds of the work. For example:

Now lightning, with convulsive spasm
Splits heaven *in many a* fearful chasm.

It takes the high trees by the hair
And, as with *besoms*, sweeps the air.

Now breaks the gloom and through the *chinks*
The moon, in search of opening, *winks*—

All seriously urged, at different points of page 66. Again, on the very next page—

Bees buzzed and wrens that throng'd the rushes
Poured round incessant twittering gushes.

And here, at page 129—

And now he leads her to the slippery brink
Where ponderous tides headlong plunge down the horrid *chink*.

And here, page 109—

And, like a ravenous vulture, *peck*
The smoothness of that cheek and neck.

And here, page 111—

While through the skin worms *wriggling* broke.

And here, page 176—

And ride the *skittish* backs of untamed waves.

And here, page 214—

Now clasps its mate in holy prayer
Or *twangs* a harp of gold.

Mr. Ward, also, is constantly talking about "thunder-guns," "thunder-trumpets," and thunder-shrieks." He has a bad habit, too, of styling an eye "a weeper," as for example, at page 208—

Oh, curl in smiles that mouth again
And wipe that *weeper* dry.

Somewhere else he calls two tears "two sparklers"—very much in the style of Mr. Richard Swiveller, who was fond of denominating Madeira "the rosy." "In the nick," meaning in the height, or fulness, is likewise a pet expression of the author of "The Great Descender." Speaking of American forests, at page 286, for instance, he says, "let the doubter walk through them in the nick of their glory." A phrase which may be considered as in the very nick of good taste.

We cannot pause to comment upon Mr. Ward's most extraordinary system of versification. *Is* it his own? He has quite an original way of conglomerating consonants, and seems to have been experimenting whether it were not possible to do altogether without vowels. Sometimes he strings together quite a chain of impossibilities. The line, for example, at page 51,

Or, only such as sea-shells flash,

puts us much in mind of the schoolboy stumbling-block, beginning, "The cat ran up the ladder with a lump of raw liver in her mouth," and we defy Sam Patch himself to pronounce it twice in succession without tumbling into a blunder.

But we are fairly wearied with this absurd theme. *Who* calls Mr. Ward a poet? He is a second-rate, or a third-rate, or perhaps a ninety-ninth-rate poetaster. He is a gentleman of "elegant leisure," and gentlemen of elegant leisure are, for the most part, neither men, women, nor Harriet Martineaus. Similar opinions, we believe, were expressed by somebody else—was it Mr. Benjamin?—no very long while ago. But neither Mr. Ward nor "The Knickerbocker" would be convinced. The latter, by way of defence, went into a treatise upon Sam Patch, and Mr. Ward, "in the nick of his glory," wrote another poem against criticism in general, in which he called Mr. Benjamin "a wasp" and "an owl," and endeavored to prove him an ass. An owl is a wise bird—especially in spectacles—still, we do not look upon Mr. Benjamin as an owl. If all are owls who disbelieve in this book (which we now throw to the pigs) then the world at large cuts a pretty figure, indeed, and should be burnt up in April, as Mr. Miller desires—for it is only one immense aviary of owls.

TWYDEE.

[A ROMANTIC AND LOVELY SPOT NEAR ABERGAVENNY IN ENGLAND.]

Hic gelidi fontes; hic mollia prata, Lycori;
Hic nemus; hic ipso tecum consumerer ævo. *Virgil.*

Go, roam through this isle; view her oak-bosomed towers;
View the scenes which her STOWES, which her BLENHEIMS impart;
See lawns where proud Wealth has exhausted its powers,
And Nature is lost in the mazes of Art;
Far fairer to me
Are the shades of TWYDEE
With her rocks, and her floods, and her wild-blossomed bowers.

Here mountain on mountain exultingly throws,
Through storm, mist and snow, its bleak crags to the sky;
In their shadows the sweets of the valley repose,
While streams, gay with verdure and sunshine, steal by;
Here bright hollies bloom
Through the steep thicket's gloom,
And the rocks wave with woodbine, and hawthorn and rose.

'T is eve, and the sun faintly glows in the west,
But thy flowers, fading SAVERN, are fragrant with dew,
And the Usk, like a spangle in nature's dark vest,
Breaks, in gleams of far moonlight, more soft on the view;
By valley and hill
All is lovely and still,
And we linger, as lost in some isle of the blest.

O, how happy the man who from Fashion's cold ray
Flies to shades sweet as these with the ONE he loves best,
With her smiles of affection to gladden the day,
And the nightingale's vespers to lull *them* to rest;
While the torments of life,
Its ambition and strife,
Pass, like storms heard at distance, unheeded away.

T. T.

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VISIT OF THE POOR RELATIONS.

BY WALTER HAWTHORNE.

The frugal breakfast at the village inn was over; and the widow of the unfortunate Guy Stacey, with her daughter and youthful son, sought the house of the younger brother of her dead lord, to claim, as a messenger from the presence of death, that justice which had been vainly sought in the life time of the rightful owner of the noble estate now gleaming before her in the sun of a glorious September morning. Guy Stacey had married at an early age one of the most beautiful women of England, but too poor to suit the aspiring wishes of his father; and a slight prejudice thus engendered had been so increased by the management of a younger and unprincipled son, that when the old man suddenly died, Henry Stacey was found to be the only inheritor of his wealth. It was known indeed that he had relented, and determined to receive Guy once more to favor, and there were suspicions of the destruction of a later will than that proved before the magistrates; but if one had existed the evidences of its existence had also disappeared, and Henry was left in quiet possession of his fortune. In time, both the brothers found themselves in the province of Virginia, where, for many years, Guy commanded the regard of the better classes by his abilities and virtues, and Henry the applause of the multitude by his splendid manner of living, and his patronage of the sports of the ring and field, which even a hundred years ago were cherished in the Old Dominion. At length Guy died—poor as he had lived—and his widow, as a last resort, and bearing a letter written by her husband on his death bed to his brother, came to Stacey Lodge to solicit enough from his coffers to enable her to return in her declining years to her father land.

The doors were opened by a menial in livery, who needed not a second bidding from one of so noble a presence to conduct Madeline Stacey to his master.

"So, so-o-o-o, old lady! you tell me Guy's done for at last! Fore George, I'm sorry to hear it!" He lifted his eyes slowly from the pages of Rivington's last Gazette—listened a moment to his familiar, in waiting, and resumed—"though, to say truth, it is not *quite* the thing for people of our condition to have *such* relations about us." He paused—sipped his coffee—read a paragraph from Rivington—turned with an inquiring glance to the lady of the Lodge, and continued—"After all, Guy never troubled us much,"—and in his customary haughty tone went on, "and probably his *wife* has sufficient regard for his memory to follow his example!" The spaniels snarled in sympathy with their master, and "Follow his example!" was echoed by the parrot from the screen beside Madame. Glances sufficed for the rest. The letter was undelivered, and the widow and her family were soon on their way to the parish where the husband had died.

Long after the next midnight Madeline Stacey sat alone in her silent chamber—now thanking Heaven that *he* was removed from this sorrowing and changing world—now, remembering her utter desolation, praying that by his return or her own death they might be reunited—and then, as her thoughts for a moment wandered to her children, sinking in hopeless agony under the pressure of contending passions. True love grows deeper with advancing age, and by misfortunes some natures are so blended that when wife or husband dies both hearts are buried in the same dark chamber, however long the living form may walk the world. There is indeed no woe like widowhood. "Call me not Naomi—call me Marah," is still the cry of many a veiled soul, doomed to unrest until that perfect day when the true-hearted will meet to part no more.
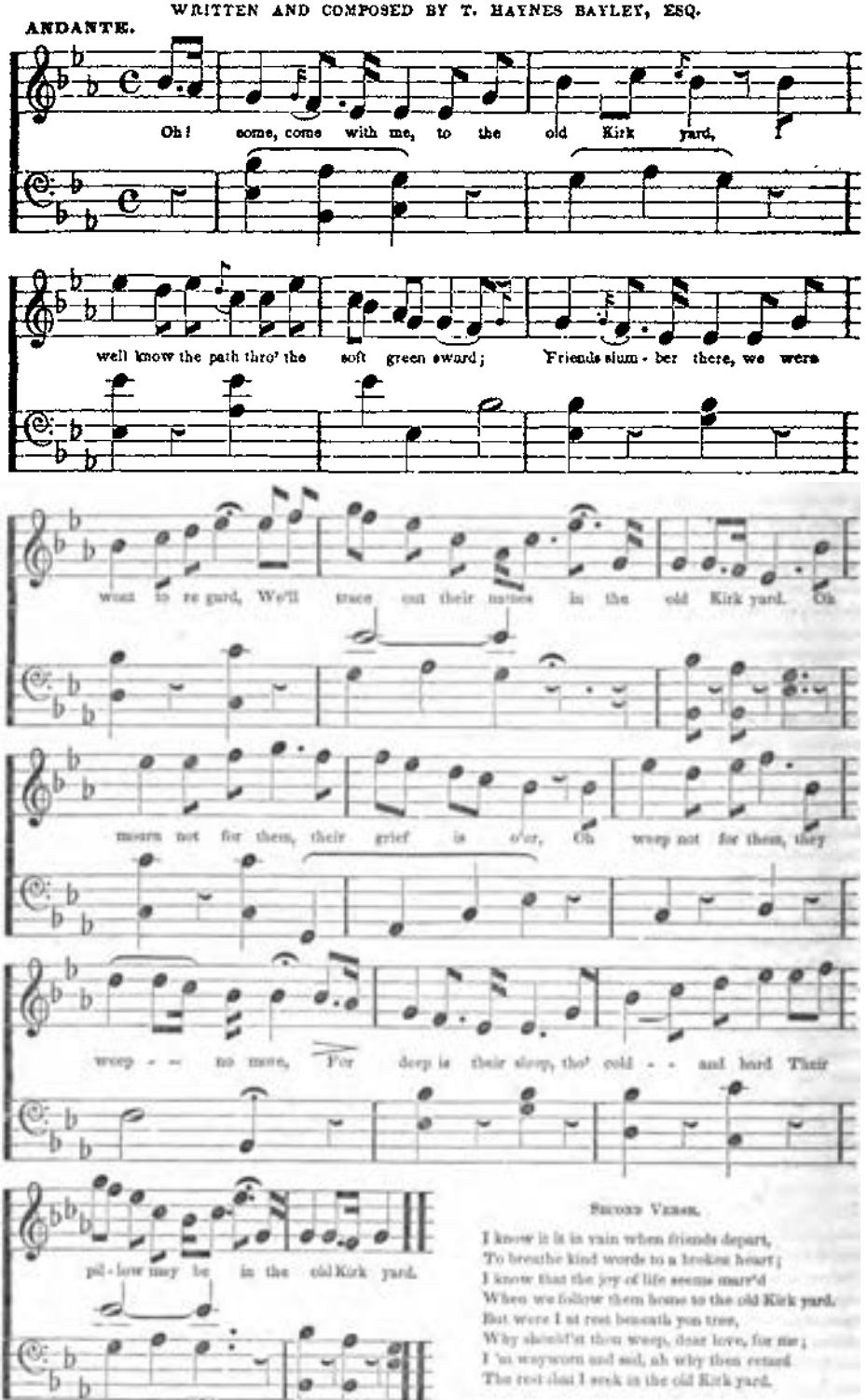
In a few years the relative positions of Henry and Madeline Stacey were changed. The widow, by the death of a distant relation, became inheritor of a large estate in "merrie England," and her brother-in-law was driven by the Revolution back to his native country with scarcely enough to pay the passages of his family and hounds—friends who were so like him in their sympathies that he could not yield them willingly even in his death hour. Madeline Stacey's baronial home became the scene of such festivities and splendors as ever attend on wealth, but to young Guy and Emily the widow surrendered all control, while, in her quiet chamber, with the simple furniture used in *his* time in their cottage in Virginia, she waited patiently that reunion for which she looked with confidence, in another and a better world.

Not always in this life are seen the results of that unerring providence which dooms guilt to suffering—but however joyous or sad men may seem to the common eye, they who sow of the wind reap the whirlwind even here. Some seem indeed to live prosperously, to gather together great fortune, and to be cheered onward in their career by the applauses of the multitude—but the doors of their secret chambers are closed, and we see not the workings of their passions, their fear, their hatred, their remorse. Henry Stacey was one of those men who are incapable of most kinds of mental suffering; he knew no pleasures but those conferred by riches, and his last days were passed in want. Madeline is still remembered by the tenants of her son, as the friend of all who were in sorrow, for many miles around her residence. She lived to see her children—"*his* children," as she delighted ever to call them—approach old age with the unfading laurels of virtue upon their brows, and is now but the happier for the transitory griefs which flowed from a too early widowhood.

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THE OLD KIRK YARD.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY T. HAYNES BAYLEY, ESQ.



SECOND VERSE.

I know it is in vain when friends depart,
To breathe kind words to a broken heart;
I know that the joy of life seems mar'd
When we follow them home to the old Kirk yard.
But were I at rest beneath yon tree,
Why should'st thou weep, dear love, for me;
I 'm wayworn and sad, oh why then retard
The rest that I seek in the old Kirk yard.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Conjectures and Researches Concerning the Love, Madness and Imprisonment of Torquato Tasso: By Richard Henry Wilde. Two volumes. New York, A. V. Blake.

This is a very remarkable work, and one which unquestionably merits a far larger share of attention than it has hitherto received. The cause of this apparent neglect is to us indeed inexplicable, as the subject is one possessing great interest to all lovers of things pertaining to literature, and the treatment of it masterly. The patient industry with which Mr. Wilde has collected his materials cannot be too highly commended, and is surpassed only by the clear and luminous manner in which he lays the whole evidence before the eye of the reader, and by the ingenuity with which he makes his deductions. Nothing indeed can be more lawyer-like than the conduct of the whole case; not, we would be understood to say, that there is any thing technical in the style; still less that there is any thing of wire-drawn argument or forced construction; but simply that the arrangement of the facts is evidently the result of practice in the art of collecting and exhibiting evidence in the most direct and intelligible form, and that the method of arriving at the end is as distinctly that which could be applied only by a clear reasoning mind not unaccustomed to such pursuits. The title of the work is—what is not generally the case—perfectly accurate and consonant to the contents; for starting with no theory, assuming nothing, nor seeking to convince his reader of any preconceived opinion, Mr. Wilde has been content to bring together all the facts bearing on the point at issue, to indicate very ably all the different deductions that may be made from these facts, and there to leave the student, put fairly in possession of the case, to judge for himself, and form his own opinion. This we are stating merely as a matter of fact, not at present in praise or dispraise; for although the plan has the advantage of novelty, and proves beyond question the honesty and candor of the writer, we confess ourselves not altogether satisfied of its practical utility. But of this hereafter.

To come directly at the merits of the work, we find in the first place that the whole subject has long been involved not only in exceeding mystery, but in intentional mystification; that but few positive facts had been established; and that no two persons agreed as to the conclusions to be drawn from the very little that could be ascertained. To make a statement of the few known truths of the life of one so famous as Torquato Tasso, may at this time appear almost absurd, every one who reads any thing being presumed to be acquainted with the common history of that admirable but most unhappy poet. We shall, however, for the sake of clearness, and to show what Mr. Wilde has effected for the subject of his memoir, incur the risk of being somewhat tedious to the better informed of our readers. It is known then that Torquato Tasso was born at Naples, of a noble but impoverished family, on the eleventh of March, 1544, that after studying at Padua he was taken into the service of the Cardinal Louis of Este, and by him introduced to the court of Alphonso, Duke of Este, at Ferrara, in 1564, having already acquired a high reputation throughout Italy by the publication of his Rinaldo in 1561—that in this court he was for a time honored and caressed, and admitted to the closest intimacy with all the members of the duke's illustrious family—that he composed here his Gierusalemme, and a vast number of amatory sonnets to the honor of a certain Leonora—that some time about the year 1577 rumors began to circulate concerning his madness, countenanced by some extraordinary circumstances in his conduct—that in the commencement of his afflictions the duke, as admitted by Tasso himself, treated him kindly—that in the same year he was arrested for drawing a knife on one of the servants of the Duchess of Urbino, and for a time imprisoned, but very shortly after liberated, although still placed under the surveillance of physicians—that he escaped from Ferrara and journeyed on foot to his sister's house in Sorrento, but, repenting, solicited permission to return, and actually did return in the spring of the following year, 1578—that he was at first cordially and courteously received, but being subsequently slighted and his residence rendered insupportable to him, he again in the same year fled from Ferrara and took refuge at Turin—that he once more solicited permission to return, and did so in 1579—that in the spring of that year he was confined as a maniac in the hospital of Sant' Anna and there kept in close custody for seven years, —that in 1586 he was given in wardship to the Duke of Mantua, on the guarrantee that he should not quit his dominions—and returned no more to the court of Alphonso of Este.

The doubts and questions hence arising are almost innumerable. In the first place did Tasso *love* at all? That is to say, are the amatory sonnets addressed to Leonora to be considered as the effusions of a mind imbued with real love for a real object? If so, was the real name of that object Leonora? And if so, was that Leonora Leonora of Este? Again, if love actually existed, was it Platonic or of a more ardent character? Then comes the greater question, Was Tasso *mad*, or did he *feign* madness? If not mad, what could have induced him to feign being so, when the result of that feigning was hard treatment and imprisonment? And lastly, if he was neither mad, nor yet feigned madness, what could have induced the duke to imprison him as mad?

The hypotheses put forth in answer to these queries have been numerous, wild, contradictory and most unsatisfactory. Indeed, so conflicting are the evidences, and so prejudiced many of the older biographers of Tasso, that it has been very difficult to arrive at any just conclusion. Many writers have insisted that there was no real Leonora at all, and that the whole chain of sonnets were addressed to a mere ideal being. Others contend that there were *three* ladies to whom he wrote, all Leonoras, namely, the Princess Leonora of Este, the Countess Leonora San Vitale, and a lady of the Duchess of Ferrara. The general opinion, however, appears to have settled down to the belief that the princess was the object to whom the sonnets were addressed, and that his love was real, and by no means Platonic in its nature. On the greater question, was Tasso *mad*? still greater doubt has existed, many persons believing that he was so, and adducing as satisfactory arguments on that point the strange inconsistencies of his

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own letters and statements; his dread of assassination or poisoning at the court of Alphonso; his fancies concerning persecutions of the Inquisition, which appear to have had but little real foundation; his strange doubts and fancies on religious and doctrinal points; and at a later period, while imprisoned, his idea that he was bewitched, and haunted by a malicious spirit; and still more, his belief that he saw and conversed with a spirit after his liberation. Others have asserted that he was not mad at all; that he was in real risk of assassination; actually persecuted by the Inquisition; and that tricks were played off upon him which led him, not unnaturally in a superstitious age, to fancy himself bewitched. Many others appear to have satisfied themselves that, sane at first, he was driven mad by persecution; and a few have imagined they could perceive decided proofs that his madness was feigned. Some have believed his imprisonment, supposing him to have been sane, the result of the duke's rage at discovering his affection for Leonora. This, however, is positively derided by one of the older historians of Tasso, who attributes his confinement and the anger of the duke to various other trivial and unimportant causes. And here we have arrived at the most perplexing portion of the controversy, all the alleged causes proving insufficient to account for the apparent barbarity of the duke. Now what has Mr. Wilde done in the matter? In the first place he has convinced us; and, reversing his method, we shall explain the theory which we deduce from his facts—believing that we have arrived at nearly if not exactly the same conclusion with the ingenious author, for he nowhere distinctly states his opinion—and then briefly demonstrate the truth of that theory from the facts adduced by Mr. Wilde.

In the first place Tasso was really and passionately in love with Leonora of Este, and to her were addressed, with a few exceptions, the amatory sonnets written in the celebration of that name. Secondly, she returned that affection, yielded to her passions, and granted to him all that virtue should have denied. Thirdly, he wrote private pieces of poetry, proclaiming this fact. Fourthly, some of his private papers were stolen by a traitorous friend, and how far this theft extended he knew not, but he imagined it had revealed the whole of his amour to the duke. This led to his fears of assassination, poison, and persecution, and, (the duke being utterly ignorant of the whole matter,) to the real belief for a time on the part of that prince that the poet was mad, and to his first imprisonment. When released from prison, his guilty conscience suggesting the same terrors still, he fled to Sorrento; but his passion for the princess overpowering his fears, he returned the first time to Ferrara. During his absence the duke had really discovered *all;* had been put in possession of the secret amatory boasts of the poet, and fully believed their truth. Desiring to conceal his belief, and to retrieve his sister's reputation, he conceived the idea of compelling Tasso to feign the madness which *he* had once believed to be real—nor can any more effectual mode be conceived for effecting his purpose. With this view he received Tasso kindly, but gave him to understand by signs and tokens on what conditions he pardoned him; namely, that he should abstain from all display of his wonderful genius, that he should lead a debauched and dissolute life, and feign aberration of mind. To these most base conditions, partly through fear of instant death, partly through hope of being able still to carry on his amour, he for a time consented; but after some months had elapsed, he found such a life insupportable, was disappointed in his expectation of carrying forward his intrigue, and again made his escape, this time to Turin. Once more, urged by his extreme passion, and trusting that the purpose of Alphonso might be considered as gained, by the belief which he had succeeded in disseminating throughout Italy of Tasso's temporary insanity, he obtained permission again to return to Ferrara, professing himself cured of his distemper, and hoping to be allowed to live at large, shackled by no conditions, and in the exercise of all his talents. He was, however, coldly received, his manuscripts were detained from him, the princess would not see him, and ultimately, on his bursting out into some public paroxysm of rage and reproof, he was cast into prison and there detained seven wearisome and woful years. Whether his mind might here have been partially affected is not so certain as the other facts, and is comparatively unimportant. That some tricks were played upon him, that his papers were disarranged and abstracted in a manner to him so incomprehensible as to induce a suspicion of supernatural agency, appears certain; and it is most unquestionably true that *he did suspect* it. We must however remember that to entertain such a suspicion, or even to hold such an opinion firmly, in the year 1580, and in Italy too, is so far from being a proof of madness, that nearly a century later persons were put to death both in England and America for the imputed crime of witchcraft; and that at a much later period to doubt the existence of witches and the possibility of the black art was a high crime, and as such punished by the Inquisition. His belief that he saw apparitions may be considered as a circumstance casting much doubt on his perfect sanity. It must still be recollected, however, that modern science has discovered that the seeing phantoms is a disease, probably of the brain and optic nerves, induced by various causes and perfectly consistent with entire sanity, so much so that several persons who have been afflicted with this terrible disorder have been completely aware, from the first moment, that the apparitions they beheld were unreal, and to be accounted for by natural causes. Thus much we admit, that after the latter half of his confinement it is doubtful whether he was or was not partially deranged, so far at least as to be affected by a species of monomania, in no wise detracting from his other mental qualities.

These conclusions we consider certainly proved. We do not mean that they are capable of actual demonstration; but only that the evidence before us leads us irresistibly to this theory, as the only one by which the conduct of all the parties, under the circumstances actually proven, can be consistently explained, and because by this they are explained. That we can within our limits demonstrate that which Mr. Wilde has only done in two volumes cannot be expected; but we pledge our reputation that whoever will examine the subject will come to precisely the same conclusion with ourselves, unless perhaps he waver as to the guilt of Leonora; a point on which Mr. Wilde appears to entertain some doubt, although we cannot perceive the reason why or wherefore. Briefly, the mode of proof is this: By a close comparison of Tasso's own writings, his sonnets especially and *canzone*, and a searching cross-examination of their hidden meanings, Mr. Wilde positively *proves* that Leonora of Este *was* the person to whom the poems were addressed, and further, that the passion was ardent and by no means Platonic. By a collation of all authorities, and a similar comparison of evidence, he shows irresistibly that, though some circumstances do appear to favor the idea of the poet's insanity, a vast majority contradict it; and therefore that it is far easier to believe him sane than mad. In this part of his argument, however, we think he has laid too much stress on the poetical abilities of Tasso as proving his sanity; for although we are millions of leagues aloof from the vulgar and contemptible notion that insanity is a necessary concomitant or proof of genius, we cannot but perceive that in more than one remarkable instance men certainly insane have written

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admirable poetry, and that not during the occurrence of lucid intervals, but while under the full dominion of the malady. It is almost unnecessary to instance Cowper and Collins, both incurably and absolutely mad; and the more striking and original Shelley, and the unhappy Chatterton, neither of whom can be said at any time to have had the full possession of the mental faculties. This notwithstanding, we think that after reading all the cumulative evidence on this point, it is impossible to believe that Tasso's senses were at all impaired, until—if even then—after the middle of his last imprisonment. Now, to suppose that he *feigned* madness, for his own amusement, when by so doing he subjected himself to detention and persecution, is absurd; and not less so to suppose that Alphonso really, the second time, imagined him to be mad, when all the causes which had led him once to believe so were explained, and the adverse proofs were convincing. It is moreover actually proved that amatory poems *did* exist, written by Tasso, boasting and recounting in rapturous strains the complete possession of Leonora. Hence a cause *did* exist which in that age would have been held sufficient to justify the immediate execution of the guilty parties; and which would of course justify the milder course of imprisonment in a madhouse. Had Tasso been believed to be *really* mad, compassion alone would have been the consequence in the minds of Alphonso and his sisters, who unquestionably at a former period both honored and esteemed him; and he would of course have been confined in apartments, and with attendants suitable to his rank and distinguished genius, not in a squalid cell, deprived of clothes and medical assistance. All this becomes at once and easily explicable, when we believe Alphonso to have acted under the joint influence of policy and vengeance. Again, it cannot be imagined that Alphonso who, as is clearly demonstrated, once really loved Tasso, should have resorted to such incredible barbarity, or to punish a sane man thus, for merely writing amatory verses *in honor* of his sister, or even of aspiring to her hand, (if guiltless of her seduction, or of boasting of it,) although he might have deemed it prudent to remove him, if he had dreaded his success, by banishment or even by assassination, —the doom which he did inflict on him being utterly disproportionate as a punishment, and quite inoperative as a preventive, keeping, as it must have done, the interest ever warm in the breast of the lady. Still less can we suppose that he would have so tormented him for the other causes alleged—angry and rude expressions—or a desire to change his patronage for that of another sovereign. But seeing that Tasso actually *did* write verses boasting of Leonora's favors, and that some of his papers were put into the hands of the duke, in consequence of which he dreaded assassination, what doubt can there be that these verses were the papers so betrayed; and admitting all this, what doubt that the duke would only hesitate between the pleasure of vengeance and the policy of concealment?

Mr. Wilde seems half inclined to agree that Leonora was innocent, and that Tasso belied her in his boastings, from the fact that the duke did not at once punish both with death; and he cites several cotemporaneous executions of guilty actors, as throwing credit on the supposition that had he believed them guilty he would have summarily slain them. It must be observed, however, that there was no overt proof of guilt; nothing, in short, but Tasso's own boasting; that these boastings were known to but two or three persons; and that, could they be discredited, suspicion even on the subject would be quelled. Leonora, moreover, was not his *wife*, so that no jealousy or furious disappointed love would have operated to point his vengeance against her; but only family shame and a sense of wounded honor. It is therefore not only improbable, but almost impossible, that he should have blazoned the dishonor of his house by the execution of either of the guilty parties. Had he entirely disbelieved it, and had there been no corroborative circumstances, he might have treated it as the mere ravings of vanity and poetic folly; believing it true, *he* could not afford to pardon; and knowing herself a woman seduced, and her shame published by the lips of her seducer, Leonora would naturally—necessarily we had almost said—have been unrelenting. Under any other possible conjecture, her obduracy, which is well proved, is incomprehensible; and her brother's cruelty almost as much so. Under this view the conduct of each is perfectly consistent, natural and probable; that of the brother exhibiting the deepest worldly wisdom, and being the only possible way by which he could have concealed the scandal, which he *did* contrive to render unsuspected even, for the greater part of two centuries, and which can probably be never now proved to a demonstration, however nearly we approximate to certainty on the subject. It only now remains to show a possibility that Tasso should have *feigned* madness under the circumstances; but Mr. Wilde has shown that he himself asserted that he was requested to do so, and actually did so; and the joint fear of death, and the hope of so appeasing the duke and propitiating the lady, render the supposition that he did so perfectly easy of belief.

We have extended our observations to so great a length, that we cannot say half as much as we could wish to say on this interesting topic. We must, however, declare our regret that Mr. Wilde did not more clearly express his own opinion, and that he did not start by stating briefly what he wished to prove, and go on step by step to prove it. This would, we think, have rendered the book more popular with general readers, and perhaps more clear and satisfactory to all. The style is throughout chaste, classical, and spirited. The numerous translations of the sonnets and canzone, which are interspersed, may be pronounced eminently beautiful, poetical, and fraught with the spirit of the original, though perhaps in several cases rather too wide of the letter. We marked a few passages wherein the deviation from the text is more objectionable, because it seems to favor the writer's particular theory; as in page 26, vol. 1, where *cangiato* is translated *scarce-changed*, whereas its sense is exactly the reverse, *changed*. In page 31, same volume, *Quanto diviea maggior, tanto è più bella*, is rendered, "With years still gaining grace and beauty new,"—the English words implying the advanced age of the party—the Italian merely growth to maturity; and in page 179, vol. 2. *godermi* is translated to *renew* instead of to *enjoy*, the change supporting Mr. Wilde's opinion. We are far from intending to imply intentional falsification of the text, which it is impossible to suspect—the Italian being given in juxtaposition with the English—but are desirous of pointing out an error easy of correction to the accomplished author. In the same spirit we shall proceed to mention three other slight offences—two against grammar and one against prosody—which we should not notice in a less perfect work. But it is desirous that there should be no blot in so admirable a book as the one before us. Page 72, vol. 1, for "But *him*," read "But *he*." Page 229, same volume, MEGARA is used as the name of the fury. *Megæra*, Μεγαιρα from Μεγαιρω, *to envy*. The *a* is also long according to its rhythmical position in the Italian sonnet. And, to conclude, in page 4 of vol. 2, we must insert *whether* between *or* and *ingratitude* in order to render the sentence either grammatical or easily intelligible. Candor compels us to add that although the book is got up in good taste throughout, with handsome type, on excellent paper, the Italian is so very ill printed, and so full of typographical errors, as to be sometimes incomprehensible. This said, we take leave of the

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book with regret; and, commending it most warmly and sincerely to all our readers, take this last opportunity of expressing our high respect for the talents, scholarship and industry of its ingenious author.

Incidents of Travel in Yucatan: By John L. Stephens, Author of "Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petræa, and the Holy Land," etc. Two vols. New York, Harper & Brothers, 1843.

These interesting volumes reached us at too late a day to be noticed as they deserve in our present number. It will be remembered by those who read the "Incidents of Travel in Central America," etc., that Mr. Stephens intimated in that work his intention to make a more thorough exploration of Yucatan. He has since carried his intention into effect, making, as he believes, the most extensive journey ever made by a stranger in that peninsula; in which he examined the remains of more than forty cities, few of which had ever before been visited. His descriptions of these ruins are accompanied by one hundred and twenty daguerreotype views and drawings, made on the spot by Mr. Catherwood, under whose superintendence they have since been engraved. The previous works of Mr. Stephens have been universally popular. His discrimination and enthusiasm, and a style at once familiar, spirited and graphic, combine to enchain the attention of the ordinary reader to his pages, while the intrinsic interest and importance of his discoveries commend them to the gravest students. We shall probably recur to the "Incidents of Travel in Yucatan," on some future occasion.

Life in Mexico, during a Residence of Two Years in that Country: By Madame C—— de la B——. Two volumes, duodecimo. Boston, Little & Brown, 1843.

The author of these very agreeable volumes is the wife of the Chevalier Calderon de la Barca, for a long time Spanish Minister at Washington, and subsequently the first Envoy from Spain to the Republic of Mexico. Señor Calderon left New York in the autumn of 1839, and on reaching the ancient capital of the Montezumas, was greeted with an enthusiasm which attested the joy of the inhabitants at the re-establishment of a friendly intercourse with the mother country. While residing there he was on terms of familiar intimacy with the most refined and aristocratic families, and enjoyed favorable opportunities for every kind of observation. The letters of Madame Calderon, written in this period to her friends in the United States present spirited and accurate delineations of manners, customs and feelings in Mexican society, and much curious information in regard to the political, religious and moral condition of the country, its institutions, public men, etc., etc. The work has about it altogether an air of freshness and originality that will strongly commend it to the popular favor. It has been published in a very elegant manner under the superintendence of Mr. Prescott, the historian.

Mesopotamia and Assyria: By J. Baillie Frazer: Family Library, No. CLVII. One volume, duodecimo. New York, Harper & Brothers, 1843.

This is a history, written with much candor, ability and research; and beside the chronicle of events, from the earliest ages, it embraces illustrations of the natural history, etc. of the countries, with engravings and maps. Mr. Frazer is well known by his work on Persia, forming an earlier number of the same excellent series.

Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, held at Philadelphia, for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge. Published by the Society.

This is a publication of great value and interest, not only on account of the intrinsic excellence of the papers it contains, but because it furnishes an authentic record of the Progress of Science in America. It establishes the fact that we have among us scientific men who would confer honor upon any country, and whose labors are calculated to extend the boundaries and perfect the theories of science over all the world. Voluntary associations of men devoted to scientific investigations, such as the society under whose auspices this work is issued, are the only means for extending and rendering vigorous that spirit of research and that intellectual enthusiasm upon which these studies rely for prosperous and beneficent cultivation; for, in the United States, unhappily, such men can look with slight confidence to the local or federal governments for aid and encouragement. In the old world, both in Great Britain and on the Continent, similar societies have existed for many years, and have enlisted and called forth the highest scientific talent, and given rise to some of the most important discoveries that have ever been made. We are glad to perceive that the same instrumentality finds favor among the scholars of our own land; and especially are we rejoiced at the evidence of their success and zeal which the "Transactions" before us furnish.

The First Part of the current volume contains eleven papers, all upon scientific subjects. The most important and interesting are those upon Electricity, Magnetism, and Meteors. Dr. Joseph Henry, of Princeton, New Jersey, contributes a very valuable account of numerous experiments made by himself, principally with reference to the induction produced at the beginning and end of the galvanic current; and appended to the notices of these experiments are some important theoretical considerations which they have suggested to his mind. Mr. Walker presents, in a long and elaborate paper, an account of his researches concerning the periodical meteors of August and November, in which valuable data are given concerning the relative velocities and the relative directions of meteors, and their anniversary displays in different parts of the world. From others are drawn theoretical conclusions concerning their law, which are further supported by certain analogies in the solar system and sidereal heavens. There are also two valuable articles on the Mastodon; one by Mr. Redfield, of New York, giving an account of the storm of December 15, 1839, and several others of scarcely less interest and value.

The Second Part is occupied entirely by the contributions of Mr. Isaac Lea, of Philadelphia, one of the most eminent conchologists of the age, who in the papers before us gives scientific descriptions of fifty-seven newly discovered species of fresh-water and land shells, which, with the sixty species described by the zoologists, make the large number of one hundred and seventeen species of the genus *Melania* known to exist in the United States. The descriptions are full and exact, and are illustrated by a great number of finely lithographed illustrations. These papers by Mr. Lea are the most valuable contributions to American Conchology, which have been made for many years.

With this hasty and imperfect notice of these "Transactions," we commend the entire work of which they form a portion to the attention and patronage of men of scientific tastes and studies throughout the country, as one of the most learned and valuable now in course of publication in the world. The most splendidly executed scientific publications of Paris and London do not surpass it in excellence of typography or illustrations.

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXII. PHILADELPHIA: APRIL, 1843. No. 4.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF.

BY J. F. COOPER, AUTHOR OF "THE RED ROVER," "LE FEU-FOLLET," ETC.

(Concluded from page 167.)

For a week nothing material transpired. All that time I lay in the drawer, gaining a knowledge of what passed, in the best manner I could. Betts Shoreham was a constant visiter at the house, and Tom Thurston made his appearance with a degree of punctuality that began to attract notice, among the inmates of the house on the opposite side of the street. All this time, however, Tom treated Julia with the greatest respect, and even distance, turning more of his attention toward Mrs. Monson. He acted in this manner, because he thought he had secured a sufficient lien on the young lady, by means of her "yes," and knew how important it was for one who could show none of the usual inducements for consent, to the parents, to obtain the good-will of the "old lady."

At the end of the week, Mrs. Monson opened her house to receive the world. As a matter of course, I was brought out on this occasion. Now, Betts Shoreham and Mademoiselle Hennequin had made great progress toward an understanding in the course of this week, though the lady becoming more and more conscious of the interest she had created in the heart of the gentleman, her own conduct got to be cautious and reserved. At length, Betts actually carried matters so far as to write a letter, that was as much to the point as a man could very well come. In a word, he offered his hand to the excellent young French woman, assuring her, in very passionate and suitable terms, that she had been mistress of his affections ever since the first month of their acquaintance. In this letter, he implored her not to be so cruel as to deny him an interview, and there were a few exceedingly pretty reproaches, touching her recent coy and reserved deportment.

Mademoiselle Hennequin was obliged to read this letter in Julia's room, and she took such a position to do it, as exposed every line to my impertinent gaze, as I lay on the bed, among the other finery that was got out for the evening. Mrs. Monson was present, and she had summoned the governess, in order to consult her on the subject of some of the ornaments of the supper table. Fortunately, both Julia and her mother were too much engaged to perceive the tears that rolled down the cheeks of the poor stranger, as she read the honest declaration of a fervid and manly love, nor did either detect the manner in which the letter was pressed to Mademoiselle Hennequin's heart, when she had done reading it the second time.

Just at this instant a servant came to announce Mr. Shoreham's presence in the "breakfast-room." This was a retired and little frequented part of the house at that hour, Betts having been shown into it, in consequence of the preparations that were going on in the proper reception-rooms.

"Julia, my dear, you will have to go below—although it is at a most inconvenient moment."

"No, mother—let Mr. Betts Shoreham time his visits better—George, say that the ladies are *engaged*."

"That will not do," interrupted the mother, in some concern—"we are too intimate for such an excuse—would *you*, Mademoiselle Hennequin, have

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the goodness to see Mr. Shoreham for a few minutes —you must come into our American customs, sooner or later, and this may be a favorable moment to commence."

Mrs. Monson laughed pleasantly as she made this request, and her kindness and delicacy to the governess were too marked and unremitted to permit the latter to think of hesitating. She had laid her own handkerchief down at my side, to read the letter, but feeling the necessity of drying her eyes, she caught me up by mistake, smiled her assent, and left the apartment.

Mademoiselle Hennequin did not venture below, until she had gone into her own room. Here she wept freely for a minute or two, and then she bathed her eyes in cold water, and used the napkin in drying them. Owing to this circumstance, I was fortunately a witness of all that passed in her interview with her lover.

The instant Betts Shoreham saw that he was to have an interview with the charming French girl, instead of with Julia Monson, his countenance brightened; and, as if supposing the circumstance proof of his success, he seized the governess' hand, and carried it to his lips in a very carnivorous fashion. The lady, however, succeeded in retaining her hand, if she did not positively preserve it from being devoured.

"A thousand, thousand thanks, dearest Mademoiselle Hennequin," said Betts, in an incoherent, half-sane manner; "you have read my letter, and I may interpret this interview favorably. I meant to have told all to Mrs. Monson, had *she* come down, and asked her kind interference—but it is much, much better as it is."

"You will do well, monsieur, not to speak to Madame Monson on the subject at all," answered Mademoiselle Hennequin, with an expression of countenance that I found quite inexplicable; since it was not happy, nor was it altogether the reverse. "This must be our last meeting, and it were better that no one knew any thing of its nature."

"Then my vanity—my hopes have misled me, and I have no interest in your feelings!"

"I do not say *that*, monsieur; oh! *non—non*—I am far from saying as much as *that*"—poor girl, her face declared a hundred times more than her tongue, that she was sincere—"I do not—*cannot* say I have no interest in one, who so generously overlooks my poverty, my utter destitution of all worldly greatness, and offers to share with me his fortune and his honorable position—"

"This is not what I ask—what I had hoped to earn —gratitude is not love."

"Gratitude easily becomes love in a woman's heart"—answered the dear creature, with a smile and a look that Betts would have been a mere dolt not to have comprehended—"and it is my duty to take care that *my* gratitude does not entertain this weakness."

"Mademoiselle Hennequin, for mercy's sake, be as frank and simple as I know your nature prompts—*do* you, *can* you love me?"

Of course such a direct question, put in a very categorical way, caused the questioned to blush, if it did not induce her to smile. The first she did in a very pretty and engaging manner, though I thought she hesitated about indulging in the last.

"Why should I say 'yes,' when it can lead to no good result?"

"Then destroy all hope at once, and say *no*."

"That would be to give you—to give us *both* unnecessary pain. Besides, it might not be strictly true—I *could* love—Oh! No one can tell how my heart *could* love where it was right and proper."

After this, I suppose it is unnecessary for me to say, that Betts soon brought the category of possibilities into one of certainty. To own the truth, he carried every thing by his impetuosity, reducing the governess to own that what she admitted she *could* do so well, she had already done in a very complete and thorough manner. I enjoyed this scene excessively, nor was it over in a minute. Mademoiselle Hennequin used me several times to wipe away tears, and it is strong proof how much both parties were thinking of other matters, that neither discovered who was present at so interesting a *tête-à-tête*.

At length came the *dénouement*. After confessing how much she loved Betts, how happy she would be could she be his slave all the days of her life, how miserable she was in knowing that he had placed his affections on *her*, and how much more miserable she should be, had she learned he had *not*, Mademoiselle Hennequin almost annihilated the young man by declaring that it was utterly impossible for her to consent to become his wife. The reason was the difference in fortune, and the impossibility that she should take advantage of his passion to lead him into a connection that he might afterwards regret. Against this decision, Betts reasoned warmly, but seriously, in vain. Had Mademoiselle Hennequin been an American, instead of a French, girl, her feelings would not have been so sensitive on this point, for, in this great republic, every body but the fortune-hunters, an exceedingly contemptible class, considers a match without money, quite as much a matter of course, as a match with. But, the governess had been educated under a different system, and it struck her imagination as very proper, that she should make both herself and her lover miserable, because he had two hundred thousand dollars, and she had not as many hundreds. All this strangely conflicted with Betts' preconceived opinion of a French woman's selfishness, and, while he was disposed to believe his adored perfection, he almost feared it was a trick. Of such contradictory materials is the human mind composed!

At length the eyes of Betts fell on me, who was still in the hand of Mademoiselle Hennequin, and had several times been applied to her eyes unheeded. It was evident I revived unpleasant recollections, and the young man could not avoid letting an expression escape him, that sufficiently betrayed his feelings.

"This handkerchief!" exclaimed the young governess—"Ah! it is that of Mademoiselle Julie, which

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I must have taken by mistake. But, why should this handkerchief awaken any feeling in you, monsieur? You are not about to enact the Moor, in your days of wooing?"

This was said sweetly, and withal a little archly, for the poor girl was glad to turn the conversation from its harassing and painful points; but Betts was in no humor for pleasantry, and he spoke out in a way to give his mistress some clue to his thoughts.

"That cursed handkerchief"—it is really indecent in young men to use such improper language, but they little heed what they say when strongly excited—"that cursed handkerchief has given me as much pain, as it appears also to have given you. I wish I knew the real secret of its connection with your feelings; for I confess, like that of Desdemona's, it has excited distrust, though for a very different cause."

The cheeks of Mademoiselle Hennequin were pale, and her brow thoughtful. Still, she had a sweet smile for Betts; and, though ignorant of the nature of his suspicions, which she would have scarcely pardoned, it was her strongest wish to leave no darker cloud between them, than the one she felt it her duty to place there herself. She answered, therefore, frankly and simply, though not without betraying strong emotion as she proceeded.

"This handkerchief is well known to me," answered the young French woman; "it revives the recollections of some of the most painful scenes of a life that has never seen much sunshine. You have heard me speak of a grandmother, Mr. Shoreham, who took care of my childhood, and who died in my arms. That handkerchief I worked for her support in her last illness, and this lace—yes, this beautiful lace was a part of that beloved grandmother's bridal *trousseau*. I put it where you see it, to enhance the value of my labors."

"I see it all!" exclaimed the repentant Betts—"*feel* it all, dearest, dearest Mademoiselle Hennequin; and I hope this exquisite work, this refined taste brought all the comfort and reward you had a right to anticipate."

A shade of anguish crossed the face of Adrienne—for it was no other—as she gazed at me, and recalled all the scenes of her sufferings and distress. Then I knew her again, for time and a poor memory, with some development of person, had caused me to forget the appearance of the lovely creature who may be said to have made me what I am; but one glance at her, with that expression of intense suffering on her countenance, renewed all my earlier impressions.

"I received as much as I merited, perhaps," returned the meek-minded girl—for she was proud only in insisting on what she fancied right—"and enough to give my venerated parent Christian burial. They were days of want and sorrow that succeeded, during which, Betts, I toiled for bread like an Eastern slave, the trodden-on and abused hireling of a selfish milliner. Accident at length placed me in a family as a governess. This family happened to be acquainted with Madame Monson, and an offer that was brilliant to me, in my circumstances, brought me to America. You see by all this how unfit I am to be *your* wife, monsieur. You would blush to have it said you had married a French milliner!"

"But you are not a milliner, in that sense, dearest Adrienne—for you must suffer me to call you by that name—you are a lady reduced by revolutions and misfortunes. The name of Hennequin I know is respectable, and what care I for money, when so much worth is to be found on your side of the scale. Money would only oppress me, under such circumstances."

"Your generosity almost overcomes my scruples, but it may not be. The name to which I am entitled is certainly not one to be ashamed of—it is far more illustrious than that of Hennequin, respectable as is the last; but of what account is a *name* to one in my condition!"

"And your family name is not Hennequin?" asked the lover, anxiously.

"It is not. My poor grandmother assumed the name of Hennequin, when we went last to Paris, under an apprehension that the guillotine might follow the revolution of July, as it had followed that of '89. This name she enjoined it on me to keep, and I have never thought it prudent to change it. I am of the family of de la Rocheaimard."

The exclamation which burst from the lips of Betts Shoreham, betokened both surprise and delight. He made Adrienne repeat her declarations, and even desired her to explain her precise parentage. The reader will remember, that there had been an American marriage in Adrienne's family, and that every relative the poor girl had on earth, was among these distant connections on this side of the Atlantic. One of these relatives, though it was no nearer than a third cousin, was Betts Shoreham, whose great-grandmother had been a *bonâ fide* de la Rocheaimard, and who was enabled, at once, to point out to the poor deserted orphan some forty or fifty persons, who stood in the same degree of affinity to her. It is needless to say that this conversation was of absorbing interest to both; so much so, indeed, that Betts momentarily forgot his love, and by the time it had ended, Adrienne was disposed to overlook most of her over scrupulous objections to rewarding that very passion. But the hour admonished them of the necessity of separating.

"And now, my beloved cousin," said Betts Shoreham, as he rose to quit the room, seizing Adrienne's unresisting hand—"now, my own Adrienne, you will no longer urge your sublimated notions of propriety against my suit. I am your nearest male relative, and have a right to your obedience—and I command that you be the second de la Rocheaimard who became the wife of a Shoreham."

"Tell me, *mon cher cousin*," said Adrienne, smiling through her tears—"were your grand-parents, my good uncle and aunt, were they happy? Was their union blessed?"

"They were miracles of domestic felicity, and their happiness has passed down in tradition, among all their descendants. Even religion could not fur-

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nish them with a cause for misunderstanding. That example which they set to the last century, we will endeavor to set to this."

Adrienne smiled, kissed her hand to Betts, and ran out of the room, leaving me forgotten on the sofa. Betts Shoreham seized his hat, and left the house, a happy man; for, though he had no direct promise as yet, he felt as reasonably secure of success, as circumstances required. Five minutes later, Tom Thurston entered, and Julia Monson came down to receive *him*, her pique not interfering, and it being rather stylish to be disengaged on the morning of the day when the household was in all the confusion of a premeditated rout.

"This is *so* good of you, Miss Monson," said Tom, as he made his bow—I heard it all, being still on the sofa—"This is *so* good of you, when your time must have so many demands on it."

"Not in the least, Mr. Thurston—mamma and the housekeeper have settled every thing, and I am really pleased to see you, as you can give me the history of the new play—"

"Ah! Miss Monson, my heart—my faculties—my ideas—" Tom was getting bothered, and he made a desperate effort to extricate himself—"In short, my *judgment* is so confused and monopolized, that I have no powers left to think or speak of plays. In a word, I was not there."

"That explains it, then—and what has thus confused your mind, Mr. Thurston?"

"The approach of this awful night. You will be surrounded by a host of admirers, pouring into your ears their admiration and love, and then what shall I have to support me, but that 'yes,' with which you once raised me from the depths of despair to an elevation of happiness that was high as the highest pinnacle of the caverns of Kentucky; raising me from the depths of Chimborazo."

Tom meant to reverse this image, but love is proverbially desperate in its figures of speech, and any thing was better than appearing to hesitate. Nevertheless, Miss Monson was too well instructed, and had too much real taste, not to feel surprise at all this extravagance of diction and poetry.

"I am not certain, Mr. Thurston, that I rightly understand you," she said. "Chimborazo is not particularly low, nor are the caverns of Kentucky so very strikingly elevated."

"Ascribe it all to that fatal, heart-thrilling, hope-inspiring 'yes,' loveliest of human females," continued Tom, kneeling with some caution, lest the straps of his pantaloons should give way—"Impute all to your own lucid ambiguity, and to the torments of hope that I experience. Repeat that 'yes,' lovely, consolatory, imaginative being, and raise me from the thrill of depression, to the liveliest pulsations of all human acmés."

"Hang it," thought Tom, "if she stand *that*, I shall presently be ashore. Genius, itself, can invent nothing finer."

But, Julia did stand it. She admired Tom for his exterior, but the admiration of no moderately sensible woman could overlook rodomontade so exceedingly desperate. It was trespassing too boldly on the proprieties to utter such nonsense to a gentlewoman, and Tom, who had got his practice in a very low school, was doomed to discover that he had overreached himself.

"I am not certain I quite understand you, Mr. Thurston," answered the half-irritated, half-amused young lady; "your language is so very extraordinary—your images so unusual—"

"Say, rather, that it is your own image, loveliest incorporation of perceptible incarnations," interrupted Tom, determined to go for the whole, and recalling some rare specimens of magazine eloquence—"Talk not of images, obdurate maid, when you are nothing but an image yourself."

"I! Mr. Thurston—and of what is it your pleasure to accuse me of being the image?"

"O! unutterable wo—yes, inexorable girl, your vacillating 'yes' has rendered me the impersonation of that oppressive sentiment, of which your beauty and excellence have become the mocking reality. Alas, alas! that bearded men,"—Tom's face was covered with hair—"Alas, alas! that bearded men should be brought to weep over the contrarieties of womanly caprice."

Here Tom bowed his head, and after a grunting sob or two, he raised his handkerchief in a very pathetic manner to his face, and *thought* to himself—"Well, if she stand *that*, the Lord only knows what I shall say next."

As for Julia, she was amused, though at first she had been a little frightened. The girl had a good deal of spirit, and she had *tant soit peu* of mother Eve's love of mischief in her. She determined to "make capital" out of the affair, as the Americans say, in shop-keeping slang.

"What is the 'yes,' of which you speak," she inquired, "and, on which you seem to lay so much stress?"

"That 'yes' has been my bane and antidote," answered Tom, rallying for a new and still more desperate charge. "When first pronounced by your rubicund lips, it thrilled on my amazed senses like a beacon of light—"

"Mr. Thurston—Mr. Thurston—what *do* you mean?"

"Ah, d—n it," *thought* Tom, "I should have said '*humid* light'—how the deuce did I come to forget that word—it would have rounded the sentence beautifully."

"What do I mean, angel of 'humid light,'" answered Tom, aloud; "I mean all I say, and lots of feeling besides. When the heart is anguished with unutterable emotion, it speaks in accents that deaden all the nerves, and thrill the ears." Tom was getting to be animated, and when that was the case, his ideas flowed like a torrent after a thunder-shower, or in volumes, and a little muddily. "What do I mean, indeed; I mean to have *you*," he *thought*, "and, at least, eighty thousand dollars, or dictionaries, Webster's inclusive, were made in vain."

"This is very extraordinary, Mr. Thurston," rejoined Julia, whose sense of womanly propriety be-

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gan to take the alarm; "and I must insist on an explanation. Your language would seem to infer—really, I do not know, what it does *not* seem to infer. Will you have the goodness to explain what you mean by that 'yes?'"

"Simply, loveliest and most benign of your sex, that once already, in answer to a demand of your hand, you deigned to reply with that energetic and encouraging monosyllable, yes—dear and categorical affirmative—" exclaimed Tom, going off again at half-cock, highly impressed with the notion that rhapsody, instead of music, was the food of love—"Yes, dear and categorical affirmative, with what ecstasy did not my drowsy ears drink in the melodious sounds—what extravagance of delight my throbbing heart echo its notes, on the wings of the unseen winds—in short, what considerable satisfaction your consent gave my pulsating mind!"

"Consent!—Consent is a strong *word*, Mr. Thurston!"

"It is, indeed, adorable Julia, and it is also a strong *thing*. I've known terrible consequences arise from the denial of a consent, not half as explicit as your own."

"Consequences!—may I ask, sir, to what consequences you allude?"

"The consequences, Miss Monson—that is, the consequences of a violated troth, I mean—they may be divided into three parts—" here, Tom got up, brushed his knees, each in succession, with his pocket-handkerchief, and began to count on his fingers, like a lawyer who is summing up an argument—"Yes, Miss Julia, into three parts. First come the pangs of unrequited love; on these I propose to enlarge presently. Next come the legal effects, always supposing that the wronged party can summon heart enough to carry on a suit, with bruised affections—" "hang it," thought Tom, "why did I not think of that word 'bruised' while on my knees; it would tell like a stiletto—" "Yes, Miss Julia, if 'bruised affections' would permit the soul to descend to such preliminaries. The last consequence is, the despair of hope deferred."

"All this is so extraordinary, Mr. Thurston, that I insist on knowing why you have presumed to address such language to me—yes, sir, *insist* on knowing your reason."

Tom was dumbfounded. Now, that he was up, and looking about him, he had an opportunity of perceiving that his mistress was offended, and that he had somewhat overdone the sublime, poetical and affecting. With a sudden revulsion of feeling and tactics, he determined to throw himself, at once, into the penitent and candid.

"Ah, Miss Monson," he cried, somewhat more naturally—"I see I have offended and alarmed you. But, impute it all to love. The strength of my passion is such, that I became desperate, and was resolved to try any expedient that I thought might lead to success."

"That might be pardoned, sir, were it not for the extraordinary character of the expedient. Surely, you have never seen in me any taste for the very extraordinary images and figures of speech you have used, on this occasion."

"This handkerchief,"—said Tom, taking me from the sofa—"this handkerchief must bear all the blame. But for this, I should not have dreamt of running so much on the high-pressure principle; but love, you know, Miss Julia, is a calculation, like any other great event of life, and must be carried on consistently."

"And, pray, sir, how can that handkerchief have brought about any such result?"

"Ah! Miss Monson, you ask me to use a most killing frankness! Had we not better remain under the influence of the poetical star?"

"If you wish to ensure my respect, or esteem, Mr. Thurston, it is necessary to deal with me in perfect sincerity. Nothing but truth will ever be pleasing to me."

"Hang it," *thought* Tom, again, "who knows? She is whimsical, and may really like to have the truth. It's quite clear her heart is as insensible to eloquence and poetry, as a Potter's Field wall, and it might answer to try her with a little truth. Your $80,000 girls get *such* notions in their heads, that there's no analogy, as one might say, between them and the rest of the species. Miss Julia," continuing aloud, "my nature is all plain-dealing, and I am delighted to find a congenial spirit. You must have observed something very peculiar in my language, at the commencement of this exceedingly interesting dialogue?"

"I will not deny it, Mr. Thurston; your language was, to say the least, *very* peculiar."

"Lucid, but ambiguous; pathetic, but amusing; poetical, but comprehensive; prosaical, but full of emphasis. That's my nature. Plain-dealing, too, is my nature, and I adore the same quality in others; most especially in those I could wish to marry."

"Does this wish, then, extend to the plural number?" asked Julia, smiling a little maliciously.

"Certainly; when the heart is devoted to virtuous intentions, it wishes for a union with virtue, wherever it is to be found. Competence and virtue are my mottoes, Miss Julia."

"This shows that you are, in truth, a lover of plain-dealing, Mr. Thurston—and now, as to the handkerchief?"

"Why, Miss Julia, perceiving that you are sincere, I shall be equally frank. You own this handkerchief?"

"Certainly, sir. I should hardly use an article of dress that is the property of another."

"Independent, and the fruit of independence. Well, Miss Monson, it struck me that the mistress of such a handkerchief *must* like poetry—that is, flights of the imagination—that is, eloquence and pathos, as it might be engrafted on passion and sentiment."

"I believe I understand you, sir; you wish to say that common sense seemed misapplied to the owner of such a handkerchief."

"Far from that, adorable young lady; but, that poetry, and eloquence, and flights of imagination,

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seem well applied. A very simple calculation will demonstrate what I mean. But, possibly, you do not wish to hear the calculation—ladies, generally, dislike figures?"

"I am an exception, Mr. Thurston; I beg you will lay the whole matter before me, therefore, without reserve."

"It is simply this, ma'am. This handkerchief cost every cent of $100—"

"One hundred and twenty-five," said Julia, quickly.

"Bless me," *thought* Tom, "what a rich old d—l her father must be. I will not give her up; and as poetry and sentiment do not seem to be favorites, here goes for frankness—some women are furious for plain matter-of-fact fellows, and this must be one of the number. One hundred and twenty-five dollars is a great deal of money," he added, aloud, "and the interest, at 7 per cent, will come to $1.75. Including first cost and washing, the annual expense of this handkerchief may be set down at $2. But, the thing will not last now five years, if one includes fashion, wear and tear, &c., and this will bring the whole expense up to $27 per annum. We will suppose your fortune to be $50,000, Miss Julia—"

Here Tom paused, and cast a curious glance at the young lady, in the hope of hearing something explicit. Julia could hardly keep her countenance, but she was resolved to go to the bottom of all this plain-dealing.

"Well, sir," she answered, "we will suppose it, as you say, $50,000."

"The interest, then, would be $3,500. Now 27 multiplied by 130—" here Tom took out his pencil, and began to cypher—"make just 3510, or rather more than the whole amount of the interest. Well, when you come to deduct taxes, charges, losses and other things, the best invested estate of $3,500 per annum, will not yield more than $3,000, nett. Suppose a marriage, and the husband has *only* $1,000 for his pocket, this would bring down the ways and means to $2,000 per annum; or less than a hundredth part of the expense of keeping *one* pocket-handkerchief; and when you come to include rent, fuel, marketing, and other necessaries, you see, my dear Miss Monson, there is a great deal of poetry in paying so much for a pocket-handkerchief."

"I believe I understand you, sir, and shall endeavor to profit by the lesson. As I am wanted, you will now excuse me, Mr. Thurston—my father's step is in the hall—" so Julia, in common with all other Manhattanese, called a passage, or entry, five feet wide—"and to him I must refer you."

This was said merely as an excuse for quitting the room. But Tom received it literally and figuratively, at the same time. Accustomed to think of marrying as his means of advancement, he somewhat reasonably supposed "refer you to my father" meant consent, so far as the young lady was concerned, and he determined to improve the precious moments. Fortunately for his ideas, Mr. Monson did not enter the room immediately, which allowed the gentleman an opportunity for a little deliberation. As usual, his thoughts took the direction of a mental soliloquy, much in the following form.

"This is getting on famously," thought Tom. "Refer you to my father—well, that is compact and comprehensive, at the same time. I wish her dandruff had got up when I mentioned only $50,000. Seriously, that is but a small sum to make one's way on. If I had a footing of my own, in society, $50,000 *might* do; but, when a fellow has to work his way by means of dinners, horses, and et ceteras, it's a small allowance. It's true, the Monsons will give me connections, and connections are almost—not quite—as good as money to get a chap along with—but, the d—l of the matter is, that connections eat and drink. I dare say the Monson set will cost me a good $500 a year, though they will save something in the way of the feed they must give in their turns. I wish I had tried her with a higher figure, for, after all, it may have been only modesty—some women are as modest as the d—l. But here comes old Monson, and I must strike while the iron is hot."

"Good morning, Mr. Thurston," said the father, looking a little surprised at seeing such a guest at three o'clock. "What, alone with my daughter's fine pocket-handkerchief? You must find that indifferent company."

"Not under the circumstances, sir. Every thing is agreeable to us that belongs to an object we love."

"Love? That is a strong term, Mr. Thurston—one that I hope you have uttered in pure gallantry."

"Not at all, sir," cried Tom, falling on his knees, as a school boy reads the wrong paragraph in the confusion of not having studied his lesson well—"adorable and angelic—I beg your pardon, Mr. Monson,"—rising, and again brushing his knees with some care—"my mind is in such a state of confusion, that I scarcely know what I say."

"Really, I should think so, or you could never mistake me for a young girl of twenty. Will you have the goodness to explain this matter to me?"

"Yes, sir—I'm referred."

"Referred? Pray, what may that mean in particular?"

"Only, sir, that I'm referred—I do not ask a dollar, sir. Her lovely mind and amiable person are all I seek, and I only regret that she is so rich. I should be the happiest fellow in the world, Mr. Monson, if the angelic Julia had not a cent."

"The angelic Julia must be infinitely indebted to you, Mr. Thurston; but let us take up this affair in order. What am I to understand, sir, by your being referred?"

"That Miss Julia, in answer to my suit, has referred me to you, sir."

"Then, so far as she herself is concerned, you wish me to understand that she accepts you?"

"Certainly—she accepted, some time since, with as heavenly a 'yes' as ever came from the ruby lips of love."

"Indeed! This is so new to me, sir, that you must permit me to see my daughter a moment, ere I give a definite answer."

Hereupon Mr. Monson left the room, and Tom began to *think* again.

"Well," he thought, "things *do* go on swimmingly

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at last. This is the first time I could ever get at a father, though I've offered to six-and-twenty girls. One does something like a living business with a father. I don't know but I rather overdid it about the dollar, though it's according to rule to seem disinterested at first, even if you quarrel like furies, afterwards, about the stuff. Let me see—had I best begin to screw him up in this interview, or wait for the next? A few hints, properly thrown out, may be useful at once. Some of these old misers hold on to every thing till they die, fancying it a mighty pleasant matter to chaps that can't support themselves to support *their* daughters by industry, as they call it. I 'm as industrious as a young fellow can be, and I owe six months' board, at this very moment. No—no—I 'll walk into him at once, and give him what Napoleon used to call a demonstration."

The door opened, and Mr. Monson entered, his face a little flushed, and his eye a little severe. Still he was calm in tone and manner. Julia had told him all in ten words.

"Now, Mr. Thurston, I believe I understand this matter," said the father, in a very business-like manner; "you wish to marry my daughter?"

"Exactly, sir; and she wishes to marry me—that is, as far as comports with the delicacy of the female bosom."

"A very timely reservation. And you are referred?"

"Yes, Mr. Monson, those cheering words have solaced my ears—I am referred. The old chap," aside, "likes a little humbug, as well as a girl."

"And you will take her without a cent, you say?"

"Did I, sir? I believe I did n't exactly say that—*Dollar* was the word I mentioned. *Cents* could hardly be named between you and me."

"Dollar let it be, then. Now, sir, you have my consent on a single condition."

"Name it, sir. Name five or six, at once, my dear Mr. Monson, and you shall see how *I* will comply."

"One will answer. How much fortune do you think will be necessary to make such a couple happy, at starting in the world? Name such a sum as will comport with your own ideas."

"How much, sir? Mr. Monson, you are a model of generosity! You mean, to keep a liberal and gentlemanly establishment, as would become your son-in-law?"

"I do—such a fortune as will make you both easy and comfortable."

"Horses and carriages, of course? Every thing on a genteel and liberal scale?"

"On such a scale as will insure the happiness of man and wife."

"Mutual esteem—conjugal felicity—and all that. I suppose you include dinners, sir, and a manly competition with one's fellow citizens, in real New York form?"

"I mean all that can properly belong to the expenses of a gentleman and lady."

"Yes, sir—exceedingly liberal—liberal as the rosy dawn. Why, sir, meeting your proposition in the spirit in which it is offered, I should say Julia and I could get along very comfortably on $100,000. Yes, we could make that do, provided the money were well invested—no fancy stocks."

"Well, sir, I am glad we understand each other so clearly. If my daughter really wish to marry you, I will give $50,000 of this sum, as soon as you can show me that you have as much more to invest along with it."

"Sir—Mr. Monson!"

"I mean that each party shall lay down dollar for dollar!"

"I understand what you mean, sir. Mr. Monson, that would be degrading lawful wedlock to the level of a bet—a game of cards—a mercenary, contemptible bargain. No, sir—nothing shall ever induce me to degrade this honorable estate to such pitiful conditions!"

"Dollar for dollar, Mr. Thurston!"

"Holy wedlock! It is violating the best principles of our nature."

"Give and take!"

"Leveling the sacred condition of matrimony to that of a mere bargain for a horse or a dog!"

"Half and half!"

"My nature revolts at such profanation, sir—I will take $75,000 with Miss Julia, and say no more about it."

"Equality is the foundation of wedded happiness, Mr. Thurston."

"Say $50,000, Mr. Monson, and have no more words about it. Take away from the transaction the character of a bargain, and even $40,000 will do."

"Not a cent that is not covered by a cent of your own."

"Then, sir, I wash my hands of the whole affair. If the young lady should die, my conscience will be clear. It shall never be said Thomas Thurston was so lost to himself as to bargain for a wife."

"We must, then, part, and the negotiation must fall through."

Tom rose with dignity, and got as far as the door. With his hand on the latch, he added—

"Rather than blight the prospects of so pure and lovely a creature I will make every sacrifice short of honor—let it be $30,000, Mr. Monson?"

"As you please, sir—so that it be covered by $30,000 of your own."

"My nature revolts at the proposition, and so—good morning, sir."

Tom left the house, and Mr. Monson laughed heartily; so heartily, indeed, as to prove how much he relished the success of his scheme.

"Talk of Scylla and Charybdis!" soliloquized the discomfited Tom, as he wiped the perspiration from his face—"Where the d—l does he think I am to find the $50,000 he wants, unless he first gives them to me? I never heard of so unreasonable an old chap! Here is a young fellow that offers to marry his daughter for $30,000—half price, as one may say—and he talks about covering every cent he lays down with one of my own. I never knew what was meant by *cent. per cent.* before. Let me see; I've just thirty-

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two dollars and sixty-nine cents, and had we played at a game of coppers, I could n't have held out half an hour. But, I flatter myself, I touched the old scamp up with morals, in a way he was n't used to. Well, as this thing is over, I will try old Sweet, the grocer's daughter. If the wardrobe and whiskers fail there, I must rub up the Greek and Latin, and shift the ground to Boston. They say a chap with a little of the classics can get $30 or 40,000, there, any day in the week. I wish my parents had brought me up a schoolmaster; I would be off in the first boat. Blast it!—I thought when I came down to $30,000, he would have snapped at the bait, like a pike. He 'll never have a chance to get her off so cheap, again."

This ended the passage of flirtation between Thomas Thurston and Julia Monson. As for the latter, she took such a distaste for me, that she presented me to Mademoiselle Hennequin, at the first opportunity, under the pretence that she had discovered a strong wish in the latter to possess me.

Adrienne accepted the present with some reluctance, on account of the price that had been paid for me, and yet with strong emotion. How she wept over me, the first time we were alone together! I thought her heart would break; nor am I certain it would not, but for the timely interposition of Julia, who came and set her laughing by a humorous narrative of what had occurred between her father and her lover.

That night the rout took place. It went off with éclat, but I did not make my appearance at it, Adrienne rightly judging that I was not a proper companion for one in her situation. It is true, this is not a very American notion, *every* thing being suitable for *every* body, that get them, in this land of liberty, but Adrienne had not been educated in a land of liberty, and fancied that her dress should bear some relation to her means. Little did she know that I was a sort of patent of nobility, and that by exhibiting me, she might have excited envy, even in an alderman's daughter. My non-appearance, however, made no difference with Betts Shoreham, whose attentions throughout the evening were so marked as to raise suspicion of the truth in the mind of even Mrs. Monson.

The next day there was an *éclaircissement*. Adrienne owned who she was, gave my history, acquainted Mrs. Monson with her connection with Mr. Shoreham, and confessed the nature of his suit. I was present at this interview, and it would be unjust to say that the mother was not disappointed. Still she behaved generously, and like a high principled woman. Adrienne was advised to accept Betts, and her scruples, on the score of money, were gradually removed, by Mrs. Monson's arguments.

"What a contrast do this Mr. Thurston and Adrienne present!" observed Mrs. Monson to her husband, in a *tête à tête*, shortly after this interview. "Here is the gentleman wanting to get our child, without a shilling to bless himself with, and the poor girl refusing to marry the man of her heart, because she is penniless."

"So much for education. We become mercenary or self-denying, very much as we are instructed. In this country, it must be confessed, fortune-hunting has made giant strides, within the last few years, and that, too, with an audacity of pretension that is unrestrained by any of the social barriers which exist elsewhere."

"Adrienne will marry Mr. Shoreham, I think. She loves; and when a girl loves, her scruples of this nature are not invincible."

"Ay, *he* can lay down dollar for dollar—I wish his fancy had run toward Julia."

"It has not, and we can only regret it. Adrienne has half-consented, and I shall give her a handsome wedding—for, married she must be in our house."

All came to pass as was predicted. One month from that day, Betts Shoreham and Adrienne de la Rochealmard became man and wife. Mrs. Monson gave a handsome entertainment, and a day or two later, the bridegroom and bride took possession of their proper home. Of course I removed with the rest of the family, and, by these means, had an opportunity of becoming a near spectator of a honey-moon. I ought, however, to say, that Betts insisted on Julia's receiving $125 for me, accepting from Julia a handsome wedding present of equal value, but in another form. This was done simply that Adrienne might say when I was exhibited, that she had worked me herself, and that the lace with which I was embellished was an heir-loom. If there are various ways of quieting one's conscience, in the way of marriage settlements, so are there various modes of appeasing our sense of pride.

Pocket-handkerchiefs have their revolutions, as well as states. I was now under my first restoration, and perfectly happy; but, being French, I look forward to further changes, since the temperament that has twice ejected the Bourbons from their thrones will scarce leave me in quiet possession of mine forever.

Adrienne loves Betts more than any thing else. Still she loves me dearly. Scarce a week passes that I am not in her hands; and it is when her present happiness seems to be overflowing, that she is most fond of recalling the painful hours she experienced in making me what I am. Then her tears flow freely, and often I am held in her soft little hand, while she prays for the soul of her grandmother, or offers up praises for her own existing blessings. I am no longer thought of for balls and routs, but appear to be doomed to the closet, and those moments of tender confidence that so often occur between these lovers. I complain not. So far from it, never was an "article" of my character more highly favored; passing an existence, as it might be, in the very bosom of truth and innocence. Once only have I seen an old acquaintance, in the person of Clara Caverly, since my change of mistress—the idea of calling a de la Rochealmard, a *boss*, or *bossess*, is out of the question. Clara is a distant relative of Betts, and soon became intimate with her new cousin. One day she saw me lying on a table, and, after an examination, she exclaimed—

"Two things surprise me greatly here, Mrs. Shore-

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ham—that *you* should own one of these *things*"—I confess I did not like the word—"and that you should own this particular handkerchief."

"Why so, chère Clara?"—how prettily my mistress pronounces that name; so different from *Clarry!*

"It is not like *you* to purchase so extravagant and useless a *thing*—and then this looks like a handkerchief that once belonged to another person—a poor girl who has lost her means of extravagance by the change of the times. But, of course, it is only a resemblance, as *you*—"

"It is more, Clara—the handkerchief is the same. But that handkerchief is not an article of dress with me; it is *my friend!*"

The reader may imagine how proud I felt! This was elevation for the species, and gave a dignity to my position, with which I am infinitely satisfied. Nevertheless, Miss Caverly manifested surprise.

"I will explain," continued Mrs. Shoreham. "The handkerchief is my own work, and is very precious to me, on account *des souvenirs*."

Adrienne then told the whole story, and I may say Clara Caverly became my friend also. Yes, she, who had formerly regarded me with indifference, or dislike, now kissed me, and wept over me, and in this manner have I since passed from friend to friend, among all of Adrienne's intimates.

Not so with the world, however. My sudden disappearance from it excited quite as much sensation as my *début* in it. Tom Thurston's addresses to Miss Monson had excited the envy, and, of course, the attention of all the other fortune-hunters in town, causing his sudden retreat to be noticed. Persons of this class are celebrated for covering their retreats skilfully. Tom declared that "the old chap broke down when they got as far as the fortune—that, as he liked the girl, he would have taken her with $75,000, but the highest offer he could get from him was $30,000. This, of course, no gentleman could submit to. A girl with such a pocket-handkerchief *ought* to bring a clear $100,000, and I was for none of your half-way doings. Old Monson is a humbug. The handkerchief has disappeared, and, now they have taken down the *sign*, I hope they will do business on a more reasonable scale."

A month later, Tom got married. I heard John Monson laughing over the particulars one day in Betts Shoreham's library, where I am usually kept, to my great delight, being exceedingly fond of books. The facts were as follows. It seems Tom had cast an eye on the daughter of a grocer of reputed wealth, who had attracted the attention of another person of his own school. To get rid of a competitor, this person pointed out to Tom a girl, whose father had been a butcher, but had just retired from business, and was building himself a fine house somewhere in Butcherland.

"That's your girl," said the treacherous adviser. "All butchers are rich, and they never build until their pockets are so crammed as to force them to it. They coin money, and spend nothing. Look how high beef has been of late years; and then they live on the smell of their own meats. This is your girl. Only court the old fellow, and you are sure of half a million in the long run."

Tom was off on the instant. He did court the old fellow; got introduced to the family; was a favorite from the first; offered in a fortnight, was accepted, and got married within the month. Ten days afterward, the supplies were stopped for want of funds, and the butcher failed. It seems *he*, too, was only taking a hand in the great game of brag that most of the country had sat down to.

Tom was in a dilemma. He had married a butcher's daughter. After this, every door in Broadway and Bond street was shut upon him. Instead of stepping into society on his wife's shoulders, he was dragged out of it by the skirts, through her agency. Then there was not a dollar. His empty pockets were balanced by her empty pockets. The future offered a sad perspective. Tom consulted a lawyer about a divorce, on the ground of "false pretences." He was even ready to make an affidavit that he had been slaughtered. But it would not do. The marriage was found to stand all the usual tests, and Tom went to Texas.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

To a bright bud, with heart of flame,
The Angel of the Seasons came,
Took its green sheath and hood away
And turned its forehead to the day,
And from its blushing depths updrew
A stream of incense pure as dew.

He kissed its cheek, and went his way—
And then a form, with temples gray,
Stood at its side, and taught it how
To shrink, to shrivel, and to bow,
On the brown mould its lip to lay,
And blend with sweet things passed away.

To a fair maid, in beauty's spring,
Love's Angel came on radiant wing,
Nerved her light foot to skim the plain,
And made her voice a music-strain,
And clasped his cestus o'er her breast,
Till every eye her power confest.

Another form, with shadowy dart,
Pressed to her couch and chilled her heart;
Pale grew the brow with roses fired,
And her last breath in groans expired:
But that which bound her to the sky
Escaped his shaft—*It could not die.*

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FIRST AFFECTION.

BY MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

The glory of sunset is filling the air,
It has kindled the wood with a radiance rare,
It gleams on the lake, and the swan's snowy plume
Has caught from its crimson a tint of rose-bloom;
And see! in the white marble vase—with a smile
That illumes all the sculpture—'t is resting awhile.
Now the rose-wreathèd lattice lights up with its rays,
And now o'er the maiden it tenderly plays;
It seems like a spirit, gay, loving and free,
It would woo her to wake from her fond reverie;
With sportive allurement it plays with her curl
And kisses her blush and her bracelet of pearl;
But the blush is more warm than the sunbeam can be,
And the bracelet is clasped o'er a pulse throbbing wild,
And the maid has forgotten wave, blossom and tree,
For Love's sunny morn o'er her young heart has smiled.

And vain is the song of her petted canary,
For Love's lightest cadence is sweeter by far,
And the skies and the flowers are unnoticed by Mary,
For Love's blush and smile are her rose and her star;
And, hark! from her lips with a gush of wild feeling
Her heart's hallowed music is tenderly stealing—

"He tells me I am dear to him,
And in that precious vow
Is more than music—more than life—
I never lived till now!
This heart will break with too much joy.
Ah me! my maiden pride,
It strives in vain to hush my sighs,
To still my spirit's tide;
And I may watch his dear dark eyes,
Nor shrink to meet his gaze!
And I may joy to hear his step,
And list to all he says;
'T will not be wrong now he has vowed
He loves me best of all,
'T will not be wrong to care for nought
But him in festive hall;
'T will not be wrong to dream of him,
And love him night and day,
To smile on him when he is here
And bless him when away;
To sing the song he loves the best—
I learned it long ago,
But never dared to tell, because
I blushed to love him so;
And I may think his blessed smile
The loveliest on the earth,
And glory in his noble mind
And in his manly worth;
And I—perhaps—I cannot tell—
Perhaps some day I 'll dare
To lay my hand upon his brow—
To smooth his glossy hair!
But no! I dare not think of this,
For still the story ran
That she whose love is lightly won
Is lightly held by man.

Ah! will it not be joy enough
To know I have his heart,
To feel, e'en when he 's far away,
Our souls can never part;
To hear his gentle praise or blame—
For e'en reproof of his
Seems dearer, sweeter far to me
Than others' flattery is—
To whisper to him all my thoughts,
To share his joy and wo,
To read, to walk, to pray with him—
To love, and tell him so.
I wonder what will Marion
And what will mother say?
They said I must not think of him,
That he was light and gay;
They said his fond devotion
Was but an idler's whim;
I knew, I knew he loved me,
And oh! I worshiped him.
He 's not like any other
That I have ever seen,
He has a purer, truer smile,
A loftier, manlier mien;
His soft hair waves upon his brow
In clusters light and free,
His soul is in his hazel eyes
Whene'er they gaze on me,
And when he speaks and when he sings
His soft melodious tone
With love's deep, sacred meaning thrills
From *his* heart to *my own!*
He does not stoop to flatter me—
I do not wish him to—
I should not think he loved so much
Did he as others do;
But once he laid his darling hand
Upon my drooping head,
Because he saw my soul was pained
By something he had said—
Some warmer word to Marion
Than he had *dared* to *me*,
And oh! that light and timid touch,
That no one else could see,
How eloquent of love it was!
It soothed my very soul,
My eyes were filled with happy tears
That nothing could control,
And from that moment well I knew
His full, warm heart was mine;
Ah! how shall I deserve that heart,
Deserve his truth divine?
I 'll strive to be as good as he—
I 'll check each error vain
That dims the holy mirror of
My soul with earthly stain,
And it shall be my prayer to God,
My Guardian and my Guide!
That he I love may have no ill
To blush for in his bride!"

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THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY JAMES K. PAULDING, AUTHOR OF "THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRE-SIDE," "WESTWARD HO!" ETC.

"THE Father of Rivers," as it was aptly called by the Indians, whose names it must be confessed are much more expressive and harmonious than those of their more enlightened successors, is assuredly one of the wonders of nature. To the eye it presents itself as the greatest body of fresh water, collected and conveyed in one channel, to be found on the surface of the globe. Those who call to mind the number and magnitude of its tributaries; the depth and velocity of its current, forever setting in one direction, must, I think, be convinced, that none of the rivers of South America, which alone claim a comparison, can vie with it in the vast tribute it bears to the ocean. Then, as the Irishman observed, it not only "runs on a hill," but up a hill, for it has been ascertained by scientific observation, that the land is several feet higher at its mouth than at its junction with the Missouri, a distance of some thirteen hundred miles above. To the imagination it appeals with still greater force and effect. As the receptacle of the collected waters of an almost boundless region, comprehending a circle of many thousands of miles; as the great artery through which flow all the rivers, that, like the veins of the human body, pervade that vast undefined region aptly denominated "The great West," winding its majestic and irresistible course of three thousand miles, and forming the connecting chain between the rough wintry climate of the North, and the abode of perpetual spring and summer. Wishing to renew the impressions derived from a voyage of eight or ten days up this mighty river, and if possible convey them to the minds of others, I have endeavored to do so in the following sketch, premising that my design is limited to its general characteristics, not to minute description, and that having taken no notes I depend altogether on my recollections.

I arrived at New Orleans from the pleasant little city of Mobile, by way of Lake Pontchartrain, one morning just at daylight in the month of April, and immediately after depositing my trunk in the Hotel St. Louis, proceeded to pay my respects to Father Mississippi. The first thing that struck me, was seeing the water in the gutters running briskly from, instead of toward the river, agreeably to the invariable law of nature elsewhere; the next, was finding myself walking up hill, instead of down, in approaching its margin. As I reached the summit, however, the sudden view of the river drove all these peculiarities from my mind at once. The current was sweeping along in one vast mass of boiling eddies which seemed conflicting with each other which should go foremost, its surface almost on a level with its bank, and overlooking the streets beneath. The opposite coast was one dead level, bounded by the distant forest and the horizon beyond it, and the river reminded me of a full bumper, which a single drop would overflow. These low level banks contribute to the apparent magnitude of the stream, by offering no interruption to the eye, as it glances over the wide expanse of turbid waters, which are of an ashy hue, and so opaque that one cannot see an inch beyond their surface, thus leaving it to the imagination alone to fathom the deep obscurity. Altogether, though I had all my life been in the habit of contemplating the beautiful, majestic Hudson, which in many places is wider than the Mississippi at New Orleans, the impression made on my mind by this remarkable river was much more deep and profound. The truth is, my imagination was dwelling on its almost interminable course; its numberless tributaries; and its sublime unique characteristic of entire independence on the ocean, whose tributes it rejects, and whose inroads it laughs to scorn.

Although my object is not to describe cities, yet New Orleans well deserves a passing notice. It lies on a bend of the river, and its poetical name is "The Crescent City." The first settlement of the French within the ancient limits of Louisiana was at Mobile, now the principal commercial city of the state of Alabama. From thence they proceeded to the mouth of the Mississippi, and began to establish themselves at Biloxi, of which they soon became aware of the disadvantages. Ascending the river, they pitched on the site of New Orleans, the plan of which was marked out by M. de Biainville, I think about the year 1718. It is thus described by Father Charlevoix, who visited it in 1720.

"This city is the first which one of the greatest rivers in the world has seen raised on its banks. If the eight hundred fine houses, and the five parishes, which the newspapers gave it some time ago, are reduced at present to an hundred barracks, placed in no very great order; to a great store-house built of wood; to two or three houses which would be no ornament to a village in France; and to the half of a sorry store-house which they agreed to lend to the lord of the place, and which he had no sooner taken possession of, but they turned him out to dwell in a tent; what pleasure on the other side, to see insensibly increasing, this future capital of a fine and vast country, and to be able to say, not with a sigh, like the hero

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of Virgil, speaking of his dear native place, consumed by the flames, and the fields where Troy had been—*Et campos ubi Troja fuit*—but full of well grounded hope, this wild and desert place, which the reeds and trees do yet almost wholly cover, will one day, and perhaps that day not far off, become an opulent city, and the metropolis of a great and rich colony.

The progress of little more than a hundred years has more than realized the anticipations of the good father. New Orleans is not only "an opulent city," but the capital of a rich and independent state, equal in population to some of the great cities of France that have existed for centuries, and if the past be any indication of the future, will in one hundred years more almost rival Paris itself in magnitude. But such things have ceased to be wonders in this country; they present themselves to the traveler at every step, and have become so common that they hardly excite surprise. There is no region on earth where men have witnessed such changes in the course of a single life. In the old world all is either stationary or decaying; in the new, the looking-glass of the world, like a magic lantern, is continually presenting what would seem the most monstrous exaggerations, were they not stamped with reality by the testimony of truth and experience. We are sometimes jeered for our sanguine anticipations; but are they not fully justified by the past? Happy is that people whose guide is the bright star of Hope; whose Heaven is in the future yet to come, not in the past which is gone forever.

Having received my impressions of New Orleans from the race of Smelfungus travelers of the John Bull school, who go about as it were like roaring lions, seeking whom they may devour, and who libel a nation for a bad road or a bad dinner, I was agreeably surprised at finding it one of the most orderly, decorous cities in the world. I was under serious apprehensions of being robbed at noonday, knocked on the head at night, or at least being obliged to fight a duel with some ferocious dandy with tremendous whiskers. But all these fears vanished in a few days, during which I neither saw a drunken man, a fight, an assassination or a mob; and I came to the conclusion at last, that an honest, well disposed, peaceable man, might stand a good chance of living there as long as anywhere else, provided he kept clear of the yellow fever, which after all does not carry off so many people as consumption in the North. Though so early in the spring it was the season of flowers and bouquets, which are made up here in a style superior to any I have ever seen, and are displayed in shops, markets, parlors, and everywhere. Flora seemed the presiding goddess, and the creole ladies are her attendant nymphs. I should be sorry if this pleasant city should ever be drowned, as does not seem altogether improbable, since it is deluged by every summer shower; menaced by the Mississippi, which peeps over its banks at it rather suspiciously; and the ground on which it is presumed to stand is more than half water. Standing one day on the levee, I perceived the water of the river slily insinuating itself through a little opening and beginning to slide down toward the city below. On pointing this out to a capital specimen of half-horse, half-alligator, who was sitting on the roof of a broadhorn, and expressing my apprehensions, he rolled his quid about the deep profundity within, and replied with a significant leer—"Don't make yourself uneasy, stranger, folks born to be hanged, need never be afeard of drowning."

After remaining in New Orleans about a week, I proceeded by land up the right bank of the river, a distance of some thirty or forty miles, in the course of which I visited two or three sugar plantations, where I was received with a quiet yet cordial welcome peculiarly agreeable. The ride was very pleasant, over a level road without a single stone, and generally close along the levee that bounded the river, as it swept along, above my head. This dead flat is highly cultivated with sugar and corn; has all the appearance of an old settled country, and is interspersed at short distances with picturesque houses with high roofs, piazzas, galleries, staircases, and outdoor communications from one room, and one story to another. Each of these mansions is surrounded by a number of buildings of various forms and dimensions, among which is generally seen a sugar mill with its high conical chimney, so that every establishment appears like a little village with a church and steeple. The gardens are well attended to, and abound in flowers and flowering shrubs, many of which will not stand a Northern winter. The orange tree, however, once so common here, is now seldom seen, having been destroyed by frost some years ago. Music and fragrance are here combined; scores of mock birds sing and flit about quite tame, and even the humming bird, the most skittish of all the feathered race, will bury itself in the bliss of the honeysuckle within a few feet of you without apprehension. There is something quite oriental in these gardens, and indeed the scenery and climate are so luxurious and delightful during the spring, and so mild in winter, that were it not for summer and autumn, one might be content to abide here forever. But if you cast your eye toward the interior, you see at a distance of one or two miles, those walls of dark foliage, festooned with melancholy moss, which bound those dismal swamps, that are everywhere the harbingers of disease and death. At the approach of autumn, the owners are driven like Adam and Eve from Paradise, by the flaming sword of the archangel of pestilence, and become exiles for some months of the year. This however, after all, is no great hardship to people whose means and habits of leisure enable them to leave home without inconvenience. It is a good excuse for traveling; and after rambling about during half the year, they can better estimate the happiness of home for the remainder. Upon the whole, therefore, I don't think their case altogether so desperate as we are accustomed to consider it in the North.

After sojourning three or four days at different plantations along the "coast," as it is called, and receiving a most favorable impression of the well-bred, refined simplicity, as well as unobtrusive hospitality

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of these worthy creole planters, I was taken up from the levee by a steamboat, which had arranged to stop for me, and proceeded the rest of my way by water. It was evening, and we passed up the coast by night, beyond *Baton Rouge*, of which name the earliest historian of Louisiana, M. Le Page du Pratz, gives the following curious etymology:

"The *Baton Rouge* is also on the east side of the river, and distant twenty-six leagues from New Orleans. It was formerly the grant of M. Artaguette d'Iron; and it is there that we see the famous cypress tree of which a ship carpenter offered to make two periaugers, one of sixteen, the other of fourteen tons. Some one of the first adventurers who landed in that quarter, happened to say it would make an excellent walking stick, and cypress being a red wood, it was ever afterward called Le Baton Rouge. Its height could never be measured. It rises out of sight."

Ascending the river above Baton Rouge, the banks suddenly change their aspect, and exhibit a vast primeval forest, interrupted only at distant intervals by a little town, a lonely habitation, or the solitary hut of a woodcutter. Everywhere the forest approaches the very verge of the stream, and presents a deep dark wall of foliage, beyond which nothing is seen but the skies. At long distances the Chickasaw bluffs occasionally approach the river, and it is here all the towns are situated with one or two exceptions, so far as I noticed. The more recent plantations are invariably indicated by masses of dead trees, presenting an abrupt and disagreeable transition from the rich verdure of the living forest, to the dreary aspect of decay and ruin. Here grow the fields of cotton and corn in all their primitive luxuriance, on a soil of unequaled fertility, unparalleled by any region of equal extent on the face of the globe. The people of the United States have been reproached with their indifference, or rather antipathy to trees. The feeling is hereditary, and arises naturally from the peculiar circumstances in which their forefathers were placed on first coming to the new world. Trees were the great obstacle to cultivation, and the first enemies to be conquered. It is the same with the first pioneers of the new settlements, whose first and indispensable object is to get rid of them in some way or other. The labor of cutting them down, and removing the growth of gigantic trees, such as are only found in primeval forests, would amount to perhaps ten, or sometimes twenty times the original cost of the land itself; and if prepared for market, the distance is so great, and the quality of the timber either for fuel or mechanical purposes so inferior that it would not pay the cost of transportation. The trees are, therefore, killed by girdling and by the application of fire, and thus remain standing till time and the elements prostrate them to the earth; and nothing can be more dreary or unsightly, than a new plantation bristling all over with scraggy dead trees, like a hedgehog.

As you proceed up the river, however, the general character of the scenery, especially on the west bank, is that of a vast and magnificent forest, presenting a constant subject of admiration and wonder to the stranger. At *Pointe Coupee*, and some few other places, every appearance bespeaks an old settlement, and the abrupt contrast between cultivated fields, smooth as a shaven lawn, handsome old-fashioned houses, and all the corresponding appendages, with the gloomy surrounding forest, is striking and impressive. The following relation of M. Lepage du Pratz conveys an idea of the operations of this mighty river, and the never ceasing changes it produces in this region of which it is the undisputed tyrant.

"At forty leagues above New Orleans, lies Pointe Coupee, so called because the Mississippi made there an elbow or winding, and formed the figure of a circle, open only about an hundred and odd toises, through which it made itself a shorter way, and where all its water runs at present. This was not the work of nature alone. Two travelers coming down the Mississippi, were forced to stop short at this place, because they observed the surf or waves at a distance to be very high, the wind setting against the current, and the river being out, so that they durst not venture to proceed. One of the travelers seeing himself without any thing to do, took his fusil and followed the course of the rivulet in hopes of killing some game. He had not gone an hundred toises, before he was put into great surprise on perceiving a great opening, as when one is just getting out of a thick forest. He continues to advance, sees a large extent of water which he takes to be a lake; but turning to the left, he espies *Les Petits Ecores*, just mentioned, and he knew by experience, he must go ten leagues to get there in the ordinary way. He runs to acquaint his companion. This last wants to be sure of it; and both being now satisfied, they resolve that it is necessary to cut away the roots which obstructed the passage, and to level the little elevations. They then attempted to pass their periauger through by pushing it before them. They succeeded beyond their expectations; the water which came on, aided them as much by its weight as by its depth, which was increased by the obstacles in its way; and they saw themselves in a short time in the Mississippi, ten leagues lower down than they were an hour before; or than they would have been had they followed the bed of the river, as they had formerly been accustomed to do.

"This little labor of our travelers moved the earth; the roots being cut away in part, proved no longer an obstacle to the course of the water; the slope, or descent, of this small passage was equal to that of the river, for the compass it took; and, in fine, nature, though feebly aided, did the rest. The first time I went up the river, its entire body passed through this part, and though the channel was made only six years before, the old bed was almost filled with ooze which the river had there deposited; and I have since seen trees growing there of so astonishing a size that one might wonder how they should come to be so large in so short a time."

Similar processes are continually going on in this remarkable river, which is ever at work making war upon the surrounding earth. We passed through a

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"cut off," as it is called, by which the course of the river was shortened twenty miles. It was not, I should think, more than a mile in length, and the captain informed me it was the first time he had passed through. Everywhere, on landing to take in wood, I observed the water insinuating itself under the soft and rich alluvial bank, which, being soon undermined, falls into the stream, trees and all, occasionally carrying with it an unlucky cow imprudently venturing too near, and sometimes an outhouse or barn. It has been generally supposed that the color and consistency of the waters of the lower Mississippi are entirely owing to the infusion of those of the Missouri. That this is the case at the immediate point of junction is obvious enough; but I am of opinion that the perpetual caving in of the banks below contributes more to the character it uniformly carries with it afterward to the ocean, than to the waters of the Missouri. It can hardly be conceived, notwithstanding the rapidity of the current of the Mississippi, that it carries the mud of the Missouri along for a distance of twelve or thirteen hundred miles. It must have new accessions, and these it filches from its own banks.

The Western steamboats are very different in their construction from those of the North. They comprise an upper and a lower world. The first consists of a long saloon, as it is termed, sustained by pillars resting on the lower deck, some eight or ten feet high, extending nearly the whole length of the vessel, and carpeted and handsomely decorated. On each side of the saloon is a row of state-rooms, each containing two berths, and the little articles required in a bedchamber. By courtesy of our captain, I was permitted to have one of these to myself, which added greatly to the comfort of my voyage. These little rooms have each a half glass door, which opens on a gallery running all round the boat, with only the interruption of the wheel-houses, outside of which is a door of Venetian blinds, which being thrown open, you can sit in your room and see every object on one side of the river. Above is a platform, called, I think, the hurricane deck, which, being greatly elevated above the river, affords a view in all directions, bounded only by the windings of the stream and the deep forests skirting its margins. The appearance of these boats is singularly picturesque, and as they are all on the high pressure principle, they announce their approach by a repetition of explosions resembling the firing of cannon at a distance. I frequently heard them puffing their way down the Ohio, at different hours of the night, as I lay in bed at the hotel in Louisville. I was assured by more than one person, that such is the nice and critical ear of the negroes living on the banks of the Mississippi, that they can distinguish the boats regularly plying on the river long before they come in sight, by what may be called their cannonading.

In the lower region of these floating castles, will generally be found a good number of the antediluvian race of navigators of broadhorns or flats, who, having disposed of cargo and boat at New Orleans, are making tracks homewards, as fast and as cheaply as possible. For this purpose, they make some kind of agreement with the captain, "to work their passage"—in nautical phrase—and find themselves, paying probably some trifle beside, though I am not certain, not being of the class of inquisitive travelers, and having little inclination to pry into other people's affairs. They never visit the saloon, though they will sometimes ascend to the hurricane deck, and may be seen great part of the day reclining on a soft plank, or a cotton bag, which is considered a great luxury. They appear to possess great alacrity in sleeping by day or by night; and no man who enjoys this invaluable gift, in my opinion, has the least occasion to complain of his destiny. He has it always in his power to kill time most gloriously; to bury his misfortunes, if he has any, in the balm of oblivion; and must, of necessity, either have a quiet conscience, or—what I suspect is often mistaken for it—no conscience at all. They are nowise particular in their dress; eschew shaving; and, though never obtrusive, there is a good, honest republican air of independence about them which is peculiarly offensive to John Bull travelers. Like ghosts, they never speak first, but they have not the slightest objection to a long talk; and, to those who judge by the outward or tailor's man, it is surprising to find what a deal of shrewd masculine sense, and what a fund of information they possess, not to be found in the books of the learned or the brain of the philosopher. They are like singed cats, much better than they look, and there is not one of them but can tell you a great deal you never knew before. Our people have more of the locomotive principle than any other, not excepting the Israelites and Arabs. Our forefathers wandered here, and their posterity have been wandering ever since. But the people of the "Great West" beat all the rest together. I hardly met a man, or indeed woman, who had not traveled from Dan to Beersheba, and back again, and "settled," as they were pleased to term it, in half a dozen places, some hundreds, perhaps thousands, of miles distant from each other. The broadhorns are not a whit behindhand with the rest of their fellow-citizens, and if I wanted information as to distances, or indeed any particulars concerning any place, no matter where, or how far distant, I was almost certain of getting it from some one of these wandering cosmopolites. I recollect one day conversing with a professor of one of the Western colleges, a very clever man, and a broadhorn at the same time. The former was much the most learned, but the other much the wiser of the two. Their dialect is somewhat peculiar; but I heard none of those strange, triumphant rodomontades, which I presume they reserve for the levee at New Orleans, or for occasions of extraordinary emergency.

To my great regret we passed Natchez late in the night. There are some historical recollections connected with this spot, and this name, that render it peculiarly interesting. It was here that the race of mound-builders, and worshipers of the sun, were first found by the Europeans who visited this country between the years 1682 and 1697; and it is here we

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see the first of those monuments which have excited so much interest, as furnishing the only memorials of a people whose name is unknown, and whose existence is forgotten. This nation, when first known to the white man, extended from Iberville, about one hundred and fifty miles from the ocean, to the Wabash, which is thirteen hundred and fifty miles distant, and it is extremely probable to my mind that none of these mounds and fortifications were beyond the region they occupied. That these remains indicate superior art and industry to that possessed by any nation of Indians, within the vast limits of the United States, is very certain, I think. The race which constructed them no longer exists within the knowledge of history, or even tradition, unless we refer them to the Natchez, whose total annihilation still remains a mystery. We know that single tribe, occupying the spot which still bears their name, was expelled in 1730, in consequence of a massacre they perpetrated on the French garrison of "Fort Rosalie." They were pursued and overtaken at a fortress they had erected on Silver Creek, from whence some few escaped and sought refuge with the Chickasaws. The rest surrendered at discretion, and, agreeably to the maxims and practice of that age, were either employed on the king's plantations or sold as slaves in the West Indies. Father Charleroix, who visited this place in 1720, describes them as worshipers of the Sun, to which they had erected a temple, where they preserved a perpetual fire; as subjected to a despotism similar to that of the Eastern monarchies, insomuch that the Sun, as the great chief was called, had only to say, "go and rid me of that dog," and his guards immediately knocked him on the head; and as offering up victims, both men, women and children, at the funerals of their chiefs and distinguished persons. He cites Garcilasso de la Vega, "who speaks of this nation as a powerful people, and about six years ago they reckoned among them four thousand warriors. It appears that they were still more numerous in the time of M. de la Salle, and even when M. d'Iberville discovered the mouth of the Mississippi. At present the Natchez cannot raise above two thousand warriors. They attribute this decrease to former contagious diseases, which in these last years have made great ravages among them."* Since then, this nation, which is said to have numbered five hundred sachems, has entirely disappeared, leaving nothing behind but those mounds and fortifications, which, in all probability, were erected by their ancestors, but which tell nothing of their history or their fate.†

The declension and final extinction of so many Indian tribes and nations is a subject of great curiosity and interest. It has always been ascribed to their intercourse with the white men, with whom they have waged so many bloody wars, and from whom they have learned so many destructive habits. That these causes have materially hastened their fate I am not disposed to question or deny. The agency of small-pox, war, and whiskey in this process of extinction is sufficiently notorious. But it is also known, though perhaps not so universally, that the Indians of North America were subject to contagious, or infectious diseases, which extinguished whole tribes at once. When the pilgrims landed on the Rock of Plymouth, they found the whole surrounding country almost depopulated by a pestilence, which could not have been the small-pox, unless that disease was indigenous among them, for they had no intercourse with white men previous to that time. Nor does it appear that the contagious disease which so fearfully diminished the numbers of the Natchez was the small-pox, or that they traced it to their intercourse with Europeans. Whoever may have been the mound-builders, they have become extinct; and this not by the agency of white men, or most assuredly some memorials of the struggle would have been preserved. When, in addition to this, we take into consideration that the savage state is one of almost perpetual wars, bequeathed from generation to generation; that they involve indiscriminate massacre; that from their improvident habits, they are frequently exposed to famine; and that any great increase of numbers is precluded by their modes of life, and the habits of their women. There is great reason to presume that many tribes have become extinct from these causes, or that, as is their custom when driven to extremities, they have sought refuge among other tribes, or wandered away no one knows where. We know that the Eries were exterminated by the Iroquois, and the Pawnees nearly so by the Illinois; and beyond doubt a thorough investigation would disclose many other similar examples. There is scarcely a tribe which has not preserved some tradition of having conquered the former possessors of the land they occupy, or having been itself driven from its ancient inheritance by some hostile invader. The subject is worth a more extensive examination than I can give it here, if only to relieve our forefathers, ourselves, and our posterity from some of those unfounded charges that have been urged against them, by the over zealous advocates of the race of red men, who in the fervor of their philantrophy seem to have forgotten the just denunciation against the foul bird that pollutes her own nest. The contact of civilized with savage man has everywhere been productive of immediate results which can only be reconciled with the dispensations of a just and beneficent Providence by their ostensible consequences. If mere existence be, as I have no doubt it is, in spite of all its drawbacks, a universal source of happiness, then the cultivation of the land, and all those arts of civilization which conduce to the multiplication and subsistence of the human race, is doubtless in accordance with the will of that great Being whose command it was to "go forth, and multiply and replenish the earth." But I am wandering far away from the father of rivers.

One of the principal ingredients of variety in a voyage on this river is the process of taking in wood from the bank, which occurs at intervals of some

* Charleroix's Hist. of America, vol. ii. p. 195.

† Those who wish to see more on this subject may consult Haywood's History of Tennessee, in which the author has embodied a vast mass of facts on this subject.

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twenty or thirty miles, perhaps. There are no pines on the lower Mississippi, and the principal fuel is ash and cotton wood, the latter much the most common. This is furnished by enterprizing persons, who set themselves down pretty much at discretion, and, I was told, without asking leave of any body, build themselves a hut, and selecting such trees as are most productive or convenient, cut away without ceremony. Nobody, I believe, molests them; the owner of the land, if it has any, probably taking it rather as a favor to be thus aided in the great process of clearing. The wood is piled up on a part of the bank, where the boat can lay close alongside—for there are no wharves on this rantipole river, which would undermine and sweep them away before they could be finished. The entire population of the lower region then turn out, and forming a procession, proceed back and forth from the boat to the wood pile, cracking their jokes, and full of fun. I always noticed there was one black sheep, generally a gentleman of color, who accommodated himself with a lighter load than the rest, but whose burden was fully made up by the jokes piled on his shoulders. In this way the process of wooding, which would otherwise be very tedious, is greatly accelerated.

While this is going on, the passengers of the upper region, many of them go ashore, and either ramble about as they list, till summoned by the bell, or amuse themselves in some other way. If there is a house or cabin near, they visit it without ceremony, and have a talk with whoever they find there. On one occasion our wheel had received serious injury from a floating log which had got entangled in it, in the middle of the night, and we were detained some eight or ten hours repairing damages, fastened to the stump of a tree. And here I cannot forbear expressing my admiration of the exemplary patience displayed by the passengers. There was no fidgeting, no lamentation at the delay, and I heard no one plaguing the captain with questions as to when he would be ready to depart. All took it quietly, although a great portion of them were men of business, to whom time is money.

I had occasion frequently to notice this philosophic repose of character, which I can only account for by ascribing it to that universal practice of "whittling," which is so prevalent with the people of this Western world. If a man has only a knife and a stick, he bids defiance to time, and all the ordinary accidents of traveling. He sets himself down, and snips away till nothing is left; and then, after appearing uneasy about something or other, gets himself another stick, and commences again with renewed vivacity. I used to admire the captain of one of the boats in which I came down the Ohio, who would fasten his vessel to a stump or a post, at some little town on the bank, and stand confabulating with some tall fellow in a chip hat for hours together, each with a knife and a stick, whittling away, and settling some mysterious business which nobody could fathom. Not a soul on board seemed in the least put out by this delay, and I could not forbear applauding this quiet resignation, so favorably contrasted with that desperate and inordinate passion for locomotion which animates our Northern people, more especially those who have least to do with their time in this whizzing, whirligig world.

This quiet self-command was favorably exhibited on the occasion to which I have alluded, when, in the dead of the night, a large floating log got entangled with the wheel, and broke some of the paddles, making a great noise, which roused most if not all the passengers. It was the general impression that we had run on a snag, and such accidents are almost always fatal to the boat, as well as many of the passengers. Yet I heard no screechings or screamings, though there were a score of ladies on board. Inquiries were made, and as soon as the cause was ascertained, all was quiet. The only exception to this was a singular and mysterious man who had come on board in the night, somewhere from the coast of Arkansas, and who, among all the originals and aboriginals congregated in this ark, most excited my curiosity. He was amazingly tall, and amazingly thin, with immeasurable spindle legs, narrow shoulders, little eyes the color of skimmed milk, light flaxen hair, a wee-bit apple head, and the smallest possible coon-skin cap, which he made a point of conscience never to take off, except at meals, when he did so with manifest unwillingness. He stalked about like a ghost, and like a ghost never spoke a word to any living soul—but measured the deck with his spindle shanks with a countenance of imperturbable gravity, one leg of his pantaloons inside, the other outside of his boots. I felt an unextinguishable curiosity to fathom this original, but no one could tell his name, his occupation, or his destination. The captain, at my instance, sent one of his people to sound him, with a view to entering his name in the list of passengers. His answer was—"Well, I'll be shot if I thought the captain was such an old coon as to take a man on board without knowing his name!" and this was all that could be got out of him.

I noticed, however, that he was greatly agitated at the occurrence of the log, and mistook a passenger, who was bolting out with his rough head foremost from his berth, for a snag protruding through the bottom of the boat. Early in the morning, as we were alongside the bank, repairing the wheel, he came stalking up to one of the officers, gave his saddle bags and pocket-book to his charge, and announced his intention of making the remainder of his journey by land. The man attempted to persuade him to remain, as the damage was trifling, and would soon be repaired.

"No," replied he, "this is the last time I ever mean to put my foot in one of these eternal contrivances. I have been five times run high and dry on a land-bank, four times snagged, three times sawyered, and twice blown up sky-high. I calculate I have given these creturs a pretty fair trial, and darn my breeches if I ever trust my carcase in one again. Take care of my plunder; I will call for it at St. Louis."

Saying this, he walked deliberately ashore, and making tracks into the forest, quickly disappeared.

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While they were repairing the wheel, I strolled to a log cabin at a little distance, surrounded by a few cultivated fields, bristling with dead trees, where I was frankly and courteously invited in by a little middle-aged dame, carelessly, or, according to our notions, rather slovenly dressed—her head in picturesque disorder, and her shoes down at the heels. Her countenance, however, was intelligent, agreeable, and full of vivacity. The room was peopled with children of all sizes, sturdy little brats, with ruddy cheeks, blue eyes, and yellow hair. There is no ceremony here, and in a few moments the little woman gave me her history, which was, to say the truth, rather more brief than a modern biography, that ninety-nine times in a hundred reminds me of Cowper's Epigram—

> "O! fond attempt, to give a deathless lot
> To names ignoble, born to be forgot;
> Thus when a child, as playful children use,
> Has burnt to tinder a stale last year's news;
> The flame extinct, he views the waning fire—
> There goes my lady, and there goes the squire;
> There goes the parson, most illustrious spark,
> And there, scarce less illustrious, goes the clerk."

Our heroine had been "raised" at Nashville, married a gentleman who appeared in a carriage and four, as a wooer, and afterwards walked on foot as a married man. When the little dame came to this, she laughed herself fairly out of breath. From thence she was carried to Arkansas, where her husband had made a speculation with the proceeds of his equipage, and settled down at a distance of ten or fifteen miles from any human habitation. Here she fell into another fit of laughter. Her husband had been absent upward of two months on a trading voyage to New Orleans, and they would have got on very comfortably in the mean time, had it not been for the bears, which came about at night, committing depredations on the pigs and chickens.

"I have nobody to drive them away but the dogs and these boys," said she, pointing to a couple of sturdy little fellows, the larger certainly not more than twelve years old. "They were out last night after them, but they got off with a pig and two chickens!" and this was a subject for another laugh, which, like the rest, had all the characteristics of genuine hilarity. I remarked the encroachments of the river, just in front of the house.

"Yes," said she, "last year it carried away our barn, and a good piece of land. I suppose the house will go next!"

And once more she almost expired with laughter. Her merriment was not the result of folly or want of due reflection, but the admirable product of the schooling of a series of vicissitudes and exposures, that ever fortifies us against those excoriating rubs of life, which, to those who always bask in its sunshine, and revel among its flowers, would prove sufficient to wreck their happiness forever. Our little woodland philosopher was neither ignorant nor vulgar, and if any of our fashionable female readers, who permit a precious bewhiskered cosmopolite to take them round the waist, and whirl them through the voluptuous mazes of a waltz, a moment after the first introduction, should revolt at this frankness in the lady of the forest of Arkansas, I must entreat them to recollect that she lived in one of the most lonely spots on the bank of the former, than the accession of a single drop of water. Such is the case with this Great Father of Rivers everywhere, till you come to its junction with the Missouri, when a sensible difference is apparent. But the Red River, the White River, the St. Francis, the Arkansas, the Black River, the Osage, the Ohio, all streams which in any other part of the globe, except America, would be considered of the first class, and whose course is from eight to twenty-five hundred miles, successively render their tribute from the surrounding world without any perceptible addition to this vast treasury of waters. They frequently run parallel with the Mississippi, sometimes approaching, at others receding, as if fearful of the encounter; and when at length they venture to grapple with the mighty bully, are swept away in an instant, leaving only a few bubbles to indicate the feeble struggle that precedes their final dissolution. This peculiar feature, more than any other, impresses the mind with the idea of vast and almost incomprehensible magnitude.

Voyagers on this river complain of the monotony of its scenery, but though on it eight days in succession, I was never tired. The shores, it is true, are for the most part low and level; but the vast and magnificent forests with which they are everywhere crowned, give them an appearance of elevation quite imposing, especially as they seem towering in the skies, there being nothing behind them. They appear, at a distance, like massive walls or terraces of deep green, rising directly from the water, and following, as they do, the ever graceful windings of the river, exhibit everywhere endless successions of beautiful curves, projecting points, and corresponding bends on the opposite shore. From New Orleans to St. Louis there are but two or three reaches where one can see twenty miles before him, and consequently the voyager is never suited with the same view. The prospect is incessantly varying; for though the ingredients are always water, wood and skies, their combination is always different. As the prospect opens in front, it gradually closes in the rear, thus at all times presenting a moving panorama. Every moment the boat is shooting round some projecting point, and discovering scenery which is new, though it may resemble that we have just passed. There is always the excitement of anticipation, and the imagination is forever busy picturing something more beautiful beyond the dark barrier of the noble forest that everywhere bounds the prospect. There is perpetual change, and change is itself variety.

Steamboats and broadhorns are almost constantly in sight during the day, and the contrast between the

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perfection of art, and its earliest efforts, is not a little striking. The broadhorn glides lazily down the stream in all the luxury of passive indolence, a rude mass of rude materials; the other breasts the omnipotent torrent by a succession of triumphant efforts, puffing forth her snowy clouds of steam, in quick panting breathings that seem to indicate the mighty efforts she is making, and signalizes her progress by a succession of cannonadings that may be heard for miles. They actually tremble with their exertions, and I sometimes imagined my very bones ached from pure sympathy, as did those of Sancho Panza, when he saw his master tossed in a blanket. It is the general impression of those who have investigated the subject, that the building of steamboats has been a losing business on the Western waters. This is greatly to be regretted, since, in other respects, the introduction of steam has contributed more to the growth and prosperity of this vast region, than any other cause, if we except the activity, energy and sagacity of its inhabitants, and the exuberant bounties of nature, which are not paralleled in any other region of equal magnitude on the face of the earth. It is here, with the blessing of Heaven, we are to look for a population of almost countless millions, whose own fault it will be, if they are not the happiest people in the world. Already the young giant of the West preponderates over the pigmies of the Union, and though I rejoice in the rapidity of his growth, I hope he will prove an exception to almost all the race of overgrown monsters, by making a judicious and moderate use of his strength, when he comes to years of discretion.

Yet, in going up the rivers of the West and South-West, one cannot help wondering where the millions who people this region have hid themselves. In our part of the country, the best houses, the best cultivation, and the closest population, are seen on the banks of the rivers, and it is there we always put the best foot foremost. But here, on the banks of the rivers, with here and there the exception of a little town, or solitary plantation, you see nothing but the primeval forests, their vast trees nodding over the margin. The people generally cherish an impression that the neighborhood of their rivers, which rise to a height of sixty or seventy feet during the freshets, that occur annually, where they are confined by high banks, and overflow the country where they are low, is unhealthy. For this reason they build their houses at a distance, out of sight of travelers, and the banks exhibit few traces of cultivation. This is particularly the case with the coasts of Arkansas and Missouri, where you see scarcely any traces of the hundreds of thousands who people these States, and who live beyond the recesses of the forest that skirts the margin of the Mississippi.

The formation of new points and islands is a process continually going on in this river, which is perpetually robbing Peter to pay Paul; and these constitute its most beautiful features. It wears away, or cuts off a point above, to form another below with the spoils. The islands are formed much in the same way. A great tree grounds on some shallow; or an eddy is formed, or a current subsides at some particular spot, depositing the sediment, or heaping up the sands of the river. Here a portion of that vast accumulation of wood which comes floating down from the tributaries, and centres in the Mississippi, is intercepted, and here the sand and sediment subsides. It is surprising how soon one of these islands is formed, and, as if by some effort of magic, clothed with verdure. The cotton tree, which everywhere abounds, receives its name from bearing a fruit or pod, which at the proper season expands, and fills the air with little tufts of a substance resembling cotton, which contain the principle of vegetation. These lighting on the new formations, almost spontaneously produce a little forest of cotton trees. Every year brings new accessions to the island, and a new growth of verdure, in regular gradation, from the little plant just peeping above the water, to the high tree growing on the part which was first formed.

Nothing in nature is more beautiful than these new creations, rising from the bosom of the river, which is one continued succession of Lake scenery, and exhibiting regular terraces of verdure, the growth of successive seasons, and rising above the other and as perfectly defined as if graduated with the most consummate art. The latest growth, apparently growing out of the water, is of an exquisitely soft delicate green; the tints of the growth of every anterior year become deeper and deeper, until they assume the dark hues of the primeval forest. These islands seem floating on the surface of the water, and sometimes in a peculiar state of the atmosphere, appear elevated above its surface, floating in the air. Though its highest part is not more than a few feet above the level of the river, yet the regular succession of terraces of trees one above the other, convey the impression that they are planted on a conical hill, and have all the effect of elevations of two or three hundred feet.

The Mississippi at night, and especially moonlight nights, appears in all its glory, and during a voyage of eight days, we were favored day and night with delightful weather without a storm, and almost without a cloud. The nights were calm, clear and bright, and under the magic of the moonbeams all the unamiable features of the river disappeared. The expanse of water, sometimes two or three miles broad, was one smooth glassy mirror set in a frame of dark majestic forest, apparently enclosing it on all sides. The boiling eddies and floating trees that disfigure its surface and agitate its bosom, all disappear in the bright lustre which envelopes them, and the turbidness of the waters can no longer be detected. The skies of the Southern region are of a deeper blue, and purer transparency than those of the North, and I sometimes thought I could see far befond the stars, which are not, however, so bright and sparkling as in our keen, frosty winter nights. Nothing is heard but the splashing of the wheels and the puffing of the steam, which in a day or two is scarcely noticed, and the dark forest-lined shores exhibit no sign of life or animation, except occasionally a distant light kindled on the bank, as a signal to stop and take in a passen-

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ger. The repose of the scene is profound, but not dreary, for every object above and around is sublime or beautiful, and I am tempted to regret that I have not more years of life before me, to enjoy its recollections.

The confluence of the Mississippi and Ohio is striking and grand. The latter approaches in a coy angle, a clear and gentle stream, about three quarters of a mile wide. The former comes rushing down like a roaring bully, and the placid Ohio, seeming unaware of its fate, is suddenly seized upon by this voracious monster, like Proserpine by Pluto, and swallowed up in an instant. You see no traces of its current having made the slightest impression on Old Father Mississippi, who dashes on as if unconscious of this new auxiliary, and I found him as great a bully just above, as he was just below.

At the junction of these rivers, is a large accumulation of sand of some forty or fifty feet high, on which is founded the city of Grand Cairo, so famous in the annals of speculation. It is, indeed, a noble site, of which Father Charleroix thus wrote more than a hundred and twenty years ago, in recording his voyage to New Orleans.

"We passed on the left, by the fine river Ouabasche, (*Wabash*) by which one may go quite up to the Iroquois, when the waters are high. Its entrance into the Mississippi is little less than a quarter of a league wide. There is no place in Louisiana more fit, in my opinion, for a settlement than this, nor where it is of more consequence to have one. All the country that is watered by the Ouabasche, and by the Ohio which runs into it,* is very fruitful: it consists of vast meadows, well watered, where the wild buffaloes feed by thousands. Furthermore, the communication with Canada is as easy as by the river of the Illinois, and the way much shorter. A fort, with a good garrison, would keep the savages in awe, especially the Cherokees, who are at present the most numerous nation on this continent."

The good father appears not to have been aware that this fine site was sometimes overflowed by the Ohio on one hand, and the Mississippi on the other, than which two more formidable assailants could hardly be found in this world. But for this, it would be a noble site for a great city. I counted, I think, some forty or fifty buildings of various kinds, among which is an establishment for steamboat machinery, at which some boats were repairing. Upon the whole, the speculation I should presume is rather premature than mad. New Orleans is actually below the Mississippi, when at its flood, and would be annually inundated but for the levee. The same means will protect Grand Cairo, and it don't seem to me altogether impossible that a great town may grow up there, a hundred years hence. To be sure, this is a long while to wait, but Rome was not built in a day, and a century of anticipation is nothing now-a-days. Be this as it may, Grand Cairo is a favorite subject for quizzing, and has many good stories fastened on its shoulders. Among others, for which I don't choose to be responsible, a respectable buckeye told me of a traveler, who, once upon a time, sailing over the city during an inundation, saw a man in a canoe sounding with a long pole, who being interrogated as to what he was doing, answered and said, "I am surveying the city and laying out lots, but find my pole is not quite long enough."

I was informed, however, that the process of raising the site or protecting it by embankment, I forget which, was actually going on, the London bankers who furnished the capital for the first investment and expenditures, having agreed to further advances. I was in hopes there had been an end of this business of playing the fool at the expense of other people, and dancing while John Bull paid the piper. I thought our credit had become so bad that we could borrow no more, which in my opinion is a consummation devoutly to be wished, and almost worth the price of national bankruptcy. Unlimited credit will ruin any man, or any state; and the best possible security against foolish or unprincipled prodigality, is being so poor that nobody in his senses will trust us.

Here I left the Mississippi, and proceeded up the Ohio, on an excursion which has no connection with my present purpose, and from which I returned about a month afterwards, proceeding up the former river to St. Louis, and thence to the mouth of the Illinois. The temperature of the Ohio and Mississippi I found most sensibly and disagreeably different, on this latter excursion. The wind blew fresh from the Northwest, and the nights were as cold as with us in autumn. Indeed, for the rest of my journey, though it was midsummer, I found no occasion for summer clothing, until I arrived at Utica, and descended the valley of the Mohawk. Above the Grand Tower, which we passed late at night, the river occasionally loses its uniformity, and especially about the old French settlement of St. Genevieve, becomes quite different. Here commence the mineral region and high cliffs of limestone rocks, with all their variety of tints and foliage seen nodding over the stream. We discover everywhere traces of this country having been first explored and occupied by the French, who found their way hither from Canada, establishing themselves at Kaskaskias, Fort Chartres, Tamaroas, St. Genevieve, St. Louis, and at the river Marasnes, where are those mines which gave rise to Law's famous Mississippi bubble, in the year 1719. As early as 1742, it appears from the records of the commonwealth of Virginia, that John Howard and others were sent to examine this region, and were made prisoners by the French, who came from a settlement they had on an island in the Mississippi, a little above the Ohio, where they made salt, lead, &c., which they carried to New Orleans in a fleet of canoes, guarded by a large armed schooner. The earliest pioneers were fathers Marquette and Hennepin, the Sieur Joliet, and the celebrated La Salle, whose adventurous exposures, toils and sufferings, present the most memorable examples of what men can do and dare, when animated by religious fervor, or incited by the love of wealth or the passion for glory.

We arrived at St. Louis early in the morning, and

* It would seem from this, that the early name of the Ohio was Wabash.

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found the entire bank of the river in front of the city lined with steamboats, whose galleries and long rows of Venetian doors formed what appeared a street of gay summer-houses. This is by far the most flourishing town I visited in the course of a journey of seven thousand miles, and I know of no place where clever, industrious young men of any honest profession would in my opinion find a better opening for pursuing their career. There are several thousand Germans in this city, and I was surprised at the great numbers of them in almost all the towns on the Mississippi and Ohio. They are everywhere useful acquisitions, plying at their trades, cultivating gardens and infusing a taste for music, wherever they sojourn. This is a very handsome, polite, orderly city. Now and then, indeed, a rencontre takes place in the streets, or a visit is paid to Bloody Island, just opposite. But every place has its peculiar amusements, and there is no accounting for tastes.

Leaving St. Louis, where I had been detained by indisposition for some days, the first point of interest is the junction of the Missouri and Mississippi. This is perhaps the finest confluence in the world. Just above, the latter stream appears gliding down among wooded bluffs and islands, until it encounters the termagant Missouri, and meets the fate it inflicts upon all its other tributaries. The Missouri dashes right across against the opposite shore of the Mississippi, in a line as straight as an arrow, and as well defined as that between light and darkness. Here, for the first and only time, the Mississippi is conquered and acknowledges a master. Henceforth, its current, its waters and its banks undergo a complete transformation, and it retains nothing but a name to which its claim is doubtful. Both rivers are nearly a mile wide, and when the imagination expands itself to a conception of the vast distance of their sources, the immense regions they have traversed to come together, and the magnitude of their contributions collected from a boundless region whose extent is yet undefined, it is fully impressed with all the attributes of sublimity.

The upper and lower Mississippi are the antipodes of each other; and as, after toiling day by day against its turbid boiling current, we shot in an instant into a clear, calm, quiet basin, skirted with round wooded hills, and dotted with verdant isles, it was like the sudden cessation of a whirlwind. To my great regret, however, the boat stopped several hours at Alton, and it was night before she proceeded on her voyage. I saw no more of this famous river, and awoke next morning, gliding quietly up the beautiful and gentle Illinois.

ROME.

"Roma, Roma, Roma!
Non è più come era prima.

Ἤμισυ γάρ τ' ἀρετῆς ἀπαμείρεται εὐρύοπα Ζεὺς
Ἀνέρος, εὖτ' ἂν μιν κατὰ δούλιον ἦμαρ ἕλησιν. *Hom. Od.* xvii. 322.

THE mighty of the earth are low;
Lonely and sad in Superstition's dome,
Like Rachel weeping o'er her children's wo,
Sits the dark shadow of departed Rome.
Alas! that Freedom's song should tell,
How low the Child of Freedom fell;
How, reft of all that made her great,
She gave to feast the wanton hours,
An Eastern queen in pleasure's bowers,
And strove, in glare of sceptered state,
To veil the bursting clouds of fate!
The Virtues of the elder time,
Proud Labor, Poverty Sublime,
Unsainted Honor, patriot Zeal,
That breathed but in the public Weal;
The frugal Meal, the Sabine Farm,
Had lost their long-inspiring charm;
These were the Flowers of Freedom's glorious day;
With HER they rose and bloomed; with her they passed away.

But lo! emerging from the shade,
Proud Vice unveils her bloated face;
Alas! when Virtue's blossoms fade,
How soon rank weeds usurp their place!
O Rome, lost Rome! So long the parent-earth
Of Freedom, Learning, and heroic Worth,
What art thou now? Degraded, desolate,
The den of Priestcraft, Rapine, Falsehood, Hate,
And black Abominations that pollute
The soul of Man and link him with the Brute,—
Who but could weep to see thy fallen state?
God's hallowed image thus debased,
His blooming Eden trod to waste?
E'en Nature mourns for Man's decay;
The Sun shoots forth a cheerless ray,
And Skies, once pure as Morning's breath,
Are lowering with disease and death.
—Meanwhile, through voiceless plains,
O'er many a monument of perished fame,
And many a wreck of time, and flood, and flame,
Diminished Tyber winds his weary way,
Reflecting still, where'er he flows,
His country's shame, his country's woes.

V. V.

NOTE.

Proud Labor, Poverty Sublime.

A distinguished philosopher of our day dwells with much feeling and eloquence on the emotions with which the Georgics of Virgil must have been read by an ancient Roman, "while he recollected that period in the history of his country when dictators were called from the plough to the defence of the State, and, after having led armies in triumph, returned again to the same happy and independent occupation—a state of manners to which a Roman author of a later age looked back with such enthusiasm, that he ascribes, by a bold poetical figure, the flourishing state of agriculture, under the Republic, to the grateful returns which the earth then made to the illustrious hands by which she was cultivated. Gaudente terrâ vomere laureato et triumphali Aratore,"—*Stewart's Philosophy of the Human Mind*, Part II. c. v. §2.

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THE WITCH OF ENDOR.

BY MRS. ORNA SMITH.

The unfortunate are always superstitious; just in proportion as the calamities of life impair the freedom of the human mind, do the elements of the dark and the mysterious gather about it. The past has been embittered by care and disappointment; and, in the words of Scripture, their "way is hedged up," there is no hopeful vista to relieve the gloom of the present, and they appeal to omens, predictions, and the rude superstitions current amongst the vulgar.

Too feeble to boldly enter the precincts of Truth, grasping with a strong faith the very horns of the altar; and thus to learn how the temporary yields to that which is eternal; how the partial is lost in the universal; they linger about the threshold, perplexing themselves with dim shadows and faint intimations. They pause in the vestibule, where Superstition sits portress, rather than enter to worship Truth herself.

It is the error of their destiny more than their own. The light that is in them has become darkness. The clearness and vigor of perception is lost under the pressure of circumstances, in which human wisdom would seem to be of no avail, and they yield at length as to an irresistible fate.

The history of Saul, the first king of Israel, is an affecting record of this kind. Raised to the dignity of royal power, by no ambition of his own, but by Divine appointment, in compliance with the will of a people weary of their Theocracy, we look upon him from the first as an instrument, a being impelled rather than impelling.

Painful, indeed, is the contrast of the proud and handsome youth commencing his royal career in the freshness and freedom of early manhood, when life presented but a long perspective of sunshine and verdure, to that of the stricken man, weighed down by calamities, bereft of hope, bereft of faith, yet manfully marching to that fatal field where death only had been promised him.

From the commencement of his career the "choice young man and goodly" seems to have had a leaning to the occult, a willingness to avail himself of mysterious power, rather than to arrive at results through ordinary and recognized channels. We find him commissioned by his father, going forth in quest of three stray asses, which he seeks, not by the hillsides and pastures of Israel, but by consulting the seer, Samuel. The holy man hails him king, and gently rebukes him as to the object of his visit, by saying, "set not thy mind upon the asses which were lost three days ago, for they are found."

Ardent and impulsive, he now goeth up and down in the spirit of prophecy, with the strange men who expound its mysteries, and anon he sendeth the bloody tokens to the tribes of Israel, rousing them from the yoke of oppression.

Generous and heroic, he repels the foes of his people, and loads the chivalric David with princely favors. Yet beneath all this, like hidden waters, heard but unseen, lurked this dark and gloomy mysticism, that embittered even his proudest and brightest hours. An evil spirit troubled him, which only the melody of the sweet psalmist of Israel could beguile.

Moses had been familiar with all the forms of Egyptian worship, and all their many sources of knowledge: but, as the promulgator of a new and holier faith, he wished to draw his people from the subtleties of divination, and induce them to a direct and open reliance upon Him who alone "knoweth the end from the beginning." No insight to the future is needed by the strong in faith and the strong in action. Hence the divinely appointed legislator prohibited all intercourse with those who dealt in this forbidden lore—forbidden, as subversive of human hope and human happiness. For the mind loses its tone when once impressed with the belief that the "shadows of coming events" have fallen upon it.

The impetuous and vacillating Saul, impelled by an irresistible instinct to this species of knowledge, sought to protect himself from its influence by removing the sources of it from his kingdom. For this reason he put in force the severe enactments of Moses against dealers in what were termed "familiar spirits." Thus betraying the infirmity of his manhood, by removing temptation rather than bravely resisting it.

Vain and superstious, oh "choice young man and goodly," thou wert no match for the rival found in the person of the chivalric David, the warrior poet, the king minstrel, the man of many crimes, yet redeeming all by the fervency of his penitence, and his unfaltering faith in the Highest. Yet the noble and the heroic did never quite desert thee, even when thou didst implore the holy prophet to honor thee in the presence "of the elders of the people," and he turned and worshiped with thee. A kingly pageant when the sceptre was departing from thee.

Disheartened by intestine troubles, appalled by foreign invasion, the spirit of the unhappy king forsook him, and it is said "his heart greatly trembled." Samuel, the stern and uncompromising revealer of truth, was no more. Unsustained by a hearty reliance

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upon divine things, Saul was like a reed cast upon the waters, in this his hour of trial and perplexity.

"When Saul inquired of the Lord, the Lord answered him not, neither by dreams nor by prophets." Unhappy man, thy prayers were those of doubt, not of faith, and how could they enter that which is within the veil!

In the utterness of his despair, he consults the Woman of Endor. She might not control events, but she could reveal them. Perilous and appalling as his destiny threatened, he would yet know the worst.

There was majesty in thee, oh Saul! even in thy disguise and agony as thou didst confront thy stern counsellor brought from the land of shadows—"the old man covered with a mantle." When Samuel demands, "why hast thou disquieted me?" we share in the desolateness and sorrow which thy answer implies.

"God is departed from me, and answereth me no more, neither by prophets, nor by dreams, therefore have I called thee, that thou mayest make known unto me what I shall do."

The Woman of Endor! That is a strange perversion of taste that would represent her hideous in aspect. To me she seemeth all that is genial and lovely in womanhood.

So great had been the mental suffering of Saul, that he had fasted all that day and night, and at the terrible doom announced by the seer his strength utterly forsook him, and he fell all along upon the earth.

Now cometh the gentle ministry of the Woman of Endor. "Behold thou hast prevailed with me to hearken to thy voice, even at the peril of my life; now, also, I pray thee, hearken to the voice of thy handmaid, and let me set a morsel of bread before thee, and eat, that thou mayest have strength."

Can aught be more beautiful, more touching or womanly in its appeal? Aught more foreign from a cruel and treacherous nature, aloof from human sympathies, and dealing with forbidden or unholy knowledge?

To the Jew, trained to seek counsel only from Jehovah, the Woman of Endor was a dealer with spirits of evil. With us, who imbibe truth through a thousand channels made turbid by prejudice and error, she is a distorted being allied to the hags of a wild and fatal delusion. We confound her with the witches of Macbeth, the victims of Salem, and the Moll Pitchers of modern days.

Such is not the Woman of Endor—we have adopted the superstition of monk and priest through the long era of darkness and bigotry, and every age hath lent a shadow to the picture.

"Hearken to the voice of thine handmaid, and let me set a morsel of bread before thee." Beautiful picture of primitive and genial hospitality! The Woman of Endor riseth before me in the very attitude of her kind, correct entreaty. The braids of her dark hair mingle with the folds of her turban; her oriental robes spread from beneath the rich girdle, and the bust swells with her impassioned appeal. I behold the proud contour of features, the deep, spiritual eye, the chiseled nostril, and the lip shaming the ruby. The cold, haughty grace, becoming the daughter of the Magi, hath now yielded to the tenderness of her woman's heart.

Woman of Endor! thou hast gathered the sacred lotus for the worship of Isis; thou hast smothered the dark-winged Ibis in the temple of the gods; thou art familiar with the mysteries of the pyramids; thou hast quaffed the waters of the Nile, even where they well up in the cavernous vaults of the ancient Cheops; thou hast watched the stars, and learned their names and courses; art familiar with the sweet influences of the Pleiads, and the bands of Orion. Thy teacher was a reverent worshiper of nature, and thou a meek and earnest pupil. Thou heldst a more intimate communion with nature than we of a later and more worldly age. Thou workedst with her in her laboratory, creating the gem and the pearl, and all things whatsoever into which the breath of life entereth not.

There was nothing of falsehood, nothing of diabolic power in this. Men were nearer the primitive man, nearer the freshness of creation, and they who patiently and religiously dwelt in the temple of nature learned her secrets, and acquired power hidden from the vulgar, even as do the learned now, in their dim libraries, and amid their musty tomes.

Thus was it with the Woman of Endor. She was learned in all the wisdom of the East. She had studied the religion of Egypt, had listened to the sages of Brahma, and studied philosophy in the schools to which the accomplished Greeks afterwards resorted to learn truth and lofty aspiration; yet even here did the daughter of the Magi feel the goal of truth unattained.

She had heard of a new faith—that of Israel—a singular people, who at one time had sojourned in Egypt, and yet who went forth, leaving their gods and their vast worship behind, to adopt a new and strange belief. Hither had she come with a meek spirit of inquiry, to learn something more of those great truths for which the human soul yearneth forever.

Hence was it that her wisdom and her beauty became a shield to her when the mandates of Saul banished all familiar with mysterious knowledge from the country. She was no trifler with the fears and the credulities of men. She was an earnest disciple of Truth, and guilelessly using wisdom which patient genius had unfolded to her mind.

All night had she watched the stars, and firmly did she believe that human events were shadowed forth in their hushed movements.

She compounded rare fluids, and produced creations wondrous in their beauty.

There were angles described in the vast mechanism of nature, in the passage of the heavenly bodies, in the congealing of fluids, and the formation of gems, which were of stupendous power when used in conjunction with certain words of mystic meaning, derived from the vocabulary of spirits; spirits who once familiarly visited our earth, and left these

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symbols of their power behind them. These the learned, who did so in the spirit of truth and goodness, were able to use, and great and marvelous were the results.

Such was the knowledge, and such the faith of the Woman of Endor, the wise and the beautiful daughter of the Magi. She was yet young and lovely; not the girl nor the child, but the full, intellectual, and glorious woman.

She had used a spell of great power in behalf of Saul, who was in disguise, and unknown to her; and thus had compelled the visible presence of one of the most devout servants of the Most High God. Even she was appalled, not at the sight of the "old man covered with a mantle," but that she saw "gods descending to the earth."

The fate of Saul would have been the same had not the prophet from the dead pronounced that fearful doom, "To-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be as I am," but he might till the last have realized that vague comfort to be found in the uncertainty of destiny, and in the faint incitements of hope. Fancy might have painted plains beyond the mountains of Gilboa, where the dread issues of battle were to be tried, and he would have been spared that period of agony, when the strong man was bowed to the earth at the certainty of doom.

Saul and the Woman of Endor, ages on ages since, fulfilled their earthly mission, leaving behind this simple record of the power and fidelity of human emotions in all times and places; we cannot regret even the trials of Saul, in the view of enlarged humanity, for had he been other than he was, the world had been unblessed with this episode of woman's grace and woman's tenderness, in the person of the Woman of Endor.

THE FLOWERET.

BY REV. C. W. EVERETT.

I marked when the morning sun shone bright
Where a floweret in beauty grew:
Its petals oped to the rosy light,
As it laughed in the sparkling dew.

And a grateful fragrance the blossom flung
To the sportive winds at play;
While o'er it a raptured wild-bird hung,
And caroled its love-taught lay.

I came again, when an hour had flown,
And sought for my floweret fair,
All vain, alas! for the blossom was gone,
And sad was the silent air!

I mourned when I thought on its radiant hue,
And remembered its look of pride;
I bowed me in grief where its beauty grew,
And wept where my floweret died!

Then I turned my gaze to the azure sky,
And thought on the God above,
Who heareth the hungry ravens cry,
And whose holiest name is Love.

Then I dried my tears as my fancy roved
To the realm by angels trod;
For I knew that my blossom, from earth removed,
Bloomed bright in the gardens of God.

O ye who have watched o'er its fragrant birth,
As it oped to the balmy day—
Weep not that no longer it smileth on earth,
To gladden your weary way!

No more shall ye fear for the morning's blight,
Nor dread the cold chills of even;
For afar, in a world of celestial light,
Your floweret is blooming in heaven!

THE WALTZ OF LIFE.

In dreams, I walked through narrow vaults
Where Death reigned over all,
Deep under ground, where Midnight bound
All in his gloomy pall;
And, as I moved, with cautious tread,
Within their walls so cold,
The rattling skulls of hundreds dead
Beneath my footsteps rolled;
And human bones did crack and break
As slowly on I stepped,
And reptiles left the skeletons
Where they in gloom had slept.
Some crawled upon the damp, cold wall,
Some made the skulls their den,
But when I 'd passed I heard them crawl
Back to their feasts again. . . . . .
I stood within a banquet hall,
Amid a flood of light,
Where music of the festival
Flowed on the air of Night.
There maidens whirled in dizzy dance,
Like fairies on the lea,
And beauty shed her radiance,
Like sunbeams o'er the sea.
And these, I thought—these, one and all,
Now reveling in the waltz,
Are hurrying through the banquet hall
Down to those gloomy vaults!

S.

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THE ERNTEFEST.*

BY MRS. ELLET.

THE tourist who has loved to linger in the beautiful country of the Rhine—among its castle-crowned hills, and lovely valleys, its rich vineyards, its smiling hamlets and its noble cities, must often recollect, with peculiar pleasure, the delightful city of Bonn, on the left bank of the Rhine, and its charming environs. One of the loveliest villas near the town, in 182—, was owned by the Baroness Von Schonhold. This lady, still young and beautiful, was the widow of a man old enough, as report had said of him, to have been her father; he had married her when a mere girl, and after three years of wedlock, left her sole mistress of his splendid possessions. She continued to reside on her villa close to the river, and after the first years of her widowhood had expired, to mingle, as much as beseemed the most perfect feminine dignity and modest reserve, in the gaieties of life around her. She was greatly beloved by all her acquaintance; by the poor as well as those of her own rank; and as it began to be whispered among the gossips of the neighborhood that the fair lady might possibly not be unwilling to enter a second time into the bonds of Hymen—it may well be conceived that she had many admirers. But her demeanor was not calculated to give encouragement to any. She loved society, and her cheerful spirits and varied accomplishments fitted her to adorn the circles in which she moved; but she was cold to the voice of adulation, and among all the suitors whom her wealth and beauty drew around her, there was not one who could boast he had ever received from her a mark of special regard.

—

"And is it possible," cried Frederick Herder to his friend Lanbeck, as he stopped at his lodgings in ——— street, Bonn, one evening, "is it possible you think of declining the invitation of Madame Von Schonhold to her Erntefest† to-morrow?"

"I do not feel particularly disposed to accept it," replied his friend; "and my dull spirits would add but little to the entertainment of the company."

"Why, truly, you seem not exactly *couleur de rose* this evening; but that is nothing. I must have your company. Besides, I promised Madame Froben to bring you."

"I am much obliged to you and her, and will go, then."

"Now it seems passing strange to me," continued Herder, "why, with your advantages of person and address, and your mental accomplishments—(by no means to flatter you!) you do not join the race after the prize! Our fair widow is evidently pleased with you, and that is more than I could say confidently of myself, or any other gallant."

Lanbeck smiled.

"You do not fear me as a rival. Your baroness can be amiable to a poor physician who has neither rank nor connections, without danger of awakening the jealousy of her noble suitors."

"Too modest, by half. What does she want with wealth in a husband? Then as to rank—"

"It is said she occupied an humble station before her marriage with the rich old baron. People who have risen from obscurity are generally tenacious of rank."

"There is some truth in that. But your parents, Edward, were of good old Saxon descent."

"Certainly—that is some consolation," said Lanbeck, laughing; "my English blood is of the best; but it is nothing to the purpose, Frederick; I shall not enter the lists with your German nobility."

"Why not? 'Faint heart never won'—you know the proverb."

"In the first place, I am not in love with the baroness."

"There you are singular. But you have been little in her society. See more of her, and find out how lovely and fascinating she is."

"I see *you* are not in love with her, Frederick, or you would not advise me to this."

"You ought to remember I am engaged to the pretty Josepha; and I have set my heart, Edward, on having you devoted to our charming widow."

"Suppose I tell you my affections are also engaged?"

"I know better! Whom do you visit in Bonn? and have I not been your fellow student in France—your traveling companion in Germany?"

"True—but you know not all my history. What think you of this?"

And opening a small cabinet, he took out a picture, not highly finished in point of execution, but speaking as life. It was the picture of a young girl about nineteen years of age, and exquisitely beautiful. Herder looked at it some time without speaking.

"Who is the original of this portrait?" at length he asked.

His friend answered with some hesitation—

"There is a story connected with it, which I will tell you, when we have filled another cup of wine."

Suiting the action to the word, he replenished their glasses, and Herder leaned back in his seat in an attitude of expectation.

* This tale is founded partly on fact, partly on one of Hauff's Novellen.

† Feast of the vintage.

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"It is not many years," resumed Lanbeck, "since I was at Stutgard, and remained there some weeks, while you were on your tour in Italy. There I formed acquaintance with a noble Spaniard, Don Montanjo Liger, an officer in the household of the Prince de P——, then on a visit to Stutgard. How well I remember his tall, thin, majestic figure, his broad forehead overshadowed by dark bushy hair, his deep-set, piercing eyes, Roman nose, and compressed mouth! His dress, too, was perfectly Spanish; his dark silk breeches, and large knee-buckles, with the long slender sword at his side, his high, pointed hat, and mantle of the finest cloth suited his measured and somewhat haughty guit. Altogether, his appearance caused him to be observed by all who glanced at him in the street, and set down at once for a man of consideration.

"My acquaintance with him commenced in a singular manner. We both frequented the gallery of the brothers Boisserée, where many fine paintings were exhibited; and both had eyes but for *one* picture from our first visit. It was a cabinet piece, of which this sketch is a copy. Boisserée himself noticed the interest I took in it, and told me the picture was three hundred years old. It was not until the third or fourth day that the stern looking stranger accosted me with an expression of his surprise that I could find so much to admire in a work, not after all a first-rate specimen of art. I answered by pleading that I was interested in the beauty of the countenance.

"Yes—" returned he, musingly; "and the portrait is not a flattered one. The family is remarkable for the beauty of its women."

"What family?" I asked in some surprise. "I thought this a fancy piece, painted three hundred years ago! The owner told me so."

"He is mistaken," said Don Montanjo; "I know the original."

"Who is she? where is she?" I asked in breathless interest.

"I should say—I *have* known her; twenty years and more ago—in Valencia—Yes—" he added with a sigh, gazing at the picture—"it is—it can be no other than Donna Camilla de Tortosi."

"Twenty years?" I repeated—and my lover-like visions faded away. "She cannot look like *this* now!"

"May be not," answered the Spaniard; "but no painter ever drew a more faithful copy than this is of her as I last saw her. Come to-morrow night to my lodgings, and I will explain to you why I feel an interest in her portrait."

"You may imagine, dear Frederick, that I did not hesitate to accept the Spaniard's invitation; anxious as I was to learn something of the original of the mysterious picture which had taken such strong hold of my imagination. I went; he received me cordially, and told me a tale of his love and his disappointment. It was a commonplace one—running briefly thus: Donna Camilla was his cousin, the only child of wealthy parents; beautiful, as her portrait represented, and possessed of every quality that could win the admiration of a susceptible youth. She came to Valencia after having completed her education at the convent; Don Montanjo saw her, loved her, and his suit being favored by her parents, was received into the family as her affianced husband. The lady herself was cold; but Spanish decorum required a certain degree of maidenly reserve. Don Montanjo's visions of happiness were at length disturbed by his receiving information that the lady Camilla went frequently, unattended, to the house of a married friend, to enjoy the society of M. de Tannensee, colonel of a Swiss regiment quartered in Valencia—whom he himself had introduced to the family of Tortosi. Desirous of proving the fidelity of his betrothed, he laid wait for the Swiss colonel, and found his worst apprehensions verified. In the agony of his feelings, his first impulse was to slay his fortunate rival; but mastering his passion, he released him, after appointing a place of meeting for the next morning without the city gates. A storm of wild passion raged in Don Montanjo's breast as he went home. Late at night, a servant of Donna Camilla's brought him a letter; it was couched in terms of despairing entreaty. She confessed that she had never loved him, but that Tannensee alone possessed her whole heart; that she had been compelled to receive him as her suitor through fear of her parents; and she concluded by beseeching him to stand her friend, and shield her from parental anger, in her approaching union with the object of her choice. The struggle was severe in the breast of the unfortunate lover; but generosity triumphed. He fought with Tannensee, and disarmed him; the colonel, though brave and skilful in the use of the sword, would not resist the man he conceived himself to have injured. Don Montanjo not only spared his life, but promised him his influence to induce his uncle and aunt to consent to Camilla's transfer of her plighted faith. The lady's parents, however, continued inexorable; she set their authority at defiance by eloping with the Swiss officer some days after, and had never returned to her home.

"Such, dear Herder, was the Spaniard's story. The portrait had been painted from the life by an Italian artist, before Donna Camilla's marriage. I was so struck with it that I obtained permission to have a copy taken, which is before you. You may laugh at me for my romance; but I declare to you, on my word, that picture is dearer to me than any living woman whose name I know."

Herder did laugh at his friend; said he had never suspected him of such boyish folly as falling in love with a painting; and described to him facetiously the matured charms of the lady Camilla—as she probably then existed, if she existed at all. "But now I look at it again," he continued, "I could almost believe the portrait taken for Madame von Schonhold herself. Tell me, do you not perceive the resemblance?"

"It never struck me," said Lanbeck hesitatingly—"the eyes of your baroness are gray, and her hair light brown; observe the raven locks of my Spanish beauty, and the large, dark, melting eyes!"

"True; but observe the Grecian nose, so perfect in its outline, the exquisite, rosy mouth, and the

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round chin! They suit better, too, with her blond beauty, than the dark hair and eyes. Depend upon it I will tell her you idolize her picture."

Herder kept his word in part the next evening, when the festive company were assembled at the villa of the baroness, failing not to rally his friend on his inclination for an indifferent painting, whose original he had never seen. The lady and her guests expressed much curiosity on the subject, and desired to see the portrait that could thus captivate the affections of so grave a student. Lanbeck took revenge on his teazing friend by protesting that he had given him but half his confidence, and that he was by no means in love with a simple picture.

"Did you not tell me," insisted Herder, laughing, "that it was dearer to you than any woman living?"

"No! I said—'than any woman whose name I know.'"

"Oh! then your inamorata is incog. Let me remember—I thought you smitten with the prima donna at Leipsig! Or rather—the masked fair one at Vienna! You smile—there is nothing in that."

"Your friend knows your discretion too well to trust you with his secret," observed one of the guests.

"I have it!" cried Herder, after a pause. "Do you recollect our walk to the Louvre one night—some eight years ago?"

Lanbeck changed countenance; his volatile friend filled his glass with wine, and signing to the guests near him to do the same, said—

"Let 's have a bumper, friends. Here 's to Lanbeck's unknown fair one—the Beggar Girl of Pont des Arts!"

An instant after, the gay but good-humored young man saw that he had unwittingly given pain. Lanbeck's face was deeply flushed, but he looked grave, and said not a word. Herder set down his glass, and glanced round him uneasily; the company were embarrassed; the baroness looked as if something out of place had been said. Herder perceived his mistake, and with his usual tact, gave a turn to the conversation. The guests that chanced to be near were presently laughing heartily at some new sally of his wit.

As for Lanbeck, during the rest of the evening, it seemed as if he had all at once become sensible of the charms of their fair hostess. He led her repeatedly to the dance; he was at her side at supper; his eyes dwelt admiringly on her face while they stood in conversation; in short, he was the envy of all her less favored admirers; and several sneering expressions of wonder at the condescension of the baroness attested their chagrin. Could it be possible that a mere adventurer, after all, was to bear away the prize? It looked like it; for the lady seemed to have eyes only for him. The knowing ones pronounced it merely a flirtation. Herder whispered to his friend as he passed, that he stood already on the top round of the ladder; the hint appeared to displease Lanbeck, for he presently withdrew from the saloon, and after walking a few minutes on the balcony, descended to the garden, the avenues of which were gorgeously illuminated for the pleasure of such of the guests as chose to walk in the open air. He passed several groups in gay conversation, and in about half an hour unexpectedly joined a pair, who proved to be the baroness and Count L——. The gentleman politely resigned the lady to his charge, being engaged for the next dance. Lanbeck's surprise at finding himself so suddenly alone with the lovely widow, betrayed him into some awkwardness at first, which, however, she seemed readily inclined to forgive.

"You must pardon me, Mr. Lanbeck," said she, before they had walked far, and he thought her voice the sweetest he had ever heard, "if I show some curiosity about your incognita. Pray, tell me, who was the beggar girl Herder spoke of a while ago? You seemed displeased at his mention of her."

"Displeased that he should mention her so lightly," answered Lanbeck. "Herder is thoughtless—but a good fellow at heart."

"Did he know her?" asked the baroness, with an air of so much interest that it startled her companion, and flattered him not a little.

"If you can give me a few moments of your society, dear lady, I will tell you all," said he.

The baroness assented, and they pursued the walk together.

"It is a matter of eight years," continued Lanbeck, "since Herder and I were students of medicine in Paris. We were very intimate, and occupied the same lodgings in the Place des Victoires. We had some friends living in the Rue Taranne, with whom we often passed the evening, and returned late at night. One evening, it was about eleven, rainy, and the wind blowing cold and piercing, we were going from the Quai Malaquais, over Pont des Arts to the Louvre. Pont des Arts is only passable for foot passengers, and it happened that no one was stirring anywhere about us. We crossed the bridge, drawing our cloaks well round us, and I was already ascending the steps on the other side, when my attention was arrested by an unexpected sight.

"There stood, leaning on the bridge, a slender female figure. A dark colored hat was tied close down over her face, which was quite concealed by a green veil. She wore a dark silk mantle, and the wind, which blew fiercely against her, revealed the outline of a delicate and youthful shape. A small hand was put forth from her cloak, and held a plate; before her was a lantern, the feeble and flickering light of which fell on a foot that Cinderella might have coveted. Nowhere is there, perhaps, so much misery in contact with so much luxury and magnificence, as in Paris; yet the beggars seldom are seen pushing their way forward, or following the stranger. The infirm or blind sit or stand at the corners of the streets, quietly holding out a hat, and leaving it to the passer by to notice or disregard their supplications. The beggars I felt most for were those who took their station nightly in the streets, with heads covered; motionless, and apparently ashamed of their occupation. My acquaintance in Paris had informed me that these were, for the most part, people of re-

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spectable condition, reduced by misfortune to extremity; who, unwilling or unable to earn their bread, had resorted to this last expedient to prolong a wretched existence, till despair terminated it in the waters of the Seine.

"To this class undoubtedly belonged the female of Pont des Arts. I looked at her more closely; her limbs trembled more violently from cold than the flame of her lantern; but she was silent. I felt in my pockets, but could not find a franc—a single sou. I turned to Herder, and asked him for some change; but vexed at being exposed to the cold by my delay, he cried—

"'Leave the beggar and come along; let us get to bed, for I am freezing!'

"'Only a few sous, friend,' I insisted. He caught me by the cloak to pull me forward. The poor damsel then ventured to say, in a voice trembling, but very sweet, and, to my surprise, in German—

"'Oh, gentlemen, have compassion!'

"Her voice, and unexpected use of a language so familiar to me, affected me powerfully. I again urged my request for some change. Herder laughed.

"'Here,' said he, 'are a few francs; make your bargain, but let me out of the scrape.'

"He hastened away as he spoke. I felt really embarrassed; she must have heard what my companion said, and I feared we had wounded the feelings of one in misfortune. I approached her, hesitatingly.

"'My girl,' said I, 'you have chosen a poor place to stand; there will not many pass here to-night.'

"'If only,' answered she, scarce audibly, 'if only those who pass have feeling for the unhappy.'

"There was something in her tone and manner that showed she had seen better times.

"'I feel interested for you,' I continued, 'will you tell me if I can do more for you than give you this trifle of silver?'

"'We are very poor,' was her tremulous reply, 'and my mother is sick and helpless.'

"Impelled by an unaccountable feeling of sympathy, I asked—

"'Will you conduct me to your mother?'

"She was silent; the request seemed to surprise her.

"'Think not,' I said, 'that I have any other motive than the honest wish to aid you, if I can.'

"'Then come!' replied the veiled damsel. She took up her lantern, extinguished it, and hid it with the plate under her cloak. She then led the way across the bridge. As I walked in silence, a little behind her, I had opportunity to observe her. Her figure, as far as I could see, her whole air, her voice particularly, bespoke extreme youth. Her step was quick, light and elastic. She had declined the assistance of my arm in walking. At the end of the bridge she went into the Rue Mazarin.

"'Has your mother been long ill?' I asked, coming to her side, and endeavoring through her veil to catch a glimpse of her features.

"'For two years,' she answered, sighing; 'but it is eight days only since she became so bad.'

"'Have you been often at that place?'

"'Where?' asked she.

"'On the bridge yonder.'

"'To-night, for the first time,' she answered.

"'Then you have not, as yet, found any good place; other thoroughfares are more frequented.'

"I had no sooner made this remark than I repented it; for I saw it must have hurt her. She wept, but suppressed her sobbing as much as possible, and faltered—

"'Ah! I am such a stranger here, and I am ashamed to go into the crowd.'

"How deep must be the misery that had driven this creature to beggary! Once or twice, I confess, a thought of suspicion crossed me, but it was instantly banished. If she really belonged to an outcast class of females, why was she found veiled in a spot so unfrequented? Why did she so sedulously conceal a form and features, which, judging from what I saw, must possess the advantages of beauty? No! hers was certainly a case of real misfortune; it was this conviction, and her shrinking diffidence—her evident shame for guiltless poverty, that so appealed to my feelings.

"'Has your mother a physician?' I asked.

"'She had—but we can no longer afford to employ one; and, indeed, she says it is quite useless.'

"The last words were interrupted by sobbing—and in raising her hand to wipe away tears, as I supposed, her mantle was blown back, and showed her figure more plainly. It was slender even to fragility, and very thinly clad, as I saw, by a hasty glance, before she drew the cloak again around her.

"We passed through several streets, and entered that of St. Severin, where she said her mother lived. We had not gone far down the street, when she stopped, and seemed much agitated.

"'Indeed, sir,' she said, 'you must not go farther with me—it cannot be!'

"'Why not?' I asked, 'perhaps I can assist your mother; I am a student of medicine; believe me, I am sincere in wishing to serve you.'

"'My mother will be displeased,' said she, weeping more violently; and I felt that I had no right to intrude on her. I gave her the silver change, and also a piece of gold I had about me. Her hand trembled as she took it; she thanked me, and was turning away.

"'One word more,' said I; 'your mother may not recover soon; and you, my girl, are not made for such scenes as you have gone through to-night. Go no more to the bridge; but come eight days from this to the Place de l'Ecole de Médecine, wearing the same hat and veil. You can then tell me how your mother is, and I can assist you farther, if necessary.'

"She bowed her head, but I could not hear her reply—and walked rapidly down the street."

Lanbeck saw that his fair companion was much interested in his narration. She wiped tears from her eyes, as he continued.

"Before the hour appointed, I was in a Cafe in the Place de l' Ecole de Médecine, looking over the pa-

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pers—and glancing ever and anon down the street. It seemed long, to my impatience, before I saw the flutter of the well known green veil and dark silk mantle. The beggar girl came to thank me for my generosity, and said her mother had observed I must be either an angel or a prince.

"'Neither one nor the other,' answered I; 'but tell me, have you any thing left of what I gave you?'

"'Oh, yes,' she answered, as if eager to prevent my giving more, 'it sufficed to pay our apothecary's bill, and a month of house-rent, and we have enough for the present.'

"'Your store cannot be great,' I answered; 'now tell me—for I am willing to help you earn something—can you do any work?'

"'Oh, yes, sir,' she replied, seeming rejoiced at the question.

"'Washing and ironing—or plain sewing?'

"'Either—but I should prefer sewing—as I have little skill as a laundress.'

"I gave her a handkerchief to hem and mark, and directed her to purchase a dozen like it of fine cambric—and bring the first half dozen to me when finished. I gave her, also, money for the purchase. She seemed pleased as a child, and thanked me again and again. Before she left me, I ventured to ask her to remove her veil. She complied after a little hesitation; but I found I had not gained much. The upper part of her face was entirely concealed by a Venetian half mask, of black silk; the mouth and chin only were left exposed; but the exquisite beauty of these, and the delicately formed throat, dazzlingly white, sufficed to convince me that the face was one of rare loveliness. I could see that she blushed deeply as I scanned her features. When I asked why the mask was worn under her veil, she said her mother had been used to wear such in her own country, and had charged her never to go out alone without it."

"How often did you see her afterwards?" asked Madame von Schonhold.

"Only twice—when she came to bring me her work; I resolved, on our next meeting, to visit her mother; but urgent business called me from Paris unexpectedly to London, where I was detained by the illness of my father. I had charged my unknown damsel, in case of any such occurrence, to come to the place of rendezvous on the first and fifteenth of every month. My first care, on returning to Paris, was to search for her; but I saw her no more. My inquiries were fruitless; and month after month I went in vain to the Place de l' Ecole de Médecine. Two years after this I was at Stutgard, and struck by a painting that bore a strange resemblance to the girl whose image filled my thoughts, at least to so much of her face as I had seen, I procured a copy, which I have treasured ever since. The only memorial I possess of her is this, and the handkerchiefs she wrought for me. See—here is one of them, with my initials marked in the corner."

The baroness took and examined it. Lanbeck continued—

"I do not scruple to avow that I have felt, and still feel, an interest in this girl, which I have experienced for no other. The mystery about her—her misfortunes, her patience under them—her beauty—her artlessness—her devotion to her mother—all contributed strongly to enlist my feelings."

"Would you have married a beggar girl?" asked the baroness, quickly, and in a low tone.

"Her poverty, surely, was no crime!" answered Lanbeck. "If I had found her what I supposed her to be, and of respectable parentage, that would have been no obstacle."

"Generous man!" exclaimed the lady; but instantly checking herself, she turned and walked toward the saloon. Lanbeck followed, entreating that she would not betray him.

To make a long story short, he went to rest that night more than half in love with the baroness—reproaching himself for his want of fidelity to his unknown damsel, and still more for his presumption in thinking of one whom he could not approach without suspicion of mercenary motives. Full of heroic resolutions never to be thus traitor to his own pride, yet dissatisfied with himself, he rose early the next morning. Many of the guests, like himself, had remained at the villa, prepared to renew the festivities of the preceding day.

Lanbeck wandered listlessly through the grove that sloped toward the river; and seeing no one, threw himself on the green sward, and lulled by the murmur of the waters and the rustling of the foliage, at length fairly fell into a doze. How long he remained asleep is nothing to the purpose; he was roused by a slight touch on his hand, sprung up, and saw, just before him, a female figure in a dark cloak and hat, with green veil fluttering in the morning breeze. Stranger than all, the face was partly covered by a silken mask, and the features left exposed were the very features of the beggar girl of Pont des Arts!

For an instant, Lanbeck thought he was still dreaming. The stranger waved her hand, and vanished amidst the thick foliage. A sealed note had fallen at his feet; he stooped to pick it up, and then hastened after the retreating figure. To his astonishment, it was nowhere to be found. The note was addressed to himself, and ran as follows:

"If M. Lanbeck still remembers a poor girl whom he once befriended, he will not deem impertinent this expression of her lasting gratitude. He will continue to be devotedly loved by—though he may never see again—

THE BEGGAR OF PONT DES ARTS."

The note inclosed a ring of chased gold, marked with the initials—"J. de T."

The perplexity of our hero is not to be described. His first thought was that a trick had been practiced upon him; but how could he be deceived in those well known, those beloved features? Half inclined to distrust the evidence of his own senses, he came to one resolution—namely, to say nothing of what he had seen.

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"By the way," cried the baroness, on the evening of that day, turning suddenly from a circle of her gayest guests, "you are a connoisseur in paintings, I believe, Mr. Lanbeck. I have never shown you the picture of my mother!"

And, taking his arm, she led him through several apartments to one that was untenanted, and drawing aside a curtain, showed a picture that had nearly turned her amazed companion to stone. It was a portrait of full size—but the exact counterpart of the cabinet piece he had seen in Stutgard!

"Ha! what does this mean?" exclaimed he.

The lady smiled—though her eyes were filling with tears.

"Who—who was your mother?"

"Donna Camilla de Tortosi, of Valencia."

"Can it be possible? And you—"

He glanced at the picture, and in that brief instant the baroness glided from the room. A few minutes elapsed. Another door opened, and the same figure he had seen in the park, masked as before, with dark hat and cloak, and green veil, stood before him. A sudden light flushed across Lanbeck's perceptions, and he seemed to himself a fool that he had not discerned all before. Encircling the masked lady's waist with one arm, he kneeled and respectfully kissed her fair hand.

"Your own Jacqueline!" murmured the baroness, as her head drooped on his shoulder. "Not a word more now; to-morrow I will explain all."

* * * * * * * * *

It would be useless waste of time to dwell in detail on the explanation that followed. The baroness went back to the years in which she was Jacqueline de Tannensee. When a child she followed with her mother the fortunes of a soldier. Told how her mother had drooped, like a stricken flower, from the day of her father's death in battle, and pined for her own sunny land—how poverty and hardship had overtaken them—how they had lived two years in Paris by the sale of her mother's jewelry and wardrobe—how Donna Camilla had grown daily worse, till Lanbeck's generous and disinterested kindness, at the time when her misfortunes seemed about to overwhelm her, had caused her to hope she was not quite forsaken of Heaven—how, after his departure from Paris, a friend of her youth, the Baron von Schonhold, had visited Donna Camilla, bountifully supplied her every want, and furnished her with means to travel, so soon as her health should improve sufficiently to enable her to bear the journey into Spain—how their reviving hopes had been crushed by Madame de Tannensee's sudden relapse after a third stage of their journey—how the baron, who accompanied them, had devoted himself to their comfort—how deep had been the gratitude she felt for him—and how almost the last request of her dying mother had been that she would consent to wed her noble friend, who had offered her his hand and fortune. Jacqueline saw that she was about to lose her mother, and had not a relative or friend in the wide world beside. Experience had taught her the bitterness of destitution. She looked on the baron as an angel sent to their relief. He had nobly succored them in their hopeless want; he loved her—but he forbore to advance any claim on her gratitude, and even offered to bestow independence upon her in case she rejected his proffered hand. She consented to marry him; her mother's last hours were made happy by seeing her daughter united to one whom she knew worthy of being intrusted with her happiness; and after Madame de Tannensee's death, the baron brought her to his native country.

"Here," concluded the baroness, producing a small gold coin, suspended by a ribbon round her neck, "here is the last piece you gave me. I vowed never to part with it. The impression your kindness made on the heart of the friendless beggar girl has never been effaced. I do not now blush to confess—"

What she confessed may appear from the fact that it was speedily known among the aristocratic circles of the lady's acquaintance that the rich prize of her hand was about to be bestowed on a stranger in Bonn, unknown to fortune and to fame; with whispers of what, in our Western settlements, would be termed a "priory 'tachment." Further confirmation was furnished when the pale student, Edward Lanbeck, led to the altar the beautiful and wealthy Baroness von Schonhold.

Herder always insisted that the match was of his making; a circumstance of which he failed not to remind the happy husband, as often as the year brought round "The Erntefest."

ANNE.

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

DEAR ANNE! it were a common wish, though vain,
That all thy days might glide in sunshine by,
And life no shadow know of misery:
'T is well the cup Humanity must drain
Is dashed with bitter, though the lip would fain
Turn from the draught—for they are strong alone
To LIVE and ACT, whose spirits oft have known
The stern and wholesome discipline of Pain!
Therefore I say not, "may no grief be thine,"
But "whether joy or sorrow mark thy way,
Oh, be thy strength sufficient to thy day,
And cloudless sunlight gild that day's decline—
So shalt thou know, Life's load at last laid down,
Who meekest bears the cross is worthiest of the crown!"

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AMERICAN BALLADS.*

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

NO I.—JANE McREA.

It was brilliant autumn time—
The most brilliant time of all,
When the gorgeous woods are gleaming
Ere the leaves begin to fall,
When the maple boughs are crimson,
And the hickory shines like gold,
And the noons are sultry hot,
And the nights are frosty cold.

When the country has no green,
Save the sword-grass by the rill,
And the willows in the valley,
And the pine upon the hill,
When the pippin leaves the bough,
And the sumach's fruit is red,
And the quail is piping loud
From the buckwheat where he fed.

When the sky is blue as steel,
And the river clear as glass,
When the mist is on the mountain,
And the net-work on the grass,
When the harvests all are housed,
And the farmer's work is done,
And the stubbles are deserted
For the fox-hound and the gun.

It was brilliant autumn time
When the army of the North,
With its cannon, and dragoons,
And its riflemen came forth;
Through the country all abroad
There was spread a mighty fear,
Of the Indians in the van,
And the Hessians in the rear.

There was spread a mighty terror,
And the bravest souls were faint,
For the shaven chiefs were mustered
In their scalp-locks and their paint;
And the forest was alive—
And the tramp of warrior men
Scared the eagle from his eyry,
And the gray wolf from his den.

For the bold Burgoyne was marching,
With his thousands marching down,
To do battle with the people,
To do battle for the crown.
But Starke he lay at Bennington,
By the Hoosick's waters bright,
And Arnold and his forces
Gathered thick on Behmus' height.

Fort Edward on the Hudson,
It was guarded night and day,
By Van Vechten and his woodmen—
Right sturdy woodmen they!
Fort Edward on the Hudson,
It was guarded day and night,
Oh! but in the early morning
It saw a bitter sight!

A bitter sight, and fearful,
And a shameful deed of blood!
All the plain was cleared around,
But the slopes were thick with wood,
And a mighty pine stood there,
On the summit of the hill,
And a bright spring rose beneath it,
With a low and liquid trill—

And a little way below,
All with vine-boughs overrun,
A white-walled cot was sleeping—
There that shameful deed was done!
Oh! it was the blythest morning,
In the brilliant autumn time,
The sun shone never brighter
When the year was in its prime.

But a maiden fair was weeping
In that cottage day by day,
Wo she was, and worn with watching
For her truelove far away—
He was bearing noble arms,
Noble arms for England's king!
She was waiting, sad and tearful,
Near the pine tree, near the spring!

Weary waiting for his coming—
Yet she feared not; for she knew
That her lover's name would guard her,
That her lover's heart was true.
True he was; nor did forget,
As he marched the wild woods through,
Her to whom his troth was plighted
By the Hudson's waters blue.

He bethought him of the madness
And the fury of the strife;
He bethought him of the peril
To that dear and precious life—
So he called an Indian chief,
In his paint and war-array—
Oh! it was a cursed thought,
And it was a luckless day.

"Go!" he said, "and seek my lady
By Fort Edward, where she lies;
Have her hither to the camp!
She shall prove a worthy prize!"
And he charged him with a letter,
With a letter to his dear,
Bidding her to follow freely,
And that she should nothing fear.

* It is proposed to follow up this by a series of similar ballads, illustrating some of the most interesting occurrences and incidents of our revolutionary struggle and earlier history, which, it is believed, will be found to afford more than sufficient romance and poetical point to render them popular among general readers. The object of the writer will be to present such subjects as he may select, in such a manner as to awaken interest by the nature of the events, and images arising from their own innate and coherent poetry, and not from verbal adornment.

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Lightly, brightly, rose the sun—
High his heart, and full of mirth—
Gray and gloomy closed the night—
Steamy mists bedewed the earth—
Thence he never ceased to sorrow
Till his tedious life was o'er—
For that night he thought to see her,
But he never saw her more.

By the pine tree on the hill,
Armed men were at their post,
While the early sun was low,
Watching for the royal host,
Came a rifle's sudden crack!
Rose a wild and fearful yell!
Rushed the Indians from the brake!
Fled the guard, or fought and fell!

Fought and fell! and fiercely o'er them
Rose the hideous death halloo!
One alone was spared of all—
Wounded he, and pinioned too!
He it was the deed that saw,
As he lay the spring beside—
Had his manly arm been free,
He had saved her, or had died!

Up the hill he saw them lead her,
And she followed free from fear—
And her beauty blazed the brighter,
As she deemed her lover near—
He could read the joyous hope
Sparkling in her sunny eyes—
Lo! the sudden strife! the rage!
They are battling for the prize!

Guns are brandished—knives are drawn!
Flashed the death-shot, flew the ball!
By the chief, who should have saved her,
Did the lovely victim fall.
Fell, and breathed her lover's name,
Blessed him with her latest sigh,
Happier than he surviving,
Happier was she to die.

Then the frantic savage seized her
By the long and flowing hair—
Bared the keen and deadly knife—
Whirled aloft the tresses fair—
Yelled in triumph, and retreated,
Bearing off that trophy dread—
Think of him who sent them forth!
Who received it—reeking red!

He received it, cold as stone,
With a ghastly stupid stare—
Shook not, sighed not, questioned not—
Oh! he knew that yellow hair!
And he never smiled again,
Nor was ever seen to weep—
And he never spoke to name her,
Save when muttering in his sleep!

Yet he did his duty well,
With a chill and cheerless heart;
But he never seemed to know it,
Though he played a soldier's part.
Years he lived—for grief kills not—
But his very life was dead;
Scarcely died he any more
When the clay was o'er his head!

Would ye farther learn of her?
Visit then the fatal spot!
There no monument they raised,
Storied stones they sculptured not;
But the mighty pine is there—
Go, and ye may see it still,
Gray and ghostly, but erect,
On the summit of the hill;

And the little fount wells out,
Cold and clear, beneath its shade,
Cold and clear, as when beside it
Fell that young and lovely maid.
These shall witness for the tale,
How, on that accursed day,
Beauty, innocence and youth
Died in hapless JANE MCREA!

"O SE TU FOSTI MECO."*

FROM A MANUSCRIPT VOLUME ENTITLED "SPECIMENS OF ITALIAN LYRICS."

BY RICHARD HENRY WILDE.

O! WERE thou but with me,
In yon dark vessel free,
That o'er the moon-lit sea
Cleaves her way.
O! were it only mine,
From scenes in which we pine,
To bear thee o'er the brine,
Far away!

On ocean's ample breast,
Beneath night's starry vest,
All else but us at rest—
Thou and I
Of every mutual pain
Together might complain,
And unbetrayed remain,
No one by.

Thus lifting memory's pall
From this dark life, all, all
The past we should recall,
With its woes:
And then what could we crave
From Heaven and the wave
But a harbor or a grave,
To repose!

* Anonymous.

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THE LOVE-LETTER.

OR LITTLE LUCY AND AUNT LU.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

Sudden sorrow
Seems to my thee—some good thing comes to morrow. *Henry IV.*

One might have thought the picture had been studied, so graceful was that of the family group assembled on the portico of North Hall; but it was a scene of every day—old Mr. Etherwood, full of the airs and whims of an obstinate valetudinarian, reclining in an immense chair, cushioned to the extreme of luxury, his dressing-gown of richly quilted damask, folded round his stooping figure and attenuated limbs, and his long gray hair falling from beneath his velvet cap, and mingling with the transparent ruffles that covered his bosom. So also was the position of his gentle daughter Lucy, his only child—Aunt Lu she was called, to distinguish her from a younger inheritress of the name. She was kneeling at his side, a lovely, devoted looking woman, and smoothing his fleecy white stockings, the work of her own fair hands, under his embroidered slippers, with as much tenderness as if his passive feet had been those of an infant. The remaining figure, however, presented a new aspect. This was the grandchild and niece, *little* Lucy still, for though nearly eighteen and well grown, the affectionate watchfulness of her aunt had so preserved her girlish simplicity of character, and consequently of appearance, that she looked full two years younger. She stood leaning against a column, and twisting in her fingers the fringed blossom of a passion-flower which festooned it, and though her eyes were fixed upon the gilded wires of a bird cage suspended among the vines, it was evident that neither the sparkling glances nor the coaxing twitter of its little inmate attracted from her a single thought.

The old gentleman had watched her anxiously for some minutes, and at length remarked—

"I have not seen you feed your bird this morning, Lucy."

"No, grandpapa, but Aunt Lu did not forget it."

"It is well that Aunt Lu thinks of every thing, or now that Clement Noel has gone, there would be many things forgotten."

Lucy's face glowed as brightly as the rose-colored ribbon round her neck, which, to her grandfather, was very unaccountable, as he had spoken kindly and with perfect singleness of meaning, and, after a pause, he resumed—

"I am afraid you are not well, child—what is it ails you? You know how it worries me to see any thing about me looking out of the usual way."

"There is nothing the matter with me, sir—at least, I have only a little headache!" A woman's answer.

"Dear child, you can't make me believe that; when people have headaches they always complain, I never knew any body that did n't; and you have not said a word about it before. You know that my greatest earthly solicitude is about your health, yours and your Aunt Lu's; I am always trembling lest you should inherit some of my own distressing maladies. I feel confident that if your father had lived long enough, he would have died of some of them. And now you look listless, your eyes are dull, and I have heard you sigh heavily a dozen of times. Have you any fullness in the chest, any difficulty of breathing, particularly of nights? It would be a shocking thing if you should get the asthma."

"Oh, dear no, grandpapa."

"Is your digestion good? do you ever feel any nausea after eating, or any burning sensation here? look, Lucy, just here? Be always on your guard against dyspepsia, for it would make you miserable for life. You must be abstemious. I'll give you some of my bran bread for dinner, and you must always take tapioca, after this, for your breakfast."

"Indeed, grandpa, it is quite unnecessary."

"Or perhaps you have taken cold—young people are always so deplorably careless. Have you any shooting pains in your limbs? any burning and stiffness about the ancles? any aching in the toes? any—"

"Any symptoms of gout, dear grandpapa? Oh, no—no!"

And Lucy's languid face brightened for an instant with the merriest of smiles, and her voice rang with a momentary laugh, which was echoed by her Aunt Lu.

"Indeed, I am quite well—and to prove it, I will go and get your hat and wrappings ready for your ride."

"The foolish child can't deceive me," said Mr. Etherwood, who, after having studied symptoms for twenty years, had no want of confidence in his own sagacity; "you must have noticed the change, daughter Lu—her pale face, her slow step, her low voice, her fits now of stupor, now of restlessness, her disinclination to her usual employments—if it is nothing more, it must be an affection of the nerves. As I am going to town to execute a certain new plan of my own, I'll just stop at the doctor's, and ask him to

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come out and give her an examination. Look at your watch, dear; is it time for the carriage to be round? I'll go at once, for it is very imprudent to allow such things to gain ground. I must take care of her, as she is my only grandchild, and I don't expect ever to have another. She has been in this state—let me see—ever since the day Clem left us, and that was Monday."

Miss Etherwood never opposed her father's hobbies, so she muffled him up in his own peculiar fashion, and assisted him into the carriage. Then, as she stood looking after him, she smiled to herself to think that, with all his skill in discovering causes from effects, the question had never struck him whether the event from which he so carefully dated Lucy's indisposition, might not have had something to do with it. This said Clement Noel was a fine, handsome youth, possessing every qualification, gentle reader, that you expect and admire in a magazine hero; and had been, during his minority, two or three years gone by, the ward of Mr. Etherwood. He had just bid adieu to North Hall, after a visit of six months, to begin an extensive tour, which he had deferred from week to week during all that time, and had left behind him the memory of his society as that of an indispensable household comfort. Never was there a more useful young man. He had performed all sorts of philosophical experiments for the old gentleman, and read Zimmermann in the original, ay, and Hippocrates himself; and had arranged cabinets for Aunt Lu, and constructed Æolian harps, and classified dried plants, and tied up living jasmins; and toward little Lucy he had said and looked a hundred things too valuable even to be hinted to other people. These she could not have failed to understand and appreciate, yet he had gone away without asking if she had done so, and there was now nothing for her to do but to pine herself into a melancholy.

Aunt Lu, with feminine intuition, had perceived how matters stood, and that it was timidity alone that had prevented the young lover from declaring himself. She was the very person to sympathize with the sorrowing girl, for she, too, had had her early romance and disappointments; but she was of a happy, hopeful spirit, and suppressing a sigh which started at the thought of her own past experience and Lucy's present trial, she trusted for a brighter future, and went cheerfully about her domestic vocations. With all her elegance and accomplishments, Aunt Lu was a notable housewife, as any phrenologist would decide by a glance at her portrait, and her niceness and habit of systematizing were all the indications ever named of her having been fore-doomed to be an old maid. Yet this portended to be her lot. The indefatigable, uncomplaining nurse and companion of a confirmed humorist, whose jealous fondness was no atonement for his exactions, she was bound, as well by promise as by her scrupulous sense of duty, to devote heart and hand to a life which, in spite of the drawbacks of a diseased fancy, might prove almost as long as her own.

Mr. Etherwood continued his morning drive considerably later than usual, but at last the carriage stopped at the gate, and he advanced up the portico with an alacrity altogether uncommon, forgetting even to limp. Aunt Lu hastened to receive him, and he saluted her with the question—

"What do you think I have been about all this morning, daughter?"

"Something very pleasant, I have no doubt, sir, as you look stronger and more animated than you have done for months."

"You are right; I have been attending to business for you, which is always the most pleasant occupation I can have. After leaving a note for the doctor about Lucy, I drove round among some of your young friends, and promised to send the carriages to bring them out this afternoon, to a collation on the grounds, in honor of your birth-day."

"My birth-day?"

"Ha! ha! my dear! did you think I had forgotten it? This is your thirtieth birth-day; I told them all so, and that, as I knew from your correct perception of the fitness of things, you would now give up all youthful amusements and frivolities, I would like them to take a lesson from you on entering a new state of life properly. Allow me, my dear," steping up to her delightedly, and kissing her cheek, "to congratulate you on arriving at the period of mature womanhood."

For one moment Miss Etherwood looked vexed, but in another her good sense had conquered the little weakness, and she thanked him with her usual cheerful smile.

"And that was not all that I did. I took the note from Davis that you ordered him to carry to your milliner, and handed it to her myself, that I might have an opportunity to give her some directions about your dress for the future. I told her not to send you any more feathers and flowers, and other such fantastic things, as they are improper at your time of life. You know, those were the orders of Marie Antoinette, when she had reached thirty—a very sensible thought in her. I did not say any thing about taking the lilac ribbon off your bonnet, and putting on gray or brown, as I thought you would see the propriety of it, and attend to it yourself. My dear daughter, how impatiently I have waited for this anniversary—no more time wasted on furbelows"—(Aunt Lu was fond of a rich and tasteful toilette)—"but all shall be plain and matronly. I won't insist upon a cap, for your poor mother used to worry me so with sitting, hour after hour, plaiting and puckering her caps. And I shall have so much more of your society, for of course your habits and deportment will assimilate with your dress. I never felt perfectly sure of you before! But I must go and tell little Lucy about it; the excitement of company will help her circulation finely. She must get herself ready, for the carriages must go to town while we are at dinner, that the young people can return in good time. I promised to send them home before dark, as I consider late hours and night air ruinous."

Her thirtieth birth-day! Seldom did Aunt Lu in-

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dulge thoughts so sombre as those by which this recollection was attended. They brought her, indeed, none of the bitterness of feeling which it is often a woman's lot to share at the prospect of advancing years undignified by the ties which invest them with influence and authority, but they whispered a mournful warning that the hopes, hitherto preserving in her much of the freshness of youth, must be cast aside forever. We have said that she had had her early trials. She had loved with all the firmness and ardor of a strong mind and a warm heart, and her affection was her first sacrifice at the altar of filial obedience. The attachment that had elicited her own, yet followed her, strengthened by time, and enhanced in value by the ripened virtues of its possessor; but she had prayed against it as a temptation when, year after year, it was proffered to her acceptance. Still, to feel herself the object of a devotion so noble, was a precious consciousness, and she had trusted, though without a self-acknowledgment, that she might one day be released to reward it. But now she felt that to cherish such a dream was a weakness unworthy of one whose long course of self-denial should have been a preparation to sustain her in any effort. Had not her father's peculiarities increased with his age; and were her patient services, even after a very few years, to be repaid with the gift of freedom, would she then be an offering worthy of one who richly deserved her in her best and brightest days? Her thirtieth birth-day! Would not her heart soon become chill, her person changed—was it not already fading? And she glanced at a mirror before her. But her cheek was as round as in the days of her girlhood, and almost as glowing; her hair was as dark and luxuriant; her eyes, they were even brighter than usual, for they were slightly suffused with tears; and her hand, the member which, perhaps, the soonest of all shows the creeping on of time, was white and full, and tapering as ever. Oh, no! there was no change for the worse in Aunt Lu, and the half smile which broke upon her face, showed that she perceived it; but she relapsed into her sadness, and sat still, taking her satisfaction of it.

She was at length aroused by a servant handing her a packet. She glanced at the superscription, and hastily broke the seal. An enclosure fell beside her, but she continued eagerly to peruse the envelope. Then she started up, seized the fallen letter, and, with a countenance all radiant, flew out of the room. She had quite forgotten her own griefs, in the prospect of being a messenger of happiness to another—just like her!

"Stop, stop, daughter Lu—what letter is that?" called her father, meeting her, but for once his voice was unheeded, and with her collar half blown off in the rapidity of her motion, and standing up from her neck like an Elizabethan ruff, she passed him swiftly as a bird.

Meanwhile little Lucy, at the request of her grandfather, had made her toilette, though carelessly and with great reluctance, to receive the first invoice of guests, and then gone into the garden to arrange a seat for him in his favorite summer-house. She had broken off, as she strolled listlessly along, some sprays of the brilliant pomegranate and the delicate wax-berry, unconsciously it seemed, though she had a latent remembrance that Clement Noel admired the contrast of the rich scarlet bells of the one with the pearl-like globules of the other, and when she had executed her errand, she placed herself on the pile of cloaks and cushions, with the bouquet in her hands. She thought over again the same things she had thought every hour for the last three days and nights—that never had any body been as miserable before—that she never could be happy again in this world, and if it were not a sin, she would wish to be out of it—and there would be some consolation to know that, should she die of a broken heart, there would be *one* person to grieve for her—one particular person besides her grandfather and her Aunt Lu.

Thus she sat, with pale face and compressed under lip, when her aunt approached and peeped at her through the shrubbery. Her light step had not been heard, and softly entering the door, Aunt Lu stole close behind the dejected girl, and reaching the letter over her head, dropped it into her lap.

Lucy turned round with an ejaculation of fright, but the seal of the letter caught her eye, and growing red and then whiter than before, she exclaimed, "Oh, aunt Lu! where *did* you get it?"

Aunt Lu assumed an expression of surprise at her agitation, and when Lucy made a trembling effort to open the letter, she caught her hands, saying, "Not so fast, my dear; you are not sure that it is for yourself. It is directed to 'Miss Lucy Etherwood,' and quite as likely it may be for me."

Lucy clasped the letter closely, and, looking imploringly at her aunt, drew it away.

"This is a matter of some delicacy;" pursued aunt Lu, mischievously; "it is unlucky that it is not customary to use the convenient little words 'senior' and 'junior,' after ladies' names. On common occasions we need not care to open each other's letters, but when they come from gentlemen, there is no telling what they may contain."

"It is for me, dear aunt, I know it is!" exclaimed Lucy, nervously.

"You should not be so positive, child; it appears to be the hand of Clement Noel, and it is much more probable that he would write to me than to you. It is amazing what strange things these young men sometimes get into their heads; supposing it is a love letter? At all events, as I am the elder, it is nothing but proper that I should read it first;" and as aunt Lu pretended to snatch it, Lucy retreated to the farthest corner of the summer-house.

"Why, Lucy, child; this is singular behavior, about a gentleman's letter! But we will compromise by leaving it to chance; this wax-berry will be for you, the pomegranate leaf for me;" taking them from the bouquet and concealing them in her hands; "now, here—which hand will you have?"

The lot fell upon aunt Lu, and Lucy burst into tears.

"Ah, Lucy, Lucy!" said her aunt, tenderly throwing her arms around her; "I have hardly deserved

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such treatment at your hands! After having shared all your feelings from childhood as a mother could scarcely have done, do you think I would have withheld my sympathy in this, the most trying crisis of your life? Had you confided in me, perhaps you might have been spared this three days' unhappiness, for in such straits we women are sometimes good comforters to each other. I know every thing. Clement enclosed your letter to me, begging me to deliver it only if I thought it would be favorably received. He has been loitering about the city, undecided to go, yet dreading to return lest he should meet with disappointment. But read your letter, dear child, and I 'll turn my back and look after my geraniums."

"I shall have to learn to love my flowers better;" resumed Miss Etherwood, as if to herself; "I shall have nothing else when little Lucy gives herself to another;" and she looked round in time to see the blushes with which her niece closed the letter; "you 'll go now and have your hair dressed, won't you, Lucy? Your Madonna locks don't suit you so well, now that you look bright and rosy again. But I believe you told grandpapa, yesterday, that you would never curl your hair again, did n't you? And not to trouble himself to send your bonnet after you, for you did not care how dark you got—that beauty was of no use that you could see. But, Clement thinks differently, and you will now have to take care of yourself for his sake, and he will be out this evening. I know he will, as I shall write to him. You must do the honors, this afternoon, for I am not quite in spirits. Do you know, darling, that to-day, which yields you so much happiness, and shows you a future so fair, makes your Aunt Lu an old maid for life?"

The expected guests arrived, and, left to little Lucy's charge, were speedily dispersed about the beautiful grounds which environed the house. Among them was a distinguished looking man, of thoughtful and intellectual countenance, who seemed rather a spectator of the festivities than a sharer in them. It was Walter Sidney, Miss Etherwood's lover, who, strange to say, was always received as a welcome friend by her father, notwithstanding his nervous horror of her marriage. At length she is seen in apparently earnest conversation with him, and what has been said before may be judged by her reply.

"No, Walter, you must obey me, and never allude to the subject again, at least with that vain word, hope. Don't forget what my father brought you all here for—to rejoice with him at the prospect of my initiation into the sober mysteries of middle age."

"And it is ten years since!" said her companion, musingly; we would have thought it a long time then, Lucy."

"Yet, to me it has passed not so slowly;" said Aunt Lu, taking up his thought.

"And to me. I have lived upon hope, and you in the earnest discharge of arduous duties, for the performance of which I have loved and honored you the more, much as I have suffered by it."

"I know it, and thank you, Walter. But it is time that we should look upon things as they really are. Though my father's health is, and promises to be, better than it was then, yet he grows more and more jealous of my attendance, regarding my undivided care and affection as the very breath of his life. My course is plain; I must still live on as I have done, and, gradually losing my capacity for returning your feelings, become reconciled to the change. But you—you are still young—far younger than I am, though I have not numbered as many years. You may yet be very happy, and you owe it to Providence, who places the means of happiness in your hands, to accept them. You must marry, for you are formed for domestic life, and see how gently even these gay young creatures around us would listen to you! Do not think I would value you any the less; you have given me noble proofs of your truth, and I should be proud to resign you to a tie which would prove a blessing to you. I should know that I still retained your esteem, and even now of what worth is any thing else to me?"

The lover listened with a grave smile, and when she had concluded, he replied; "I have now become accustomed to my affection, Lucy, and even if I would, I could not part with it; therefore, if it must be so, I will wait ten years more."

The company departed early, according to the arrangement of Mr. Etherwood, and after they had gone, Aunt Lu went her accustomed round in the apartment of the invalid; she spread out his night robes, arranged his lamp to a proper dimness, prepared his lotions and panaceas, and then waiting for farther orders, took her seat at an open window. There was a calm, soft moonlight, and she might have found it a sedative to her unquiet thoughts, but, through the luxuriant foliage, she could perceive the white dress of Lucy, who was now flitting gaily about with Clement Noel. The scene recalled similar ones in the early intercourse between herself and her faithful Walter Sidney, who, in her heart, she still persisted, should be weaned from his hopeless pursuit, and no wonder that a sigh escaped her.

"Do come away from the window, daughter Lu, and sit behind that screen;" said her father; "you are surely old enough now to understand the danger of night air. Your breath sounds wheezing, and I should n't wonder if you had taken a complaint in the breast already. What has become of Lucy?"

"She is engaged with Clement Noel, father."

"Sure enough; it was very foolish in that lad when he found the ship or steamboat would n't go—which was it? not to come back to us. He ought to know how hard it goes for me to do without people when I once get used to them. It was a very foolish project in him to go traveling, putting himself in the way of all sorts of dangers, when he could so well afford to stay at home. But you never answered me, when I asked you what letter that was."

"A love-letter, father."

"What—what—a love-letter! Who is disturbing our quiet by sending love-letters again? I hope—daughter Lu—"

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"It was not for me, sir, but for little Lucy."

"For little Lucy! whew! if that is n't comical! Little Lucy getting love-letters! And who under the sun would send one to her, poor child?"

"Could n't you guess, father? Clement Noel."

A light seemed to break upon the old gentleman, and he looked at her without replying a single word.

"You think very highly of Clement, my dear sir," pursued his daughter, encouraged by his silence; "and he has begged my influence to gain your favor to his cause. He will suit you better than any one else, for, of course, you would not wish little Lucy to live unmarried, too."

Still he returned no answer, but sat musing for full ten minutes. At last he muttered to himself, "I would n't like my family to be extinct—but give up little Lucy—give up my only grandchild—how would that do? I could n't live without a grandchild."

"What did you say, dear father?" asked aunt Lu approaching him.

"I don't know what I said, but this is what I have been thinking about; that if I must give up little Lucy, you had better get married."

Aunt Lu sprung forward, and throwing her arms round his neck, burst into tears, and the old man wept with her. "If we must begin to make changes," said he, "I can as well put up with two as with one."

And now an infallible clue being given to the termination of our story, who would thank us to go on? of course, nobody.

POEMS:

FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS MOSEN.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

I.—THE STATUE OVER THE CATHEDRAL DOOR.

Forms of saints and kings are standing,
The cathredral door above:
Yet I saw but one among them,
Who has soothed my soul with love.

In his mantle—wound about him
As their robes the sowers wind—
Bore he swallows with their fledglings,
Flowers and weeds of every kind.

And there stands he, calm and childlike,
High in wind and tempest wild;
O were I like him exalted,
I would be like him a child!

And my songs—green leaves and blossoms—
Up to Heaven's door would bear,
Calling, even in storm and tempest,
Round me still these birds of air.

II.—A LEGEND.

On the cross the dying Savior
Heavenward lifts his eyelids calm;
Feels, but scarcely feels a trembling
In his pierced and bleeding palm.

And, by all the world forsaken,
Sees he how with eager care
At the ruthless nail of iron
A poor bird is striving there.

Stained with blood, and never tiring,
With its beak it doth not cease;
From the cross 't would free the Savior,
Its Creator's son release.

And the Savior speaks in mildness—
"Blessed be thou of all the good!
Bear, in token of this moment,
Marks of blood and holy-rood!"

And the bird is called the Cross-bill;
Covered quite with blood so clear,
In the groves of pine it singeth
Songs, like legends, strange to hear!

THE TRUE POET.

To patient study, and unwearied thought,
And wise and watchful nurture of his powers,
Must the true poet consecrate his hours:
Thus, and thus only, may the crown be bought
Which his great brethren, all their lives have sought;
For not to careless wreathers of chance-flowers
Openeth the Muse her amaranthine bowers,
But to the Few, who worthily have fought
The toilsome fight, and won their way to fame.
With such as these I may not cast my lot,
With such as these I must not seek a name;
Content to please awhile and be forgot;
Winning from daily toil—which irks me not—
Rare and brief leisure my poor song to frame.

M.

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THE ISLAND-HOME.

BY W. W. STORY.

Our gallant barque was bravely trimmed
With broad full sails and a golden beak—
And its swelling sides were daintily rimmed
With a blue and golden streak—
Where circlets of sunny network dancing
Flashed up from the crisped tide below,
When the golden sparks of the sunlight glancing
Swarmed on the bay in the morning's glow—
Tight was our barque—both tight and stout—
And never it knew of a seamy leak,
When we spread our canvass and wandered out
With fearless spirits which luck bespeak—
Dallied here and loitered there,
There was no hurry to be gone,
Silken soft was the murmurous air,
Pleasant the beams of the rising sun—
In and out of many a cove—
Anchored beside a shady shore,
Drooping our sails and bending the oar,
Day after day thus idly wore—
This was the life we used to love.

But the morning passed—the wind veered round—
Steadily veered with an even blast,
And we knew that the time had come at last,
For the voyage on which the barque was bound
And the time for dalliance was passed.
Cheerful at heart, with sails full set,
The foam spray sprinkling our sharp thin prow,
Hopeful and cheerful, our barque did plough
Through the swaying swell and the silver sheen,
Through the sunny day and the night serene,
Never a doubt there was I ween,
And never a fear our spirits met.

Thus on we went—the days slipped by,
The breeze blew strong and steadily,
And no mischance came ever nigh
To daunt our fearless confidence—
Ever the thought of a darkening change
Seemed to us something vague and strange,
A cloud shade cast we knew not whence—
But long we held not thus together,
The day grew dark—frowning the weather—
The blast oft came in a sudden gust
That swept across the shuddering tide,
That shivered the wave to a watery dust,
That bent the barque to its creamy side,
And tossed it about like a dizzy feather.
And, when the heavy squall had past
Against the starward-pointing mast,
The heavy drooping sail would flap—
And we lay rocking long and wearily,
While the voyage went and and drearily—
Long pauses there were of shapeless doubt,
Long anxious hopings, once merged in Trust,
While the fing of Faith we began to lower,
And listening heard the secret tap
Of Fear upon the heart's thin door—
And from the foam a gathering rust
Began about the steel to crust
That shone in the early setting out—
And, disappointed, we often thought
We should not reach the distant shore—
The laugh and jest, and the song and shout,
Were heard less frequent than before.
Much question there was of the onward track,
Much earnest longing to wander back,
Much wishing and half-decision to tack,
Half resolution to give o'er
Our perilous way—such was the lack
Of the faith that we once so bravely wore.

Now with an earnest, stout resolve,
We nerved our hearts 'gainst fear and doubt—
We said—"while suns and moons revolve,
With earnest faith we'll fight it out."
And to that choice did we abide—
Fearless even when the entering tide
Poured streaming through her leaky side—
And taking an earnest will we strove,
With thoughts of a far-off sunny cove,
To stem the storm when gathering black,
And, crushing the wish to wander back,
The danger and toil began to love—
Then changed the sight—then spread the light
That long had lurked like a golden thread
Around the horizon, whose cope above
With a cap of darkening clouds was spread—
Not many days and nights there were,
Ere out of the slowly lightening air,
In the roseate mist far-off and rare,
A shadowy shore uplifted lay—
And many a white-winged gull outflew
With hope, on many a rosy day,
And we knew at last that our weary way
Had come to an end o'er the rolling blue.
Yes—it came to an end—our barque lay moored;
We leaped upon a silver sand,
We stood upon a sunny land,
We, we, the tempest-driven band,
Our haven-home at last secured.

It was toward the evening's close
We anchored on our sunset shore—
Soon faded from the sky the rose,
And as we lying sought repose,
We felt, "what could we ask for more?"—
Lowly creeping a creamy mist,
Whitened by moonshine, the smooth swell kist,
And half asleep on the sloping turf,
At distant intervals we heard,
Mid the bursting swell of the foamy surf,
The long, sad wail of some wandering bird—
But stout and strong with the coming day
We dragged our barque up the sandy beach,
We fixed her beyond the billow's reach,
And ruggedly there we worked away—

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We caulked her seams, we plugged each leak,
We gilded again her faded streak,
We fitted her sails, we braced her ropes,
And moored her upon the wave anew,
And tossing she lay, as fair to view
As when in her swelling canvass blew
The gale that fanned our earliest hopes.
And the struggles and trials, that now were o'er,
Deepened to love what was pride before—
Now we were happy, now we were full,
Of a gentle joy most beautiful,
And all that we for years had borne,
When we were doubtful and half-forlorn,
Here was as it had never been
In the light of a perfect peace serene.

Happy they were and without a care,
Who had made their home forever there,
Happy they were, and calm and free,
Living upon their island-home,
Whose beach was girt with a silvery sea,
That sprinkled it ever with starry foam—
Which, swelling most gently and drowsily,
Plunged and replunged incessantly,
Slipped down the sand and upward clomb,
Their life was a moving melody,
Their season a long serenity;
No storms there were, but the gentle rain
Lifted the plants when it softly fell,
And sprinkled with dew the grassy plain,
That stretched away in an even swell;
And the voices of birds were audible
Under the shadowy depths of green,
Where the burnished leaves of the aspen shook,
And struggling gleams of light were seen
Falling like sparks on the bubbling brook;
And deep in the heart of the shadowy dell
Long shafts of sunshine mistily fell;
Ever the distant mountain lifted
Its towering brow in the silvery air,
Softly the cloud shades o'er it drifted,
And its changing hues with the daylight shifted,
Wearing a silvery shroud of gray
Under the starlight's solemn gloom—
And veiling itself at the close of day
In dove-like tints, and a purplish bloom—
While the fountain lifted its sparkling column,
And shivering in moonshine drooped again—
When the night wind creeping alone and solemn,
Drew from the pine-tops their moaning strain,
Delicate hazes came and went,
Shrouding in softness the faint-blue ocean.
Happily musing our life was spent,
Peaceful and all unturbulent,
Swayed by an inward and musical motion—
Moved by a sinuous gentle grace,
The steps of all were free;
And an under-smile in every face
Lay sleeping silently—
Yet there were earnest tasks to do,
Which made this life yet fairer seem—
Duties which made us strong and true,
And offices to which we grew,
Which would not let life be a dream—
But leaning each upon the other,
Together twined, yet separate,
Each dwelling in his single state,
Each outlooking all his fate,
Yet each to every one a brother—
We strengthened life with earnest thought,
We learned to lead a noble life,
All undisturbed by idle strife,
And to a solid clearness wrought—
With lofty aim and high intent,
Upward and upward still we went—
While the tissue of our life we wove—
And daring always to be true,
More closely to each other grew,
More certainly our duty knew,
And scourged our vices with our love.

Was it not well, oh brother, to roam?
Was it not well to endure the pain?
Was it not well to struggle and strain
For the certain bliss of our island home?

THE FADED FLOWERS.

BY REV. WALTER COLTON, U. S. N.

TO THE LADY WHO PRESENTED THE AUTHOR WITH A CLUSTER OF FADED FLOWERS.

These faded flowers a softer grief
Than blooming ones beget;
More tender now on each pale leaf
The tints that linger yet:
For all the charms, that cheered the past,
Hang round these hues that fade the last.

The morn they had their fragrant birth,
The wild shrubs where they grew,
The bee that in its matin mirth
Hung o'er their pearls of dew,
Must share alike the floweret's lot,
And be with frailer things forgot.

Not thus with *thee* in that dim day,
When, like the breath of flowers,
Thy spirit leaves its vase of clay,
For love, in those lone hours,
Shall treasure up thy gentle worth,
And warm remembrance call it forth,

And in a brighter, purer sphere,
Beyond the sunless tomb—
The virtues, that have charmed us here,
In fadeless life shall bloom;
And win from faith the fervid prayer
To meet thy sainted spirit there.

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A DECAYED FAMILY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE."

Just now we're living sound and hale,
Then top and maintop crowd the sail,
Heave care o'er side!
And large, before enjoyment's gale,
Let's task the tide. *Burns.*

CHAPTER I.

Some old gentlemen have the agreeable habit of holding forth at table; and when they have unpleasant things to say, and general fault to find, select the social and genial hours of breakfast and dinner for descanting on the chosen topic, when the family are all assembled to enjoy its benefits, and no offender can escape. Mr. Harcourt was one of this well judging class; and as his daughter Ellen opened the door of the breakfast room, on the morning when this tale opens, she saw at a glance that one of the family lectures was just pending. Economy, as is usual with old gentlemen, formed the favorite subject of Mr. Harcourt's harangues; and, to tell the truth, it was a lesson much needed by his family. But when have lectures ever prevailed against example? and how could his children credit the necessity of retrenchment, when they saw nothing around them but luxury and expense? The pleasure of many a family meal was indeed marred and turned to pain, as on the present occasion, when Mrs. Hardcourt sipped her chocolate with a long face and heavy heart, and the daughters listened in silence, knowing from experience, that the least said the soonest ended, as 't was but a gust that would soon blow over, and only felt it a very unnecessary hardship to be compelled to endure it for the time, while their brothers shrugged their shoulders and thought it "devilish hard they could not even eat their breakfast in peace," and any of the family that happened to be so fortunate as to hear the storm before they reached the scene of action, quietly kept at a distance till it lulled to rest, before joining the family circle.

The bills once paid, the scoldings were forgotten, and Mr. Harcourt gave his dinners, and his wife and children dressed and spent as usual. As Ellen reached the breakfast room she just heard the ominous words "I can't afford," and she took her place among the gloomy and silent circle, to eat her muffin with what appetite she might. After a pause, Mr. Harcourt said, somewhat impatiently,

"About this wedding; I suppose we must go, eh?"

"Yes," replied his wife, hesitatingly, "we can hardly refuse—but," added she, more doubtingly, "I don't know what to wear."

"Oh!" interrupted Mr. Harcourt, testily, "if you must have new dresses, we must refuse, for I can pay no more bills," and muttering something, he left the room.

"Your father says we must retrench," said Mrs. Harcourt, addressing her children, "but I am sure I do not know where it is to be done. If he would only lay down any consistent plan, I would do all I could to comply with his wishes, and economize as much as possible, if I only knew where to begin. He said something about your discharging your French maid."

"Papa's only idea of retrenchment," said Ellen, "seems to consist in dismissing Elise, who more than saves her wages in dressing hair and doing up muslins. But, somehow, papa appears to think, because she is a French girl, and only waits on us, that she is more expense than all the rest of the servants put together. Papa need not give so many dinners, or he may dismiss the man, or do any thing he likes, but Elise don't go with my consent."

"No, nor mine," said Julia, "I think Elise is the most useful servant in the house."

"To you I suppose she is, Julia," said Frank, smiling, "but not essential, you will admit, to the rest of the family. I agree with you, nevertheless, that her dismissal is not going to reform the household, if reform be necessary. There is no use, however, in fretting yourselves about the business. You know my father don't mean what he says—it 's only a habit that he has."

"If he don't mean it," said Ellen, "I wish he would not say it—such habits are not pleasant. Well, mamma, what about this wedding? Shall I refuse?"

Mr. Harcourt just entering as Ellen asked this question, said, hastily—

"No—no; Mr. Campbell was my partner many years, and it will not do to refuse being present at his daughter's marriage. Accept, by all means."

Ellen sat down to her writing-table, and as she sealed her notes, there was a little toss of the head, that said as plainly as toss could speak, "Then I 'll have a new dress, for I won't go shabby!" but she said nothing, and the subject seemed dismissed for the time.

A few days after the party in question, Mr. Harcourt commenced at breakfast in his usual testy manner, when harassed for money—

"I suppose we must ask these people here, as we

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were invited to the wedding;" it was spoken half interrogatively, and to his wife, who replied—

"I do not see how we can avoid it, very well."

"It is particularly inconvenient to me now," continued her husband, with increasing impatience, when Ellen said—

"I do not see any necessity for asking them, merely because we were invited the other night. It was dreadfully dull, and I am sure I hope they will never ask us again. Besides, I don't suppose half the people who were there will dream of giving the bride a party."

"But they will expect it from us," rejoined the mother.

"Let them expect, then," said Ellen, carelessly; "we are not bound to fulfill other people's expectations, particularly when it is inconvenient to ourselves."

But Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt had not gained their popularity by letting others "expect" attentions which they did not receive, and Mrs. Harcourt looked reproachfully at her daughter, while her father said, hastily—

"Don't talk such nonsense, Ellen. We must do what is proper," and, turning to his wife, he added—"If I invite Rutherford and the groomsmen to dinner, I suppose that will do?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Harcourt, hesitatingly, "but we must ask his wife, also. If you do not wish to give a lady's dinner, I'll invite the bride and some young people to come in the evening, and—"

"Well—well," interrupted Mr. Harcourt, "that will do—only don't make a party of it."

"Oh, no," she replied, "not over twenty; no music nor supper—quite sociably."

Ellen was silenced by her mother's admonishing looks, and her father's quick rebuke, though she could not feel the impropriety of her suggestion; but being never opposed to any scheme of amusement, she was quite satisfied that they should feel the present party to be a matter of necessity. Julia, thinking that "a committee of ways and means" was about to be held, which generally elicited remarks and observations not particularly agreeable, now quietly stole off, leaving Ellen and her mother to settle the details with her father alone, for Frank and Tom had despatched their coffee and omelette with unusual despatch as soon as the subject was broached, having a peculiar distaste to all family discussions that could be avoided. This time, however, the alarm was unfounded, for Mr. Harcourt said no more, and soon after quitted the house, leaving Ellen and her mother at liberty to talk and arrange as much as they pleased.

The fear is often worse than the fact; and to tremble in anticipation is frequently quite as painful as to tremble in reality; and so Mrs. Harcourt sat dictating a list to Ellen, that, from the mournful expression of her countenance, one might have supposed was meant for a funeral, rather than a party.

Insensibly the list grew, as Mrs. Harcourt remembered many who "must and ought to be asked," and "others who could not be omitted," while Ellen said, that "if they had five and twenty, they might as well have fifty, the expense being all the same;" and thus, like "the wild-brier rose, it grew and it grew," till they ceased to count, and more notes were despatched than they would have cared to tell Mr. Harcourt. And there the matter rested for a few days, little or no allusion being made to it in his presence, as he seemed irritable and vexed, why or wherefore they knew not. In fact, they were so accustomed to the wheels of the family machine being deranged, when only knowing that they creaked and screeched dreadfully, till the impediment was removed, and the very air of the household seemed to be changed, matters resumed their usual course, and the temporary stoppage was forgotten.

Mr. Harcourt was nominally a rich man, though to all intents and purposes a poor one; that is, he had a large estate, with but little income, which careless habits and an expensive family did not tend to improve. Mortgaging, the usual expedient of such people, was so frequently resorted to, as to call forth the remonstrances of his agent, while diminishing to an alarming extent the value of his property.

It was at one of these extremities that our story opens—but the business transaction of the present moment being successfully concluded, the cloud cleared off, and Mr. Harcourt, knowing he had the money, and supposing he had the land, became once more cheerful and hospitable as usual.

"Ellen," said Frank, "are you not going to have dancing?"

"No," she replied, "papa vetoed a band at once, and you know there is no dancing after the piano. I am afraid it will be dreadfully dull."

"No doubt of it," replied the brother. "In which room are we to sup?"

"There is to be no supper," said Ellen, mournfully.

"No supper!" ejaculated Frank, with a look of horror that might have done credit to an announcement of general famine; "no supper! Why, what in the name of conscience is in the wind now?"

"An economical fit!" replied Ellen. "I oppose the party being given at all—for a shabby affair is my aversion."

"Shabby indeed!" exclaimed Frank; "I wish to Heaven I was out of the scrape. The young men will be so dissatisfied, and people get so hungry when they don't dance. A mean concern, indeed. I wish it were over."

"So do I, Frank. I dread it as much as you can do."

Mr. Harcourt now joined them, and said, cheerfully—

"Ellen, what arrangements has your mother made for the supper of this party?"

"None," said Ellen, in astonishment; "I thought there was to be none."

"Oh, since we are in for the business," replied her father, "let us do it handsomely," and he left the room in search of Mrs. Harcourt.

"I thought," said Frank, with a look of unutterable relief, "that my father could not mean to carry his economy to such a pitch as that."

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"I'll go and see what I can do about the music," said Ellen, "as papa says the thing is to be done handsomely."

And so it ended in a regular ball and supper; the only remnant of the economical plan originally proposed, being the dinner to be given to the groom, to which Mr. Harcourt still adhered.

And thus ended the effort at retrenchment. Indeed, one would have supposed that Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt thought vexation of spirit equivalent to money, or that in some way it paid for each new extravagance committed, for seldom was any expense contemplated that its enjoyment was not dashed in the commencement, and marred in its progress, by the species of vexation and worry we have just related.

"There was a sound of revelry by night," that brought the prettiest women and gayest men to Mr. Harcourt's on the evening already so much discussed, when lights, music and supper all conspired to throw their charm over a scene that did not hint of economy or limited means.

In short, it was the crack party of the season; and when it broke up, at a late hour, no one was more pleased with the success of the entertainment than Mr. Harcourt himself, who felt that he had done a proper, handsome and liberal thing, in fêting half the town to do honor to the daughter of his friend.

CHAPTER II.

Wi' steady aim, some fortune chase;
Keen Hope does every sinew brace;
Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race,
And seize the prey;
Then cannie, in some cozie place,
They close the day. *Burns.*

"What a charming family those Harcourts are," said the young bride, Mrs. Rutherford, the morning after the ball; "they are so warm-hearted and hospitable. I am sure no one can know Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt without loving them, and their taste is certainly exquisite."

"How Harcourt can maintain the style he does," replied her father, "amazes me. It can't last long, for I know that he is embarrassed now; and where the money comes from is past my comprehension."

"Wherever it comes from," replied his daughter, "there appears plenty of it. In fact, papa, I suspect Mr. Harcourt is richer than you are aware of; for, you know, for years you have prophesied that 'it could not last long,' and yet it still continues, and the Harcourts are as gay and prosperous as ever."

"I tell you," rejoined Mr. Campbell, impatiently, "that I know it can't. I wish, for Harcourt's sake, that it could. He is a warm-hearted, excellent man, and I believe the young people are well disposed; but the extravagance with which they live, is most reprehensible, and must end in ruin."

"Well, papa," said Mrs. Rutherford, not choosing to prolong the discussion, "I am sorry for it, for they certainly do spend with more taste and feeling, too, than any persons I know."

"I never heard before, Emily," said her husband, laughing, "of people's spending with feeling, though I have with taste."

"I mean," replied she, "that the Harcourts do no fête the rich and gay alone. For instance, their giving us this party. They know we are to live in a very quiet, small way, and can never entertain them; but it is a feeling of genuine kindness that prompted them to show attention to an old friend's daughter."

"Certainly," said one of her brothers; "and it was beyond comparison the most brilliant party that has been given this winter. How beautiful Ellen Harcourt looked!"

"She is, indeed, a pretty creature," replied Mrs. Rutherford. "How beautifully those delicate white roses contrasted with her rich dark hair; and her dress was so very light and white that it was a pleasure to look at her."

"I don't know what her dress was," replied young Campbell, "but I never saw her look more brilliant; her eyes seemed fairly to emit light. The first thing you women always think of is the dress. She might have worn a calico, for aught I know."

"You would have known quickly enough if she had," rejoined his sister. "You gentlemen feel the effect without knowing the cause, and many a time I've heard you speak of some one's looking ill, when, in fact, they only looked shabby."

"Maybe," answered her brother, "but you 'll not persuade me that it was Ellen Harcourt's roses, and not her eyes, that I admired last night."

"I grant you, her eyes are superb," replied his sister; "they are as deep as dark; you look in and in, like looking in a well—"

"Yes," continued young Campbell, "and seeing truth at the bottom. I never saw a franker, nobler expression."

"Julia is very pretty, too," rejoined Mrs. Rutherford.

"Yes, but not equal to Ellen," said the young man, with earnestness.

"I don't know what prudent man will ever think of marrying either of them," said the old gentleman.

A shade crossed his son's countenance, but he remained silent, till his father left the room, and then he said, addressing Mrs. Rutherford—

"My father is always harping on Mr. Harcourt's extravagance. His children are not responsible for his imprudence."

"No, Lewis, they are not responsible for it, but I fear they must be spoilt by it for any other life. Ellen is all by nature that you say she is; yet I cannot think," she added, smiling, "that she is a fit wife for a poor young lawyer."

"She would never sacrifice herself for wealth," continued he, warmly; "she will never marry without love."

"No," replied Mrs. Rutherford, "she is too warm-hearted and pure-minded to be mercenary. But I fear, Lewis, she is too expensive to be romantic. Not but what she might marry all for love, but somehow, she would expect to have the world, too. In

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short, Lewis, she might be induced to make the sacrifice, and try the experiment; but then how would she abide it? The details of small means are any thing but romantic; and to one so unaccustomed to exertion and privation, they might out-balance love."

"Lewis's countenance changed, and he sighed as he said—

"That would be fearful, indeed!" and the conversation dropped.

Thus were the Harcourts talked over by the very friends for whom they thought it so incumbent on them that they should incur this expense. Among their fashionable five hundred friends, the matter was canvassed pretty much in the same style, but in a lighter and more careless tone. Many wondered where the money came from, but few cared, so that they had the benefit of the extravagance in pleasant dinners and suppers, and the Harcourts were universally voted "a charming family who certainly understood entertaining." They, in their turn, discussed their friends, and criticised their acquaintance. Ellen remarked that "the bride looked downright shabby, and thought her father might at least have given her a handsome wardrobe when she married," whereupon Mr. Harcourt said—

"Campbell is a close old fellow. To be sure, his means are small, and his family large, and he is not fond of spending."

Mrs. Harcourt now suggested to Ellen the propriety of her not dancing and talking quite so much another time with Lewis Campbell, as she had the evening before, which caused her to open her bright eyes very wide, and ask, "Why?"

"Because, my love, I should be very sorry that there should ever be any coolness between old friends, like the Campbells and ourselves; and should Lewis have the madness to think of you, it would be out of the question for you to listen to him, and therefore you had better distance him at once."

Ellen looked a little surprised, and then partly smiled as she blushed; but when Frank said "Lewis was a fine fellow, pity they were so poor," a graver expression passed her countenance, and she said no more. Young Campbell, however, gave her no opportunity of putting her mother's advice in practice, as he rarely called, and paid her little attention when they met, for his conversation with his sister had sunk deep into his mind. 'Tis true, she often caught his eyes fixed upon her, but he turned them quickly away when he saw she noticed it; and "she could not help his looking, could she?" and therefore it is not worth while to ask, "would she, if she could?"

At any rate, Mrs. Harcourt was very well pleased to see the flirtation at an end; and Mr. Campbell, who had not been less annoyed at his son's attentions to Ellen than her mother, was equally gratified to find that there was no further foundation for his alarm.

For the next few months, time rolled on pleasantly enough. Mr. Harcourt had funds at command, and all was sunshine within and pleasure without.

In fact, had there been no *pay day* in this world, these Harcourts would have been as happy and joyous a family as ever graced society. They were full of fun and frolic, which was rendered brilliant by talent, and refined by education; but their careless habits of expense, without means to support them, marred every pleasure, and embittered the existence which nature had so qualified them to enjoy. And so time wore on. When Mr. Harcourt had the funds, he paid their bills without remarks; and when he had not, he scolded, as old gentlemen alone can scold.

These extremities becoming more and more frequent, Mrs. Harcourt sighed and talked more seriously of economy; and Mr. Harcourt spoke decidedly of retrenchment. And what is more, both husband and wife commenced taking some steps toward the reform they had been talking of all their lives; and now, indeed, their children began to think they must be in earnest, and believe there was a necessity for change.

The carriage was put down, and one or two domestics dismissed, among them the "invaluable French maid," (for on that point Mr. Harcourt was very decided, the horses and coachman seeming to him scarcely less expensive than this one servant, over whom he had no control;) and he even retrenched in his dinners, and only gave one now where he formerly had given three; and altogether, there was a reduction in their style, in consequence of which there was soon a general feeling in society that "the Harcourts were going down hill."

"I would not mind putting down the carriage so much," said Ellen to her sister Julia, "if people would not torment me so whenever they meet us out, particularly if at any distance from home, by asking, "if I walked?"

"Yes," said Julia, "I was so provoked last night, as we were wrapping up in the dressing-room at Mrs. Hamilton's. Miss Bernard fixed her large black eyes upon me, with such an expression of cool scrutiny and affected surprise, as she said—'What, do you walk?' I had to answer civilly, while I tried to look careless and indifferent, 'Yes;' but she continued to gaze fixedly and steadily at me, as I put on my over-boots, and said, very calmly—'It is a very cold night!'"

"It must have been very agreeable intelligence," continued Ellen. "It *is* very provoking. Nobody ever asked us, formerly, 'if we walked;' but all of a sudden our means of conveyance seems wonderfully interesting. I believe I'll tell the next person that asks me, that 'we carried each other,' like Mr. Pickwick's poor relations, and see if that will satisfy them, for it seems as if nothing less would."

"And what do you think of old Mrs. Wright's impudence in asking mamma if we were going to keep this house another year? and saying there were some very nice houses in 22d street for two hundred dollars a-year?"

"And what *did* mamma reply to her?"

"Oh, you know mamma is too well bred to be any match for Mrs. Wright, so she only gave a look of

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surprise, as she said 'Ah!' as if 'and what is that à propos to?' and I think even Mrs. Wright was a little dashed."

And thus slights and mortifications commenced, but to accumulate with their increasing embarrassments and privations. Old friends and humble relations, who had formerly looked up to the Harcourts with some pride, not unmixed with a little fear of their superior fashion, now began to assume a patronizing tone, and told them where cheap bonnets and dresses were to be found, and other voluntary information of the same kind, as unasked as undesired. And when visiting such people, they were offered any rarity on table with an earnest and serious hospitality that seemed to say, "Do, you don't get such every day!" Mrs. Harcourt, who had been prosperous and admired and courted from her cradle, was confounded by this change, in those too, the most marked, by whom she had formerly been most flattered. Ellen often lost her patience, but never her presence of mind, under trials which, though petty, were keen, but answered always with an indifference and promptness that astonished her mother; while her sportive wit, as high bred as it was caustic, often turned a tone of assumption to one of apprehension in those whose only claims were founded on their wealth.

CHAPTER III.

> What though the radiance which was once so bright,
> Be now forever taken from my sight;
> Though nothing can bring back the hour
> Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
> We will grieve not, rather find
> Strength in what remains behind. *Wordsworth.*

"Ellen," said Frank, "do you know that your old admirer, Lewis Campbell, is married?"

"Indeed!" she replied, with some interest, "who to?"

"I forget the lady's name," answered her brother. "Some one we do not know. I met Lewis, the other day. He seemed in high spirits, and asked me to call and see him. I expect he is getting on pretty well in his profession. He has taken one of those small houses next to Mrs. Rutherford's."

"Do the Rutherfords live in that little bit of a box yet?" inquired Julia. "I have never called since I returned her bridal visit; and I remember my amazement at any body that *I* knew living in such a place as that; and the furniture was in keeping with the house. I never saw any thing quite so poor and scanty. But she looked very bright and happy, though I could not help pitying her, poor thing!"

"For looking bright and happy?" asked Frank, laughing.

"Yes," replied she, joining in his laughing, "for I could not feel but that she was only making the best of a sorry fate."

"You are very much mistaken," replied her brother; "Rutherford is doing an excellent business, and will probably end in being a rich man. But he will live in that house until he is so, for I never knew any body quite so prudent as he is."

"I have not seen Lewis Campbell for a long while," said Ellen! "is he as handsome and agreeable as ever?"

"He looked very well the other day. I saw him but for a moment."

"I wonder," continued Ellen, "after a few minutes' pause, "whether his wife is pretty."

"As I could not very well ask Lewis the question," answered Frank, "I cannot satisfy your curiosity on that point. Suppose you call with me to see her."

"Oh, no," replied she, "if I call, she'll expect, or I'll feel (which amounts to the same thing) as if I ought to ask her here, and you know that is out of the question. Every thing has become so shabby, and the boy is so stupid, that I dread to have any body let in."

"Ellen," said Frank, presently, "I almost wonder that you won't have Thornberry. He is a gentleman-like fellow, and very rich. I think if I were a woman I would."

"No, Frank," she said, earnestly, "if you were a woman you would do no such thing. He is too great a bore. I can hardly keep my eyes open till ten o'clock when he comes here, and I think I could not exist if I were married to him. Frank, poverty is an evil, but there are worse things in the world than poverty."

The Harcourts continued thus struggling to maintain appearances, and keep the secret every body knew, trusting in the sanguine spirits of such dispositions that *something* (that refuge of the reckless) would turn up to relieve them from their embarrassments—but it would not do. The crash came at last, as all their friends had said long ago it would. Mr. Harcourt had mortgaged as long as he could raise any money on his property, which finally was obliged to go in the hands of assignees. And now, indeed, the Harcourts had to drain the bitter cup to its dregs. Their fortunes had fallen in the "sere and yellow leaf," which brings any thing but "troops of friends." The last barrier that shielded them from curiosity and impertinence was broken down, and their domestic affairs exposed to the observation of every body. Some few, remembering only their kindness in days of prosperity, and knowing their unfitness to encounter the storms of adversity, grieved for their sorrows and coming trials. But the greater part, and those, too, who had been among their intimate friends and flatterers, dwelt upon their extravagance with indignation, and its results with something hardly short of exultation. Many heard of their misfortunes with indifference, or mayhap, if feeling particularly amiable, said, "Poor things, I am sorry for them," and then, as they disappeared from society, were as completely forgotten as if they had never been.

A small annuity had been left Mrs. Harcourt by a distant relation, and secured to her in a manner that had often provoked her husband when he would have been glad to avail himself of the "pitiful trifle" which had happily been tied up beyond his reach, and which now was the sole support of the family. It was but a few hundreds, that they would once

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have deemed scarce enough to procure some of those superfluities, by them accounted necessaries of life; but it now sufficed to enable them to take a very small house in the outskirts of the city, which, scantily furnished from the shabbiest remnants of their once handsome establishment, they soon took possession of. A stout maid of all works, and one little girl, formed their household; and now those who had been reared in indulgence and luxury, were to learn the hard task of self-denial and exertion.

Mr. Harcourt, at first stunned by the blow, had been guided and governed by others throughout the crisis, and, until settled in his new abode, seemed scarcely to realize the change which had taken place in his situation. But when he found his sons compelled to leave a home that could barely afford a shelter to their mother and sisters, and his daughters reduced to toil and privation they were all unused and unfitted for, his spirit failed, and the old man, once so irritable and impatient, was now meek and humble as a child. Sometimes, indeed, in the forgetfulness of the moment, he would recur to former wants and habits in a manner that strangely blended the ridiculous with the sorrowful. As, for instance, one day, when Ellen ran into her mother's room, half laughing, but with tears in her eyes, as she said—

"What are we to do, mamma? There 's papa in front of the house, calling for some one to hold Mr. Flemming's horse, while he comes in for a minute; and who is to hold him, I or the little girl, I am sure I do not know. Poor papa! he cannot always recollect that there is not a man or boy about the premises. There is nothing to be done for it, however, but to let him call, unless Mr. Flemming's patience gives out, and he rides off."

Broken by the sorrow and suffering of the last weary twelve months, Mr. Harcourt sank to that repose the world could no longer afford him. Bitter were the tears that were shed over his grave, for to the grief that natually attends the death of a dearly beloved husband and father, was added the misery of knowing that the mental distress he had endured during the last year of his existence, had shortened his days and embittered his last moments.

Melancholy were the months that followed this sad event to this lonely and blighted family. As Mrs. Harcourt gazed upon her lovely daughters, and thought of her boys, turned forth in the world to struggle for existence, and fight for their daily bread, her heart ached with anxiety and anguish. When friends told her, "there is a provision for the girls, and young men can always take care of themselves," little did they think of the hardships and toils, and worse than all, the temptations of those thus cast forth from the anchor and shelter of home, to grapple with the trials and sufferings of life. God shield and guard them in their fierce encounter with the world, under which many a bright spirit has sunk, to be carelessly mentioned by the unfeeling or thoughtless "as having gone to the devil."

But the Harcourts were brave-hearted, noble-spirited youths, and bound together by the deep and holy bond of strong family affection; and though the mother's heart was sadly tried by the cheerless lot of her children, yet it often throbbed with pride and joy at some new proof of their integrity and worth.

Too proud to be patronized by those who once felt honored by their friendship, and too delicate and high-minded to receive obligations from their more wealthy relations, they withdrew as much as possible from society, and dwelt apart, sad and solitary, living in the past and hoping for the future.

Once only Ellen was induced, at the earnest request of her mother, who could not bear to see her so cut off from all enjoyments, to return to scenes of former gaiety, by accepting an invitation from Mrs. Rutherford, now the mistress of a pretty establishment, to attend a party at her house. But when again she found herself in gayly lighted rooms, surrounded by joyous groups and brilliant music, she was so strongly reminded of the past, and the present pressed so heavily on her heart, she could believe that time had been when she, too, a "beauteous ripple of this brilliant stream," had been as happy as those she saw about her. She found, too, that the lapse of a few years had made her almost a stranger in society. Changes, that had not reached her ears, having withdrawn many whose places were filled by others whom she knew not. And the few she recognized looked at her with a somewhat surprised and dreamy expression, as if they had a sort of indistinct remembrance of her, as one among the dead or married, and hardly knew how to accost her. And when they did, she felt all the embarrassment of one who, not having kept up with the current of the world, was at a loss for the interest and chit-chat of the moment; and, in short, with that most painful Rip Van Winkle feeling of being forgotten and displaced, after a constrained and sorrowful evening, she returned, sadder and less disposed to quit her quiet home than she had ever been before.

"Julia," said Frank, one day, "do you know I think my mother made a great mistake when she discouraged Lewis Campbell's addressing Ellen? He is the only person, I think, she ever liked, and he is now at the head of his profession."

"Indeed, Frank," she replied, "I think our whole life has been a mistake. When I look around me, and see those we knew in former years living in simplicity and economy, now surrounded by their well-earned comforts, I see," she added, smiling, "that those who began in small houses to end in large ones, are wiser than we, who began where they end, and end where they began. But I am glad to hear that Lewis Campbell's industry and self-denial have been rewarded with success. There is no capital like good character, good abilities, and a good profession, which, thank Heaven, dear Frank, are left to you. For Ellen and myself, 'whose baser stars have shut us up in wishes,' there is no future but in your success."

Frank's eyes filled with tears, as from his pale and faded sister he glanced around the small and scantily furnished apartment, which, though shabby and poor enough, yet had that air the grace and refinement of

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its inhabitants will throw around the most desolate abode, and which marks the habitation of those who have seen better days, and thought of the many sad and weary years that must elapse before his brother and himself could revive the fortunes of those who had now fallen, Heaven help them, to the sad estate of a Decayed Family. "And thus the day drives on, though storms keep out the sun."

THE LADY OF LURLEI.*

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

"Seest thou the lady on yonder steep
Whose crags beetle over the billowy deep?
Her robes of the sea-green waves are wove,
And her eyes are blue as the skies above!
Her golden tresses, like sunlight, roam
O'er a neck more pure than the wreathing foam,
As her long, white arms on the breeze she flings
And in sweet, low, silvery accents sings
To the still, gray morning her strange wild lay—
Away, to the lady!—good boatman, away!"

A film crept over the boatman's sight,
And his arm grew weak, and his cheek grew white,
As he saw the lady poised high in air,
With her sea-green robes and her flowing hair!
"Sir knight, 't would peril our lives to ride,
In the stanchest boat, o'er this surging tide,
When yon wild lady at morn is seen
On Lurlei's cliff, with her robes of green!
Beware! for evil befalls the knight
Who dares to wish for a nearer sight!"

"Go preach thy fears to the timid girl,
Or the craven coward, thou trembling churl!
The knight who the shock of an hundred fields
Has borne, to no fancied danger yields!
Then over the waves, with thy bounding skiff,
To the strange bright lady of Lurlei's cliff!
And take, as thy guerdon, this golden chain—
For me, none peril their lives in vain!"

He took the chain and he spake no more,
But his strong arm shook, as he grasped the oar,
And gave his bark to the rolling deep,
To ferry the knight to the fatal steep!

The skies grew black, and the winds blew high,
And ominous birds flew shrieking by,
And roaring surges piled up the strand
With a terrible wall as they neared the land.
"Back! back!" the boatman with white lips cried,
"Nor dare thus madly this fearful tide!"
But the brave knight turned with a dauntless brow,
And, boldly spurning the graceful prow,
Plunged fearlessly over the light skiff's side,
And eagerly breasted the foaming tide!
Strange faces arose to his troubled eye
As the whirling waters swept wildly by—
Fierce voices hissed in his failing ear,
And his stout frame trembled, but not with fear,
For his breath he held, and his arm he strained,
Till the waves were passed and the shore was gained.
Then, swiftly scaling the steep ascent,
Before the lady he, breathless, bent!

He laid his head on her bosom fair,
His fingers toyed with her golden hair,
While "Mine forever!" she wildly sang,
As round him her long white arms she flung—
"Bold knight, come down in the sunless deep,
Where Peris warble and Naiads sleep,
Come down and dwell with the ocean-maid
Where the blight ne'er falls and the flowers ne'er fade!"
She pressed her lips to his glowing cheek—
She lured him along the dangerous peak—
One moment they stood on the dizzy verge—
The next sank down 'neath the sounding surge!

The winds were hushed, and the waves were laid,
And insects small in the sunbeams played—
The boat returned to the distant shore,
But the knight and the lady were seen no more!

* *Lurlei* is the name of a rocky cliff on the shores of the Rhine.

TO MARY.

BY GEORGE HILL.

We met in other, brighter hours,
When life seemed like the fabled isle
Whose spring ne'er cast her wreath of flowers,
And sky was one eternal smile:
And we have found it like the strand
Whose fruits were seen to tempt the eye,
But turn to ashes in the hand,
Whose flowers, when touched, to fade and die.

Ours was each light, each sparkling draught
By heedless youth to pleasure drained;
But undissolved, though deeply quaffed
The cup they crowned, one pearl remained:
The feeling that, e'en while the blind
And downward maze we thoughtless trod,
Thy spirit sought and yet should find
The upward path whose light is God;

The dawn of that eternal day
Whose smile thy brow repentant wears,
As skies whose clouds are swept away
The lily greets and dries her tears.
Thy voice was ever low and sweet,
But now some far-off strain, at even,
Of hymning seraphs seems to meet
And die amid the choirs of Heaven.

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THE STUDENT.

HE SPECULATETH UPON THE WILL.

BY ERNEST HELFENSTEIN.

The Student may have been led to his subject from a conviction that, in one instance of his life, this faculty failed of its office; and he was defeated of success, because he failed in magnanimity to himself. Conversant with books, rather than the world, dreaming, it may be; but, alas, he knew it not. In the solitudes of mountain stream, wildering through the solemn woods of our beautiful state, he knew not he was creating men and women of his own, rather than thinking of such as already existed. He awoke from his slumber to find peace and life itself wrecked.

Let it pass—let us think of this high faculty of the true man, by which he gathers up the different parts belonging to his nature; thought, sentiment, and feeling, all that is his own; and as the strong man, with bit and rein, curbeth the motions of the fiery steed, even so doth his will hold the whole man in subjection. It is thus that he is powerful in himself, thus that he swayeth others. It is the will that imparteth power to subdue circumstances, overcome the elements, and subject the world unto itself. Nothing baffleth, nothing appalleth him of the strong will. Where another might defer, he goeth unfalteringly onward, and his very faith achieves the conquest. Hence hath the Great Teacher said, "if ye had faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye might remove mountains. As your faith is, so is it unto you."

It is the strong will that knoweth not the impossible; that turneth not to the right, nor to the left, in the way of its purposes. It hath strange dreams, and they are realized—for it seeth no lion in the way. It was this that led Cæsar across the Rubicon to empire—the want of it, that lost Anthony the world. It was this that made Napoleon sublime. The Student talketh not now of justice, but of the omnipotence of will; and it was this, more concentrated in that one man than in any other of his race, that made men, nay, empires, emulous to bow before it. Napoleon was the man of will everywhere, in the camp, the field, the legislative body, and lady's boudoir. What Napoleon was in energy of purpose, every man may be. Believe, act, and it is done.

There is a path for man—but he shapeth it by his own will. It must be one difficult, and beset with perils, or where were the glory of achievement? He may make it one brightening even to eternity, or dim, and covered with shadows and thick darkness. The student hath found that man treadeth this path, often for many years, idling as it were; then cometh the narrow and difficult pass. He is besieged by passion and circumstance—he feeleth now is the crisis of his destiny—now it is given unto him to choose—to reject. It is as if the Lord God thundered from Sinai, saying, "choose ye this day whom ye will serve." Whichever way his choice lieth, he must feel forever, and forever it resteth with himself. It is the will that must be, is powerful to good, or to evil. It establisheth the monarch upon his throne, and keepeth the beggar in the dust. It lifteth up the one, and casteth down the other.

The student hath found the poets full of illustration. Shakspeare, and he bendeth his head reverently in the utterance, everywhere unfoldeth the principle. Everywhere he maketh the will work itself to its purposes, independent of results, for the will is blind, save to its object.

To Macbeth he hath given all the baseness of an ambitious usurper. He covets the crown, but hesitates as to the means; and this, too, not, it would seem, from moral scruples, so much as a natural tenderness of character. He is the villain at heart, but the coward in action. Hence his wife taunts him with being "less in his own act and valor," than he is in desire. This timid submission to the control of events, where he, looking at the prediction that had promised the crown, is half resolved to wait till time should accomplish it, saying—

> "If chance will make me king, why
> Chance may crown me, without my stir—"

She reproaches, thus—

> "And live a coward in thine own esteem,
> Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*."

It is not till crime and blood have driven the weak man all lengths, that the will becomes buoyant, and then it is that of desperation, when he cries—

> "Hang out our banners on the outward wall,
> The cry is still they come."

His whole career is that of an infirm, cowardly assassin, with conscience enough to goad, but not to govern him. A moody, not concentred will.

Not so his uncompromising wife, whose ambitious will scruples at nothing, and is subdued only when *repose* has brought insanity. She contrasts her own savage energy of purpose with the vacillation of her husband—

> "I have given suck; and know
> How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me;
> I would, while it was smiling in my face,
> Have plucked my nipple from its boneless gums,
> And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn."

When the terrified and conscience-stricken Macbeth hath brought the bloody daggers from the room

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of death, she orders their return, and to his refusal, upbraids his weakness—

"Infirm of purpose,
Give me the daggers; the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures."

Iago is another example of unswerving constancy in evil; and the generous Moor and fond-hearted Desdemona struggle in his toils only as the poor bird doomed to destruction.

Hamlet, subjected to a fate too vast for his powers, everywhere deploreth his want of energy to enact the avenger.

"It cannot be—
But I am pigeon-livered, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal."

When he should act, he falleth to speculation. He seeketh delay, and resorteth to evasions and expedients, and thus loseth the time for action. He is more intent upon convicting others of crime, than upon revenging it himself. He forgetteth power, love, even, in his deep sense of wrong. At first, affects insanity for his own purpose; finally, becomes half bewildered, and yet is no nearer the great work he hath to accomplish. Conscious of his imbecility, when the ghost reappears, his mournful self-reproach is in this wise—

"Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread commands?
Oh, say!"

And the ghost—

"This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose."

By a sudden impulse he killeth Polonius, hoping it may have been the king. But he hath no deadly concentration for premeditated vengeance—the will never becomes despotic.

Richard the Third deliberately starts upon his course of action. There is cool self-possession, and unswerving energy of purpose.

"Since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair, well-spoken days,
I am *determined* to prove a villain!"

He redeems his pledge, through crime and blood, till he is fixed upon the throne. These are touches of Shakespeare only.

The modern poets afford but few instances of this high faculty belonging to man. The Student hath found that few of them deal wisely in strong emotions. Passion becometh with them disgusting in its excess, or its legitimate utterance is lost. A strong will belongeth only to a strong man. The full man must be great in reason, great in moral power, and great in impulsive passion. He may have reason and moral power, and become great as a theologian, a philosopher it may be, but he cannot be the great man without great passion. This it is that imparteth intensity of will.

In Byron we find the action of this principle, but scarcely powerful enough to control circumstances. Of the Corsair—

"All obey, and few inquire his will."

Despotic, cool, and courageous, governing himself even in his own devotion to love, he still—

"Cared not what he softened, but subdued."

A man must have within himself the elements of what he would wish to describe. He must feel himself, or he can never make others feel.

Of American poets few have the deep earnest feeling requisite for powerful construction of character. Few rise to the dignity of passion. They may be fanciful, just, perfect in their art, but they are not impulsive. The Student can, therefore, cite little from their pages in behalf of his theory of the will.

Hoffman, Dana, and Longfellow have it in the highest degree; the latter displayeth it rather as an incitement, a principle, than any thing else; it is the star of the unconquered will, an ideal—not an action. Dana, in his Buccaneer, exhibiteth the principle in action. Others bow down before it, and the good and the lovely become its victims. Hoffman maketh the principle grand in its concentration. It all but usurpeth Omnipotence. There is something fearfully appalling in the fierce will with which he hath endowed his savage lover, by which he subjecteth the mind, body, life itself, of his foe.

"I spoke not, but I gazed upon
That wolf with fangs and courage gone—
Gazed on his quailing features till
Their furtive glance was fixed by mine,
And I could see his writhing will
Her feeble throne to me resign!"

And again—

"He rose an abject, broken man—
He dared not fight—he dared not fly—
His very life in my veins ran,
Who would not let him cast it by."

The Student judgeth from the name, that Hoffman hath the German blood in his veins—he hath the German soul, and his pen telleth of the wild and marvelous. Let him visit the forests of Pennsylvania, would he recall his pre-existence, and his "ghost riders" may people their gloom, even as if the very Hartz were here.

The Student must forbear, lest his subject should grow to a volume, rather than an essay. It is the will that maketh us what we are now, and what we shall be hereafter. It is the will that curbeth the tempest of passion, saying, "peace, be still." It is the will that graspeth the angel of prayer in the stillness of night, and saith, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." It is the will that saith to the dead, even, "Come forth!"

ON SEEING THE GRAVE OF WASHINGTON AT MOUNT VERNON.

Τὸν Σκαὸν ὁ Λακωνικὸς τάφος ὧνεν
Κεἰμενον ἄνευθεν μὴ λέγε τοὺς ἀγαθούς. *Callimachus.*

Here Washington in holy slumber lies;
O do not say that Patriot Virtue dies. U.

I'M POSITIVE.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

"He's a bad man, I tell you—I'm positive—and I never was deceived in my life."

"How do you know, uncle?"

"Oh—why—indeed it would take a long time to tell. There are a thousand reasons why I think so. One is—but then it's no matter. I tell you I'm positive."

But Uncle Meredith *had* told almost his only reason for disliking any person who was the subject of conversation. The two last words, pronounced with extra emphasis, conveyed the principal cause of his antipathy. He had taken a dislike, and he was "positive." Clara knew that to press the matter further would only make the case worse; she desisted, and the conversation ceased just in the nick of time—for in another instant Mr. Charles Stanwood, the identical "bad man," was announced. Clara had time to check her smiles at the awkwardness of his apparition at such an inopportune moment, and positive Uncle Meredith took care to disappear between Mr. Stanwood's approach and his entrance. Brief morning call commonplaces between the lady and gentleman may be imagined by the reader, and then he shall follow us down town with Uncle Meredith.

Uncle Meredith was a bachelor of forty-five. He took a father's care of an orphan child, who called him uncle. With the best heart in the world, and every requisite to fill the place of that useful man in society, a husband and a father, he had remained a bachelor from the influence of the only fault in his character—his obduracy, and unwillingness to relinquish an impression once entertained. Warm-hearted where he formed an attachment, and as sudden in conceiving his likes as his dislikes, he passed through love passages in his early days, enough to earn for him, with those who did not know him, the character of a male coquette. Justice, however, compels us to say that Uncle Meredith never, even in the heyday of youth, commenced marked attentions to any one whom he had not fully determined beforehand to make a wife. From the first moment that he entertained a penchant he was "positive." Some of his attachments—most of them, indeed—were snapped by the high spirit of the young ladies, who did not like his imperial way of wooing, as if he delayed proposing only to suit his own convenience, sure that when he did come to particulars, he had only to name the day, and hear it assented to. Once or twice he was "ridiculously jilted," after he had gone so far as to order his wedding suit, and intimate to his friends the precise hour when the ceremony was to come off. This cruel mode of punishing a rather innocent presumption might have broken another man's heart, but Meredith only said, "the loss is as much hers as mine," and dismissed the lady from his memory with—"She will yet wish she *had* married me—I'm positive." So one of them did. She married a man who not only squandered her property, but broke her heart, by a course of base conduct, ending in desertion. Clara was the offspring of this unfortunate marriage, and her mother showed her appreciation of Meredith's character, by bequeathing to him the care of her unprotected and penniless child. When Uncle Meredith said to Clara, "I never was mistaken in my life," he referred particularly to his prediction in relation to her mother, but of course he was too generous to impart to her that bit of history. She could not tell what made him repeat the sentence so earnestly and pertinaciously; and the graver he became, the more she smiled, till oftentimes she laughed outright. It was too merry and innocent a laugh to offend. The bachelor would shake his head imploringly, and Clara, puzzled, would check the outward manifestations of her mirth, in deference to her kind-hearted guardian.

"He *is* a bad man, I know. Birds of a feather fly together, and why should Mr. Charles Stanwood be so often seen with that old wretch Bingley? And what brought the man here, when every body thought him dead and buried? Why didn't he die while he was gone? He couldn't have done a better thing, I'm positive. But here he comes—he must not know that I recollect his villain face."

And at that very moment, who should he meet but Bingley? The two men passed each other. Uncle Meredith looked as intently as possible upon nothing in particular, turning his eyes neither to right nor left. Bingley stole furtive glances at the sturdy bachelor as he passed him, and, thinking himself not remembered, stood still looking after Meredith, as if to make sure that he was not mistaken in his man. And as Meredith could not resist the impulse to take a look back also, their eyes met. It was awkward, very. Old Meredith's neck had a "crick" in it for a week afterwards, from the suddenness with which he averted his head, and he stumped away as industriously as if he were running from a serpent. He could not conceal his disgust, and it convinced the other of his identity.

"If he would but give me ten minutes' conversation," sighed Bingley. "Like all the rest of the world he would annoy me with too much, if I chose to apply the true open sesame to men's lips. But I will not. If the pauper gets few words, he generally gets

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direct ones, and tolerably honest." And the old man pursued his way—a stranger among those whom he rightly judged that he could make emulous friends, in outward courtesy and seeming, if he chose. No one had a glance of recognition for him; for if any, like Meredith, remembered him, like Meredith they chose also to deny their acquaintance. The few who recollected him were generally feeble old men like himself. A younger generation made the bustle through which he picked his noiseless and unobtrusive course, and he felt more isolated among the thousands of eager passengers hurrying to and fro, than he did when alone with his Maker in his silent apartment. His countenance bore the traces of a long remembered grief—grief which had *once* been remorse.' But over that pervaded an expression of calm resignation, as if he felt that he had done all within human power to atone for past misconduct; and that his repentance had been accepted, and he had been forgiven. He was conscious that his remaining days were short, and he was anxious to perform some still unaccomplished duty. "If I could have one word with him," Bingley said again, aloud to himself. Two light-hearted girls started as his cracked voice unexpectedly sounded in their ears. A shade of melancholy passed over their countenances as they turned to look at one, whose like Holmes has so touchingly described, as "the last leaf on the tree." The prettier and kinder of these girls was our friend Clara—Clara, of whom, by the way, we have not given one word of description! Was ever sketcher so ungallant? Haste we then to supply the omission.

Clara's lips were not as Cowley hath it, and all the modern poets, after him, "twin cherries on one stem." Nor was her neck alabaster, for we have already deposed to her having turned her head, and flexibility is not a trait of any mantel ornaments, save those horrid Chinese mandarins which used to nod their points at you in Dunn's Collection. Her teeth were not pearls, her eyes were not stars, nor were her cheeks vermilion and white velvet. She was a good, healthy beauty; cheerfulness irradiated her expressive features, and easy propriety marked her manners. There, sir! If you cannot fall in love with such a woman, you may go further and fare worse. We have forgotten whether her eyes are black, blue, or hazel—and the reader must follow Mistress Glass's kind general permission, and color "to taste." At any rate they were of the right shade to be filled with Charley Stanwood; and if your lady's eyes are of a hue as propitious, you need care not for a colorman's classification of them.

It is evening. Clara is amusing Uncle Meredith with a song, accompanied by herself upon the piano. He will insist upon "The Young Froggy," "Lord Ullin's Daughter," and that song about a well in some happy land, the waters of which conferred domestic supremacy upon the husband or wife who should first drink of them after marriage. The bride in this "romaunt" took a phial from the magic well with her to church, which she drank at her leisure, while her husband ran back to the spring, astonished that his wife did not contend with him in the race. Such were among the piano music which Meredith had heard "in the days when he went Philandering—a long time ago," and he will not believe that any modern music can approach them. He had just said, for the thousandth time—"It's the way all women would do, I'm positive," when Mr. Stanwood was announced. There was no escape for the old gentleman now—for he was in his slippers, and it was two full hours to any rational approach to bed-time. To attempt to flit would be too marked an insult, and Meredith dared not so much disoblige Clara; for he loved his ward, and she needed no other "gramerie" than her winning ways, to hold his eccentricities in awe in the presence of visiters, before whom indulgence in them would make her unhappy.

No young lady will probably require to be told how awkward one feels, when a person is present whose attentions are certainly not disagreeable to *her*, while an elder friend is fastened to the room, feeling himself not merely *de trop* in his own house, but unjustly so, as the compulsory host of a man whom he heartily dislikes. Clara trembled—not for the fear that any explosion, or any expression of her uncle's real feelings would occur then, but lest Charles, in his happy innocence of any knowledge of the old gentleman's dislike, should drop some expression, harmless in itself, which positive Uncle Meredith would torture into a new count in his indictment against him, to edify her withal at their next breakfast. And, as is usually the case where a lady or a gentleman undertakes, in nervous agitation, the direction of conversation, in order to steer it clear of quicksands, Miss Clara herself stumbled upon the very difficulty she would of all others have avoided. If she had let the old man alone, he might have fallen into inattention to their conversation, or have caught here and there a disconnected word only; but she chose to draw him out, and to compel him to converse, while she saw that it cost him immense struggles to be so gracious as to mingle more than by monosyllables.

"You must have hurried down town this morning, uncle—for I went out directly after you, and did not catch one glimpse of your hat even. I wanted to see you just then, very much."

"Yes, Clara, I did walk a good pace." And the old man fell to cogitating within himself. Stanwood then must have made a *short* call. Uncle Meredith reviewed his experience, and found that circumstance was ominous. When he was young and gallant, his general attentions to a young lady, made without a very particular object, led him to trifle away whole forenoons. His short calls were business visits, devoted to direct and important questions. He had invariably received direct answers, closing the negotiations abruptly. It was evident that Stanwood had met no such misfortune that day, or he would not have been at the house in the evening. Clara wanted to see her uncle *just then*. Meredith dropped into the brownest of brown studies, and Clara, despairing of making any thing of her uncle, addressed her next remark to Stanwood, who, too,

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began to show symptoms of discomfort. It was really an icy party.

"I dare say Jane and I must have lost our last chance of catching him when we stopped to look round at such a dear, unhappy old man—"

"A hey—what?—I'm positive—"

"Why, uncle! You have really waked up again. I am glad there is something that can fix your attention this evening." Uncle Meredith looked as if he were any thing but glad, and Clara proceeded. "So venerable—so infirm—such an expression of loneliness and patient sorrow in his countenance! Nobody appeared to know him, and he knew nobody. Just as we passed him, he startled us with an exclamation—as if some former friend had refused him comfort. Now who could be so cruel to a feeble old man?"

Uncle Meredith fidgetted, and made no reply. Stanwood seemed elated, yet uneasy that the conversation had taken such a turn. He addressed leading questions to her, as if he guessed who the dear old man might be, and wished to establish his identity with some person whom he himself knew—Meredith meanwhile growing more uneasy at every word—till he rose at length from his chair, and paced the room in an agitation which he no longer made any effort to conceal. Clara looked at him in astonishment, utterly unaware what circumstance or utterance could possibly have given affairs this unpropitious turn—as unexpected as unpropitious. Charles waited a few moments, and then broke the silence, speaking in a tone that indicated his knowledge that the simple and apparently unimportant declaration he was about to make, required all his moral courage to breast the storm which he was sensible it would raise.

"Miss Meredith, the person who has attracted your sympathies is entirely worthy of them, and as needy of solace as he is deserving of it. I am proud to say that he is my best and dearest friend."

Old Meredith stopped, utterly aghast at the boldness of this declaration. He raised his hands, and then let them fall at his side, as if the effrontery of the avowal just made had filled him with surprise too deep for words, and with indignation too extreme for expression.

"Tell me at least," he at last said, "Mr. Stanwood, that you do not know this man's history."

Was he a murderer—a parricide—what horrible crime *had* he committed? A thousand such questions suggested themselves to Clara's mind in an instant, as she leaned breathlessly forward, her lips parted in earnest attention to catch Charles's denial. She shared her guardian's horror when Stanwood calmly answered—

"I know every line and passage of his life."

"Why he's the worst man alive—and if you—well if he *is* your friend, and if there is any thing in community of thought and character—then—I'm positive! But there young man. I wont think so badly of you. You have heard *his* own version of the story—and he's an old deceiver. He has cozened you, and you will cast him off when you know all."

"He has told me the truth and the whole truth, sir. I have found it corroborated by circumstances, and by the concurrent testimony of those who know him as well, apparently, as you do. When men assume a false character they do not claim a bad one. Cleaner breast could not be made by confession than Bingley has made to me. Cast him off I cannot, as I hope not to be cast off for my own errors and follies—not to say crimes—in which it was his superior judgment and experience that arrested me."

Clara thought Charles had never before looked so manly, or spoken so nobly. Even the old man seemed struck with the generous conduct of the young advocate of the absent. He tendered him his hand, and, as he pressed it, said—"You are a generous young man—or," and he dropped the hand again rather suddenly, "you are a rogue arch enough to be a match for Bingley in his best days. One or the other—I don't know which—but—I'm positive! Come, sit down, and tell me all you know of him."

"Must a witness criminate himself?"

"You've a merciful judge there, you rogue—and as for me—why hang me if I don't like you too. You are too frank to be wicked—I'm positive. But I'll send Clara off—oh, I recollect, she wanted to see me. I thought she fingered wild on the piano, before you came in—and now I remember she tried to help to bread instead of potatoes with a spoon, to day. Yes—she does want to see me, I'm positive—and what she wants to say can't possibly concern you. I'll send you off, if you please—and talk to her first—or, I'll take one of you at a time into the library, while the other is left here to poke out the fire. See how the poor child blushes! There's something in this, I'm positive."

Clara rose, blushing to her temples. Charles beckoned her to sit again, and, to tell the truth, she was not at all disinclined so to do. The subject had become very interesting to her—and no less confusing; for how to trace the disjointed connection which seemed to exist between Bingley, Charles, her uncle, and herself, she could not imagine. And yet a connection there certainly was, of some mysterious description. Charles commenced—

"You know I have made the tour of Europe"—

Old Meredith knew this, and had been "positive" when he first saw Stanwood, that no good could come of a young American who brought home a pair of moustaches and an imperial. Charles proceeded—

"During that tour, I spent a month in that centre of fashion, elegance, frivolity, and genteel vice, the city of Paris." Clara looked "hush!" Charles smiled and continued. "One night I had lost large sums at play—"

Old Meredith "humphed." Young Clara traced the borders of a nondescript flower in the carpet with the toe of her slipper.

"I was about to stake my purse and its contents on a last throw, in my desperation, when an old awkward servant stumbled against me with a salver in his hand, and we both fell. As I stooped to raise him he whispered, 'It was intentional. Play no more, but meet me in a few minutes outside the door!

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The interruption made a good pretext for desisting from play, and I followed the old man's advice. He met me, according to his appointment. 'Your gentleman was cheating you,' he said, 'and none but an *habitué* could detect him.' I wished to go back and demand reparation. 'What!' urged my new friend. 'Better far accuse yourself of some crime to the first police agent you meet. It will be a pleasanter way of getting into prison, and save the awkwardness of violence. Do n't go back at all to night, or ever,' he added earnestly, drawing me from the door. '*I* was ruined there. Where I once played for thousands, I now sweep the floors, and look eagerly in my morning dust for such coin as may have fallen from the tables over-night.' 'Why do you remain there?' I asked. 'Why do I eat, and drink, and live?' he answered. It is the best service for a ruined gamester. If I must serve my fellows for a menial's livery, who of them will take me with a character from *there* as my last place?"

Clara felt relieved, and appealed to her uncle with a look of triumph. "So far so good," said old Meredith. "The servant was Bingley, but no doubt he forgot to tell you that the property he lost there was, in part stolen from his wife, and in part the proceeds of forged paper."

"Indeed he did not. I proposed to him that I would dismiss my Frenchman, who had kindly piloted me to the gambling houses of Paris, and take him instead, who had led me away from them. Then he told me that I could not trust him, and assigned the very reason that you have given. I did trust him, and found in him a mentor as well as a servant."

Old Meredith paced the floor again. "It *will* all come out, I'm positive. It must—and the longer it is deferred the worse it will be." He walked to Clara's chair, and as he leaned over her, his tears fell upon her neck. He caught her to his heart, and then turning suddenly to Stanwood said—

"You believe in this man's reformation. One more test, and that will settle your sincerity, I'm positive. Would you marry his daughter?"

"If I were unengaged—and—" He stopped—amazement was preparing for Clara. The old man said abruptly—

"There she sits. Yes—my ward—my more than child is Bingley's daughter, born after his flight in disgrace. It can't be helped—it must be known—prove your sincerity, or you are a bad man, I'm positive, and I never was mistaken in my life!"

Charles took the poor girl in his arms, and saved her sinking to the floor under this revelation, astounding as it was to both of them. The old man capered about the floor like a madman—then dashed tears from both eyes at once, and clasped the pair in his arms, if in a manner less sentimental than a younger man might have done, certainly with a heart as sincere. "All right!" he shouted, "now I *am* positive, and I never *was* mistaken in my *whole* life!"

A few words finish the story. Bingley had come over to New Orleans, as Stanwood's servant. In that city he received the unexpected intelligence that the decease of some distant connections had left him heir at law to a large property. The proofs of his early crime were lost, the obligation to make good his peculation never could be. Nor did he desire it. He was ready to restore all, to the uttermost farthing. When a lovely daughter was presented him as the crown and comfort of his old age, and that daughter the affianced of his other best earthly friend, his happiness waited only their nuptials to be complete. We need not say that this was not long delayed.

Uncle Meredith protests that he always liked that young Stanwood—he knew he was a sterling fellow from the first—he was *positive* of it—and he "never was mistaken in his life!"

The moral of our sketch is obvious. Let no man's ability for reformation be distrusted, and no one's repentance be despised. While He who made us accepts forgiveness, it is only man's wicked self-righteousness which would impotently deny the pardon which Heaven has accorded.

THE TEAR OF MAN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF A. GRUN.

BY WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

Maiden, didst thou see me weeping?—
Woman's tear to fancy seems
Crystal dewdrop fresh from heaven,
Which in cup of floweret gleams:

Whether night's dim sadness weep it,
Or the laughing morn diffuse—
Aye the dew the flower refreshes,
And its drooping youth renews.

But the tear of man resembles
Precious gums from eastern climes;
Locked in heart of tree, their fountain
Opes spontaneous seldomtimes.

Stoutly must the axe be driven
To the rugged tree's deep core;
E'er the hidden fount be loosened,
And its golden streams outpour.

Soon indeed those streams may perish,
And the tree green forth again,
Many a spring to greet and gladden,
Yet the gash—the wounds—remain.

Maiden, long the tree remember
Wounded on the orient steep;
Maiden, long that man remember,
Whom thou once hast seen to weep.

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DEATH OF THE CHILD OF DAVID.

FROM THE BOOK OF SAMUEL.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

'T was daybreak, and the fingers of the dawn
Drew the night's curtain, and touched silently
The eyelids of the king. And David woke
And robed himself, and prayed. The inmates, now,
Of the vast palace were astir, and feet
Glided along the tesselated floors
With a pervading murmur, and the fount,
Whose music had been all the night unheard,
Played as if light had made it audible;
And each one, waking, blessed it unaware.
The fragrant strife of sunshine with the morn
Sweetened the air to ecstasy! and now
The king's wont was to lie upon his couch
Beneath the sky-roof of the inner court,
And, shut in from the world, but not from Heaven,
Ploy with his loved son by the fountain's lip;
For, with idolatry confessed alone—
To the rapt wires of his reproofless harp,
He loved the child of Bathsheba. And when
The golden selvedge of his robe was heard
Sweeping the marble pavement, from within
Broke forth a child's laugh suddenly, and words
Articulate, perhaps, to his heart only,
Pleading to come to him. They brought the boy,
An infant cherub, leaping as if used
To hover with that motion upon wings,
And marvelously beautiful! His brow
Had the inspired up-lift of the king's,
And kingly was his infantine regard;
But his ripe mouth was of the ravishing mould
Of Bathsheba's—the hue and type of love,
Rosy and passionate—and oh, the moist
Unfathomable blue of his large eyes
Gave out its light as twilight shows a star,
And drew the heart of the beholder in!—
And this was like his mother.
David's lips
Moved with unuttered blessings, and awhile
He closed the lids upon his moistened eyes,
And, with the round cheek of the nestling boy
Pressed to his bosom, sat as if afraid
That but the lifting of his lids might jar
His heart's cup from its fullness. Unobserved,
A servant of the outer court had knelt
Waiting before him; and a cloud the while
Had rapidly spread o'er the summer heaven;
And, as the chill of the withdrawing sun
Fell on the king, he lifted up his eyes
And frowned upon the servant—for that hour
Was hallowed to his heart and his fair child,
And none might seek him. And the king arose,
And with a troubled countenance looked up
To the fast gathering darkness; and, behold,
The servant bowed himself to earth, and said,
"Nathan the prophet cometh from the Lord!"
And David's lips grew white, and with a clasp
Which wrung a murmur from the frighted child,
He drew him to his breast, and covered him
With the long foldings of his robe, and said,
"I will come forth. Go now!" And lingeringly,
With kisses on the fair uplifted brow,
And mingled words of tenderness and prayer
Breaking in tremulous accents from his lips,
He gave to them the child, and bowed his head
Upon his breast with agony. And so,
To hear the errand of the man of God,
He fearfully went forth. . . . . .
. . . . . .
It was the morning of the seventh day.
A hush was in the palace, for all eyes
Had woke before the morn; and they who drew
Their curtains to let in the welcome light,
Moved in their chambers with unslippered feet,
And listened breathlessly. And still no stir!
The servants who kept watch without the door
Sat motionless; the purple casement-shades
From the low windows had been rolled away,
To give the child air, and the flickering light
That, all the night, within the spacious court,
Had drawn the watchers' eyes to one spot only,
Paled with the sunrise and fled in.
And hushed
With more than stillness was the room where lay
The king's son on his mother's breast. His locks
Slept at the lips of Bathsheba unstirred—
So fearfully, with heart and pulse kept down,
She watched his breathless slumber. The low moan
That from his lips all night broke fitfully,
Had silenced with the daybreak; and a smile,
Or something that would fain have been a smile,
Played in his parted mouth; and tho' his lids
Hid not the blue of his unconscious eyes,
His senses seemed all peacefully asleep,
And Bathsheba in silence blessed the morn
That brought back hope to her. But when the king
Heard not the voice of the complaining child,
Nor breath from out the room, nor foot astir—
But morning there—so welcomeless and still—
He groaned and turned upon his face. The nights
Had wasted, and the mornings come, and days
Crept through the sky, unnumbered by the king,
Since the child sickened; and, without the door,
Upon the bare earth prostrate, he had lain,
Listening only to the moans that brought
Their inarticulate tidings, and the voice
Of Bathsheba, whose pity and caress,
In loving utterance all broke with tears,
Spoke as his heart would speak if he were there,
And filled his prayer with agony. Oh God!
To thy bright mercy-seat the way is far!
How fail the weak words while the heart keeps on!
And when the spirit, mournfully, at last,

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Kneels at thy throne—how cold—how distantly
The comforting of friends falls on the ear!—
The anguish they would speak to, gone to Thee!
But suddenly the watchers at the door
Rose up, and they who ministered within
Crept to the threshold and looked earnestly
Where the king lay. And still, while Bathsheba
Held the unmoving child upon her knees,
The curtains were let down, and all came forth,
And, gathering with fearful looks apart,
Whispered together.

And the king arose
And gazed on them a moment, and with voice
Of quick, uncertain utterance, he asked,
"Is the child dead?" They answered, "he is dead."
But when they looked to see him fall again
Upon his face and rend himself and weep—
For, while the child was sick, his agony
Would bear no comforters, and they had thought
His heartstrings with the tidings must give way—
Behold! his face grew calm, and, with his robe
Gathered together, like his kingly wont,
He silently went in.

And David came,
Robed and anointed, forth, and to the house
Of God went up to pray. And he returned,
And they set bread before him and he ate—
And when they marveled, he said, "*Wherefore mourn?*
The child is dead, and I shall go to him—
But he will not return to me."

TO ——.

BY EDWARD A. STANBURY.

From the green fields a charm is fled,
From the blue sky a light departed;
And joy and hope to thee are dead,
Oh, broken-hearted!

Darkly around thine early path
The gathering clouds of sorrow thicken;
But thou hast proved their fiercest wrath,
Thou deeply stricken!

Yet be thy throbs of anguish still,
For thou in losing, hast but given
One gentle spirit more, to fill
The choir of Heaven—

Ere time had dimmed her love-lit eye,
Or from her cheek one rose had perished,
Death sealed, no more to fade or die,
Thy loved and cherished—

Nor grief shall cloud, nor time despoil,
The brightness of thine early dream:
To memory's eye her sunny smile
Unchanged shall beam—

And years shall only make more dear
The memory of thy sainted love;
Till faith shall bid the severed here
Unite above—

Time shall descend upon thy brow,
Palsy thy hand and dim thy sight—
But she shall ever seem as now,
Peerless and bright!

Oh blest! thus pure to pass away—
Thus loved and lovely to depart—
Leaving her image young for aye,
Upon thy heart!

THE POET'S DREAM.

[A PICTURE BY LEUTZE.]

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

Her cheek was fair, so delicately fair
It paled beneath the breath of summer air;
The softened radiance of her starry eyes
Beamed with the liquid light of moonlit skies.

Her sunny ringlets floated lightly round,
Within a veil of fairy tissue bound;
Her dewy lips had stolen the rose's dye,
And parted, half to smile, and half to sigh.

The Poet's verse were all too weak and cold
To paint that form, so perfect in its mould:
The chiseled brow, the neck of purest snow,
The lily hand, the drapery's graceful flow.

She held a fragrant wreath of opening flowers—
Sweet buds that only bloom in Eden's bowers.
A lyre of heavenly harmony she bore,
And swept with magic skill its bright strings o'er.

Around the sleeper's brow the wreath she tied,
And placed the golden lyre at his side;
On fancy's child a lingering gaze she bent—
A gaze some pitying angel might have lent.

Then slow she faded from his raptured sight
And dreams of day seemed shadowed o'er by night;
She sighed farewell, soft echo caught the tone—
He started—and the Poet was alone.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Works of the Honorable and Reverend William Herbert. Three volumes, octavo. London, H. G. Bohn: New York, Wiley & Putnam.

Although it is our general practice to limit our reviews of new books to those which are by native authors, or at least the issues of the domestic press, we have been induced, for several reasons, to deviate from our custom in the present instance. The first and principal cause is, of course, the intrinsic merit of the works themselves, and the erudition of the author, who unites the genius and inspiration of the poet to the highest classical attainment, the most thorough acquaintance of any living writer with the languages of the Scandinavian nations, a rare accomplishment in the tongues of continental Europe, and the exact science of the naturalist and botanist, in which last branch of knowledge he is everywhere admitted to be among the first living authorities. Mr. Herbert, who has risen to a high station in the Church of England—being at present Dean of Manchester, under which title he will probably be recognized by many of our readers as having, while presiding at the British Association, paid a tribute as happy as it was merited to Mr. Everett, our Envoy at the Court of St. James—was in his younger life a very rising member of the House of Commons, and practiced law in the admiralty court, well known as Doctor's Commons, at the period so interesting to our countrymen, when the Berlin and Milan Decrees and the British Orders in Council were on the point of precipitating us into a second war with the mother country. He was at that time largely retained on the part of American ship owners, and one, not the least interesting of the papers in these volumes, is his argument in the *case of the Snipe*, delivered before Sir William Scott, on the 12th of July, 1912, at which time the declaration of war, though it had been made in this country, had not reached England. In his political views Mr. Herbert has ever been a consistent and liberal whig, and particularly distinguished for his kindly sentiments toward this country and her institutions. As a divine, he has shown himself no less liberal and tolerant to the consciences of others than strict and unpardoning to his own. He was from the first a strenuous advocate of the removal of the disabilities of the Roman Catholics, when the clergy in general earnestly opposed that great measure of justice; and he afterward favored the passage of the Reform Bill, having seconded Lord Morpeth's nomination for the West Riding of Yorkshire, after that bill had been rejected by the Peers in 1831.

These works of Mr. Herbert, now published first in a collected form, consist of two large volumes of extremely miscellaneous matter, printed in conformity to his "Attila, or the Triumphs of Christianity," an epic poem published by him in 1838, and pronounced by the Edinburgh Review to be the most sustained and grandest effort of that nature, couched in the chastest and most stately verse, since the appearance of the Paradise Lost. This review, with copious extracts from the work itself, proving the justice of the opinion, may be found in the New York republication of the splendid periodical which contained it, and, therefore, we prefer confining ourselves to the two other volumes, except that we will here quote a few lines from the exordium of the ninth book, embodying one of the most beautiful tributes ever paid in verse, to Washington—

A better prize
There is for man, a glory of this world
Well worth the labor of the blessed, won
By arduous deeds of righteousness, that bring
Solace, or wisdom, or the deathless boon
Of holy freedom to his fellow men,
And praise to the Almighty. Such a wreath
Encircled late the patriotic brows
Of him, who, greater than the kings of earth,
To young Atlantis in an upright cause
Gave strength and liberty, and laid the stone
Whereon shall rise, if so Jehovah will,
An empire mightier than the vast domain
Swayed once by vicious Cæsars.

The first volume, which consists wholly of poetry, is divided into the following heads: *Horæ Scandicæ*, or works relating to old Scandinavian literature; and contains *Helis*, an original poem of extreme beauty in the Spenserian stanza; *Helga*, an original poem, in seven cantos of octosyllabic metre, illustrative of the superstitions and mythology of those wild rovers of the deep, the Norse or Icelandic sea-kings, whom late discoveries prove to have been the earliest adventurers to this continent; three smaller pieces; and twenty translations from the various Eddas and Sagas, relating to the Runic Scalds and champions, with a dissertation on their poetry, and copious notes. This may safely be pronounced the most curious and striking publication, on a subject of deep interest, concerning which extremely little is known, that has ever been made in our language. The translations are admirably executed, in rough, bold, and stirring English—genuine Saxon English—well suited to the rugged thoughts of the old warrior minstrels; their fidelity to the text is unquestionable, as, independently of the air of undoubted originality which they possess within themselves, Mr. Herbert has accompanied many of them with literal prose translations, proving the strict correctness of the poetical version. The *Horæ Scandicæ* is succeeded by *Horæ Pieriæ*, or Poetry on Various Subjects; from the first piece of which, *Pia della Pietra*, an exquisite Italian story told in heroic couplets, we select the opening lines, as a specimen of the rich varied

* In the London "*Gentleman's Magazine*," for February, 1843, which we have received since this article was written we find an elaborate review of the works of Mr. Herbert, in which several fine poems not included in the edition before us are alluded to. The writer in the Gentleman's Magazine remarks—"It is not often that we meet with an author whose attainments are so various, and at the same time so accurate and profound, as those of the one whose works are now before us; while it has been the lot of few to fill, at various periods, stations in society which are generally reserved for those professedly educated for them alone, and from which they seldom subsequently depart: but we have had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Herbert as an orator in the House of Commons, we have heard him as an advocate at the bar, and we have listened to him as a preacher in the pulpit. As an author we have found him in walks of science and literature very remote from each other, not often trodden by the same person; yet always marking his progress by the light he has thrown around his subjects, and showing both diligence and accuracy in recording facts, and philosophical discretion in reasoning from them," etc. We may mention in this connection that Mr. Herbert is the father of our correspondent Henry William Herbert, author of "The Brothers," "Cromwell," etc., whose profound acquaintance with the ancient languages and literature has been shown in numerous elegant and most scholarly performances, and whose abilities as a novelist, poet, and general writer, have been often exhibited in the pages of "Graham's," and other American Magazines.

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style, the modulated rhythm, and the glowing imagery of our author.

Calm sea, whose beauteous waters gently lave
The shores of Italy with tideless wave,
How still and lovely on thine azure breast
The evening ray's unclouded splendors rest!
The purple landscape blushes like the bud
Of opening beauty by thy glowing flood;
Unpruned here myrtles bloom; the orange there
Flings its rich fragrance on the tranquil air.
Fields of the luscious grape and golden lime!
Delightful valleys of a balmy clime!
Soft smiles your land, but why mid scenes so fair
Are man's heart-gladdening roofs so rare?
Why bears the tremulous zephyr o'er the plain
No flute's clear sound, or woman's blither strain?
Mournful and mute, though Nature's peaceful glow
Seems to induce forgetfulness of wo!
Have busy cares, have vice and folly made
No habitation in the desert shade?
Have man's adventurous angels not yet displaced
The rank profusion of the fruitless waste,
Giving new voice and strains of other tone
To its rude echoes? On her silent throne,
Wrapt in that loneliness, does Nature hear
No voice, save the herd's lowing? or the deer
Rustling the coppice, and the night bird's lay
From the thick jasmin's odoriferous spray?
Or the hoarse rush of waters, and the hoof
Of countless steeds, from human haunts aloof,
Spurning the virgin glebe, an untamed brood
That crop the flowery turf of solitude,
Where the bee murmurs, and the night-fly's light
Cheers with pure lamp the lovely brow of night.
There is a breath of fragrance on the gale,
A voice of warbling in the beauteous vale;
The wild luxuriance of its native wealth,
But not to man the breath of life or health.
There is a soothing freshness; but the breeze
Wafts the slow poison of unseen disease.
Death's angels lurk beneath your flowery screen,
Maremma's groves and mountains ever green!
The charm of stillness which the waters wear,
The beauteous light of that transparent air,
Are death's deceitful vizor, the fell bait
Which but to taste, to breathe, to view, is fate.
Faint traveler, wearied with the noontide ray,
Who hailest with delight the close of day!
The cool refreshment of yon breezy plain,
The very charm that soothes thee, is thy bane!
Sure as the shaft that slayeth in the night
The pestilence glides onward, robed in might;
All glorious Italy o'er thy fair champaign
The smiling fiend extends her silent reign,
And desolation follows. Lo! she stands
On the proud capitol, with noiseless hands
Showering the secret ruin on the dome
Of thy great temple, everlasting Rome!
Immortal city! beautiful and strong!
The queen of empire and the boast of song!
Whose huge magnificence hath still defied
Barbarian rage, and Time's o'erwhelming tide!
Shall e'er thy dwellings, like Palmyra, stand
A lonely spectre in a desert land?
Shall the wolves howl in groves where Maro sung,
Shall forests darken where thy trophies hung?
The deadly fiend creeps sure and unrestrained,
Where Power once flourished, and where Wisdom
Slowly exterminating wins her way, [reigned,
And one wide wreck of glory marks her sway!

To all genuine lovers of true poetry such lines as these cannot fail to impart rare pleasure in these days of degenerate song. It is true that they are mere description, but it is description of the best and highest order. Nor would it be difficult to point out many a passage evolving pathos and sublimity in no less remarkable a degree than that we have quoted displays of sweetness and graphic beauty. Pia is followed by another tale of the same order, Julia Montalban, which, though by no means inferior in poetry, is hardly so great a favorite with us as Pia or the Gunhilda, a tale in blank verse—which in our opinion is Mr. Herbert's forte—taken from an incident mentioned in Baron Humboldt's book on South America. The Wanderer of Jutland, a tragedy, in five acts, contains much fine and stately verse, and some striking and powerful incidents, yet is far from equal to the other poems. These are followed by a variety of smaller pieces, odes, canzone, and the like, some of them original, and some translations, among the latter being two of the Olympic odes of Pindar, in strophe and antistrophe, exhibiting not only the style and words, but the rhythm, accentual cadence, and harmony of the original. After these we find three original sonnets, one in Spanish and two in Italian; a sonnet translated from the Greek of Euripides into the Italian, which has been pronounced by the highest critical authority "the most perfect specimen of Italian verse ever composed by a native of the ruder North." This is followed by an original Italian canzona, after the manner of Guidi, which completes the book. Then comes, concluding the first volume, *The Sylvarum Liber*, consisting of poetry in Greek and Latin, in many various measures, including a translation of Ossian's Darthula into Homeric hexameters—several portions of the old English dramatists transfused into tragic iambics—a Sapphic and a Pindaric ode in Greek—*Rhenus*, a Latin poem which gained the prize at Oxford in 1797, and among several other Latin poems, last, though not least, a magnificent Alcaic ode on the bringing back of Napoleon's relics from St. Helena, which we commend strongly to our classic readers. We should have stated above as a proof of Mr. Herbert's intimate acquaintance with the tongues of the North, that the Scandinavian portion of the work contains an original poem in the Danish language and verse, dedicating the translations following to his friend Christian Anker of Copenhagen. Thus, independently of English, we have original poems in three modern and two dead languages, all of which, saving the Danish, with which we profess boldly our total unacquaintance, we venture to pronounce of rare and exceeding merit. The last volume, *Horæ Pedestres*, contains all the prose works of the author, with the exception of those on Botany and Natural History. The first five articles were originally published in the Edinburgh Review during its most palmy days, being a review after *Componimenti Lyrici* of Matthias, displaying a most intimate acquaintance with the poetry of Italy—one on the Harmony of Language and Mechanism of Verse, which is universally acknowledged in England to be the most masterly paper on that subject that has ever been published, showing the most extraordinary knowledge of the prosody of different languages, and evincing in every line the great industry and perseverance by which alone such erudition can be gained. This is followed by a note on Horatian metres, which is indeed invaluable to the student of that exquisite lyric, so much so, indeed, that we should be glad to see it and the additional note on Horatian metres, at page 151, published in this country as a school pamphlet. The reviews of "Isabel, by Horace Walpole," of "Poulin's Thompson," and "Gifford's Massinger," are marked by great critical sagacity, able, fearless and impartial. It were well for our literary fame if such pens were wielded by our periodical critics here in America, for we are confident that unless stern and unsparing justice be done upon literary offenders, as well as full and overflowing applause bestowed on the few real adorners of their country's language, no great or lasting school of literature can ever be established in any land, whatever may be the genius of its sons. Some able arguments on various principles of law; two most manly, liberal, and clear-sighted letters to the Archdeacon of York, on the Roman Catholic question; and nine sermons, on what are usually styled "occasional" subjects, complete the work. These sermons would do honor to the most learned and sincere divine who preaches the truth of the gospel in the great Anglo-Norman tongue, which has done and is doing so much, over all the world, to spread abroad

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the faith of the Redeemer. Every line is full of pious fervor, the language is vigorous and beautiful, and often imbued with that melting pathos which is perhaps the most characteristic feature of Mr. Herbert's poetry. We have extended our review of these admirable works beyond our ordinary limits, and with reluctance take leave of an author from whom we have derived not pleasure only but much profit. We hope some publisher will be found in this country to give these writings to the public. We have no doubt that the prose portion of them, especially, would meet a warm reception and a ready sale. We feel reluctant that to by far the greater portion of our students and men of taste they should remain a sealed book.

The Better Interests of the Country in Connection with International Copyright: a Lecture, read in the Hall of the Society Library, February 2, 1843: By Cornelius Mathews. Pp. 32. New York and London, Wiley & Putnam.

For several years the writer of this pamphlet has been known as one of the most earnest and able advocates of the rights of authors in this country. His speech at the dinner given to Charles Dickens, at New York, his "Appeal on the subject of an International Copyright," in this magazine, and other arguments on the subject, have attracted a large share of attention both here and in England, and if not unanswerable, they certainly have not been answered. In the Lecture before us he attempts to show—

I. That the mind of the country is now engrossed by a foreign literature, and one which does not in any considerable degree harmonize with our institutions. Throughout large sections of the United States reprints of British works, inculcating or suggesting sentiments peculiar to the nation whence they emanate, are read by the masses, and no books by American authors follow to correct their errors or modify their opinions.

II. That from the absence of due encouragement, (as well of public sentiment as of remuneration,) the kind of literature which has grown up in the United States is unworthy of its origin, and fails to represent the national character. It should be bold, manly, and vigorous, with the faults of a rude and lusty prime, perhaps, but in every lineament warm with life and truth. It is now degenerate, borrowed, servile, and full of effeminate refinement. It will hardly be denied that our country is at the present time, in letters, a dependency of Great Britain.

III. The absolute need of a national literature to mature and regulate opinion, in a country like this, with a government of opinion: "A government of opinion living in the soul of its authors and teachers, from that alone drawing its true life, and beyond that holding its existence a prey to swift confusion, to blood, and disorder, and angry riot!"—to represent and embody its institutions to the eye of the people at home, and confirm by the graces of invention and genius a love for them; and, abroad, to convey to the world what it could never know of us in the quietude of our remote career.

The lecturer supposes that the passage of a proper law would effect, *firstly*, the entire reorganization of the book trade—now in a great degree disturbed and broken—on a suitable foundation, with the establishment of just relations between publisher and author: *secondly*, a greater productiveness in literature among us, by regulating the introduction of foreign works, and creating a discrimination between the good and bad: improvement in criticism, etc: *thirdly*, the growth of a purer and better tone of opinion at large. A certain nobleness and unity of thought and action which marked this country at an earlier period has been, by some means, impaired. A characteristic literature would tend to restore this, and would aid in steadying opinion, and maturing a consistent reliance on men and truths at home. The right, the clear, indefeasible right, of the British author—of *all* authors—in the property of their genius, is enforced; and legislation in regard to literary property, on higher and broader ground than has yet been occupied, recommended, by every incentive which should have influence in a patriotic government. There is a general consideration added: the lecturer does not attempt to indicate, to detail, the operations of a new system. "The spirit of a wise legislation will act like the creative law, breathing truth and order among the elements of confusion. It will reconcile, renew, separate, and combine, so subtly that no eye can foresee or follow all its operations."

We dissent from Mr. Mathews in a single particular only. The law should not be "*international*." It should simply prohibit the publication or republication of the works of any author—American, Englishman, German, Buenos-ayrean or Kamschatkan—without the consent of such author or his representatives—the legislation of other countries entirely out of the question.

An Encyclopedia of Geography: Comprising a Complete Description of the Earth, Physical, Statistical, Commercial and Political. By Hugh Murray, F. R. S. E. Illustrated by Eighty-two Maps, and Eleven Hundred other Engravings on Wood. Revised, Corrected, and Brought Down to the Present Period, by T. G. Bradford. To be completed in Three Octavo Volumes. Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard.

The fullness of the title to this valuable work, which we have copied above, renders any other account of its general character unnecessary. We have only to express our judgment of the manner in which the author has carried out his design, and this we are enabled to do by a very familiar acquaintance with the contents of the volumes. In the parts relating to Astronomy, Geology, Botany and Zoology, Mr. Murray was assisted by Professors Wallace, Jameson and Hooker, and Mr. Swainson, of Edinburgh; and in all these departments, as well as in regard to the industry, commerce, political institutions, and civil and social state of the different countries, we believe the Encyclopedia of Geography is decidedly superior to any similar publication extant. It is worth a dozen like Malte-brun's, which is the only work of the kind ever printed in the United States with which it would not be an absurdity to compare it. The proprietors are issuing it in weekly numbers, at a price so low as to bring it within the reach of almost every person in the community.

Ure's Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures and Mines: Illustrated with Twelve Hundred Engravings: one volume octavo. New York, D. Appleton & Co.: Philadelphia, George S. Appleton.

This is one of the most valuable works republished in this country for years. It is full of information upon subjects interesting to all—upon the practical operations of the arts, the scientific principles and processes of mechanics, and the history of all inventions and improvements in the various departments of science and industry. The very high reputation which it enjoys in England, where it has gone through many editions, and where works of this description must possess the greatest merit to succeed at all, we are confident will be equaled by its popularity here as persons interested in "arts, manufactures and mines," become acquainted with its character.

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The Last of the Barons: By Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer: one volume octavo: New York, Harper & Brothers; Philadelphia, Burgess & Zeiber.

This is in our opinion the best work that Bulwer has ever given to the public; and in many essentials the finest novel of the day. It is founded on incidents of great and stirring interest. Its scene is laid in one of those transition periods—those eras of change from one phase of society and civilization to another—which are beyond all others suited the historical romance. Its hero is one of the noblest that can be imagined, or could be chosen by the novelist—Richard Neville, the great Earl of Warwick, better known as the "king-maker." Its title is derived from the following sententious passage in Hume's History—"*He was the greatest, as well as the last, of those mighty Barons who formerly overawed the crown.*" We do not intend to destroy the pleasure of our readers who have not yet taken up this work, by anticipating its interest and disclosing its plot; nor, if such were our intention, would it be possible for us to do so, the limits which we cannot transgress forbidding an attempt to analyze a book so copious, so full of stirring matter, and comprising so many master characters. Our great reason for preferring this to the other works of Bulwer is the *comparative* absence of that pseudo philosophy, of that continual attempt by specious sophistry to raise the worse above the better cause; and the *entire* absence of that pandering to corrupt or vitiated tastes—that palliation of sensuality, and that straining effort to undermine our most sacred institutions and to subvert the morality of marriage—which are features so transparently concealed, and when discovered so offensive, in the former works of this brilliant but false and dangerous writer. Even Rienzi was not free from this reproach. We feel real pleasure in according our opinion that THE LAST OF THE BARONS is a grand, stately, manly English novel; that, although it contains descriptions of vice, those descriptions are open and revolting, not poetical and seductive; that it does not contain one passage detracting from the sanctity of marriage, or justifying seduction and adultery; but that, on the contrary, the moral of the work is stern and pure; and that it exhibits nothing which need call up a blush to the cheek of the chariest maiden.

The main plot of the work is the revolution which changed the government of England from a feudal aristocracy to an absolute tyranny, by the destruction of almost all the mightier baronial families at the battle of Barnet and the confirmation of Edward IV. on the bloodbought throne of the sixth Henry—a revolution which, beginning with the battle of Barnet, was completed by that of Bosworth—the first and foremost cause of the change of England from an agricultural to a commercial nation, and the after establishment on her throne of a line of absolute and supreme despots, which was overthrown only by the counter revolution of 1642—a change which could never have occurred but by the demolition of the great baronial race which stood between the people and the throne, checking alike the aristocratic tendencies of the one and the democratic tendencies of the other. There is a kind of underplot, which is most absurd, most characteristic of Bulwer—the history of an inventor of a steam-engine! yes, reader, a steam engine in the year of our Lord 1467!—which is of course utterly apocryphal, and unworthy of the most dignified style of modern writing, the historical romance, in which it is a standing law that every thing which is not true must be like truth, and consonant to the spirit of the age, the country and the men among whom the scene is laid. For the same reason we object to the Tymbesteres, who are not by any means English, but oriental; or if not oriental, German, in the conception of their character and the part they play. We think, moreover, that the outrage offered by Edward to Anne of Warwick is in accordance neither to historical truth nor historical probability. No such event is recorded, to our knowledge, in any history; and if the novelist has discovered in his researches, which evidently have been deep and careful, any such circumstance, he should have put it, and its authority, on open record.

Bulwer's style and language in the Last of the Barons are, as usual, involved, artificial and meretricious; but probably less so than in his other romances; though there is an abundance of attempts to convert pompous nothings into striking antitheses by dint of capitals and quaintness. These faults admitted, it is, as we have said before, a great and striking work, full of fine scenes and stirring conversations, and high thoughts and deep research.

The Bible in Spain: Or the Journies, Adventures, and Imprisonment of an Englishman, in an Attempt to Circulate the Scriptures in the Peninsula. By George Borrow. Philadelphia, James M. Campbell.

Mr. Borrow, known before the appearance of this work as the author of "The Gipsies in Spain," is one of the most remarkable men of his time. As a linguist he is quite equal to our "learned blacksmith," of New England, but in addition to his knowledge of languages and general scholarship, he has a thirst for adventure, an indomitable perseverance, and a peculiar chivalrous feeling about him, that, four hundred years ago, and in Spain, would have made him one of the first knights errant of Christendom. In November, 1835, he left London, under the direction of the British and Foreign Bible Society, to print and circulate the Scriptures in the Peninsula. The account which he gives of his mission is exceedingly interesting, but by the mass of readers his book will be valued most for its personal adventure, anecdote, and graphic descriptions of character and manners. Mr. Borrow wandered in the footsteps of the hero of La Mancha, and no work relating to Spain, in the English language, is so worthy to be placed beside the immortal creation of Cervantes. We regret our inability to review it at length in these pages. The late period at which we received it enables us only thus briefly to commend it to our readers.

A Residence of Eight Years in Persia, among the Nestorian Christians, with Notices of the Muhammedans: By Rev. Justin Perkins: One volume octavo, pp. 500. Andover, Allen, Morrill & Wardwell: New York, M. W. Dodd.

Written by a missionary, and therefore connected mainly with the religious purposes which the author had chiefly in view, this work still embodies a very large amount of interesting and valuable information concerning a country but little known and deserving of attention. It is written in an easy and agreeable style, and bears the marks of manliness and honesty. The author wrote to gratify no personal end, but to impress upon his countrymen the feasibility and duty of advancing the spiritual welfare of the people among whom he resided, by making their character and wants more widely known. We are sure the work will be read with general pleasure and advantage. The striking sketches of personal character, the graphic descriptions of natural scenery, the details of curious incident and adventure, all combine to place it among the most popular books of travel recently published. It contains twenty-seven colored engravings, illustrative of the manners, costume, etc. of Persian society, and other embellishments.

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Journal and Letters of the late Samuel Curwen, Judge of Admiralty, &c.—an American Refugee in England from 1775 to 1784—Comprising Remarks on the Men and Measures of that Period. To which are added Biographical Notices of Many American Loyalists and other Eminent Persons: By George Atkinson Ward. One volume octavo, pp. 580. New York, C. S. Francis.

Many valuable private journals and letters written during the Revolutionary War remain still to be published, and the earlier they are given to the press the better, as from carelessness or unavoidable accidents there is great danger of their being lost if suffered to remain in manuscript. In the lofts of one of the stores destroyed by the "great fire" in New York was perhaps the largest and most interesting collection of original letters relating to that interesting period, in the possession of any individual or family. It embraced several hundred by one of the most celebrated wits of the day, whose epistolary style is said to have been equal to Sir Horace Walpole's. A venerable maiden lady in one of the rural districts decided last summer to "move to town." In her garret were a dozen or more trunks filled with old letters—some of which were by one of the most eminent English noblemen of the age, and others by celebrated American and British statesmen and soldiers, written during the Revolution. The good lady thought it a needless trouble to carry them about with her, and made a bonfire of such a melange of "love, war, and politics," as our Philosophical Society would have thought cheaply purchased by a monument to their possessor as high as a light-house. All publications of this kind, therefore, which possess any value, should be encouraged. The correspondence of the men who founded the Republic, or who lived in the time of its establishment—especially their private letters relating to public characters and events—will ever be read with interest and possess intrinsic worth.

Judge Curwen was descended from one of the most wealthy and influential families of Salem, in Massachusetts. He was educated at Cambridge, became a merchant, then an officer of the New England forces engaged in the expedition against Louisburg, in 1745, and afterward a justice in the Admiralty court. On the breaking out of the troubles with the mother country he went to London, and in 1784 returned to his native town, where he lived in seclusion until his death, in 1802. In adhering to the royal government he doubtless acted with honesty. His diary and letters show that he was warmly attached to his native country. With other true hearted men, he erred in judgment. Though the principle which in any event causes a person to sustain the prerogative of a sovereign at the cost of the rights of a subject is ignoble, it is not criminal. We have read Mr. Ward's Memoir, as we read the recently published Life of Mr. Van Schaack—also a Tory—with great satisfaction, and we commend both of these works to all students in American history.

Readings in American Poetry, for the Use of Schools: Edited by Rufus W. Griswold. New York, J. C. Riker.

The necessity of introducing our own writers more largely in the common schools, by giving selections from their writings in place of the old and frequently worthless compilations of foreign literature now used, has been often urged and generally acknowledged. The volume before us embraces what the editor deems the best poems of Bryant, Dana, Halleck, Longfellow, Sprague, Whittier, and others, suited to this purpose. We of course have nothing to say of the manner in which he has executed his task. The book is much more elegantly printed and embellished than any of a similar description with which we are acquainted.

The Noctes Ambrosianæ of Blackwood. Complete in Four Volumes, small octavo. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.

Every body acquainted with Blackwood, has a lively recollection of the famous nights at Master Ambrose's, where the "most excellent magazinity," sat in council one evening in every month, to discuss politics, morals, religion and law, letters and art, and indeed every thing which at the time attracted or deserved regard. These "Noctes" were for a long time the chief distinguishing feature of the magazine. No series of papers were ever more admirably sustained—none ever contained more wit, humor and pathos, more shrewd observation and acute criticism, more merciless personal satire, or more frank, cordial and enthusiastic recognitions of truth and genius, in foes as well as friends. They furnish a brilliant running commentary on the political and literary history of Great Britain for the period through which their publication extends. While reading them in their collected form, we "turned down the corners of the pages" in which passages of peculiar beauty or wit attracted our attention, and the thickness of the volumes was nearly doubled by the operation. Did our limits permit us to do so we should like to quote the touching account which the shepherd gives of Mary Morrison, the graphic descriptions of Macaulay, Shiel, and others, and a hundred things beside, which are hardly equaled in their way but by Christopher North. Yet the Noctes Ambrosianæ have their faults: their uproarious conviviality, for instance, is hardly in keeping with the spirit of "this temperance age;" and there is somewhat too much of bitterness in the denunciations by Christopher and his crew; but their extraordinary merits so exceed these slight blemishes that the reader will be quite willing to forget them. The publishers have done the public an acceptable service by bringing out the Noctes in so excellent a style.

—To Professor Wilson's "Miscellanies" and these "Noctes" we hope the publishers will add a uniform edition of his Poems and Tales, the first of which would make one and the latter two volumes, and thus complete their collection of his works.

The Farmer's Encyclopedia and Dictionary of Rural Affairs: By Cuthbert W. Johnson. Adapted to the United States by a Practical Farmer. Numbers I. to IV. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.

Our readers who live in the country, and are engaged in agricultural pursuits, will thank us for calling their attention to this very valuable publication. The original work which forms its basis is one of the most popular on the subject ever published in England; but our climates, soils and productions are so different from those of Great Britain, that many alterations were necessary to adapt it for the use of the American farmer. These alterations have been made by an experienced and scientific agriculturist, who has carefully revised the book and added much new and useful matter in its several departments. It is what it professes to be, a "complete encyclopedia of rural affairs," well written, well printed, and well illustrated with engravings exhibiting the different kinds of horses, cattle, sheep, grasses, weeds, etc. It will be completed in sixteen numbers.

Tales and Sketches: Translated from the Italian, French and German: By Nathaniel Greene. One volume. Boston, Little & Brown.

We are not acquainted with his originals, and cannot therefore judge of the fidelity of Mr. Greene's translations; but his style is exceedingly correct and graceful, and in their English dress these tales and sketches possess great merit.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

LITERATURE OF THE SEASON.—We are to have few valuable books hereafter in this country, or if good works appear they will come in such a "questionable shape" that those who have been used to the elegant typography of former days will be chary of reading them, and still more apt of admitting them to fellowship with the good old editions in their libraries. Cheapness is the only cry. Novels which once cost a dollar may now be purchased for a shilling, and the *only* penalty is three or four hundred to the pirate, and a few months confinement in a darkened chamber—matters of little consequence, so that the books be cheap." In earnestness, the wretched condition of the copyright law—which by "protecting" the native author makes his productions utterly valueless to him—and the present extraordinary laxity of "commercial morality," have so disordered the business of publishing and bookselling, that the old houses will do very little indeed, and the "new-venders," who have taken up their trade, will give such writings as they may think proper, in a style so repulsive that they will be read with little pleasure, however brilliant or valuable.

We await with interest the appearance of the Life and Remains of the late Dr. James Marsh, of the University of Vermont, from the hands of Professor Torrey, his successor in the chair of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy. Beside his philosophic sermons and occasional discourses, with an outline of Psychology, and a Treatise on Logic, Dr. Marsh left behind him a large collection of letters, which we understand will make up the body of these volumes. Like the young, they will be among the most valuable and attractive publications of the day. The spirit of a scholar, a profound thinker, and above all of one who through life was the "bondman of duty" and of truth, marks them as well as all his other productions, and gives to them a higher worth than belongs to much of the more ambitious literature of the time. The Memoir by Professor Torrey will be a chaste and tasteful record of a life not abounding in striking incident, but distinguished by a sutely depth, and a true development of the highest principles of mind and of thought. We understand that the work will appear in two large octavo volumes, and that it will be published during the coming Summer.

There are several other books of great value at Burlington awaiting the pleasure of those who have them in charge to be allowed to see the light. We fear the distinguished literary gentlemen of that vicinity are somewhat singular in their views, finding, perchance, a sufficient reward for their productions in the labor of producing, and thinking little enough of the wants of the world around them. We are especially anxious to see in print Professor Torrey's translation of Neander's Church History, a work greatly needed by the whole body of theological students in this country. It is the only complete translation of Neander that has been made. Two volumes were once presented in English dress, in London, but the whole eight have never before been translated. The appearance of a new edition of the original, in Germany, has probably some connection with the delay in its publication. Professor Torrey has in manuscript a translation of Schilling's Discourse on Art, which we should be glad to see printed. Professor Benedict's work on Conchology was announced many months ago, and considerable progress was made in the preparation of the plates. We are not advised of the probable time of its appearance. We hear also of a very profound Treatise on Music, by the late Dr. Lincoln, of Burlington, one of the most gifted and scientific men of his time. It was left, we believe, in the hands of Mr. George P. Marsh, known to the public chiefly by his extended researches into Scandinavian literature, and Icelandic philology. We trust it will be published.

There will be the usual number of annuaries published for 1844. "The Gift" will be issued by Messrs. Carey & Hart; and the new volume will surpass any of its predecessors in the merit of its literary contents and the beauty of its embellishments. The "contributions" will be chiefly by the writers for this magazine; and pictures by Page, Sully, Chapman, Cheney, Huntington, and other eminent painters, will be engraved for it. "The Christian Offering," edited by Rufus W. Griswold, and illustrated by J. G. Chapman, N. A., will be issued by Mr. Riker, of New York. It will contain articles by many of the most eminent theological and literary writers of the country, and its embellishments will be of a unique and beautiful description. "The Rose of Sharon," a religious annual, will be published in Boston.

Little & Brown, of that city, will publish in July or August The History of the Conquest of Mexico, with the Life of the Conqueror, Hernando Cortes, and a Preliminary View of Ancient Mexican Civilization, by William H. Prescott, author of the History of Ferdinand and Isabella. It will be founded on original documents, chiefly derived from the Archives of the Royal Academy of History at Madrid, and the collection of its President, Señor Navarette—the result of fifty years' researches in the public and private repositories of Spain and the Colonies; and other materials obtained by the author, from Mexico, Paris and London. From England, the best market for a work of this description, the author will not receive a penny for his copyright, in consequence of the absurd and iniquitous absence of laws for the protection of literary property in this country. Two houses in London have advertised editions of it.

We noticed at length in a recent number of this magazine the first volume of the Natural History of the State of New York. Two additional volumes have since been issued—in large quarto, with admirable pictorial illustrations—and we learn with surprise and regret that the four others, necessary to complete the work, will probably not appear at present, on account of a very ridiculous theory of "retrenchment" in the State Government, which, instead of curtailing extravagant salaries and abolishing sinecures, strikes first at the New York Foreign Historical Mission, and at this publication—the noblest of the kind ever made in this or we believe any other country. We hope the concluding volumes will be published, and thus the implied contract of the state with those who have purchased the earlier volumes, fulfilled.

A new edition of "Hinton's History of the United States," in two volumes quarto, with numerous maps and illustrative engravings on steel, will be published in New York on the first of May—edited and continued to the present time by the Rev. John Overton Choules, a most honest and able writer. Of the first American edition of this work there were sold in a few years more than ten thousand copies.

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A new historical romance entitled "Hoboken," by our correspondent, Theodore S. Fay, author of "Norman Leslie," "The Countess Ida," etc., will be published by the Harpers in a few weeks. The same house have in press a "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities," from the best authorities, and embodying all the recent discoveries of the most eminent German philologists and jurists, illustrated by a large number of engravings. This edition has been corrected and much enlarged by Dr. Anthon. They also advertise, "The May-flower; or, Sketches of Scenes and Characters among the Descendants of the Pilgrims:" by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe; "The Speeches of John Caldwell Calhoun," and several reprints of foreign works.

The fourth volume of Mr. Bancroft's History of the United States—the first of the History of the Revolution—will appear early in the Summer. It will comprise eight chapters, entitled "Revolution at Hand," "Conquest of the Ohio Valley," "The Stamp Act and the American Protest," "Rebellion Menaced," "Resistance Organized," "Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill," and "Independence Declared." Mr. Bancroft is said to have had for the preparation of this volume many materials never before used, consisting of the unpublished journal of the Committee of Correspondence of Massachusetts, MS. letters from Adams, Franklin, Gadsden, Richard Henry Lee, Hancock, and other leading characters, etc.

A splendid gift-book, entitled "The Hesperian," will appear in October. It will contain several of the finest descriptive and narrative poems written in America, illustrated by Chapman, and edited by John Keese, well known as the editor of "The Poets of America, Illustrated by one of her Painters," and other elegant publications. We are pleased to learn that "The Sinless Child and other Poems, by Mrs. Seba Smith, with an Introduction and Mental Memoir," by the same accomplished critic, will appear in June. Mrs. Smith belongs to the first class of the writers of her sex, and the forthcoming volume will, of course, be most favorably received.

We have recently read in a weekly periodical, of which she is editor, several "Letters from New York," by Mrs. Lydia M. Child, author of "Hobomok," "Philothea," etc. which we venture to pronounce superior to any writings of the same kind ever published in this country. Mrs. Child is a woman of genius. To a feminine tenderness and grace she unites remarkable freedom and energy. Her thoughts are original and truthful, her imagery affluent and apposite, and her style neat, chaste and scholarlike. Will none of our publishers bring out these letters in a volume? Those already printed would fill a respectable octavo.

A new volume of poems by Professor Longfellow, embracing the admirable drama, "The Spanish Student," will soon appear from the Cambridge University press. The last number of *Sargent's Magazine*, alluding to this work, remarks—"The Spanish Student, originally published in *Graham's Magazine*, we regard as by far the best dramatic production from an American pen that has yet appeared. It abounds in passages of extreme beauty, and the dialogue is remarkably animated and pungent."

The new edition of the works of Jonathan Edwards, just issued in New York by Messrs. Leavitt & Trow, is complete and well printed. It embraces a general index, prepared expressly for the edition, and a well-written memoir of the greatest metaphysician of his age and country. It is a little remarkable that while no American publisher would venture to reprint the works of the most eminent author the new world has yet produced, enough copies of the splendid English impression, in two very large octavos, have been sold here since the "Worcester edition" was exhausted, to pay the cost of its publication.

The *Boston Miscellany of Literature* has been discontinued, and Messrs. Bradbury & Soden, its proprietors, retaining possession of the publishing list, have contracted for several thousand copies of *Graham's Magazine* with which to supply their subscribers. This arrangement will considerably enlarge the number of our readers. The *Miscellany* had been conducted with distinguished taste and ability, especially since Mr. H. T. Tuckerman, one of the most chaste and elegant writers of the time, became its editor. That gentleman will hereafter be a frequent contributor to the pages of our own periodical.

"The Connecticut Poets," edited by Rev. C. W. Everest, will appear in a few weeks at Hartford. Among the Connecticut poets are Dwight, Trumbull, Percival, Halleck, Brainard, Rockwell, Pierpont, Hillhouse, Goodrich, Burleigh, and Mrs. Sigourney—a large and brilliant company for the "little state with 'calculating' inhabitants," as she was styled in one of the British Reviews. Mr. Everest is himself a poet, and will doubtless prove himself by his selections and commentaries a judicious critic.

Messrs. Harpers, of New York, have commenced the publication, in weekly numbers, of a new work by President Olin, of the Wesleyan University, entitled "Travels in Egypt, Arabia Petræa and the Holy Land." The scenes visited by the reverend and learned author have been made familiar by the journals of Stephens, Robertson and others; but the high reputation of Dr. Olin induces a belief that his book will nevertheless possess great interest, especially to the religious reader.

"Bibliotheca Sacra" is the title of a new work to appear quarterly, and to contain tracts and essays on topics connected with biblical literature and theology, edited by Professor Edward Robinson, the distinguished Oriental traveler. The first number, published in New York by Messrs. Wiley & Putnam, embraces articles by the editor, Professor Stuart of Andover, and other learned writers.

The Speeches of Henry Clay, of Kentucky, have just appeared, with an able Memoir, in two large octavo volumes, from the press of James B. Swain, of New-York. Mr. Calhoun's Speeches, as we have elsewhere mentioned, and those of Mr. Buchanan, will also be soon published.

Among the new historical works recently published, are The History of New Hampshire, from its Discovery, in 1614, to the Passage of the Toleration Act, in 1819, by George Barstow: octavo, 426 pages; and The Natural and Civil History of Vermont, by Rev. Zadok Thompson, of Burlington: octavo. Both of these works give evidence of industrious research.

An American edition of Mr. Charles F. Hoffman's "Wild Scenes in the Forest and the Prairie," we are pleased to learn is in press in New York. This work was originally published in London, where it passed to a second edition, and was most favorably received by the critics. The new edition will be much enlarged by the introduction of new "Scenes," etc.

The Fables of La Fontaine, translated from the French by Elizur Wright, Jr. have passed to a fourth edition. Mr. Wright's admirable version of these inimitable writings has everywhere been received with applause. The first impression, on large paper, was probably superior in embellishments and typography to any book of the same description ever printed in this country; the last edition is printed in a more common manner, for "general circulation."

Traits of the American Aborigines, by our countryman Henry Rowe Schoolcraft—more familiar than any other author who has written on the subject with the Indian character—will be published in the German language, at Stuttgart, in June.

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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OLIVER HAZARD PERRY.

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER, AUTHOR OF "THE RED ROVER," "LE FEU-FOLLET," ETC.

The family of Perry has now been American for near two centuries. The first of the name on this side of the Atlantic, was a native of Devonshire, who emigrated to the new world about the middle of the seventeenth century, settling at Plymouth, in Massachusetts. Being of the sect of Friends, however, this residence proved to be as unfavorable to the indulgence of his peculiar religious opinions, as that from which he had so lately migrated in his native island, and he was induced to go deeper into the wilderness. He finally established himself, accompanied by others of his persuasion, on Narraganset Bay, at a place called South Kingston. Here Edmund Perry, for so was the emigrant called, acquired a landed property of some extent, from the Indians, and by fair purchase, which has continued in the possession of his descendants down to our own time.

From Edmund Perry was descended, in the fourth generation, Christopher Raymond Perry, the father of the subject of this memoir, who was born in 1761. This gentleman chose to follow the sea. After serving for some time in private armed vessels of war, during the Revolution, he turned to the merchant service for employment when peace was made, being at that time a very young man, as is seen by the date of his birth. In the course of one of his early voyages, Mr. Perry met with a passenger of the name of Sarah Alexander, a lady of Irish birth, but of Scotch extraction, whom he married, in the year 1784. The fruits of this union were a family of sons, most, if not all of whom have been in the naval service of the country, and of daughters, one of whom, at least, is now the widow of an officer of rank. From this marriage, indeed, have been probably derived more officers of the navy, than from any other one connection, that of the family of Nicholson excepted. The lady who so soon found herself a wife and a mother, in the country of her adoption, proved a valuable acquisition to her new relatives, and left a strong and useful impression on most of those who have derived their existence from her.

The first child of the marriage between Christopher Raymond Perry and Sarah Alexander, was the subject of this memoir. He was called Oliver Hazard, after an ancestor of that name who had died just previously to his birth, as well as after an uncle of the same appellation, who had been recently lost at sea. Oliver Hazard Perry was born on the 20th of August, 1785. The early years of the child were distinguished by no unusual occurrences. He was kept at school, at different places, but principally in the vicinity of the residences of his own family. The armaments against France, however, induced a sudden and material increase of the naval force of the country; and in June, 1798, Christopher Raymond Perry, the father of Oliver, received an appointment as a captain in the new marine. Capt. Perry's commission placed him the eighth on the list of officers of his rank, but there being no ship of a suitable size for him to take, he was directed to superintend the construction of a vessel that was soon after laid down, at Warren, in his native State. On this occasion, Capt. Perry, accompanied by his wife, removed to Warren, leaving the household in charge of their eldest son, then a boy of only thirteen. This may be said to have been Oliver Perry's first command, and it is the tradition of the family that he acquitted himself of these novel duties with great prudence, kind-

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ness and impartiality. It was certainly a high trust to repose in a boy of his tender years, and proves the complete confidence his parents had in his discretion, temper and good sense. At this period of his life, as indeed he continued to be to a much later day, the youth was obliging, active and of singularly prepossessing appearance; and is said to have been an object of great interest within the limited circle of his acquaintance.

Capt. Perry's vessel was a small frigate, that was very appropriately named the General Greene. She appears on the registers of the department as a vessel of 645 tons, and rating as a 24. In the journals of the day, however, she is oftener called a 32, which was about the number of guns she actually carried, while her rate would have properly made her a 28. This ship was not ready to sail until the spring of the year 1799. By this time her captain's eldest son had resolved to enter on a career similar to that of his father's, and, having some time previously announced his wishes, a warrant was issued to him as a midshipman. Perry's appointment was dated April 7th, 1799, and made one of a small batch which occurred about that time, generally with intervals of a day between each warrant, and which contained the names of Trippe, Robert Henly, Joseph Bainbridge, Noel Cox, &c., &c.

Soon after Perry joined his father's ship, or about the middle of May, the General Greene sailed to join the force in the West Indies. Capt. Perry was directed to proceed to the Havana, and to look after the trade in that quarter, as "well as that which passes down the straits of Bahama to the Spanish main." After remaining a few weeks on her station, the yellow fever broke out in the ship, and she returned to Newport about the close of the month of July. In this short cruise Perry was first initiated in his sea service, and it is a singular circumstance that it was marked by the appearance of that dire disease by which he was, himself, subsequently lost to the country.

By bringing his ship North, Capt. Perry soon purified her, and she sailed again, for the same station, a few weeks later. Thence she went off St. Domingo, to cruise against Rigaud's barges, which committed many and sanguinary outrages; his orders directing him to circumnavigate the whole island of St. Domingo. While employed on this service, the General Greene found several of the brigand's light craft at anchor under the protection of some batteries. The ship stood in, and anchoring, a warm cannonade commenced. In about half an hour the batteries were silenced, as was supposed with some loss, but a vessel which had the appearance of a French frigate heaving in sight in the offing, Capt. Perry lifted his anchor, and went out to meet her, without taking possession of his conquests. The stranger proved to be a French built vessel, that had changed masters; being, at the time, in the English navy.

The General Greene next went off Jaquemel to assist Toussaint reduce the place. The ship is said to have been very serviceable on this duty, and to have had her full share in the success which attended the expedition. In all this service, Perry was present, of course, though in the subordinate station of a young midshipman. It was the commencement of his career, and no doubt had an influence in giving him useful opinions of duty, and in favorably forming his character.

The General Greene was placed under the particular command of Com. Talbot, by special orders from the department, of the date of Sept. 3d, 1799, but did not fall in with that officer until April of the following year, when Capt. Perry reached Cape François, the point from which he had sailed to make the circuit of the island. Here the latter officer was directed to proceed to the mouth of the Mississippi, and receive on board Gen. Wilkinson and family; that officer being then at the head of the army. The frigate arrived off the Balize about the 20th of the month, and sailed again for Newport on the 10th of May. An act of spirit manifested by the elder Perry, on his return home from the Balize, is recorded to his credit, and as affording a proof of the school in which his gallant son was educated. The Gen. Greene had taken an American brig under convoy that was bound into the Havana. Off the latter port, an English two-decked ship fired a shot ahead of the brig to bring her to. Capt. Perry directing his convoy to disregard the signal, and the wind being light, the Englishman sent a boat in chase of the brig. When sufficiently near, the Gen. Greene fired a shot ahead of the boat, as a hint to go no closer. The boat now came alongside of the frigate, and the two-decker closed at the same time, when the latter demanded the reason of the Gen. Greene's shot. The answer was that it had been fired to prevent the boat from boarding a vessel under her convoy. The English officer, who must have known that this reply, which manifested far more spirit in the year 1800 than it would to-day, was in strict conformity with maritime usage, had the prudence not to persist, and the honor of the American flag was vindicated. This circumstance, taken in connection with a few others of a similar character, which occurred about the same time, had a strong influence in elevating the reputation of the infant navy, and in erasing an unfavorable impression that had been made by the impressment of five men, two years earlier, from on board the Baltimore, 20.

The crew of the Gen. Greene were paid off, as usual, at the end of the year; or, soon after her second return to Newport. Capt. Perry was continued in command of the ship, however, and orders were sent to prepare her for another cruise; but the negotiations for peace assuming a favorable aspect, the orders were countermanded, and the ship was carried to Washington and laid up. The peace-establishment law reduced the list of captains from twenty-eight to nine, and, as Captain Perry was not one of those retained, he retired from service, with Talbot, Sever, the elder Decatur, Tingey, Little, Geddes, Robinson, and others. His son Oliver, however, belonged to the one hundred and fifty midshipmen that the law directed to be retained, and his fortunes were cast for life in the service.

Young Perry was left on shore, to pursue his

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studies, from the time the Gen. Greene returned from her second cruise, until the spring of the year 1802, when he was ordered to join the Adams, 28, Capt. Campbell, which ship was then fitting for the Mediterranean station. This frigate, known to the navy by the *sobriquet* of the little Adams, was a vessel a hundred tons smaller than the General Greene, but was deemed one of the fastest ships the country had sent into the West Indies, during the late contest. Her present commander was an officer of gentleman-like habits and opinions, and well suited to inspire young men with the manners and maxims appropriate to their caste. The ship also enjoyed the advantage of possessing a thorough practical seaman in her first lieutenant, the late Com. Hull, who, a short time before, had filled the same station on board the Constitution, 44, Com. Talbot.

The Adams sailed from Newport, June 10th, 1802, and arrived at Gibraltar about the middle of July, where she found Com. Morris, in the Chesapeake, 38, who sent her up as far as Malaga with a convoy. On her return from this duty, the ship was left below to watch a Tripolitan that was then lying at Gibraltar, the remainder of the squadron going aloft. Here the Adams passed the winter, cruising in the Straits much of the time; a duty that the young men in her found irksome, beyond a question, but which they also must have found highly instructive, as nothing so much familiarizes officers to manœuvering, as handling a ship in narrow waters, and with the land constantly aboard. One of the favorite traditions of the service relates to the steady and cool manner in which Hull worked the Adams while employed on this duty, the ship being in great danger of going ashore on the rocks. Six or eight months of such service is equal, in the way of experience, to two or three years of running from port to port, in as straight lines as can be made; or of making sail in good weather, and of reducing it in bad. The Adams must have commenced her blockade of the Tripolitan about the 21st July, 1802, the day Com. Morris sailed, and remained actively engaged on this duty until relieved by the squadron, which did not reach the rock until the 23d March, 1803; this makes a period of eight months and two days. Apart from the instruction which an ambitious youth like Perry must have been conscious of obtaining under such circumstances, this blockade contained an event which is always an epoch in the life of a young officer. Perry was a favorite with his captain, and being studious, attentive to his duties, sedate and considerate beyond his years, and of a person and manner to set off all these qualities to advantage, that officer gave him an acting appointment as a lieutenant. To enhance the gift, Capt. Campbell made out his orders on the young man's birth-day. This was transferring young Perry from the steerage to the ward-room the day he was seventeen, one of the very few instances of promotions so young, that have occurred in the American navy.* As this promotion took place on the 21st August, 1803, and Perry's warrant was dated April 7th, 1799, it follows that, in addition to his youth, he got this important step when he had been in the service less than four years and five months.

As soon as the squadron came down to Gibraltar, the Adams was sent aloft again with a convoy. As the ship touched at many different ports on the North shore, our young lieutenant had various occasions to visit places at which she stopped, and to store his mind with the pleasing and useful information with which that region abounds, probably, more than any other portion of the globe. There is little doubt that one of the reasons why the American marine early obtained a thirst for a knowledge that is not uniformly connected with the pursuits of seamen, and a taste which perhaps was above the level of that of the gentlemen of the country, was owing to the circumstance that the wars with Barbary called its officers so much, at the most critical period of its existence, into that quarter of Europe. Travelers to the old world were then extremely rare, and the American who, forty years ago, could converse, as an eye witness, of the marvels of the Mediterranean; who had seen the remains of Carthage, or the glories of Constantinople; who had visited the Coliseum, or was familiar with the affluence of Naples, was, nine times in ten, in some way or other, connected with the Navy.

In May, the Adams, in company with the rest of the squadron, appeared before Tripoli, but no service of importance occurred in which there is any evidence that Perry participated. Soon after, Com. Morris left the coast, and his ships separated. The Adams cruised along the South shore, rejoining the squadron at Gibraltar. This gave Perry an opportunity of seeing some of the towns of Barbary. At Gibraltar, the Commodore took the Adams, in person, she being the ship which he had first commanded in the service, and came home in her, Capt. Campbell going to the John Adams, but taking no officers with him.

Perry reached America in the Adams, in November, 1803. His cruise had lasted eighteen months; much of the time the vessel being actually under her canvass. This was, in every respect, a most important piece of service to the young man, and probably laid the principal foundation of his professional character, besides contributing largely to his information and manners as a man. On his return, he is said to have devoted himself earnestly to the studies peculiar to his calling, and to have made laudable efforts to do credit to himself in his new rank. The young officers, however, who made the Mediterranean cruise in 1802 and 1803, were unfortunate as to the time of their service. The following season, or that of the summer of 1804, was the eventful

* The writer knows of but two other instances of promotions at so very young an age. One was that of the present Capt. Cooper; and the other, that of the late Lt. Augustus Ludlow, who fell in the Chesapeake. In both these instances, he thinks the gentlemen were a little turned of seventeen. Mr. Cooper, however, got a commission, which was not the case with either Perry or Ludlow. Lawrence must have been made acting when little more than eighteen, and Stewart's original appointment was made when he was only nineteen.

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period of the Tripolitan war, and this was the moment when accident left Perry ashore, devoting himself to useful pursuits, it is true, but removing him from those scenes of active warfare in which he was so well qualified to become distinguished. From the close of November, 1803, until the summer of 1804, Perry was on furlough, and at home. One cannot know this, without regretting that a young officer of his peculiar fitness for the service which then occurred before Tripoli, should not have had it in his power to have been with Preble.

In May, or June, of the latter year, however, Lt. Perry received orders to join the Constellation, at Washington, then fitting for the Mediterranean, again, under his old commander and friend, Capt. Campbell. The ship sailed in July, and on the 10th of September, or six days after the explosion of the Intrepid, and just as the last shot had virtually, if not actually, been fired at the town, she appeared off Tripoli, the President, 44, Com. S. Barron, in company. The Constellation was subsequently employed near Derne, in sustaining the operations of Gen. Eaton, but her size rendered her of no great use on that coast.

Among the vessels off Derne was the Nautilus, 14, the schooner of the lamented Somers, and being in want of a first lieutenant, Capt. Campbell ordered Perry to join her in that capacity. Perry was now in his twenty-first year, and had been about six years in the navy. He had made himself a very good seaman, and was accounted a particularly efficient deck-officer. His acquirements were suited to his profession, his manners good and considerate, his appearance unusually pleasing, his steadiness of character such as to awaken confidence, and his mind, if not of an unusually high order, was sufficient to command respect. The new situation in which he was placed, was one to put his professional qualities to the test, and he acquitted himself, notwithstanding his youth, with credit.

Perry remained in the Nautilus till the autumn of 1805, when Com. Rodgers gave him an order to join the Constitution, as one of his own lieutenants. As this officer was very rigid in his exactions of duty, and particularly fastidious in the choice of subordinates, it was a compliment, though no sinecure, to be thus selected, and there can be no question that it was an advantage to one disposed to do his whole duty to serve under his immediate eye. In this ship Perry remained until the autumn of the succeeding year, when he went to the Essex as second lieutenant, following the Commodore, who was about to return home, where they arrived in October.

Perry had now acquired his profession, and obtained respectable rank. At this period of his life, he was known as one of the more promising young officers of the service, and had his full proportion of friends in all the grades of the navy. He was employed in superintending the building and equipment of gun-boats, soon after his arrival at home, and this was the period of his life when he is said to have formed the attachment, which, a few years later, produced a union with the lady he married. After seeing the gun-boats equipped, he was attached to them, for some years, with the command of a division. This disagreeable service, however, finally ended. After superintending the construction of a second *batch*, for these useless craft were literally put into the water in flotillas, in 1808, he was appointed in April, 1809, to his first proper command. The vessel he got was a schooner, called The Revenge, which had been bought into the service, and which proved to be a very respectable cruiser of her class; her armament consisting of fourteen short and light guns. His predecessor in this schooner was Jacob Jones, who had been one of the oldest lieutenants, if not the very oldest lieutenant in the navy, at the time he commanded her. As Perry had many seniors on the list, his selection for this command is another proof of the estimation in which he was held by his superiors.

The Revenge had been introduced into the navy more as a despatch-boat, than as a regular cruiser, but she was subsequently put into the coast squadron, and was in that situation when Perry took her. After passing the summer of 1809, and the winter of 1809-10, in this duty, cruising most of the time on the Northern and Eastern coast, Perry was ordered to take his vessel to Washington for repairs, in April of the latter year. From this place the Revenge sailed on the 20th of May, for the Southern coast, where she was to be stationed. While thus employed, two occasions occurred to enable Perry to prove the spirit by which he was animated, and, on both of which, he acquitted himself with credit. The first was the seizure of an American vessel that had been run away with by her master, an Englishman by birth, who had put her under English colors, as English built. This vessel was lying in the Spanish waters, off Amelia Island, and two small English cruisers were at anchor near her. The Spanish authorities consented to the seizure, which was made by the Revenge, sustained by three gun-boats, and the vessel brought off in the presence of the two English cruisers. It is impossible to say whether the English officers were, or were not apprised of the true circumstances of the case, or how far they were willing to see justice done; but the spirit of Perry is not affected by these facts, as he proceeded in total ignorance of what might be their determination. While carrying his prize off to sea, an English sloop of war was met, the captain of which sent a boat with a request that the commander of the Revenge would come on board and explain his character. The occurrence between the Leopard and the Chesapeake was then fresh, and the utmost feeling existed in the service on the subject of British aggressions. Perry refused to quit his vessel, and prepared for hostilities. His plan was to throw all hands on board his expected foe, and to trust the chances to a hand-to-hand struggle. The Revenge was well manned, and so judicious and cool were his arrangements, that the probability of success was far from hopeless. The desperate resort to force, however, was avoided by the discretion of the English officer, who did not press his demand.

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In August, 1810, the Revenge returned North, and was stationed on the coast in the vicinity of Newport. On the 8th of January, 1811, this schooner was unfortunately wrecked on Watch Hill Reef, though many of her effects were saved through the activity of her commander and his people, aided by boats from the squadron then lying in the Thames. This accident was to be attributed to the influence of the tides in thick weather, but the blame, if blame there was, fell solely on the coast pilot, who was in charge at the time. It was one of those occurrences, however, to which all seamen are liable, and which it surpasses human means to foresee or prevent, while the duty on which the vessel was employed was performed. Perry's conduct, on this occasion, was highly spoken of at the time, and he at least gained in the estimation of the service by an event which, perhaps, tries a commander's true qualities and reputation as much as any other which can occur to him. A court, consisting of Com. Hull, Lieut. now Com. Morris, and Lieut. the late Capt. Ludlow, fully acquitted Perry of all blame, while it extolled his coolness and judgment. By this accident Perry lost a command, which he had held about twenty-one months.

On the 5th May, 1811, Perry was married to Elizabeth Champlain Mason, of Rhode Island, the lady to whom he had now been attached since the commencement of the year, 1807, and to whom he had been affianced for most of the intervening time. At the time of his marriage, Perry was in his twenty-sixth year, and his bride was about twenty. Not long after, he was promoted to the rank of master and commander. Perry obtained this step when he had not been quite fourteen years in service, and at the age of twenty-six. This was a fair rate of preferment, and one that would be observed even at the present time, with a proper division of the grades, and a judicious restriction on the appointment of midshipmen, a class of officers that ought never to be so numerous as to allow of idleness on shore, and which, in time of peace, should be so limited as to give them full employment when at sea.

The declaration of war, in 1812, found Perry in command of a division of gun-boats on the Newport station. This being a duty in which the chance of seeing any important service was very trifling, his first and natural desire was to get to sea in a sloop of war. Most of the vessels of this class, which the navy then possessed, however, were commanded by his seniors in rank, and those that were not, accident had put in the hands of officers whom it would have been ungracious to supersede. Anxious to be in a more active scene, in the course of the winter of 1812-13, he made an offer to serve on the Lakes. This offer was accepted, and in February, 1813, he was ordered to report to Com. Chauncey, at Sackett's Harbor, and to take with him such of the officers and men of his flotilla as were suited to the contemplated service.

Perry met his commanding officer at Albany, on the 28th February, and together they set out for the Harbor, which place they reached on the 3d of March. Here Perry remained until the 16th, when he was ordered to Lake Erie, with instructions to superintend the equipment of a force on those waters. On the 27th, he arrived at the port of Presque Isle, or Erie, and immediately urged on the work, which had been already commenced. There is a portion of military duty that figures but little in histories and gazettes, but which is frequently the most arduous of any on which an officer can be employed. To this class of service belong the preparations that are limited by insufficient means, the procuring of supplies, and contending with the difficulties of hurried levies, undisciplined men, and imperfect equipments. These were the great embarrassments with which Washington had to contend in the war of the Revolution, and his conquests over them entitle him to more credit than he might have obtained for a dozen victories.

As respects the state of the Northern frontier during the last war, the reader of history is not apt fully to appreciate all the obstacles that were to be overcome in conducting the most important operations. In 1813, with very immaterial exceptions, the whole lake frontier, on the American side of those inland waters, was little different from a wilderness. The few roads which communicated with the older parts of the country, were scarcely more than avenues cut through the forests, and not always these, while the streams that it was indispensable to navigate were often obstructed by rapids and even falls, frequently filled with drift wood, and rarely aided by locks, or other similar inventions. Supplies usually had to be brought from the Atlantic towns, and most of the artisans were transported from the sea coast, into those distant wilds. Against the difficulties of this nature Perry had now to contend, and he exerted himself to the utmost. At different periods he received reinforcements of officers and men, and in the course of the spring all of his vessels were got into the water. Still a great deal remained to be done; stores, guns, munitions of war, and, to a certain extent, crews having yet to be assembled.

While thus employed, Perry received the welcome intelligence that the squadron and army below were about to make a descent on Fort George. This enterprise had been contemplated for some time, and Commodore Chauncey had promised to give our young commander the charge of the seamen that were to land. No sooner did he get the information that the expedition was about to take place than he left Erie, in a four-oared boat, on a dark and squally night, and after a laborious passage of twenty-four hours he reached Buffalo. The British batteries were then passed in the same boat, as it descended the Niagara river. It had a narrow escape from a party of the enemy stationed on Grand Island. This party compelled Perry to land, when he proceeded on foot. A horse was finally procured from a common, by the seamen of his boat, a bridle was made out of a rope, a saddle without girth, stirrup or crupper was found, and in this style Perry reached the American camp. Here better equipments were given him, and by the evening of the twenty-fifth he got on

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board the Madison, 24, in which ship Com. Chauncey's pennant was then flying.

Chauncey gave his visiter a warm reception. There was a scarcity of officers of rank on the lakes, and Perry had obtained a reputation for zeal and conduct that would be apt to render his presence acceptable on the eve of an important enterprize. When he got on board the ship he found the officers of the squadron assembled to receive their orders, and a general welcome met him. The next morning the commodore went to reconnoitre the enemy's batteries, taking Perry with him, in the Lady of the Lake. Arrangements were then made for the descent.

It would not be easy to write a better description of the appearance of the fleet, as it advanced to the attack on this occasion, than has been simply but graphically given by Perry himself, in one of his published letters. "The ship was under way," he says, "with a light breeze from the Eastward, quite fair for us; a thick mist hanging over Newark and Fort George, the sun breaking forth in the East, the vessels all under way, the lake covered with several hundred large boats, filled with soldiers, horses and artillery, advancing toward the enemy, altogether formed one of the grandest spectacles I ever witnessed." It had been decided that a body of seamen were to be landed, under the immediate orders of Perry, but some irregularity existing in the movements of the brigades, his duties took a more extended range. As the boats pulled toward the shore, Perry saw that the soldiers, who rowed their own boats, were getting too far to leeward, for the wind had freshened; and, pointing out the circumstance to the commodore, he was desired to put them on the right course. Pulling toward the advance, Perry fortified his authority by requesting Col. Scott, who led the troops in front, to join him, and together they proceeded on the duty, which was successfully and very opportunely performed. Col. Scott now rejoined his command, and Perry pulled on board the schooner that was nearest in, covering the debarkation. Here the lookout aloft informed him that the British were advancing toward the lake, in force. Aware that the Americans did not expect such a meeting on the shore, Perry now pulled down the whole line to reach Col. Scott, and apprise him of the resistance he was to meet with. Before he could reach that point, however, the British appeared on the bank and gave a volley. This unexpected attack checked the advance but a moment; the boats being within fifty yards of the beach at the time, were soon on it, and the troops landed. Perry now went on board the Hamilton, a schooner of 9 guns, which vessel maintained a heavy fire of grape and canister on the enemy. Other vessels aided, and the troops forming, rushed up and carried the bank. At this moment, Maj. Gen. Lewis, who was to command in chief on shore, reached the schooner, reconnoitered the ground, and then landed, Perry following him. Throughout all this affair, the latter manifested great temper, the utmost coolness, and a zeal which was certain to carry him into the scenes of danger. Commodore Chauncey mentioned his services honorably in his despatches.

The Americans now had command of the Niagara, and Chauncey profited by it to get several small vessels, that had been bought for the service, but which still lay at Black Rock, past the position of the enemy, and up the current into Lake Erie. Perry superintended this service in person, which was immensely laborious, but was successfully performed. This was clearing the way for assembling all the force on Lake Erie, at a single point, and he sailed from Buffalo for Erie about the middle of June. At this time the command of the lake was with the enemy, and it was a great point to collect all the American vessels, in order to make head against him. This was now done, the enemy actually heaving in sight off their port as the last of the Americans arrived.

The English had long maintained a naval force on the great lakes, which was termed the provincial marine. The vessels were employed for the general purposes of a maritime police, for transporting troops, and for conveying supplies. By their means the communications were kept up with the different military posts of the interior, and the command of those inland waters was, at need, effectually secured. The Americans had not imitated this policy. On the upper lakes, however, they kept a brig, which was found almost indispensable to convey the stores needed at the more distant stations, and particularly in the intercourse with the Indians in their vicinity. This brig belonged to the war department, however, and not to the navy. For some years previously to the war she had been commanded by a gentleman of the name of Brevoort, who was then an officer in the 1st Infantry. This brig was called the Adams, and she mounted a few guns. She had fallen into the hands of the enemy at the capture of Michigan, had her name changed to that of Detroit, had been cut out from under Fort Erie the previous autumn by the Americans, and destroyed. This produced the necessity of creating an entirely new force, leaving the command of the lake with the enemy until that object could be effected.

In the face of a thousand obstacles Perry succeeded in getting his vessels ready to go out by the early part of August, though he was still greatly in want of officers and of men, particularly of seamen. Capt. Barclay, who commanded the enemy, lay off the port watching him, however, and there existed a serious obstacle in a bar, which extended some distance into the lake. To cross this bar in the presence of the English would have been extremely hazardous, when, fortunately, the latter unexpectedly disappeared, in the Northern board. It is said that Capt. Barclay had accepted an invitation to dine on the Canada shore, and that he passed over with this intention, probably deceived by his spies as to the state of preparation of the Americans. A reinforcement of men was certainly expected from below, and, if acquainted with this fact, the English officer may very well have supposed that his opponent would wait for it.

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It was of a Sunday afternoon when Perry commenced his movements; a day and an hour when the measure was probably least expected. To cross the bar it was necessary to lift the larger vessels on camels, and the work required not only great labor, but much time. It was attended with delays and embarrassments, nor was it entirely effected before the British re-appeared. Some distant firing between them and a few of the American small vessels succeeded, but with little or no damage on either side.

Once in the lake, incomplete as were his crews and his equipments, Perry was decidedly superior to the enemy, who had not yet brought their principal vessel, the Detroit, into their squadron. Under the circumstances, therefore, he wisely determined to bring on an action if possible without any unnecessary delay. Getting under way with his vessels, he went off Long Point in search of the enemy, but failing to find them, as they had gone into Malden to join their new ship, he returned to the anchorage off Erie. Here he received the welcome intelligence that a party of seamen was on its way to join him, from the lower squadron. This reinforcement arrived a day or two later. It was under the orders of Capt. Elliott, who had just been promoted to the rank of master and commander.

As soon as possible, after the arrival of the party from below, the squadron sailed again in quest of the enemy. After communicating with the army above, and ineffectually chasing a British cruiser, it went into Put In Bay, a haven among some islands that lie in the vicinity of Malden, and was favorably placed for watching the enemy. The malady common to these waters in the Fall of the year, had attacked the crew, and Perry himself was soon included among those on the doctor's list. His case was a very severe one, and to render the matter more grave, all three of the medical officers of the squadron were taken ill also. This was a critical situation to be in, in the face of the enemy, and the more especially, as the vessels were still short of their complements. The latter difficulty, however, was in part remedied, by receiving a hundred volunteers from the army. While lying in this port, the men were exercised in boats, it being Perry's intention to make an attack on the enemy in that manner, should the latter fail to come out.

Early in September, Perry had so far recovered as to quit his cabin. He now went off Malden to reconnoitre, and to invite the British to meet him. After manœuvering about the head of the lake for a few days, the Americans returned to Put In Bay, on the 6th of September. It would seem Perry received an intimation at Sandusky, that it was the enemy's intention to come out and engage him, as he was short of provisions, and felt the immediate necessity of opening a communication with his supplies. Subsequent intelligence has confirmed this report, and it is now known that the battle which was fought a few days later was actually owing to this circumstance.

As Perry now fully expected that the English would at least attempt to force a passage toward Long Point, he made his final preparations for a general battle. At a meeting of some of his officers, on the evening of the 9th September, it was determined, at all events, to go out next day, and attack the enemy at anchor, should it be necessary. In order, however, that the reader may have a clear idea of the forces of the respective parties in the approaching action, as well as of their distinctive characters, it is now necessary to give lists of the two squadrons, from the best authorities it has been in our power to consult. The vessels under the command of Capt. Perry, and which were present on the morning of the 10th of September, 1813, were as follows; the Ohio, Mr. Dobbins, having been sent down the lake on duty, a few days before, viz.

	Guns.	Metal.
Lawrence, Capt. Perry,	20	2 lg. 12s, 18 32lb. carronades.
Niagara, Capt. Elliott,	20	2 lg. 12s, 18 32lb. carronades.
Caledonia, Lieut. Turner,	3	2 long 24s, 1 32lb. carronade.
Ariel, Lieut. Packett,	4	4 12s.
Somers, Mr. Almy,	2	1 long 24, 1 32lb. carronade.
Porcupine, Mr. Senatt,	1	1 long 32.
Scorpion, Mr. Champlin,	2	1 long 24, 1 32lb. carronade.
Tigress, Lieut. Conklin,	1	1 long 32.
Trippe, Lieut. Holdup,	1	1 long 32.
Total number of guns,	54	

It is proper to add that all the guns of all the American vessels, with the exception of those of the Lawrence and the Niagara, were on pivots, and could be used together. The vessels which carried them, however, were without bulwarks, and their crews were exposed to even musketry in a close action. Of these vessels, the Lawrence, Niagara and Caledonia were brigs; the Trippe was a sloop; and the remainder were schooners.

The force of the British has been variously stated, as to the metal, though all the accounts agree as to the vessels and the number of the guns.* No Ameri-

* It is extremely difficult to get the exact truth in details of this nature. With the best intentions men make mistakes, and the historian is obliged to depend on such authority as he can get. The foregoing has been laid before the world by the English, as Capt. Barclay's official account of his own force. It may have some inaccuracies, but it is doubtless true in the main. A biography of Perry has lately appeared, written by Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, a gentleman who is connected with the family of the late Com. Perry, and who has doubtless enjoyed great advantages in collecting many of his personal facts. To this history the writer is indebted for many of his own details in connection with Perry's early life and services, but the work is written in too partisan a spirit to be at all relied on in matters relating to the battle of Lake Erie. As respects the force of the two squadrons, for instance, Capt. Mackenzie has fallen into material mistakes even in relation to the American vessels; or not only is the writer greatly misinformed, but the incidental evidence which has appeared in the course of the controversy that has arisen from this battle, is untrue. Thus Capt. Mackenzie puts the force of the Somers at "two long thirty-twos." Mack. Per. p. 228, vol. i. Now this is contrary to the English official account, contrary to every other American account the writer can get, and contrary to the certificate of Mr. Nichols, who commanded the Somers, after Mr. Almy was sent below. This officer, in explaining the silly story about Capt. Elliott's dodging a shot, says—"the quarter-gunner at *the* 32, being about to fire," &c. This language would not have been used had there been *two* thirty-twos. Capt. Elliott has more than once distinctly called the 32 a *carronade*, in speaking of this transaction to the writer, and, as the fact cannot affect any question connected with himself, his testimony is certainly good on such a point. Capt. Mackenzie gives the Scorpion *two* long guns, whereas the writer believes she had but *one*; the Caledonia *three* long guns, when she had but *two*, &c. &c. It is a fact which would seem to

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can statement of the English metal has ever been officially made, but one was appended to Capt. Barclay's report of the engagement, which should be taken as substantially correct, though a few of its less important details have been questioned by some of the American officers, but not, so far as we have been able to ascertain, on grounds sufficient to render their own recollections certain. The English vessels were as follows, their force being, as stated by Capt. Barclay—

Detroit, Capt. Barclay, 19 guns; 2 long 24s, 1 long 18 on pivot, 8 long 12s, 8 long 9s, 1 24lb. carronade, 1 18lb. do.

Queen Charlotte, Capt. Finnis, 17 guns; 1 long 12 on pivot, 2 long 9s, 14 24lb. carronades.

Lady Prevost, Lieut. Buchan, 13 guns; 1 long 9 on pivot, 2 long 6s, 10 12lb. carronades.

Hunter, Lieut. Bignall, 10 guns; 4 long 6s, 2 long 4s, 2 long 2s, 2 12lb. carronades.

Little Belt, 3 guns; 1 long 12 on pivot, 2 long 6s.

Chippewa, Mr. Campbell, 1 long 9 on pivot.

Total number of guns 63.

On the morning of the 10th September, the British squadron was seen in the offing, and the American vessels got under way, and went out to meet it. The wind, at first, was unfavorable, but so determined was Perry to engage, that he decided to give the enemy the weather-gage, a very important advantage with the armament he possessed, should it become necessary. A shift of wind, however, brought him out into the lake to windward, and left him every prospect of engaging in a manner more desirable to himself.

The enemy had hove-to, on the larboard tack, in a compact line ahead, with the wind at South-East. This brought his vessels' heads nearly, or quite, as high as S. S. West. He had placed the Chippewa in his van, with the Detroit, Barclay's own vessel, next to her. Then followed the Hunter, Queen Charlotte, Lady Prevost, and Little Belt, in the manner named. Perry had issued his order of battle some time previously, but finding that the enemy did not form his line as he had anticipated, he determined to make a corresponding change in his own plan. Originally, it had been intended that the Niagara should lead the American line, in the expectation that the Queen Charlotte would lead that of the English; but finding the Detroit ahead of the latter vessel, it became necessary to place the Lawrence ahead of the Niagara, in order to bring the two commanding vessels fairly along side of each other. As there was an essential difference of force between the two English ships, the Detroit being a vessel at least a fourth larger and every way heavier than the Queen Charlotte, this prompt decision to stick to his own chosen adversary is strongly indicative of the chivalry of Perry's character, for many an officer would not have thought this accidental change on the part of his enemy a sufficient reason for changing his own order of battle on the eve of engaging. Calling the leading vessels near him, however, and learning from Capt. Brevoort, of the army, and late of the brig Adams, who was then serving on board the Niagara as a marine officer, the names of the different British vessels, Capt. Perry communicated his orders for the Lawrence and Niagara to change places in the contemplated line, a departure from his former plan which would bring him more fairly abreast of the Detroit.

At this moment, the Lawrence, Niagara, Caledonia, Ariel and Scorpion were all up, and near each other, but the Trippe, Tigress, Somers and Porcupine were still a considerable distance astern. All of these small craft but the Porcupine had been merchant vessels, purchased into the service and strengthened; alterations that were necessary to enable them to bear their metal, but which were not likely to improve whatever sailing qualities they might possess.

It was now past ten, and the leading vessels manœuvered to get into their stations, in obedience to the orders just received. This brought the Scorpion a short distance ahead, and to windward of the Lawrence, and the Ariel a little more on that brig's weather bow, but in advance. Then came the Lawrence herself, leading the main line, the two schooners just mentioned being directed to keep to windward of her; the Caledonia, the Niagara, the Tigress, the Somers, the Porcupine and the Trippe. The prescribed distance that was to be maintained between the different vessels was half a cable's length.

The Americans were now astern and to windward of their enemies, the latter still lying gallantly with their topsails aback, in waiting for them to come down. Perry brought the wind abeam, in the Lawrence, and edged away for a position abreast of the Detroit, the Caledonia and Niagara following in their stations. The two schooners ahead were also well placed, though the Ariel appears to have soon got more on the Lawrence's beam than the order of battle had directed. All these vessels, however, were in as good order as circumstances allowed, and Perry determined to close, without waiting for the four gun-vessels astern to come up.

The wind had been light and variable throughout the early part of the morning, and it still continued light, though sufficiently steady. It is stated to have been about a two-knot breeze when the American van bore up to engage. As they must have been fully two miles from the enemy at this time, it, of course, would have required an hour to have brought them up fairly along side of the British vessels, most of the way under fire. The Lawrence was yet a long distance from the English when the Detroit threw a twenty-four pound shot at her. When this gun was fired, the weight of the direct testimony that has appeared in the case, and the attendant circumstances, would show that the interval between the heads of the two lines was nearer two than one mile. Perry now showed his signal to engage, as the vessels

have been generally known to the American squadron, that the *third* gun of the Caledonia, *a 32lb. carronade*, was dismounted by its recoil, and fell into the hatchway. Capt. Mackenzie's account of the British metal, the writer entertains no doubt, is materially inaccurate also, while he will not insist that the one he gives himself, from Capt. Barclay, is rigidly correct. The writer will take this occasion to say that the work of Capt. Mackenzie abounds with errors, though he does not wish to disfigure this biographical notice by detailing them. He refers those who have any curiosity on the subject to his own answer to Mr. Mackenzie's book, which will shortly be published.

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came up, each against her designated opponent, in the prescribed order of battle. The object of this signal was to direct the different commanders to engage as soon as they could do so with effect; to preserve their stations in the line; and to direct their fire at such particular vessels of the British as had been pointed out to them severally in previous orders. Soon after an order was passed astern, by trumpet, for the different vessels to close up to the prescribed distance of half a cable's length from each other. This was the last order that Perry issued that day from the Lawrence to any vessel of the fleet, his own brig excepted. It was intended principally for the schooners in the rear, most of which were still a considerable distance astern. The Caledonia and Niagara were accurately in their stations, and at long gun-shot from the enemy. A deliberate fire now opened on the part of their enemy, which was returned from the long gun of the Scorpion, and soon after from the long guns of the other leading American vessels, though not with much apparent effect on either side. The first gun is stated to have been fired at a quarter before twelve. About noon, finding that the Lawrence was beginning to suffer, Perry ordered her carronades to be tried, but it was found that the brig was still too distant for the shot to tell. He now set his top-gallant-sail and edged away more for the enemy, suffering considerably from the fire of the long guns of the Detroit in particular.

The Caledonia, the Lawrence's second astern, was a prize brig, that had been built for burthen, rather than for sailing, having originally been in the employment of the Northwest Company. Although her gallant commander, Lieut. Turner, pressed down with her as fast as he could, the Lawrence reached ahead of her some distance, and consequently became the principal object of the British fire; which she was, as yet, unable to return with more than her two long twelves; the larboard bow gun having been shifted over for that purpose. The Scorpion, Ariel, Caledonia and Niagara, however, were now firing with their long guns, also, carronades being still next to useless. The latter brig, though under short canvass, was kept in her station astern of the Caledonia, only by watching her sails, occasionally bracing her main-topsail sharp aback, in order to prevent running into her second ahead. As the incidents of this battle have led to a painful and protracted controversy, which no biographical notice of Perry can altogether overlook, it may be well to add, here, that the facts just stated are proved by testimony that has never been questioned, and that they appear to us to relate to the only circumstance in the management of the Niagara, on the 10th of September, that is at all worthy of the consideration of an intelligent critic. At the proper moment, this circumstance shall receive our comments.

It will be remembered that each of the American vessels had received an order to direct her fire at a particular adversary in the British line. This was done to prevent confusion, and was the more necessary, as the Americans had nine vessels to the enemy's six. On the other hand, the English, waiting the attack, had to take such opponents as offered. In consequence of these orders, the Niagara, which brig had also shifted over a long twelve, directed the fire of her two chase guns at the Queen Charlotte, and the Caledonia engaged the Hunter, the vessel pointed out to her for that purpose; leaving the Lawrence, supported by the Ariel and Scorpion, to sustain the cannonading of the Detroit, supported by the Chippewa, as well as to bear the available fire of all the vessels in the stern of the English line, as, in leading down, she passed ahead to her station abreast of her proper adversary. Making a comparison of the aggregate batteries of the five vessels thus engaged at long shot, or before carronades were fully available, we get on the part of the Americans, one 24 and six 12s, or seven guns in all, to oppose to one 24, one 18, three 12s, and five 9 pounders, all long guns. This is estimating all the known available long guns of the Ariel, Scorpion and Lawrence, and the batteries of the Chippewa and the Detroit, as given by Captain Barclay in his published official letter, which, as respects these vessels, is probably minutely accurate; though it is proper to add that an American officer who subsequently had good opportunities for knowing the fact, thinks that the Chippewa's gun was a 12 pounder. Although the disparity between 7 and 10 guns is material, as is the difference between 96 and 123lbs. of metal, they do not seem sufficient to account for the great disparity of the injury that was sustained by the Lawrence, more especially in the commencement of the action. We are left then to look for the explanation in some additional causes.

It is known that one of the Ariel's 12s burst early in the day. This would at once bring the comparison of the guns and metal, as between the five leading vessels, down to 6 to 10 of the first, and 84 to 123 of the last. But we have seen that both the Lawrence and Niagara shifted each a larboard bow gun over to the starboard side, a course that almost any commander would be likely to adopt under the circumstances of the action. It is not probable that the Detroit, commencing her fire at so great a distance, with the certainty that it must be some time before her enemy could get within reach of his short guns, neglected to bring her most available pieces into battery also. Admitting this to have been done, there would be a very different result in the figures. The Detroit fought ten guns in broadside, and she had an armament that would permit her to bring to bear on the Lawrence, at one time, two 24s, one 18, six 12s and one 9 pounder. This would leave the comparison between the guns as 6 are to 11, and between the metal as 84 are to 147. Nor is this all. The Hunter lay close to the Detroit, and as the vessel which assailed her was still at long shot, it is probable that she also brought the heaviest of her guns into broadside, and used them against the nearest vessel; more particularly as her guns were light, and would be much the most useful in such a mode of firing.

But other circumstances conspired to sacrifice the Lawrence. Finding that he was suffering heavily, and that he had got nearly abreast of the Detroit,

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Perry furled his topgallant-sail, hauled up his foresail and rounded to, opening with his carronades. The distance from the enemy at which this was done, as well as the length of time after the commencement of the fire, have given rise to contradictory statements. The distance, Perry himself, in his official letter, says was "within canister shot," a term too vague, to give any accurate notion that can be used in a critical analysis of the facts of the engagement. A canister shot, thrown from a heavy gun, would probably kill at a mile; though seamen are not apt to apply the term to so great a range. Still they use all such phrases as "yard-arm and yard-arm," "musket-shot," "canister-shot," and "pistol-shot" very vaguely; one applying a term to a distance twice as great as would be understood by another. The distance from the English line, at which the Lawrence backed her topsail, has been placed by some as far as half a mile, and by others as near as 300 yards. It was probably between the two, nearer to the last than to the first; though the brig, as she became crippled aloft, and so long as there was any wind, must have been slowly drifting nearer her enemies.

On the supposition that there was a two-knot breeze the whole time, that the action commenced when the Lawrence was a mile and a half from the enemy, and that she went within a quarter of a mile of the British line, she could not have backed her topsail until after she had been under fire considerably more than a half an hour. This was a period quite sufficient to cause her to suffer heavily, under the peculiar circumstances of the case.

The effect of a cannonade is always to deaden, or even "to kill," as it is technically termed by seamen, a light wind. Counteracting forces neutralize each other, and the constant explosions from guns, repel the currents of the atmosphere. This difficulty came to increase the critical nature of the Lawrence's situation, the wind falling to something very near, if not absolutely to a flat calm. This fact, which is material to a right understanding of the events of the day, is unanswerably shown in the following manner.

The fact that the gun-boats had been kept astern by the lightness of the wind, is mentioned by Perry, himself, in his official account of the battle. He also says, "at half past two, the wind springing up, Capt. Elliot was enabled to bring his vessel, the Niagara, gallantly into close action," leaving the unavoidable inference that a want of wind prevailed at an earlier period of the engagement. Several officers testify that it fell nearly calm, while no one denies it. One officer says it became "perfectly calm," and others go near to substantiate this statement. There is a physical fact, however, that disposes of this point more satisfactorily than can ever be done by the power of memories, or the value of opinions. Both Perry and his sailing master say that the Lawrence was perfectly unmanageable for a considerable time. This period, a rigid construction of Perry's language would make two hours; and by the most liberal that can be given to that of the master, must have been considerably more than one hour. It is physically impossible that a vessel, with her sails loose, should not drift a quarter of a mile, in an hour, had there been even a two-knot breeze. The want of this drift, which would have carried the Lawrence directly down into the English line had it existed, effectually shows, then, that there must have been a considerable period of the action, in which there was little or no wind, and corroborates the direct testimony that has been given on this point.*

Previously, however, to its falling calm, or nearly so, and about the time the Lawrence backed her topsail, a change occurred in the British line. The Queen Charlotte had an armament of three long guns, the heaviest of which is stated by Capt. Barclay to have been a 12 pounder, on a pivot, and fourteen 24lb. carronades. The latter guns were shorter than common, and, of course, were useless when the ordinary American 32lb. guns of this class could not be served. For some reason, which has not been quite satisfactorily explained, this ship shifted her berth, after the engagement had lasted some time, filling her topsail, passing the Hunter, and closing with the Detroit, under her lee. Shortly after, however, she regained the line, directly astern of the commanding British vessel. The enemy's line being in very compact order, and the distance but trifling, the Queen Charlotte was enabled to effect this in a few minutes, there still being a little wind. The Detroit probably drew ahead to enable her to regain a proper position.

This evolution on the part of the Queen Charlotte has been differently accounted for. At the time it was made the Niagara was engaging her sufficiently near to do execution with her long twelves, and, at the moment, it was the opinion on board that brig, that she had driven her opponent out of the line. As the Queen Charlotte opened on the Lawrence with her carronades, as soon as she got into her new position, a more plausible motive was that she had shifted her berth, in order to bring her short guns into efficient use. The letter of Capt. Barclay, however,

* In the battle of Plattsburg Bay, which took place the succeeding year, the wind was so light and baffling, that the British anchored before they got as close as they had intended to go. Still, one of their vessels, the Chubb, was crippled, and she drifted into the American line, in the first half hour of the engagement. The distance this vessel actually drifted, under such circumstances, was about as far as that at which Perry engaged the enemy, proving that the latter must also have drifted an equal distance, after he was disabled, had there been any wind. The Chubb, too, was a fore-and-aft vessel, a species of craft that would not have the drift of a square-rigged brig, as her sails would be, and probably were, lowered; nor would they hold as much wind.

Capt. Pring, in his official account of this battle, excuses his not cutting the brig Linnet's cable, after the Confiance had struck, and endeavoring to escape, on the ground that his vessel was crippled, and that had he done so, she would have drifted directly into the American line. "The result of doing so (cutting the cable,) must," he says, "in a few minutes have been her drifting alongside of the enemy's vessels, close under our lee." The distance was about two cables' length, or 480 yards; 440 yards being a quarter of a mile. Those who believe that Perry engaged the enemy at a less distance than this, increase the probability of his drifting into the British line, had there been any wind. The fact that he did *not*, is conclusive on the subject of the wind. It should also be remembered that Perry, in saying that the Lawrence was disabled, does not in the least speak *figuratively*, but *literally*. His words are "*every brace and bowline being shot away*, she became unmanageable, *notwithstanding the great exertions of the sailing master*." A square rigged vessel, *without a brace or bowline*, is perfectly unmanageable, as a matter of course.

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gives a more probable solution to this manœuvre, than either of the foregoing conjectures. He says that Capt. Finnis, of the Queen Charlotte, was killed soon after the commencement of the action, and that her first lieutenant was shortly after struck senseless by a splinter. These two casualties threw the command of the vessel on a provincial officer of the name of Irvine. This part of Capt. Barclay's letter is not English, and has doubtless been altered a little in printing. Enough remains, however, to show, that he attaches to the loss of the two officers mentioned, serious consequences; and in a connection that alludes to this change of position, since he speaks of the prospect of its leaving him the Niagara also to engage. From the fact that the Queen Charlotte first went under the lee of the Detroit, so close as to induce the Americans to think she was foul of the quarter of that ship, a position into which she never would have been carried had the motive been merely to get nearer to the Lawrence, or farther from the Niagara, we infer that the provincial officer, finding himself unexpectedly in his novel situation, went so near to the Detroit to report his casualities and to ask for orders, and that he regained the line in obedience to instructions from Capt. Barclay in person.

Whatever was the motive for changing the Queen Charlotte's position in the British line, the effect on the Lawrence was the same. Her fire was added to that of the Detroit, which ship appeared to direct all her guns at the leading American brig, alone. Indeed, there was a period in this part of the action, during which most, if not all of the guns of the Detroit, the Queen Charlotte, and Hunter, were aimed at this one vessel. Perry appears to have been of opinion that it was a premeditated plan, on the part of the enemy, to destroy the commanding American vessel. It is true, that the Ariel, Scorpion, Caledonia and Niagara, from a few minutes after the commencement of the action, were firing at the English ships, but that the latter disregarded them, in the main, would appear from the little loss the three small American vessels sustained, in particular. The Caledonia and Niagara, moreover, were still too distant to render their assistance of much effect. About this time, however, the gun-boats astern got near enough to use their heavy guns, though most of them were yet a long way off. The Somers would seem to have engaged a short time before the others.

At length, Capt. Elliott finding himself kept astern by the bad sailing of the Caledonia, and his own brig so near as again to be under the necessity of bracing her topsail aback, to prevent going into her, determined to assume the responsibility of changing the line of battle, and to pass the Caledonia. He accordingly hailed the latter, and directed that brig to put her helm up and let the Niagara pass ahead. As this order was obeyed, the Niagara filled and drew slowly ahead, continuing to approach the Lawrence as fast as the air would allow. This change did not take place, however, until the Lawrence had suffered so heavily as to render her substantially a beaten ship.

The evidence that has been given on the details is so contradictory and confused, as to render it exceedingly difficult to say whether the comparative calm of which we have spoken occurred before or after this change in the relative positions of the Lawrence and Caledonia. Some wind there must have been, at this time, or the Niagara could not have passed. As the wind had been light and baffling most of the day, it is even probable that there may have been intervals in it, to reconcile in some measure these apparent contradictions, and which will explain the inconsistencies. After the Niagara had passed her second ahead, to do which she had made sail, she continued to approach the Lawrence in a greater or less degree of movement, as there may have been more or less wind, until she had got near enough to the heavier vessels of the enemy to open on them with her carronades; always keeping in the Lawrence's wake. The Caledonia, having pivot guns, and being now nearly or quite abeam of the Hunter, the vessel she had been directed to engage, kept off more, and was slowly drawing nearer to the enemy's line. The gun-vessels astern were closing, too, though not in any order, using their sweeps, and throwing the shot of their long heavy guns, principally 32 pounders, quite to the head of the British line; beginning to tell effectually in the combat.

As the wind was so light, and the movements of all the vessels had been so slow, much time was consumed in these several changes. The Lawrence had now been under fire more than two hours, and, being almost the sole aim of the headmost English ships, she was dismantled. Her decks were covered with killed and wounded, and every gun but one in her starboard battery was dismounted, either by shot or its own recoil. At this moment, or at about half past two, agreeably to Perry's official letter, the wind sprung up and produced a general change among the vessels. One of its first effects was to set the Lawrence, perfectly unmanageable as she was, astern and to leeward, or to cause her to drop, as it has been described by Capt. Barclay, while the enemy appear to have filled, and to commence drawing ahead. The Lady Prevost, which had been in the rear of the British line, passed to leeward and ahead, under the published plea of having had her rudder injured, but probably suffering from the heavy metal of the American gun-vessels as they came nearer. An intention existed on the part of Capt. Barclay to get his vessels round, in order to bring fresh broadsides to bear. The larboard battery of the Detroit by this time was nearly useless, many of the guns having lost even their trucks, and, as usually happens in a long cannonade, the pieces that had been used were getting to be unserviceable, from one cause or another.

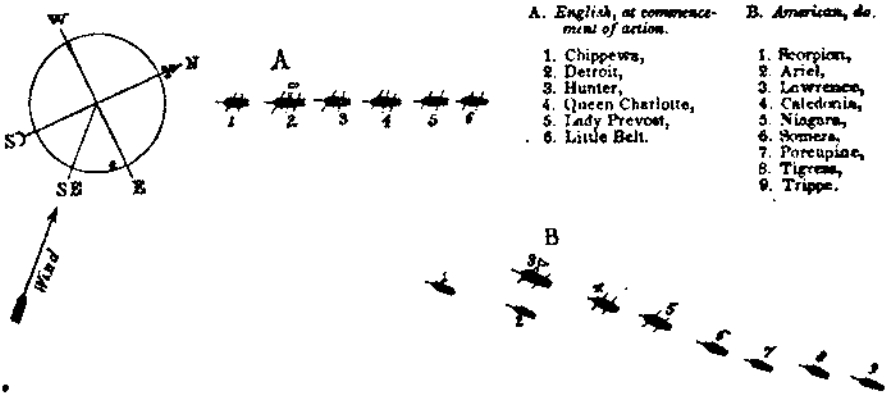
At this moment the Niagara passed the Lawrence to windward, and then kept off toward the head of the enemy's line, which was slowly drawing more toward the Southward and Westward. In order to do this, she set topgallant-sails and brought the wind abaft the beam. The Caledonia also followed the enemy, passing inside the Lawrence, having got nearer to the enemy, at that moment, than any other American vessel. As soon as Perry perceived that

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his own brig was dropping, and that the battle was passing ahead of him, he got into a boat, taking with him a young brother, a midshipman of the Lawrence, and pulled after the Niagara, then a short distance ahead of him. When he reached the latter brig, he found her from three to five hundred yards to windward of the principal force of the enemy, and nearly abreast of the Detroit, that ship, the Queen Charlotte and the Lady Prevost being now quite near each other, and probably two cables' length to the Southward and Westward; or that distance nearly ahead of the Lawrence, and about as far from the enemy's line as the latter brig had been lying for the last hour.*

* For the easier comprehension of the reader, we give three diagrams, in explanation of what we conceive to have been the positions of the two flotillas, or squadrons, at as many different periods of the battle.

DIAGRAM NO. I.



A. *English, at commencement of action.*

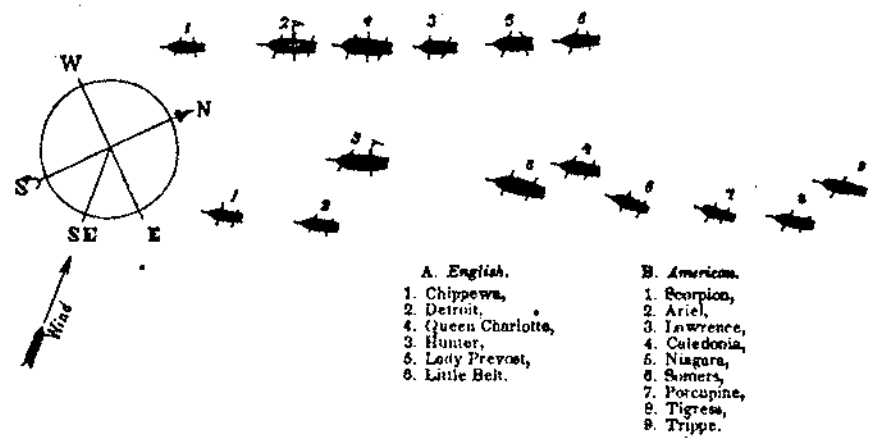
1. Chippewa,
2. Detroit,
3. Hunter,
4. Queen Charlotte,
5. Lady Prevost,
6. Little Belt.

B. *American, do.*

1. Scorpion,
2. Ariel,
3. Lawrence,
4. Caledonia,
5. Niagara,
6. Somers,
7. Porcupine,
8. Tigress,
9. Trippe.

In this diagram, the English are heading about S. S.W., a little off, lying-to; the Americans about S.W. or with the wind abeam. The distances cannot well be represented here, but the reader will imagine the leading American vessels to be about a mile from the enemy, and the sternmost more than two. The Lawrence having made sail, is leaving the Caledonia. The witnesses who testify against Capt. Elliott evidently think he ought to have passed the Caledonia, at this stage of the battle, without orders.

DIAGRAM NO. II.



A. *English.*

1. Chippewa,
2. Detroit,
4. Queen Charlotte,
3. Hunter,
5. Lady Prevost,
6. Little Belt.

B. *American.*

1. Scorpion,
2. Ariel,
3. Lawrence,
4. Caledonia,
5. Niagara,
6. Somers,
7. Porcupine,
8. Tigress,
9. Trippe.

In this diagram the Lawrence is lying abreast of the English ships, hove-to; No. 5, the Niagara, has passed No. 4, the Caledonia, and the vessels astern are endeavoring to get down. The distances are not accurate, on account of the small space on which the diagram is drawn, but the intention is to represent the Lawrence at about a quarter of a mile from the enemy, and the Niagara nearly as far astern of her. The Niagara, Caledonia, &c. are all placed a little too far to *leeward* in this diagram. The four sternmost American vessels, at this period of the action, were probably a mile and a half from the enemy, but making the shot of their long heavy guns tell. At this period of the action it must have been nearly, or quite calm.

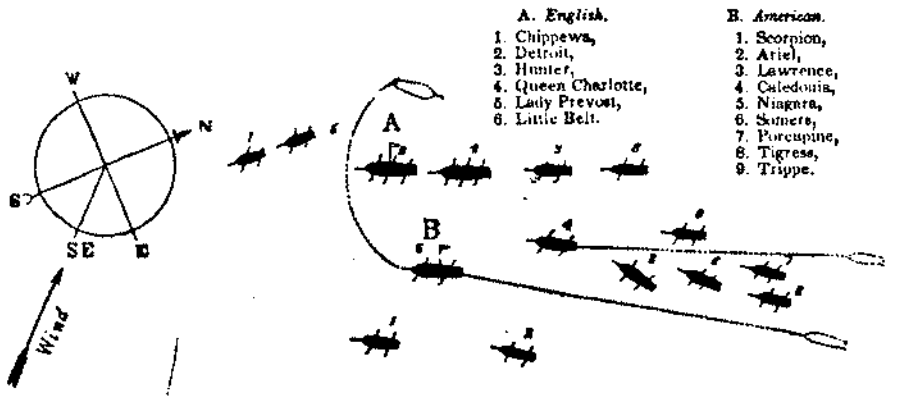
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Perry now had a few words of explanation with Capt. Elliott, when the latter officer volunteered to go in the boat, and bring down the gun-vessels, which were still astern, and a good deal scattered. As this was doing precisely what Perry wished to have done, Capt. Elliott proceeded on this duty immediately, leaving his own brig, to which he did not return until after the engagement had terminated. Perry now backed the main-topsail of the Niagara, being fairly abeam of his enemy, and showed the signal for close action. After waiting a few minutes for the different vessels to answer and to close, the latter of which they were now doing fast as the wind continued to increase, he bore up, bringing the wind on the starboard quarter of the Niagara, and stood down upon the enemy, passing directly through his line. Capt. Barclay, with a view of getting his fresh broadsides to bear, was in the act of attempting to ware, as the Niagara approached, but his vessel being much crippled aloft, and the Queen Charlotte being badly handled, the latter ship got foul of the Detroit, on her starboard quarter. At this critical instant, the Niagara had passed the commanding British vessel's bow, and coming to the wind on the starboard tack, lay raking the two ships of the enemy, at close quarters, and with fatal effect. By this time, the gun-vessels under Capt. Elliott, had closed to windward of the enemy, the Caledonia in company, and the raking cross-fire soon compelled the enemy to haul down their colors. The Detroit, Queen Charlotte, Lady Prevost and Hunter struck under this fire, being in the *mêlée* of vessels; but the Chippewa and Little Belt made sail and endeavored to escape to leeward. They were followed by the Scorpion and Trippe, which vessels came up with them in about an hour, and firing a shot or two into them, they both submitted. The Lawrence had struck her flag also, soon after Perry quitted her.

Such, in its outline, appears to have been the picture presented by a battle that has given rise to more controversy than all the other naval combats of the republic united. We are quite aware that by rejecting all the testimony that has been given on one side of the disputed points, and by exaggerating and mutilating that which has been given on the other, a different representation might be made of some of the incidents; but, on comparing one portion of the evidence with another, selecting in all instances that which in the nature of things should be best, and bringing the whole within the laws of physics and probabilities, we believe that no other result, in the main, can be reached, than the one which has been given. To return more particularly to our subject.

Perry had manifested the best spirit, and the most indomitable resolution not to be overcome, throughout the trying scenes of this eventful day. Just before the action commenced he coolly prepared his public letters, to be thrown overboard in the event of

DIAGRAM NO. III.



This diagram represents No. 3, the Lawrence, as crippled and dropping out of the combat, the English forging ahead. No. 5, the Niagara, has passed ahead, and is abreast of the two English ships, distant from 1000 to 1500 feet; or about as near as the Lawrence ever got. There is no question that this is near the position in which Perry found her, and when he backed her topsail, previously to bearing up. No. 4, the Caledonia, has also passed the Lawrence, and is closing. The other vessels astern are closing also, but their distance was probably greater than represented in the diagram. The precise positions of Nos. 1 and 2, the Scorpion and Ariel, cannot be given at this particular moment; but they were both to *windward* of the Niagara, as is proved on oath, and denied by no one who was in the battle. On the part of the English some changes had also taken place. The Prevost had gone to leeward and ahead, while the Charlotte had passed the Hunter even in diagram No. 2. The dotted lines from No. 5, Niagara, and No. 4, Caledonia, show the general courses steered by each in passing the Lawrence.

Taking this diagram as the starting point, let the reader imagine the English attempting to ware, and their two ships, Nos. 2 and 4, getting foul, while the Niagara, No. 5, (Am.) keeps dead away, passes them, firing at Nos. 1 and 3, Chippewa and Prevost, with her larboard guns, and the two ships with her starboard; then let him suppose the Niagara hauling up on the *starboard* tack to leeward of the two English ships, raking them, while all the other American vessels close with the English, to windward, and he will get an idea of the closing evolutions of the battle. We have traced a dotted line *ahead* of the Niagara to show the course she steered, though, as the English kept off also, the combatants ran a greater distance to leeward than is here given. There may not be perfect accuracy in these diagrams, but they must be *near* the truth. It is also probable that, during the whole action, the English, while lying-to, kept so much off as to continue to draw ahead, in order to protract the engagement at *long shot*.

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misfortune, glanced his eyes over those which he had received from his wife, and then tore them. He appeared fully sensible of the magnitude of the stake which was at issue, remarking to one of his officers, who possessed his confidence, that this day was the most important of his life. In a word, it was not possible for a commander to go into action in a better frame of mind, and his conduct in this particular might well serve for an example to all who find themselves similarly circumstanced. The possibility of defeat appears not to have been lost sight of, but it in no degree impaired the determination to contend for victory. The situation of the Lawrence was most critical, the slaughter on board her being terrible, and yet no man read discouragement in his countenance. The survivors all unite in saying that he did not manifest even the anxiety he must have felt at the ominous appearance of things. The Lawrence was effectually a beaten ship an hour before she struck; but Perry felt the vast importance of keeping the colors of the commanding vessel flying to the last moment; and the instant an opportunity presented itself to redeem the seemingly waning fortunes of the day, he seized it with promptitude, carrying off the victory not only in triumph, but apparently against all the accidents and chances which, for a time, menaced him with defeat.

[Conclusion in our next.

HYMN TO THE CLOUDS.

BY WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

Ἀμφὶ Νεφέλαι
Ἀγκυμαι ῥοιζηδὸν,
Δροσόεσσαν φυσίζοον ἀνὰ γαῖαν
Πάτρας κατ' ἰδέαν βαρυαχέος
Τῦφόν τε τέκνων ἀφύτων ἀπὸ
Διοδρεπομένας, ὄπα
Τηλοφανῆς σκοπιᾶς ἀποσεμνύσας,
Χαρίεντός τ' αὐλήματος χάριν. *Aristophanes.*

Tum poteris magnas molis cognoscere earum,
Speluncasque velut saxis pendentibu' structas
Cernere. *Lucretius.*

Eilende Wolken! Segler der Luefte!
Wer mit euch wanderte, mit euch schiffte! *Schiller.*

HAIL! graceful children of the genial sun,
Whose quickening beams evoked your fairy forms
From ocean's heaving bosom, or the lap
Of silvan lakes or sheen of murmuring streams,
Or green savannas where the moonlit night
Enspheres her brightest galaxy of dews!
Come ye with airy chalices to fill
The wild flowers' languid eyes with tears of joy—
Come ye to catch the earliest smiles of morn
And pour their reflex on the vales below,
Or drape the closing chambers of the day
With curtains woven in the looms of heaven—
Come ye to hush the nations in deep awe,
As o'er their bended heads in frowning pomp
Ye waft the flashing armory of God;
Or calm their terrors, when from deluged fields
They lift their suppliant eyes, and see again
The rainbow's promise beaming through the storm—
Come ye in gloom or glory, hope or fear,
Whate'er your aspect or your errand, hail!
Aye, ever welcome to the mountain land
Where freedom haunts be ye, divinest types
Of her embodied presence! famed of old
To love the hoary fastnesses she loves;
For there your grandeur finds its fittest throne,
And hearts to kindred majesty sublimed.
Wonder and glory of the element!
In earlier years strange questioning was mine
Of what ye were, and whence and whither bound,
As to and fro your gliding phantoms trailed
Their dusky shadows o'er the sunny plains,
Or in mid air slept motionless. How oft
The half-conned task and tasker's dreaded frown
Were unremembered as my schoolward steps,
Enchanted, lingered while I gazed and gazed
On your fantastic phases! seeming now
Aerial monsters stranger than the shapes
Which haunt wild dreams, or throng the fabling lore
Of earth's first minstrels; then celestial isles
Embosomed in the calm of azure seas;
Then bright pavilions where the storm-tost sylph
Might furl her ruffled wings in sweet repose;
Anon sky-mountains cliffed with giant gems
Of ruby, sapphire, amethyst or pearl,
From whose resplendent pomp, methought, were hewn
The gorgeous shafts, and architraves and domes
That grace the vistas of the Fairy-land.
Free rovers of the boundless and the free!
To every breeze ye lift your careless sails
And course from land to land, from zone to zone,
With store of jeweled treasures to which earth's,
Thrice told in all their glory, were but dross.
Nor hoard ye these, blest almoners of Him
Whose bounty knows nor weariness nor bourne;
But, true to your high mission, visit all
That breathe or be with largesses of love.
To vernal climes, aerial argosies!
Ye waft from warmer skies the early rain;

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And lo! the lifeless bosom of the waste
Beteems with quickened germs; the naked glebe
Is robed anon as with a mantle dyed
In liquid emeralds, and every gale
That waves the bridal drapery of May,
Baptised in floral sweets, a spirit seems
Just parted from the gardens of the Blest!
  But nature most in Summer's fiery reign
Exults in your glad presence and adores;
For then a deeper and intenser life,
And hopes and fears of mightier concern,
As linked with plenty's weal or famine's wo,
On your celestial ministries depend.
When faints the breeze and e'en the very air
Grows visible with crinkling sultriness,
And flowers shrink earthward from the lingering gaze
Of suns that wanton nearer day by day;
When flocks and herds forsake the russet hills
For glens where nooks of herby green still smile;
When sunny glades are glorious no more
With flash of dancing streams, and listening dells
Scarce catch the murmur of their dying song;
Then shouts the swain to hear the thunder-tramp
Of your roused legions echoing from afar,
And gladlier yet, to see their darkling van
O'erloom his near horizon and frown back
The noon's effulgence from his withering fields.
Still where he stands, so deep the breathless calm,
The spider's pendant streamer plumbs the air
Direct as line of steel; but on the heights
Beyond the wimpled vale he sees the groves
Wave their glad signals, and the harvest-slopes
Break into golden billows like a sea
Of amber glory, as the courier gale
Speeds onward in its heralding of joy.
Anon the silvery curtains of the shower
Infold the smiling landscape from his view;
And now the leafy shelter o'er his head
Rustles with liquid music, as ye pour
The beaded crystal from your mysty urns;
And hark! the streams have found their harps again,
And in wild chorus from the circling hills
Proclaim their gushing gladness to the vales.
And Autumn, too, rejoices when the storm
Unseals your wafted Horebs o'er her wastes
And spring and mere replenishes anew,
To bless the homeless creatures of the wild
With grateful bounty graciously bestown
What time all else grows pitiless and stern:
Nor are ye praiseless when the ruffian hand
Of Winter strips from nature's stricken form,
Her weeds of faded wretchedness, and leaves
Her shivering bosom naked to the blast;
For then around her palsied heart ye fold
Your fleecy mantle till the sunny Spring
Shall bid its quickening pulses throb again.
  Thus with the seasons in eternal change
And with the chainless winds ye circle on
O'er earth and ocean through the day's bright round,
Or night's dim shadow, beaconed by her stars.
O stoop your wandering pinions and upbear
A lowly suppliant in your flight sublime!
Yon mountain cincture of his native vale
Embraces all the universe he knows:
Ah! bear him hence to that remoter world
O'er whose broad realms and intervolving seas,
And fairy isles and lakes, and haunted streams,
And pilgrim shrines and fields of old renown,
And bannered cities dark with thronging hosts,
As chartered rovers ye have gazed at will.
Let him with you behold the morning star
While yet the mountain peaks are palled in gloom;
And gaze at eve upon the lingering sun,
While Alp or Andes mourn his vanished smile.
Let him behold the eagle's sinewart wing
Upsweeping falter far beneath the height
Of your sublimer soaring; and beyond
The utmost trace of man's determined will,
To plant his foot upon the stormy poles,
Still bear him onward in your boundless sweep;
That one at least of mortal birth may see
How ye for long dark centuries have piled
Their lifeless wastes with everlasting snows,
And list the thunders of the meteor main
Boom on the shuddering air, when many a league
The frost-pang rives its adamantine deeps.
Vain wish! though man may launch his echoing car
Sheer through the rock-ribbed hills, or probe the heart
Of giant mountains for the glittering stores
Hid in their sunless crypts; may mock the winds
As o'er the waves they chase his careless bark,
Or bid the storm lash white the yeasty surge,
While, undismayed, beneath the wild uproar
He walks the solemn chambers of the deep;
Yet when his vain presumption would ascend
Your glorious heights, proud dwellers of the air,
The swallow soaring from her lowly nest
Doth laugh his vaulting impotence to scorn.
  And yet the groveling worm—the meanest thing
On whose blind wants your blest aspersion falls—
Hath wings unfolding in its reptile frame,
And instincts ripening for a nobler sphere.
Therefore, O Man! though tethered to the clod,
Take heart from thy low brother of the dust,
And deem his fate presageful of thine own.
Yon glorious shapes whose coursers are the winds,
Whose range the airy infinite, whose robes
The prismy texture of celestial beams,
But now were portion of the trodden earth,
Or of the weltering chaos of the deep;
Till from gross ties emancipate, they rose
To nearer fellowship with sun and star.
Then lift thine eyes to those exalted ones,
And trust that when these Adams fall to dust,
The spirit, plumed for seraph flights, shall soar
To high communion with the hosts that sweep
On Mercy's hests the universe of God!

PRESCIENCE.

On there are feelings in the conscious breast
  Which antedate its doom. The wretch may seek
O'er earth, or sea, the fond illusion—Rest!
  It flies before him. Naught so wild or weak
That cannot chill his blood and blanch his cheek.
  The clouds that darken, and the storms that rave,
Still to his soul one solemn warning speak—
  They lift the sable veil that shrouds the grave.

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THE PILLOW OF ROSES.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

She was a queen—and to this thought did yield
The very essence of her being up,
Guarded her heart as with a golden shield
Till love came sparkling in her life's full cup,
Which, like a brimming goblet rich with wine,
She dashed to atoms on the world's broad shrine.

"Will you leave me thus?"

"I dare not stay longer," said the royal girl, to whom these words were spoken, lifting her finger toward the palace window, and moving forward; "see, the reception-room is already lighted—a few moments and I shall be summoned to join the queen. Do not attempt to detain me."

"One word," pleaded the deep, manly voice which had first spoken, and a cavalier followed her out from the shadow of a large tulip tree, beneath which they had been conversing, and his fine figure, richly arrayed in a court dress, stood revealed in the moonlight; "give me but one word of hope, a single promise that you will struggle against the destiny which they are urging upon you!"

"Alas! what can I promise—what hope?" replied the young girl, folding her arms despondingly in the moonlight; "how can I, single handed, contend against their majesties of France? how break the plighted faith of my own kingdom—baffle the ambitious projects of my Uncle Guise—and, above all, wrong the heart of one who already looks upon me as his wife, and who loves me but too, too well?"

"But not as *I* love you, with this mighty strength of passion and judgment—not with his whole being, and with a sense that thrills every nerve as with strange music, and tinges each thought with a ray of your own young beauty. Ah, no! my sweet Mary, this effeminate dauphin never dreamed of the intense passion which swells through and floods my whole being. Nor do you love him, Mary. The queen might forget the dignity of mere station, even for a subject. But the woman who is regal of mind, and feminine by nature, must look upward for the object of her love."

The young man unconsciously drew himself up as he spoke, and his eyes flashed proudly in the moonlight. And Queen Mary of Scotland—the poetry of her young being was all awake, her bosom heaved, she felt the light spring to her eyes, and sparkle through the tears that shone there; a blissful sigh broke up from her heart, and, turning away her head, she murmured—

"Alas! it is all true. I cannot love the dauphin!"

"Do you love me?" said the young noble, taking both her hands in his, and bending his eyes pleadingly on her face. The proud fire had left them, and an expression was there, humble, but eloquent with tenderness. The question might have sounded abruptly to the royal girl, but for the low and almost feminine tones in which it was spoken.

Mary felt the blood swell up to her cheek and brow, but her warm, true heart prompted the answer, "As my own life!" she murmured, and with an impulse half shame, half tenderness, her face drooped forward, and rested on the hands which still clasped her own, and so near was it to the bosom of the impassioned suitor, that the prodigal curls which fell over it sunk in glossy masses on his embroidered vest. The noble disengaged his *right* hand, and drew her closer to him.

"Then shall we not be happy?" he questioned, in a voice that was low but rich with joyful feeling. "Let us leave this land, with its heartless court and hollow pomp. Believe me, this foreign match is hateful to the Scottish nation. There is not a true subject of your realm who would not fling up his cap in triumph, could he see his queen the bride of a true born Scot. The people of your realm feel that their sovereign is almost a foreigner in heart. Wed the dauphin, and the alienation which a residence here has created will be complete. They know that Mary Stuart will be more the subject of France than a Queen of Scotland—"

"Hark!" said the young queen, starting from the arm that circled her, and yet nestling close to his side, "did you not hear a rustling sound?"

"It was but a nightingale trying his wing in the moonlight," replied the young man.

"Nay, there goes a shadow," exclaimed Mary. "yonder, behind the Queen's Walk. Heaven grant that no one has overheard us. Good night—nay, do not detain me another moment."

"It was but the shadow of a tree bough swayed by the wind," he answered; "dearest, we are alone."

But the terrified girl was not to be appeased. She trembled so violently, that his arm could scarcely support her.

"It was the queen—it was Catherine de Medicis," she said, "none else would be in that spot at such an hour."

"Nay, this is mere conjecture," said the youth, still attempting to reassure her, "and to convince you of it—see! there is the queen by her dressing-

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room window. Her hand has this moment flung back the drapery, and she seems to be looking forth on the moonlit garden."

Mary looked up and drew a deep breath, for she could not be mistaken in the person of Catherine de Medicis, who stood at a window opposite; the room was lighted brilliantly within, and a strong sunshine could not have revealed her superb figure to better effect. She was forcing back the volumes of rich drapery that fell over the window with her right hand, and her head was turned, as if speaking to some one within the chamber. The light fell with a soft glow on her vestments of purple velvet, and Mary could see, by the jewels that sparkled amid her hair and turned around the graceful curve of her neck, that Catherine was already arrayed for the festival, which was to be given that night in honor of her own birth-day. As she gazed, another figure appeared at the window, that of a fair girl, shorter by far than the queen, and with a profusion of ringlets from which the fresh rose-buds seemed dropping over her person. Her face, brilliant and beautiful, was lifted toward Catherine, and she seemed to be speaking low, but with great eagerness, for the queen bent her head as if to listen. After a moment, Catherine turned her face to the window, and looked keenly out, while her companion lifted her ungloved arm and pointed toward the tulip tree.

"Let us fall back into the shadow!" said the young nobleman, and he drew the trembling girl hastily toward the tree which they had left but a few paces. When he looked up again, Catherine de Medicis was gently shaking her head, as if in disbelief of something which the young girl had urged upon her, and carelessly dropping her arm, she allowed the drapery to sweep over the window again.

"I shall be missed! in ten minutes I shall be missed!" said Mary, almost breathless with apprehension, and darting from the side of her companion she hurried toward the palace.

He sprung after her—"Come back, I beseech you!" he said, "not now, but after the festival—before you rest, come hither! I shall be waiting, and at that hour no one will think of the garden. Let us converse—let us decide on the future."

"I will come," said Mary, "but not another word—I am half dead with terror already!"

And drawing her hand away, she hurried along the shadowy side of a gravel walk, and entered the palace by a private door.

The young Queen of Scots entered her dressing-room. No one was there save the two waiting-women, who stood by the toilet. The wax lights were half burnt out in the silver candelabra that stood before the mirror, and the women seemed restless with the long and fruitless attendance. A little ebony clock, chased and inlaid with gold, stood in a corner of the room. Mary cast her eyes on the dial and started to see how late it was. Hastily flinging herself in a chair, she shook her already half loosened tresses over her panting bosom, and desired her attendants to make haste in arranging them. But the women were sullen, and little inclined to disturb the dignity of a royal toilet with too much haste. Five minutes were exhausted in smoothing the rich mass of ringlets back from her fair forehead—another five, and Catherine de Medicis would expect her to join the royal circle before they entered the reception rooms.

Mary started to her feet, and gathering the whole wealth of her tresses in both hands, gave them one twist, and thrusting a diamond bodkin through the knot thus formed, allowed the bright mass to fall in beautiful profusion over her shoulders. With one hasty glance in the mirror, one pass of her small hand over the glossy curve of her head, she called for her bodice. It was of azure velvet, and even in her anxiety and haste, that small mouth dimpled to the remembrance that it was *his* favorite color. With her own hands she threaded the silken cord over her still panting bust, while one of her women smoothed the rich and silvery folds of her skirt, and the other was upon her knees fitting the silken slippers to each fairy foot, as its fellow beat restlessly against the ottoman with impatience at the least delay.

"No jewels—no ornaments to-night," she said, hastily putting aside the casket which her women presented; "well, well—rather than see that crest-fallen look, clasp that one string of pearls to my neck, Beatrice. That will do!"

With a light step, but still disordered manner, Mary left the room, and, followed by her attendant, timidly entered the chamber where she had, a few minutes before, seen Catherine de Medicis. That remarkable woman was sitting near the window. She might have been just aroused from a refreshing sleep from the air of tranquil repose which hung about her person. Her foot rested on an ottoman, and was half concealed by the vestments of the same fair girl that Mary had seen talking with her at the window. She occupied a portion of the luxurious ottoman, and her round arm rested in the queen's lap so heavily that a rich purple tinge crept up from the velvet of her robe, and gave a soft and mellow tone to its exquisite whiteness.

Catherine put her daughter's arm gently away as she saw the young Queen of Scots, and smilingly extended her hand.

"We were about to send a messenger to learn what kept the fair lady of Scotland at her toilet so long," she said, "but a birth-day fête requires some extra adornment."

Mary blushed and lifted a hand to her head, conscious that it betrayed evidence of any thing but a fastidious taste.

"I was not aware how rapidly the time passed," she faltered, blushing still more deeply as the dark eyes of Margaret de Valois were lifted to her face.

"Very probable—"

Perhaps Margaret would have added something more, but for the quiet yet stern glance which Catherine bent upon her.

"I have always told you, Margaret," said the queen, "that simplicity of attire, such as our Cousin Mary has chosen for her birth-night, requires both time and study."

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Margaret de Valois smiled—but beneath the arch dimples that played round her voluptuous mouth might have been detected something of inquietude and scorn, which amounted almost to a sneer. It was not exactly that, but an expression singularly unpleasant was woven with that careless and smiling look which brought the blood more warmly to Queen Mary's face.

"Our cousin—or fair sister it should be—was always remarkable for her *simplicity*. Francis persists in it that there is not a shepherdess on her native hills so guileless and frank-hearted as his fair betrothed."

"The dauphin speaks like a lover, but not the less truly," said Catherine, rising. "It would be well if the same could be said of Margaret de Valois."

"She must have made trifling use of her mother's lessons and example, then," muttered the princess, as Catherine moved toward the door.

Margaret did not arise from the ottoman till her mother and Queen Mary had passed out. She then started to her feet, clenched her small hand together, and began to walk to and fro in the room. Her face was lowering and passionable in its expression, and she stamped her foot vehemently on the carpet once or twice, as if there had been a serpent coiled amid the woven flowers, which she was eager to crush out of existence. She was standing with her back to the door, when a hand was laid softly on her shoulder. It was Catherine de Medicis, who had returned to caution and reprove.

"Foolish girl!" said the subtle woman, without allowing her usually sweet voice to vary in the slightest intonation; "go smooth that ruffled brow, and follow us to the reception chamber."

"I cannot act a part, to-night," said the princess, dashing away the passionate tears that sprung to her eyes.

Catherine took her daughter's arm, and led her to the mirror, which stood on a toilet close by.

"Look there," she said, "is that face one to lure back a laggard gallant?"

Margaret cast an angry glance at the mirror. Never had its delicate frame-work, of filagree gold, encompassed the reflection of a face so stormy with passion, and yet so beautiful. The effect which Catharine desired was instantly produced. The princess exerted herself to subdue the tremulous motion of her lips, and suddenly closed her eyelids, till the heavy black lashes lay knitted and working on her flushed cheeks, in a strong effort to force back the tears that still gushed through them, one by one, like diamond drops in a fringe of jet. Catherine looked on and smiled blandly. She took a flask from her dressing-case, and pouring its contents into a tiny crystal cup that stood by, handed it to her daughter.

"Bathe your eyes with this," she said, "it will take the flush away directly."

Margaret took the cup, and as she poured the sparkling fluid into her palm, turned her large black eyes, with a cold and half-mocking look, on her mother.

"Is it your highness's *favorite* perfume?" she said; "that which took such an effect on my uncle, the late dauphin?"

An angry and crimson streak shot across the queen's forehead and instantly disappeared. The next moment she became pallid beneath the scornful glance of her child—but it was not the eye of a girl like Margaret that could long disturb the composure of so smooth and practiced a being as Catherine de Medicis. Without appearing to observe the triumphant smile that curled her daughter's lip on noticing the effect of her taunt, she answered the question quietly, as if the words that had a power to move her for a moment, contained no hidden meaning.

"It was a favorite cosmetic with your lamented uncle, as it is now with the king," she said. "See if it has not given new brilliancy to the eyes of his daughter already."

Margaret glanced at the mirror and smiled, for the essence had indeed kindled her eyes with a brilliancy such as had never sparkled there before.

"If it could but light up the heart so!" murmured the strange girl, for with all the evil of her nature, there was mingled something impulsive and generous.

"There is no stimulus for the heart like a strong will!" replied the queen, impressively.

"Mother!" exclaimed the princess, abruptly, "is it still your belief that he whom I saw in the garden, an hour since, was not the Scottish ambassador!"

Before Catherine could answer, the door was flung open, and a page announced the king.

It was well known in the court of Henry II., that the festival given in honor of Mary Stuart's sixteenth birth-day, was but the prelude to many others, still more sumptuous, which were to celebrate her union with the dauphin, and heir of France. Queen Catherine, who combined in her character the two opposite qualities of unwomanly cruelty and exquisite taste, had superintended the arrangements for this important festival in person.

"The sweet flower of Scotland shall be fitly represented," she said. "Hers shall be a festival of roses!"

And so it was. Garlands of fresh flowers, with the dew scarcely dry upon their petals, fell a thick and fragrant drapery over the heavy window-frames. The exquisite stucco work over-head gleamed like the ice tracery over a fountain through the massive festoons coiled around the carved beams which traversed the low ceilings. A thousand silver lamps twinkled, like stars, amid the drapery of blossoms, and their perfumed smoke wreathed itself lazily among the leaves, shedding a rich and voluptuous atmosphere through the apartment.

It was a warm night, and the casements were all flung open, but each was embowered with roses, and looked forth on an artificial labyrinth of rare plants, which perfumed the air as it swept to the apartments, where it softly waved the sweet flowers, the burning lamps, and the smoke that curled from them, with a sleepy and pleasant motion.

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Their majesties had not yet appeared, but the apartments were already crowded with a throng of nobles and ladies—a mass of smiling, glittering, gorgeous life. The hum of soft, youthful voices filled the room, bright diamonds and brighter eyes flashed in the brilliant lamp-light. All was excitement and pleasant expectation—for Queen Catherine never gave an entertainment to her court without inventing some novelties for their amusement, some new and exquisite device, the emanation of her own perfect taste, which was certain to surprise and delight her guests.

That night it was rumored that a band of most skillful musicians had just arrived from Italy, and were, for the first time, to delight the court with their performance, and that statues of rare sculpture, never exhibited before, were to decorate the orchestra. Many a bright eye and anxious look was lifted to the curtain of heavy silk, which fell over the orchestra, long before a single fold was lifted; and when it was at length drawn up, in a gorgeous mass of crimson and gold, the vast rooms were filled with exclamations of delight. The little gallery of stone work, which had always accommodated the court musicians, was now a perfect jungle of flowers. A profusion of such blossoms as take their birth in foreign lands were entangled with sweet prodigality around the stone railings, the pillars, and the fretted canopy over-head; the very cord of gold, which looped up the curtain, was woven and twisted with Provence roses. A Cupid, sculpture-like from its perfect symmetry, but with a flush of warm life breaking over it, stood poised on an angle of the railing, a scarf of silvery white floated around him, and with one exquisite foot crushing down the flowers, he poised over the glittering throng with bent bow and a golden arrow just flashing from his fingers. Another, beautiful and life-like as the one just described, stood on an opposite angle. His bow was relaxed, the arrows lay tangled amid the garlands at his feet, and his rounded limbs crouched dejectedly beneath the masses of rich blossoms that half concealed them. On the centre railing, where the stone work was broad and massive, the image of a young girl appeared, in a half recumbent position, with closed eyes, and one arm resting languidly among the flowers that pillowed her head.

Were these the specimens of Italian art—the statues so new and rare, that Catherine had received from her native land? The lights in that portion of the room were small and dim, the statues might be marble, but, if so, art had given a warm and life-like tinge to the cold stone.

While the courtiers were full of wonder and delight, a sliding door beneath the orchestra shot behind its pillars, and Henry II. appeared leading Catherine de Medicis, and directly behind came the Dauphin Francis and Mary of Scotland.

As the royal party passed beneath the railing, a garland of tiny flowers dropped from the crouching Cupid, and rested on Mary's head. All looked up. It must have been accident, for the little god remained perfectly motionless beneath his burthen of blossoms. Mary turned her soft eyes upward, and smiled at the pleasant omen; but she felt the hand which lay upon Francis' arm lightly pressed, and a look of sadness followed the smile.

The royal party were advancing up the room, and a shadow still lay on Mary's face, when a golden arrow came flashing from the orchestra and dislodged the garland from her head. It was cut in twain and fell, arrow and all, at the dauphin's feet. While every one was looking at the poised Cupid, who stood motionless and as before, save that the arrow had left his bow, the dauphin took the azure ribbon, which suspended the insignia of some noble order, from his neck, and knotting the garland together, laid it with graceful gallantry on Mary's brow again. The arrow was a beautiful toy, burnished at the point and feathered with tiny gems, and when the courtiers looked toward the young couple again, Francis held it in his hand, and was about to secure the pretty crown in its place by thrusting the arrow through the azure knot and the bright ringlets in which it was embedded. That instant Mary looked up. The courtiers had drawn back in a circle, leaving the foreign ambassadors standing in front, and a little in advance of the rest stood the youthful representative of her own kingdom. His dark eyes were bent earnestly on her face, and there was something in their expression which deluged her face with crimson. She hastily lifted her hand, and put the arrow back.

"Nay, it is too sharp and heavy," she said, in a low voice, striving to smile.

"And therefore you leave it with me," replied the dauphin, in a voice as low as her own, but tender and almost reproachful in its tones, for with the quick perception of true love he had detected the cause of her confusion.

Mary did not reply, for her heart swelled at the thoughts of giving pain, and she could not trust her voice. Francis stood with his eyes rivetted on her. How eloquently those sweet features told what was passing in her mind! His naturally pale face grew a shade whiter as he gazed, and a look of keen anguish came to his eyes.

"I will keep it," he said. "It will be a fit remembrance of the hour, cold and glittering, as my fate!"

He bent his head, and seemed occupied in fastening the arrow to the diamond star which shone on his breast, but in reality he was striving to conceal his emotion from the vigilant scrutiny of his royal mother and the Scottish ambassador.

This brief interruption of their progress had caused Mary to remove her hand from the dauphin's arm. When she placed it there again, after the arrow was disposed of, it was with a pleading, humble motion, that touched his heart. He was grateful, and tried to smile cheerfully again, but those few moments were such as turn the fate of a life-time. Francis knew that he was unloved where every hope of his being was garnered up, and his smile was a painful one to look upon. He moved forward with that fair creature leaning on his arm, all unconscious of the surprised and brilliant faces that everywhere turned toward the orchestra, and without feeling the burst

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of glorious music that swelled through the wilderness of flowers, and rang through the apartments like a jubilee. While he had been occupied by his own painful thoughts, and moving forward mechanically, a galaxy of lights had started up amid the flowery gloom which hung about the orchestra. The sleeping statue half rose and bent over a lute—the Cupids fell gracefully back, and each dropped to his knee amid the flowers, with a musical instrument—the statues were turned, as if by magic, into a group of musicians, glittering with silver and gossamer raiment.

Amid the swell of music, the perfume of flowers, and acclamations of pleasant surprise, Margaret de Valois was betrayed, surrounded by all the younger members of the royal family. She was the sleeping statue so promptly kindled into life, the smiling Cupids were her brothers, and from that blooming group came the music which rose and swelled, or subsided into soft sighs on the perfumed atmosphere.

If Margaret de Valois sometimes made a false note in her music, it was unnoticed in the hum and stir of the throng that moved a gorgeous mass beneath her seat; and if her dark eyes were constantly bent on one person alone of that moving crowd, there was no being, except her mother, sufficiently interested to observe it. Still her fingers wandered over the lute, and her rich voice was poured on the air—but she never once turned her glance from the Scottish ambassador. As the night waned, her eyes took a more brilliant fire, and the blood grew feverish in her cheeks. He had not turned his attention to her during the whole evening, but stood leaning against a pillar, regarding every look and motion of the young Queen of Scots, as if his very existence hung on her movements—and this it was that gave fire to her glance, and fever to her cheek.

Long after the young musicians were supposed to have left the orchestra, Margaret crouched behind her flowery screen, jealously regarding him. If he moved, she forced back the garlands with her trembling hands to command a better view. If he remained, still she would kneel motionless, with her forehead pressed upon the stone railing, unmindful of the fragrance which she was crushing from the flowers that concealed her. At last she saw the king and queen withdraw from the glittering throng, and she knew, from the ambassador's anxious look, that Mary and the dauphin were about to follow. She reached forth her hand, and drew the golden cord that lay in a coil near her feet. The curtain swept down, and but for the light which flowed through its crimson folds, she would have been in darkness, as she was alone. Stealing through a small door into a neighboring corridor, she took up a mantle which had been flung from her person when she assumed the attitude of a statue, and enveloping herself in its folds, stole cautiously into the garden.

How quiet and holy was the stillness reigning through that garden. It fell subduingly even on the aroused feelings of Margaret de Valois, wicked as her errand was in that beautiful spot. The moon was in its zenith, a cool balmy air swept over the thickets, and a shower of dew drops rained from their branches as her mantle swept them in her hurried progress toward the tulip tree.

"I will know all," murmured the passionate girl, casting a hurried look around, before she concealed herself behind the huge trunk. "Once certain that it is himself—that love of another is the cause of his cold and scornful bearing—let me attain incontestable knowledge of this, and he shall feel that neither the love nor revenge of Margaret de Valois is easily shaken off."

Margaret drew in her breath, suddenly, and shrunk her limbs close together on the shadowy side of the huge trunk that formed her concealment, for that moment the tall form of a cavalier came hurriedly from the palace, and she could see the jewels of his ambassador's dress glitter in the moonlight. He paused beneath the thick branches which flung their shadow on the spot where she was crouching, and taking off his cap, allowed the cool air to blow over his forehead. She had time to observe that he breathed quick and heavily, and that he stamped his foot once or twice on the green sward as if prompted to the action by some inward excitement. But she had scarcely noted these things, or obtained a clear view of his face, when a female, muffled like herself, came from a private door of the palace, looking nervously around, as if afraid that the broad moonlight would expose her movements to observation. On seeing the cavalier, she sprung eagerly to his side, and leaning against the tree, panted for breath, as if overcome with terror and fatigue. It was a moment before the nobleman addressed her, and when he did speak, it was coldly and in a constrained voice. But its first tones made the blood thrill in the veins of Margaret de Valois with a quick, painful rush, as it had never thrilled before.

"If the Queen of Scotland had decided to become dauphiness of France, as her actions indicate, it would surely have been more kind had she admitted it a few hours since, and this painful interview might have been avoided."

Mary allowed the mantle to drop from her person, and even in that imperfect light the soft beauty of her face was visible, as she lifted it with an expression of affectionate surprise to that of her companion. There was something in that graceful attitude and subdued look which caused Margaret to turn away her head—she felt that such beauty could never be hers, perfect as she was in form and feature, and her heart grew faint with envy of attractions that know their birth in deep feelings alone.

"Nay, what change is this? What has so altered that tone and manner since we parted at night-fall?" she said, half anxiously, and yet she added with a mischievous smile—"Has the warm love you were so eager to pour upon my ear, scarce an hour ago, been drowned by the soft lute-tones of our Cousin Margaret, or smothered in the wilderness of dying roses which the proud queen has left perishing in the festal chamber there?"

"A fit association!" said the noble, "a pleasant emblem of woman's love. Music that finds life be-

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neath the fingers of a royal coquette—blossoms that drink a healthy bloom from the pure sunshine that is natural to them, but lavish their breath and drop apart from over ripeness, when they are touched by artificial lamp-light, or the poisonous breath of a profligate court. The love that exists in Catherine de Medicis' household, the voluptuous music of her unprincipled daughter, may well be coupled with yon broken garlands that have exhausted their pure breath in a false atmosphere, and hang scentless and drooping in the deserted festal hall, to be swept away by the first troop of menials that happen to remember that they cumber the walls. Those withered roses convey a lesson, fair queen. When broken from their dewy stems, in the garden here, and woven in masses on the walls of Catherine's palace, they did not seem more changed than the fair being who had left me but an hour before, with eyelids drooping to conceal the love-light that slept beneath them, and words trembling on her lips which should only know birth in a true heart—not more changed than that same young creature leaning on the arm of Catherine de Medicis' son, blushing beneath his gaze, and receiving from his hand a type of the crown which must be taken in exchange for a heart true and devoted as mine has been."

Mary Stuart looked in the proud, and yet half sorrowful face of her lover, bewildered, but with a smile breaking through the red lips that were slightly unclosed in the surprise created by his words.

"Nay, this is affectation, or rank injustice," she said, and he felt the clasp of her small hand on his arm. "How could I refuse the escort of Francis, or thwart arrangements made by the queen. How could the blood be forced from my cheek when I felt the earnest gaze fixed on me by the only eyes that ever had power to bring blushes there?"

"Did not Francis bear away upon his bosom the golden arrow placed there by the hands of Mary Stuart before the whole court of France?" said the ambassador, in a softened voice.

Mary dropped her hands, and clasping them together, looked sadly on the ground.

"Would to heaven, no more painful arrow had been left in that kind heart!" she said. "Mine will never know a deeper pang than it felt when Francis read its secret in the blushes you complain of. He has learned for the first time that the affections of his betrothed wife can never be his. That love which blinded thee made *him* clear-sighted—but *he*, who had just cause, did not reproach me!"

The ambassador unfolded the arms which had been haughtily reposing on his bosom, and drawing closer to the young queen, held forth his hand; but she drew a step back and continued speaking, earnestly, and with some displeasure in her tone—

"You call me half French," she continued, "and my subjects will have it forsooth that gentle breeding and soft words cannot be joined with pure principles and strong purpose. And you, the ambassador of my people, think it a light thing to charge a queen, your own sovereign, with perfidy and fickle resolve. Believe me, fair sir, although the royal blood of Scotland centres in the heart of a weak girl, it has learned to respect itself even in the court of Catherine de Medicis. If my cheek crimsoned or grew pale to-night—and I felt that it did both—it was from no feeling unfaithful to the love I have perhaps too fondly expressed in this very place. When the dauphin clasped my hand at parting, a few moments since, it trembled to his touch agitated by the heart tremor that shook my whole frame. As a brother—a dear, kind brother—I love the prince; and when I asked permission to see him in the morning early and alone, it was scarcely above a whisper—for it seemed like treachery to leave him pale and wretched to meet his rival here."

"And yet you come with his garland on your forehead, publicly given as the French crown may be at some future day," replied the young noble, half ashamed of the jealous spirit with which he had greeted a being so proud and lovely.

"Mary shook her head with a slight gesture of impatience, and the garland fell to the ground.

"Were it indeed the crown of France it were as readily shaken off as that little coronal of flowers, perishing as they now are and typical of woman's love, as fading and worthless things are said to be."

"Nay, forgive the heresy," exclaimed the ambassador, bending his knee and pressing her hand in his, for her words had humbled his proud nature. "Thy lover's words did treason to his heart—look on him, he is indeed penitent."

Mary bent her bright, earnest face toward that of her lover, and, spite of herself, a smile just parted those red and restless lips.

"Nay, the comparison was not so very unjust after all, sir ambassador," she said, with a touch of that sweet coquetry which was so graceful in her, and pressing her small hand to his shoulder, she seemed roguishly inclined to keep him on his knees in the thick grass. "Promise me never to be jealous again, never to doubt, or put on that lordly air, till those same slandered roses are no more, and you have permission to arise."

"Not until the sweet contract which was planned here at nightfall is confirmed;" said the noble, "not till I am made certain that no machinations of Catherine can influence you again in favor of this French alliance."

Mary instantly became grave and earnest. "Go back to my people," she said, "prepare them for our union—gain over the English queen—and when this is done we will be wedded in our own kingdom."

"The queen of England is already secured to our interests," replied the ambassador eagerly, "and the Scottish nation requires no incentive to reconcile them to a union which places their queen once more in the bosom of her people. Inquire of the English ambassador, or any true Scot in Paris, and they will convince you that no measure can be unpopular with either country which rescues the sovereign of a nation from the influence, moral and political, of a woman like Catherine de Medicis. Be firm and resolute, sweet lady"—he pleaded still more earnestly—"keep everything secret from the court of France.

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Depart under my own escort and that of the English embassy to a people who are clamorous for a sight of their sovereign. In three weeks all can be arranged, the thraldom of Catherine broken, and Mary Stuart an independent queen, wielding the sceptre of her ancestors."

"And with the crown matrimonial placed on this haughty forehead," murmured the royal listener, passing her hand playfully across the lofty brow uplifted toward her in the moonlight.

Even in the moonlight Mary saw the blood rush over that forehead while her hand was yet lingering amid the raven curls that shadowed it; her remark had sprung from the generous affection of a young heart, and she could scarcely comprehend that it was calculated to arouse the sensitive pride of her lover. She was therefore surprised when he arose from his knees, in spite of her restraining hand, and led her forth into the broad moonlight.

"Mary," he said, in a voice low and earnest, but the more impressive that it was quiet, "I do not deny that ambition which would lead me to seek advancement by all honorable means, it is a part of every energetic nature, and exists strongly with me. But, heaven is my witness, these feelings have no portion in the deep, deep love which made itself master of my whole being long before it was whispered even to my own heart. I struggled against it, wrestled with it, but all in vain. I love you, not that you are a queen, but in spite of your being such. Do you believe me, with your whole heart, lady, when I say this?"

"I have never for a moment thought otherwise," was the sweet and trustful reply.

"Will you, then, consent that I quietly prepare for a withdrawal to your own kingdom," pleaded the young man, clasping both her hands in his, "now, without a week's delay?"

"You shall decide for me in all things," was the affectionate reply, and Mary Stuart timidly kissed the hands that closed her own, as if she had been a peasant girl and that proud noble a monarch pleading for her love.

He drew her to his bosom, and held her there, looking down into that beautiful face which dimpled with happy smiles as the moonlight gleamed over it, and murmuring words of grateful tenderness—gentle words—but eloquent with the manly spirit which held her softer nature in thraldom.

"And have you indeed loved me so long and well?" she said, disengaging her form gently from his arms—all at once her mouth dimpled with an arch smile—and her face took that playful, mischievous expression which was one of its brightest charms, "so *very* long," she added, lifting her finger with childlike grace, "even while you were fascinated by the dark eyes of Margaret de Valois?"

"The eyes of Margaret never had charms for me," replied the lover a little impatiently, half vexed by her arch badinage.

"Nay, you are brought fairly to confession," continued the queen, playfully pursuing the subject, "Think you I was blind to the soft glances cast from the orchestra, this evening, as she played the lute to a proud cavalier who stood all the time leaning against a pillar close by, gazing—"

"Not on the bold eyes of Margaret de Valois," interrupted the lover, still more annoyed; "let me beseech you, lady, take not between those pure lips a name which is mingled with the jest and revelry of every gallant in Europe, a name which alike disgraces her sex and the blood royal of France, a—"

The young noble started, and the half uttered sentence died on his lips, for the word "dastard" was uttered close by him in a female voice, that of a person half suffocated with intense passion. He looked keenly around, every thing was hush as death, and for a moment he almost believed the harsh word had been uttered by Mary Stuart; but she, too, had heard the voice, and the sweet, timid whisper with which she drew close to his side, was utterly unlike that in which the single word was uttered.

"What was that—sure I heard a strange sound!" she said.

"I heard it also," said the noble, "remain here a moment while I go and search yonder thicket."

He went toward the thicket, and peered anxiously through the dewy branches which hung motionless in the moonlight, while Mary drew back and leaned trembling against the tulip tree so near to the concealed figure of Margaret de Valois, which crouched close to the earth on the other side, that her garments brushed the muffled head which lay pressed against the rough bark.

"I can find nothing," said the noble, returning to the terrified queen, "every thing is still within the garden, not even the wing of a sleeping bird stirs itself, and yet the voice seemed close by." He looked upward into the great branches woven overhead as he spoke, but the moonbeams were shimmering among the thick leaves and nothing so large as a human being could have been concealed among them.

"We must have been mistaken," said Mary, drawing a deep breath, "yet it is strange that some unaccountable sound should have startled us twice the same night, and on this spot."

The lovers moved toward the palace while Mary was speaking. Margaret de Valois rose, slowly to her feet and looked after them, her hands clenched beneath the mantle that concealed her, and her black eyes glittering in the moonlight. When they had disappeared she crept stealthily toward the palace, through the private door to her mother's chamber. But twice during her progress she was so near to the Queen of Scots that she could distinguish the quick and panting breath with which she hurried toward her apartments.

[Conclusion in our next number.

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FLOWERS:

SENT ME DURING ILLNESS.

BY RICHARD H. DANA.

I loved you ever, gentle flowers,
And made you playmates of my youth;
The while your spirit stole
In secret to my soul,
To shed a softness through my ripening powers,
And lead the thoughtful mind to deepest truth.

And now, when weariness and pain
Had cast you almost from my breast,
With each a smiling face,
In all your simple grace,
You come once more to take me back again
From pain to ease, from weariness to rest.

Kind visitants! through my sick room
You seem to breathe an air of health,
And with your looks of joy
To wake again the boy,
And to the pallid cheek restore its bloom,
And o'er the desert mind pour boundless wealth.

And whence ye came, by brimming stream,
'Neath rustling leaves, with birds within,
Again I musing tread—
Forgot my restless bed
And long, sick hours.—Too short the blessed dream!
I woke to pain!—to hear the city's din!

But time nor pain shall ever steal
Or youth or beauty from my mind.
And blessings on ye, Flowers!
Though few with me your hours,
The youth and beauty, and the heart to feel,
In her who sent you, ye will leave behind!

SENATCHWINE'S GRAVE.*

BY JOHN H. BRYANT.

He sleeps beneath the spreading shade,
Where woods and wide savannas meet,
Where sloping hills around have made
A quiet valley green and sweet.

A stream that bears his name, and flows
In glimmering gushes from the West,
Makes a light murmur as it goes
Beside his lonely place of rest.

And here the silken blue-grass springs
Low bending with the morning dew,
The red-bird in the thicket sings
And blossoms nod of varied hue.

Oh, spare his rest! oh, level not
The trees whose boughs above it play,
Nor break the turf that clothes the spot,
Nor clog the rivulet's winding way.

For he was of unblenching eye,
Honored in youth, revered in age,
Of princely port and bearing high,
And brave, and eloquent, and sage.

Beyond the broad Atlantic deep,
In mausoleums rich and vast,
Earth's early kings and heroes sleep,
Waiting the angel's trumpet blast.

As proud in form and mien was he
Who sleeps beneath this verdant sod,
And shadowed forth as gloriously
The image of the eternal God.

Theirs is the monumental pile,
With lofty titles graved on stone,
The vaulted roof, the fretted aisle—
He sleeps unhonored and alone.

Then leave him still this quiet nook,
Ye who have grasped his wide domain,
The trees, the flowers, the grass, the brook,
Nor stir his slumbering dust again.

* Twelve or fifteen years since, Senatchwine was an eminent chief of the tribe of Pottawatomies, in Illinois, enjoying more influence and a greater reputation for talents than any other. The Indian traders, who knew him well, say that he was a truly great man, an orator and a warrior. He died at an advanced age in the year 1830, and was buried by a small stream which bears his name, and which runs through the Southeastern part of Bureau county. His hunting-grounds are in that vicinity. The circumstance alluded to in the line—

And here the silken blue-grass springs,

is familiar to the western people, who have a proverbial saying that the blue-grass springs up wherever an Indian foot has stepped. Though this may not be literally true, yet it is certain that the blue-grass is always found growing where the Indians have encamped, though it might have been only for a few days. This kind of grass makes a soft and rich turf, thick with blades, in which respect it is very different from the common coarse grass of the prairies.

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HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

THE life of a scholar and man of letters is seldom fruitful in events. His true biography, indeed, is to be found in the growth and movements of his mind, and not in the deeds which he does or the events of which he is a part. A single lustrum in the crowded life of a soldier or statesman will furnish more material to a biographer than three-score years passed in the tranquillity of study or the toils of literary production. An author's biography is to be read in the dates and titles of his books. Take away these, and what remains has, generally speaking, as little of significance or interest as the annual changes from the fireside to the window, or from the blue bed-room to the brown.

The distinguished poet and scholar, who forms the subject of the present paper, offers no exception to these observations. The events of his life may be told in a very few lines.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, on the 27th day of February, 1807. His father, Hon. Stephen Longfellow, who still lives to enjoy and take pride in the honors and success of his gifted son, is well known as a distinguished member of the legal profession, who has long held the highest rank as a lawyer and advocate, and is, wherever he is known, honored and beloved for the purity of his character, his strict integrity, his benevolence of feeling, and the cordial and unaffected charm of his manners. In what way the author of "Hyperion" was distinguished from the companions of his infancy and boyhood—whether he lisped unconsciously in numbers and displayed, even in the days of hoops and marbles, the melancholy, the enthusiasm and the sensitiveness which belong to the poetical temperament, we are unable to say, either from our own knowledge or the information of others. We lose sight of him for some years, though we can readily picture him in the mind's eye, running about the streets of that pretty town of Portland, loitering to school and hurrying from it, yet always with a light step and a light heart, for we know that he had that which, of all things, lightens a boy's steps and heart —a happy home. We do not hear of him again till 1821, when, at the early age of fourteen, he entered Bowdoin College, in Brunswick. He remained at this institution the usual period of four years and was graduated with high honors in 1825. His college career was honorable both to his mind and character. It left no stain upon his moral nature, and enriched his mind with the fruits of an extensive course of reading and study. Though he never neglected his college studies, we apprehend that the larger portion of his time was devoted to those writers in elegant literature whose names would have been sought in vain in the prescribed course of instruction.

After leaving college he spent a few months in his father's office in converse with the grim teachers of the law, and we have heard it stated on competent authority that there is still in existence a writ filled out by the same hand that wrote "Excelsior;" a fact which we mention for the special benefit of autograph collectors. The graceful genius of the youthful poet found nothing congenial in the austere countenance of Jurisprudence, and it being contemplated by the friends of Bowdoin College to found a professorship of modern languages, it was arranged that he should visit Europe, in order to prepare himself for its duties, which were to be assumed by him upon his return. He accordingly left home and passed three years and a half in Europe, traveling or residing in France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Holland and England. During this period he acquired an accurate knowledge of the languages and literature of modern Europe, and the influence exerted upon his young and susceptible mind, by the world of nature and art there unrolled to his sight, was deep and permanent. He returned home in 1829, eminently qualified to discharge the duties of his professorship, upon which he immediately entered.

He resided for some years in Brunswick, tranquilly engaged in the unexciting labors of instruction, occasionally wooing the Muses in his leisure hours, and diligently increasing the stores of knowledge he had brought home. His sources of happiness were greatly increased by his marriage with a most amiable and intelligent young lady, which took place in 1831, and which, during the few years it continued, diffused over his life that calm atmosphere of domestic repose so essential to the healthy condition of a scholar's mind. In the mean time his reputation as an elegant and accomplished scholar gradually extended itself, and when, in 1835, the post of Smith Professor of Modern Languages and Belle-lettres in Harvard University was made vacant by the resignation of Professor Ticknor, who had filled it for many years with signal ability, the eyes of the guardians of the college were naturally turned to Professor Longfellow as the best qualified to succeed him, and the vacant situation was accordingly tendered to him, and by him accepted. He resigned his professorship at Brunswick in 1835, and again visited Europe with a view of becoming more thoroughly acquainted

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Henry W. Longfellow

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with the languages and the literatures of the North of Europe. He passed upward of a year abroad, traveling in Denmark, Sweden, Germany, and Switzerland. It was on this journey that the hand of death separated him from his wife, who, though she had been for some time an invalid, was, at the last, suddenly and unexpectedly called away into the "silent land."

He returned to America in the autumn of 1836 and immediately entered upon the duties of his professorship at Cambridge, where he has constantly resided ever since, with the exception of a short visit to Europe last year for the restoration of his health.

Professor Longfellow first became known as a poet by his contributions to the "United States Literary Gazette," some of which were furnished by him while he was yet an undergraduate, and the remainder during the few months which elapsed between his leaving college and his departure for Europe. These poems, like most early poetry, have no marked individual characteristics; but, considered as the productions of a young man of eighteen or nineteen, they deserve great praise. They have nothing crude, unformed, or boyish. The verse flows easily and gracefully; there is both delicacy of sentiment and beauty of expression in them; the atmosphere of good taste envelops them all; and they are marked by that power of observing and delineating the picturesque combinations of the visible world which characterizes all his writings. Some of them, such as "The Angler's Song," "An April Day," "Woods in Winter," were generally read and admired at the time of their first appearance, and are not yet forgotten by the lovers of good poetry. A few of these early poems have been included by the author in his first published volume of poems, and he might have added materially to their number without any loss of reputation.

In 1833 he published, in a thin volume of about one hundred pages, at Boston, a translation from the Spanish of the celebrated poem written by Don Jorge Manrique on the death of his father, to which was prefixed an eloquent and beautiful introductory essay on the moral and devotional poetry of Spain. Of the translation itself we shall have a few words to say, when we come to speak of his peculiar merits as a translator.

In 1835 appeared at or about the same time in New York and London, his "Outre-mer, or a Pilgrimage to the Old World, by an American," in two duodecimo volumes. A very pleasant book is this, full of matter both entertaining and instructive. It is the note-book of a young scholar, in Europe, divided between his love for old books and mouldy learning, and those ardent impulses of soul and sense which carry him out perpetually into the unwrinkled world of beauty, nature and art. Here we have an enthusiastic and most scholarlike paper on "Old English prose romances," and there a lively sketch of a scene in Spain, in which the periods trip gaily along, as if to the sound of castanets; here a dissertation on the ancient lyric poetry of France or the Spanish ballads, and there a picture of Père la Chaise and of the French village of Auteuil, drawn in colors as vivid as if the writer had lived always in the open air. Much of this work was written, or at least conceived, in the South of Europe; and it is full of the sunny spirit of the warm South. It reminds one of deep, blue skies, of long, hot days, of fountains playing in the sun, and of the grateful shade of pine forests. It is a pleasant book to read of a summer's day, and breathes over the mind as a cool breeze refreshes the languid frame. It is written in a gay and joyous spirit, and flows from a youthful, susceptible, and gifted nature, unknowing as yet the touch of sorrow, and in whom the tones of music and the forms of living or lifeless beauty call up none but bright associations.

In 1839 appeared a second prose work from his pen, "Hyperion," a romance in two volumes. In comparing this work with "Outre-mer" we can perceive that the mind and character of the writer had undergone some changes in the interval between the publications of the two. There are traces in the latter of the discipline of life and of that deeper wisdom which comes from the experience of trial and the bitter taste of disappointment. His glance is more piercing and his insight more profound. The varied forms which he was before content to merely copy into his sketch-book are now suggestive and linked to long trains of association. Where he once observed he now analyzes; where he once delineated he now dissects; what he once enjoyed he now speculates upon. This romance has not much artistic skill in its construction. The incidents are few and the plot of the simplest kind. Nor has it any great merit in its varied delineation of character, the interest being almost wholly absorbed by that of the hero, Paul Flemming. The events which take place in it have no other significance than as affecting him and calling forth those traits of mind and character, in the delineation of which, the power and interest of the work chiefly reside. It is a prose poem; a passage in the life of a young man of intensely poetical temperament, exposed to such influences as for a time transfigured the whole world and made it all poetry.

Paul Flemming, the hero, is a being of mingled elements, with much of heaven and something of earth, with the creative imagination and the susceptible blood of genius—one of those persons whose destiny and end depend much upon circumstances beyond their own control, and who, generally speaking, are to be refined and elevated by the "uses of adversity." He is exposed to this discipline of trial, and the book is a vivid picture of his convulsive struggles and final triumph, by which he, who might have curdled into a misanthrope or hardened into a voluptuary, becomes ennobled, strengthened and exalted. The work teaches a great moral lesson—one which the author has also inculcated in more than one of his poems, and which cannot be too often or too forcibly impressed—and that is, that a wise and strong man should extract from suffering and disappointment the elements of moral growth—that vigorous action and manly effort are the best medicines for a wounded spirit—and that he who is paralyzed by the touch of sorrow is untrue to his better nature, no less than

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he who is petrified into sullen gloom or maddened into fierce despair. This lesson is taught in a most effective and impressive manner, and we know that many persons, who have been placed in similar circumstances of trial with Paul Flemming, have found comfort and healing in the pages of "Hyperion." Its literary merit is unequal. Some of the chapters are not particularly interesting, and apparently have little to do with the main purpose of the work, and we occasionally meet with something which a stern taste would have rejected; but, on the other hand, there is much beauty and sometimes depth of thought, sentiments whose truth and appropriate expression send them at once to the heart, exquisite descriptions of natural scenery, and an earnest and impassioned tone of eloquence. It particularly abounds with striking and beautiful illustrations, some of which are among the most felicitous that we have ever seen. The following seems to us to have no superior in the whole range of our reading, and is of the very highest order of imaginative beauty, and which none but a true poet could ever have conceived. Speaking of the glacier of the Rhone, he says, "Its shape is that of a glove, lying with the palm downward, and the fingers crooked and close together. It is a gauntlet of ice, which, centuries ago, Winter, the king of these mountains, threw down in defiance to the Sun; and year by year the Sun strives in vain to lift it on the point of his glittering spear."

For the twofold purpose of giving our readers a fair specimen of the style of "Hyperion," and, at the same time, of furnishing them with a key to its spirit and tendency, we extract a few paragraphs from the close of the eighth chapter of the second volume.

"And now the sun was growing high and warm. A little chapel, whose door stood open, seemed to invite Flemming to enter and enjoy the grateful coolness. He went in. There was no one there. The walls were covered with paintings and sculpture of the rudest kind, and with a few funeral tablets. There was nothing there to move the heart to devotion; but in that hour the heart of Flemming was weak—weak as a child's. He bowed his stubborn knees, and wept. And oh! how many disappointed hopes, how many bitter recollections, how much of wounded pride, and unrequited love, were in those tears, through which he read on a marble tablet in the chapel wall opposite, this singular inscription:

"'Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future, without fear, and with a manly heart.'

"It seemed to him as if the unknown tenant of that grave had opened his lips of dust, and spoken to him the words of consolation, which his soul needed, and which no friend had yet spoken. In a moment the anguish of his thoughts was still. The stone was rolled away from the door of his heart; death was no longer there, but an angel clothed in white. He stood up, and his eyes were no more bleared with tears; and, looking into the bright, morning heaven, he said;

"'I will be strong!'

"Men sometimes go down into tombs, with painful longings to behold once more the faces of their departed friends; and as they gaze upon them, lying there so peacefully with the semblance that they wore on earth, the sweet breath of heaven touches them, and the features crumble and fall together, and are but dust. So did his soul then descend for the last time into the great tomb of the Past, with painful longings to behold once more the dear faces of those he had loved; and the sweet breath of heaven touched them, and they would not stay, but crumbled away and perished as he gazed. They, too, were dust. And thus, far-sounding, he heard the great gate of the Past shut behind him, as the Divine Poet did the gate of Paradise, when the angel pointed him the way up the Holy Mountain; and to him likewise was it forbidden to look back.

"In the life of every man there are sudden transitions of feeling which seem almost miraculous. At once, as if some magician had touched the heavens and the earth, the dark clouds melt into the air, the wind falls, and serenity succeeds the storm. The causes which produce these sudden changes may have been long at work within us, but the changes themselves are instantaneous, and apparently without sufficient cause. It was so with Flemming; and from that hour forth he resolved that he would no longer veer with every shifting wind of circumstance; no longer be a child's plaything in the hand of Fate, which we ourselves do make or mar. He resolved henceforward not to lean on others; but to walk self-confident and self-possessed; no longer to waste his years in vain regrets, nor wait the fulfillment of boundless hopes and indiscreet desires; but to live in the Present wisely, alike forgetful of the Past, and careless of what the mysterious future might bring. And from that moment he was calm and strong; he was reconciled with himself! His thoughts turned to his distant home beyond the sea. An indescribable, sweet feeling rose within him.

"'Thither will I turn my wandering footsteps,' said he; 'and be a man among men, and no longer a dreamer among shadows. Henceforth be mine a life of action and reality! I will work in my own sphere, nor wish it other than it is. This alone is health and happiness. This alone is Life;

> 'Life that shall send
> A challenge to its end,
> And, when it comes, say, Welcome friend!'

Why have I not made these sage reflections, this wise resolve, sooner? Can such a simple result spring only from the long and intricate process of experience? Alas! it is not till Time, with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the Book of Human Life, to light the fires of passion with, from day to day, that Man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number, and to remember, faintly at first, and then more clearly, that, upon the earlier pages of that book was written a story of happy innocence, which he would fain read over again. Then comes listless irresolution, and the inevitable inaction of despair; or else the firm resolve to record upon the leaves that still remain a more noble history than the child's story with which the book began.'"

Longfellow's high fame as a poet rests upon two volumes of poems, one published in 1839, called "Voices of the Night," and the other published in 1841, called "Ballads and other Poems." These have given to him a rank second to no one among our native bards; and, in the opinion of many, the very first place would be accorded to him. Poetry, it has sometimes occurred to us, may be divided into two classes, which, for want of better appellations, we may call professional poetry and amateur poetry, though these epithets do not exactly convey the distinction we mean. In the latter class we include all that poetry which is written by men of cultivated minds and literary taste, without any particular poetical genius, all album verses, charades, acrostics and valentines, much of the love verses that find their way into print, all those graceful trifles that the

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French call "*vers de société*," in short, that multiform species of poetry, the power of writing which is a mere accomplishment, embellishing other and graver capacities and faculties, but, in itself, conferring no distinction and of no especial value. The former class consists of that poetry, in which, in spite of all defects of form, arising from imperfect training, want of skill, erring judgment or defective taste, we trace indubitably those radiant symbols and tokens of inspiration which separate the poet from the verse-maker—the creation from the manufacture. No one, who ever read a page of Mr. Longfellow's poetry, would hesitate for one moment, as to which of these two classes it belongs. "This is a poet," is the sentence which every one capable of distinguishing poetry from prose would pronounce. We see here the footprints of genius, and the fire of inspiration burns along the line. His poetry is no light breath, thrown off without effort for the amusement of himself or his friends—no airy bubble of the brain, glittering with momentary hues and then passing away and seen no more—but is the grave, sincere and earnest growth of a highly gifted mind, in the ripe fullness of its powers, finding in the utterance of musical numbers its appropriate expression and natural language. In writing poetry, we can perceive that he does no more than obey a primitive necessity of his nature. The inward voice, as it struggled into words, spoke in the sweet cadences of verse. As might be expected from Mr. Longfellow's careful intellectual training and familiarity with the best models in every language, his poetry has all that elaborate finish that never seems elaborate, that polished elegance and minute attention to form and garb, without which, no production can hope for any thing more than a fleeting popularity. The most fastidious taste and the most delicate ear will seek in vain in his pages for a halting stanza, a harsh line, an imperfect rhyme or an ill-chosen epithet. His poems leave upon the mind that abiding pleasure which flows from the perception of completeness, in which nothing is omitted, nothing overlooked, nothing half done and nothing ill done, that serene satisfaction produced by finish of construction, akin to that which we feel in reading a Greek epigram or seeing an antique cameo.

In looking at Mr. Longfellow's poetry to ascertain what has given it so high a place in the estimation of competent judges, we are immediately struck with the impression of that quality which the phrenologists call ideality; in other words, a love of ideal beauty. He is the most poetical of poets. His poetry is the farthest removed from prose that it is possible for good poetry to be. All the prosaic elements have been successively thrown off in the various refining and purifying processes through which it has passed in the alembic of his brain, and that which remains is poetry in its purest and most essential form. That delicate atmosphere of beauty which the gifted eye sees hanging over the world, like fragrance round the flower, he arrests and condenses by the magic power of genius, and fixes it upon his page. From this intense feeling of the beautiful, it follows that he is a writer of no great versatility in his poetry. He has no art or humor, or, at least, does not allow them utterance in verse; no satire, no moral reflections on artificial life and manners. He has none of those accurate and minute transcripts of natural scenery—those landscapes of the Dutch school painted with words for colors—which we admire so much in Bryant, none of that graceful and airy combination of the grave and the mirthful, which is the peculiarity of Halleck. His poetry is the effluence of the imaginative faculty, in the highest state of creative energy. His illustrations are, generally speaking, drawn from the imagination rather than the fancy, and we do not find in his poetry those quaint and fantastic comparisons which provoke a smile by the unexpected resemblance they suggest.

From the predominance of pure imagination in his intellectual organization, comes that slight tendency to mysticism which we observe in some of his poems, that vague dreaminess of expression arising from an attempt to express a thought too delicate and volatile to bear the chains of language—a peculiarity indigenous to the soil of Germany and which may have been unconsciously induced, or at least fostered in Longfellow's mind, by his extensive acquaintance with the writers of that nation. It is difficult to define exactly the element of which we are speaking, but any one will apprehend our meaning after reading his "Prelude," "The Goblet of Life," and "Maidenhood." Some persons object to these poems and say they cannot understand them. To such we have only to say, that God has denied to them the power of distinguishing prose from poetry, as he has to others, that of distinguishing noise from music. Readers of imaginative and poetical temperament, on the contrary, find a charm in poetry which suggests more than it tells, which fills the mind with soft images of beauty, whose outlines are not sharply defined, but broken and indistinct like the edges of a summer cloud.

Every man of genius feels conceptions which he can only imperfectly express in language, and his utmost efforts only succeed in striking the key-note, which, when falling upon a mind in unison, awakens the proper harmony. In Jacob wrestling with the angel, and retiring maimed from the struggle, we have a type of the inadequate effort made by language, on mortal instrument, to grapple with those immortal thoughts which dart from the heaven of invention into the gifted mind.

But that which most recommends the poetry of Longfellow is the moral element which it contains, its pure and elevated tone of feeling, its dignity of sentiment and the lessons of high-toned resolve and manly resolution which it teaches. It is this element which commends it to so many minds, for the number of those who can apprehend moral truth is, fortunately, far greater than that of those who delight in poetry for its own sake. The poet, in looking over life, perceives everywhere that to be weak is to be miserable; that happiness is less dependent upon circumstances than upon the use which the mind makes of them; that the soul should gather from suffering the wings upon which it may mount and

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soer; that the elements of moral growth are to be drawn from the storm, as well as the sunshine, and that in the resolute discharge of the daily duties of life, the best and most unfailing sources of comfort and support may be found. These great primal truths, as we have before mentioned, it was the main object of "Hyperion" to illustrate and enforce, and in his poetry they are taught in strains of unrivaled beauty. They breathe upon us, like a grand swell of organ music, from "A Psalm of Life," "The Light of Stars," "The Goblet of Life," "Excelsior," etc., and, indeed, in all his later poetry are either directly urged or indirectly inculcated. The peculiar literary qualities of his poetry, its grace, its delicacy, its sweetness of versification, its ideal and imaginative beauty, especially commend it to the very class of minds which are most in need of that moral tonic which it prescribes and administers; we mean those minds, whose danger arises from their very fineness of organization, which are most likely to be jangled into harsh discord by the touch of pain, which, from their fastidiousness, are in peril of becoming selfish both in their joy and their sorrow, and which must borrow those moral weapons which are forged in the armory of Truth, in order to aid them against those assaults of time, which coarser natures resist by their mere firmness of fibre. Happy is he who can minister to the moral wants of minds like these; happy and ever to be honored is that poet who devotes his gifts not to the kindling of those consuming passions which waste the heart, as fire does the scroll, and leave behind only the cold and bitter ashes of despair, but to the awakening and strengthening of those nobler aspirations, which lift the soul upward from earth and enable it to commune with Heaven. Such poets are the benefactors of their race;

> They render with their precepts less
> The sum of human wretchedness
> And strengthen man with his own mind.

We know that Mr. Longfellow has reaped, in no scanty measure, that harvest of grateful acknowledgment, which is due to those who have laid the offerings of their genius upon the altar of truth. We know that many fainting spirits have found strength, and many despairing ones, hope in his poetry; that it has awakened new energy in bosoms that sorrow had benumbed, and sent the sunshine of peace into many a benighted heart.

We have preferred to speak of the general impression left by Mr. Longfellow's poetry, rather than to take up his pieces one by one, partly because they have all a certain family likeness, and partly because they are so familiar to the lovers of poetry, that they need not to have their peculiar beauties pointed out. We have therefore said nothing of his admirable ballads, "The Skeleton in Armor" and "The Wreck of the Hesperus," so full of strength and beauty, with their vigorous conceptions and vivid power of painting; nothing of the picturesque simplicity and quiet wisdom of "The Village Blacksmith;" nothing of the exquisite delicacy and matchless grace of expression which mark his "Endymion," "It is not always May," etc., for these may be read by him that runs. But it would be doing injustice to his claims not to speak of his peculiar merits as a translator, which he has displayed in some very happy versions of poems, presenting more than common difficulties of construction and expression. His earliest published work was a translation from the Spanish of Manrique's noble poem on the death of his father, which has always appeared to us one of the most felicitous versions in the language. It is sufficiently, though not slavishly literal; the flow of the verse is easy and graceful, and the spirit of the original is most completely preserved. The translation is a fine and finished poem, and a valuable accession to the stores of English literature. He has also translated from the Swedish of Tegner, the author of the well-known poem, "Frithiof's Saga," a religious poem called "The Children of the Lord's Supper," which is very popular in Sweden. The original is written in hexameters, and the translation is in the same measure, which has never been naturalized in our language, and never will be. Professor Longfellow deserves great praise for the patience and skill he has shown in the accomplishment of his self-imposed and difficult task. By those who understand the original, his version is said to be exact and faithful, and regarded as a poem simply, it has great merit of thought and expression, and its hexameters are, to say the least, as good as those of any one who has made use of them before. But every reader will give a ready assent to the apologetic remarks of the translator in the preface. "I have preserved even the measure; that inexorable hexameter, in which, it must be confessed, the motions of the English muse are not unlike those of a prisoner dancing to the music of his chains; and perhaps, as Dr. Johnson said of the dancing dog, 'the wonder is not that she should do it so well, but that she should do it at all.'" There are in his two volumes of poems many other translations, mostly from the German, Spanish and Italian, all of which have marked merit, and show, even the shortest of them, the master's hand.

In addition to his two volumes of poems, Professor Longfellow, as will be remembered by our readers, has recently published in this magazine a drama in three acts, called "The Spanish Student," the merits of which are too fresh in the minds of our readers to require any critical exposition on our part. Though, in those particular qualities which separate the drama from other forms of intellectual production, as the skillful construction of the plot, the natural succession of events, the appropriateness of the dialogue, the exposition of character and the probability of the denouement, it can claim no very high rank as a work of art, yet, as a poem, its merit is most unquestioned and emphatic, and it contains scenes and passages of extreme beauty. Within a few weeks he has also published in a thin pamphlet a few striking poems on slavery, of considerable literary merit, though, in that point of view alone, they will not add essentially to his reputation. They will be judged by a different standard, and the estimate formed of them will be according to the reader's views upon the subject which gave them birth,

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and which is hourly assuming more importance and filling a larger space in the public mind.

Professor Longfellow has by no means devoted his whole time to the composition of those works, in prose and verse, which have passed in review before us. He has made himself a ripe and good scholar, and his intellectual accomplishments and attainments would entitle him, apart from his genius, to much honor and consideration. Few poets have ever accumulated such stores of various and elegant learning. He is familiarly acquainted with the principal languages of modern Europe, speaking them fluently and correctly, and has read with critical accuracy all the best productions of their respective literatures. Of the best writers in English literature he has also been a diligent student, and has deeply freighted his mind with their golden stores of thought and expression. He has also contributed several papers to the North American Review, some of which are learned and elaborate, and show that patient and plodding industry not often found in connection with an inventive genius like his. Among these is a review of Tegner's "Frithiof's Saga," containing some original translations from the reviewer's own pen, which were highly approved by its distinguished author, who pronounced them, so far as they went, superior to any of the several English versions which had been made of his poem, and added his earnest request that he would translate the whole poem.

Professor Longfellow's present position is a very enviable one, and affords ample sources both of happiness and intellectual improvement. His professorship occupies, without absorbing, his time, and he is as regular and conscientious in the discharge of its duties as the dullest pedant that ever darkened the meaning of Æschylus or Pindar with bad Latin. His instructions are highly appreciated by the students, with whom he is also, personally, a great favorite. The cultivated and graceful society of Boston and Cambridge proffers him social privileges of the highest order, into which he is always warmly welcomed, not only on account of his genius, attainments and character, but also for his agreeable manners and pleasing conversation. In the retirement of his own study, he finds himself in the companionship of a large and well-chosen library, and in the midst of those silent friends who are ever ready to sympathize with the scholar in every mood of mind in which he may find himself; who smooth with gentle appliance "the raven down" of sadness till it smiles, and lend their own light to add to the sunshine of his cheerful hours. He is in the full flower and perfection of his fine faculties, and we may confidently anticipate from him many and various contributions to the wealth of our young and growing literature.

The likeness which accompanies this, we are sorry to say, is not a very good one. Though correct, perhaps, in the general outline, Mr. Franquinet has failed to give that refined and poetical expression of his original which attracts the regard of every one who sees him in person.

A WHISPER FROM THE GRAVE.

As through the church-yard lone I strayed,
Communing with the silent dead,
What time the sun's last radiance played
Around the distant mountain's head;

Methought there caught my startled ear,
Breathed from a mossy time-worn tomb,
A voice that I could scarcely hear,
Whispering "Thou 'rt welcome to thy home!

"If thou art weary of thy life;
If anguish rack thy throbbing breast;
If with thy destiny at strife,
Here thou wilt find a place of rest.

"Here love can stay his wild desires;
Here mad ambition tame his pride;
Here lust assuage his raging fires;
And avarice cast his curse aside.

"For some cold beauty dost thou pine;
Some wicked joy that thrilled thy heart;
Some bliss that never can be thine,
Yet stings thee with its poisoned dart;

"If fortune, in her cruel mirth,
From some proud eminence has hurled,
And sent her brood of bloodhounds forth
To track thy footsteps round the world;

"If harassed by some cureless pain,
That wastes thy strength from day to day;
Or memory racks thy burning brain,
Or hope has thrown his staff away;

"Here is thy destined place of rest;
Here is thy last, long, quiet home;
Here every outcast wretch is blest—
Come hither then, poor pilgrim, come!

"Here many a playmate thou wilt meet;
Old friends lay scattered all around;
And many loved ones thou may'st greet
Within this little narrow bound.

"She who first gave thee milk is here,
Thy bosom's partner by her side;
The little ones thou lov'dst so dear,
Thy two twin cherubs here abide.

"For living foes dead friends thou 'lt meet,
Harmless companions every one;
They neither slander, lie, nor cheat,
Nor leave the wretch to pine alone.

"Good company they are, my friend;
They 'll never tempt thy feet astray,
But point thee to thy journey's end,
And show thee safely on the way.

"Then come and lay thee by my side,
And wait the last great judgment day,
When all that sleeping here abide,
Shall wake, and speed their heav'nward way." J. K. P

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AMERICAN BALLADS.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

NO. II.—ARNOLD'S TREASON.

Night upon the Highland hills,
  Night upon the mighty river,
Darkly in the witching calm
  Did the breezeless aspen shiver,
Darkly o'er the shrouded moon
  Were the misty vapors flying,
Sadly down the hollow pass
  Sighed the night air softly dying.

Silence, like a heavy shadow,
  Brooded over Hudson's breast,
Brooded over Beacon hoary,
  Brooded over huge Crow-Nest,
Save, when, as the tide was making,
  Faintly rose its fitful dash,
Save, when, all the echoes waking,
  Rose the leaping sturgeon's flash.

Once, and oft the katydid
  Shrilled upon the mountain side,
Once, and oft, from shoal and shallow,
  Deep the bullfrog's bass replied.
Mute was all beside and solemn—
  Trend of brute, or wildfowl's flight,
Sounded none i' the stilly woods,
  Sounded none i' the starless night.

Leagues of wilderness and river,
  Countless leagues, lay hushed in sleep,
Scarce a rustle in the trees,
  Scarce a ripple on the deep;
Not a sign was there or token,
  Not a sign of human life,
Yet those woods and waters lonely,
  All with armed foes were rife.

Floated o'er the fortress, northward,
  New-born freedom's clustered stars,
Soon to rank with flags that numbered
  Centuries of glorious scars.
Southward o'er the Vulture's pinion,
  Meteor of a thousand years,
Gleamed old England's red cross glorious,
  Known wherever pilot steers.

Noble foemen, southward, northward!
  Noble foemen! noble cause!
These for loyalty and fame!
  These for liberty and laws!
Long had been the strife between them,
  Long and hard was it like to be,
Those the tamers of the forest,
  These the rulers of the sea!

Yet was treason in the camp,
  Where no treason should have been—
But it has been so forever,
  So forever 't will be seen,
That the highest, holiest cause,
  And the purest patriot band,
Number with their good and great
  Still the traitor's heart and hand!

When the Persian myriads quailed,
  Quailed before the hundreds three,
Of the glorious Spartans one
  Died not at Thermopylæ—
When the consuls yet were new,
  And the Tarquins hardly down,
One in Rome, a Brutus too,
  Sold his country to the crown.

And if man the foulest treason
  Plot against his fellow clay,
How shall we presume to murmur,
  Things whose life is but a day,
When the Lord of Earth and Heaven
  Counted in his chosen fold
Judas, who betrayed his master
  For the filthy lust of gold?

Mark the bullfrog's startled croak,
  Mark the teal on sudden pinion
Springing from her watery roost—
  What invades their wild dominion?
Lo! with noiseless motion stealing,
  In the shadow of the shore,
Not a star its course revealing,
  Crawls a boat with muffled oar.

Crawls a boat with muffled oar
  Slowly toward an inlet deep,
Where the Long-clove frowns above,
  And dark below the eddies sleep.
Not an eagle's eye could pierce
  That recess of utter gloom,
Suited well for treason's cradle,
  Suited well for a traitor's tomb!

Grated on the rocks the keel,
  Stept a stately form to land—
Well could rein the dashing war-horse,
  Well could wield the mortal brand—
Noblest spirit, bravest hand,
  Warmer heart have never met—
Woe betide the wicked hour
  When ashore his foot he set!

Not a word had yet been spoken,
  For the rowers knew him not,
Knew him not the man who steered him
  To that gloomy, guilty spot.
But there waited one ashore,
  Shrouded in the shades of night,
Shrouded in the thickest covert—
  His were deeds that shun the light.

Yet had he a glorious name—
  Deeds of his i' the face of day
Had outgrown all rival laurels,
  None so daring-bold as they—
By the wild Dead River's course,
  On Megantic's stormy lake—
On the Chaudiere's boiling rapids,
  In morass, ravine and brake—

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On the plains of Abram glorious,
All beneath the battled wall,
That beheld young Wolfe victorious
In the arms of glory fall!—
In the weary, weary march
Up the wintry Kennebec—
In the fight where fell Montgomery
By the ramparts of Quebec.

Upon Behmus' bloody height,
And the field of grounded arms,
Foremost he, though not their leader,
Led the men i' the fierce alarms;
Foremost when the works were taken,
When the Hessian lines were won,
Fell he horse and man i' the port,
Wounded fell, when his work was done—

But it galled his haughty spirit,
And it rankled in his heart—
Others won the meed of praise,
Only he had played the part—
Fame deferred and rank denied
Turned his very soul to gall—
Pride it was that conquered him—
Pride which made an angel fall.

Heavy debt oppressed him too—
Oh! but he was sorely tried!
Oh! that in the battle's hurly,
Young and honored he had died!
But he hedged aside from truth,
Held not honor in his eye—
Pray we, then, for grace to fall not,
Fall not thus, but rather die!

Partly spurred by bitter hate,
Partly driven by sordid need,
He his patriot laurels tartered
Basely for a traitor's meed;
He, in falling, by his sin
Dragged a loftier spirit down,
Spirit that stooped not to treason,
Would not stoop to win a crown.

No man knows the words they said,
No man knows the villain's suit—
For the knave escaped his doom,
And the martyr perished mute.
No man knows but only this,
That his post he should betray—
Near the sun!—the work not done!—
And they mounted and away.

Hard they galloped up the road;
Up the road through Haverstraw;
Through the village, o'er the bridge;
Their approach the sentry saw—
Challenged loud—advanced his arms—
"Congress!" is the countersign—
"Pass—all 's well!" the sentry cried—
He is in the foeman's line.

Heavily it smote his heart!
He, a Briton, thus betrayed—
He, who loathed the name of baseness,
Basely thus a prisoner made!
He had risked his person boldly!
He was clad in his martial dress!
He was perilled, oh! how coldly!
By the traitor knave's address.

To a lonely house was he taken,
Never told he what passed there—
Though he tarried till the morning,
Till the sun shone broad and fair.
Then the traitor turned him home,
Turned him home, his treason planned—
Little recked he what fell out,
So the guerdon reached his hand.

Turned and left his victim there,
Cheated by a specious lie!
Left the true and noble-hearted
By a felon's doom to die!
Sent him not in safety back
To the Vulture, whence he came—
But by dastard artifice
Left him to a death of shame.

Oh! but he resisted strongly,
Ere he laid his dress aside!
Oh! but he consented wrongly,
Or he never so had died!
He had passed the farthest post,
He was riding free from fear—
And the foe was far behind,
And the English lines were near—

When, beside a little brook,
Three who lay in ambush nigh,
Bade him stand—he 'lighted down—
And they took him for a spy!
Then to Northcastle they led him—
Sheldon's horsemen there they lay—
And his hours they were numbered—
They were numbered on that day.

For the papers they were found—
And the traitor he had fled—
And the victim would not lie!
Lie!—no! not to save his head!
Would not lie to save his head—
Would not lie to save his fame!
He had risked his person fairly—
Never risked his soldier name!

Dying, 't was his only fear
Lest his leader should suppose
That obedience to his orders
Had betrayed him to his foes—
And the fondest, latest wish
Of his noble, noble heart
Was to save Sir Henry's soul
From that unavailing smart.

Then to his doom they led him,
In a sunny morning's light,
When the muffled drums were beating,
And the bayonets glancing bright—
To his bitter doom they led him—
He had asked a soldier's death—
But he saw the shameful tree,
And the cursed rope beneath—

Back he started—"Why this shrinking?
And what shakes thy gallant breast?"
"To my death I go all fearless,
But the manner I detest!"
To his death he went all fearless,
With a cheerful heart and high;
Not an eye of all the host,
Not an eye but his was dry!

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Better, better was it far,
So like André to be dying,
With his country mourning o'er him,
And his foemen round him sighing,
Than like Arnold to live on,
Scorn of his adopted land,
Loathed of every noble heart,
Shunned of every honest hand!

Heard ye not how England's King,
With his peers in circled state,
Would have made him known to one,
Who in every deed was great?
"No, my liege," the earl replied—
"Rank, and lands, and life are thine—
But no traitor's touch may sully
This untainted hand of mine."

But the traitor still was brave—
Quailed not he to the old lord's scorn—
Quailed not he to the bravest man
That was e'er of woman born—
Challenged him to the deadly field—
Met him sternly face to face—
Leveled! fired! but erred his ball—
It may be his soul was touched of grace!

Proudly, coldly stood the peer—
Proudly, coldly turned away!
"Stand and fire!" the traitor cried—
"Yours, my lord, is the luck to-day!"
"No! I leave you," sternly spake—
Spake the old and haughty lord—
"Leave you to a fitter doom—
To the hangman and the cord!"

LITTLE RED-RIDINGHOOD.

BY MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

"While flowers looked upward
Her blue eyes to meet,
Then bent when breath
Her little, light feet."

Dear little wanderer!
Dancing along;
Now with a silver laugh,
Now with a song:

Little that loving heart,
Guileless and gay,
Dreamed of the evil
That darkened thy way.

Soft from the crimson hood
Floated her hair,
Changing to gold
In the sunlighted air;

Blue as the hare-bell
That, as she tripp'd by,
Kissed those light feet in love
Shone her young eye;

Bright as yon rivulet
Glanced to the day
Dimpled her cheek
In her smile's sunny play.

Oh! 'tis a fable,
'T were sin to believe!
How could the wolf
Such a darling deceive?

Say that she met him there!
That may be so;
Innocence walks not
Unperilled below;

But on the faith
Of a poet the rest
Is but a libel,
And should be repressed.

Say that she met him there,
Face unto face!
Soft o'er the savage
The magic of grace,

Sweetness and purity,
Beauty and love,
Stole to his heart
Like the coo of a dove.

One earnest look
Of those eloquent eyes,
One music-tone
Of her childish surprise,

Melted the iron
Of evil design
Into soft homage
For grace so divine;

And if he spoke to her,
(So goes the tale,)
These must have been the words
Growled on the gale—

"Joyous and innocent,
Bright as the day,
Little Red-Ridinghood,
Go on thy way!

"Flower of the Spring-tide,
Graceful and wild,
Never come harm to thee,
Beautiful child!

"Speed on thine errand
Unconscious of art,
Bloom on thy young cheek
And love in thy heart.

"Bare to the sunset
Those soft, waving curls,
Fearless and frolicsome,
Fairest of girls.

"See how yon changing sky
Fades with the day!
Little Red-Ridinghood,
Haste on thy way!"

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THE TWIN-SISTERS.

A LEAF FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN ANTIQUARIAN.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

The old manor house of Folkstone has little to attract the notice of the passing wayfarer, for its fine park is now converted into a sheep pasture, its flower garden is planted with turnips, and its noble woods have long since been felled to enable its owner to enrich and embellish some fairer domain. The house has suffered comparatively little from time, but a fiercer enemy has been at work within its walls, and in its finest apartments are still visible the traces of that devouring fire which has reduced it almost to ruin. Strange rumors are abroad concerning the origin of that fire. The present owner, a wild and dissolute youth, came down to visit it, with a party of gay revelers, soon after it fell into his possession. Five more stately and better appointed mansions were already his, for he was one of the wealthiest of England's peers, and when he beheld the worm-eaten tapestries and mouldering furniture, he was heard to exclaim, with a loud oath—

"I would that my mad cousin of Folkstone had set fire to the old nest; it will cost more in taxes than the lands will yield in revenue."

His steward, a keen-eyed, iron-faced man, heard his master's words, and on the very night after the young lord's departure, the building was discovered to be in flames. Some said it was a judgment from Heaven—others shook their heads, and whispered that the agency of man was visible in a fire which had broken out from four different points at the same moment, and certain it is that no money was ever spent upon the repair of the once noble structure. I had been told that the staircase was still decorated with some remains of the magnificent oaken carvings which had once adorned many of the rooms, and I was therefore induced to visit the almost roofless mansion, which certainly promised little to reward my search. I had wandered for some time through the empty apartments, which were nearly stripped of every vestige of furniture, when, upon opening the door of a small chamber that seemed originally designed for an oratory, I found myself suddenly in the presence of a picture, whose tints were so unfaded and life-like, that, for a moment, I started as if the actual beings had suddenly risen before me.

The picture represented two children, apparently about twelve years of age, and the painter had seated them upon a turfy bank, with the arm of one resting on the neck of the other. Perhaps, had I seen the picture elsewhere, it might not have offered such powerful attraction, although it was as exquisite in its execution as in its design. But the faces of those beautiful girls, gleaming out from the dark oaken panel in which the picture was deeply inserted—this painted semblance of life—active and joyous life in the midst of utter desolation—this solitary vestige of a race now passed forever from the earth—this single record of the past, which had escaped the destruction to which its stranger lord had doomed the home of an ancient family, awakened a feeling of awe for which I could scarcely account even to myself. I gazed upon those bright faces until imagination began to weave many a dream of the fortunes of those lovely children. I pictured them the idol of their stately parents, the pride of their family, the darlings of their dependents. I had been struck with their wonderful similarity of feature, and I fancied the fair sisters had been as much assimilated in character, while I endeavored to sketch some probable view of their course through life. The setting sun, which, beaming through the single window, suddenly lighted up the lonely picture with a bright halo of departing glory, recalled me to myself, and as I turned my back upon the little chamber, I felt the folly of my own imaginings. Why should I seek to penetrate the veil of years? They had lived, and probably loved, and certainly suffered, and doubtless their ashes were now mingling with those of their forefathers in the family vault of the neighboring chapel. They had but shared the common lot of all mankind, and why should I be so strangely interested in two fair faces on which the worm had long since feasted in the silent tomb? Yet those beautiful children seemed to me like a bright vision, seen amid the blackness of darkness, long after I had returned to my solitary room, and I determined to make some inquiries respecting them ere I left the neighborhood. There are always some old retainers of a noble house, or at least some descendants of such, who haunt the scenes of ancient splendor; and from an aged crone, whose mother had been the nurse of the beautiful twins whose portraits I had seen, I learned the tale which proved how false had been my own imaginings.

The ladies Rosamond and Lilias were the only children of the proud old marquis whose ancestors had for centuries ruled over the domain of Folkstone. Born after a childless marriage of many years, perhaps both parents would have been better pleased if one fair son had been given to them instead of the two fragile daughters who were now destined to inherit the estates, and extinguish the name of their

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ancient family. But parental affection silenced, if it could not subdue, their regrets, and ere long the twins were the idols of both father and mother. The singular personal resemblance, which so generally characterizes those whom nature has so mysteriously connected, was in this case very strongly marked. As infants they could, with difficulty, be distinguished from each other, and only the unerring eye of a mother could detect the shade of difference between the deep gray eye of Rosamond and the slight hazel tint which was diffused through the same color in the eyes of Lilias; while only a mother's heart could remember that when the two little heads were laid upon the same pillow the curls which clustered round Rosamond's brow were darker than the chestnut locks of Lilias. This similitude seemed rather to increase with the progress of time, and in the sportiveness of their innocent mirth the fair children would often puzzle their parents by changing the ornaments which formed the only distinction between them in the eyes of the family servants. Nor were they less alike in character than in person, and happier had it been for both if more diversity between them had really existed.

Entitled by their birth to rank and affluence, gifted by nature with exceeding beauty, and almost worshiped by parents who had long despaired of beholding the renewal of their youth in their own offspring, they early learned their own importance in the eyes of the whole household. Their will became a law to all, from the proud old lord down to his humblest servant, and it is not surprising that they should soon have acquired a full portion of the waywardness which is ever the result of unlimited indulgence. Their similarity of taste and feeling produced disunion between them even in the nursery, for each was sure to desire the same gratification at precisely the same moment, and as it was scarcely possible always to fulfill the desires of both, their wilfulness occasioned continual discord between them. Many a dispute which has separated those whom God himself had united—many a family feud which has left its inheritance of hatred in the second and third generations—many a bitter jealousy—many an evil passion which curdles the milk of human kindness in the hearts of men, and makes the bond of kindred only a fetter which is gladly broken—may be traced to the petty bickerings and still renewed quarrels which disturbed the days of infancy. The misfortunes which befell the beautiful sisters, if traced to their first cause, will be found to have arisen in that disunion of feeling, and selfishness, which characterized their childhood, while the wonderful similarity which distinguished their moral as well as their physical nature, and which should have bound them by the closest ties, became only an unfailing source of discord and dislike.

As nothing is more unlovely than childhood without its innocent attributes, its frankness, its overflowing affections, its utter unselfishness, its purity of feeling—we will pass over the events of the sisters' early life; events which, though of trifling import in themselves, were of no little consequence to the formation of character. At sixteen, the ladies Rosamond and Lilias were known to all the country around as the Beauties of Folkstone; and the rare spectacle of two young females so exquisitely lovely and so wonderfully similar that a portrait of the one would have served as a most accurate likeness of the other, drew around them a crowd of admirers. It required an intimate acquaintance with both to discover the points of difference which existed between them, and yet these differences were of the most decided and definite kind. Possessed of equally violent passions, equally self-willed and resolute of purpose, they yet were most unlike in talent and in their power of self-possession. Rosamond, with far more real strength of mind than her sister, had far less control over her wayward impulses. Her acuteness of perception and brilliant wit gave point and poignancy to her conversation which too frequently degenerated into severity and sarcasm, while the least irritation of temper produced such cutting and violent invective against the offender, that few were found willing to brave her anger more than once. But with all these defects she yet possessed a degree of generous frankness, and magnanimity in acknowledging her errors, which gave promise of many noble qualities hidden beneath the waywardness of her temper. Lilias, on the contrary, was one of those sensitive, morbid creatures, who delight in cherishing every sentiment into a passion; romance was the atmosphere in which she sought to dwell, and failing to find its subtle essence pervading the grosser elements of everyday life, she was ever fretful, repining, and discontented. But Lilias was, also, a profound and skillful dissembler. Though guided ever by the impulses of a headstrong will, she yet managed to appear one of the most refined and delicate and gentle of women. Though resolute of purpose, and defying all hindrances when her passions were excited, she seemed only one of those frail, dependent, timid creatures who attach themselves to the hearts of men by their very helplessness. While the dark eyes of Rosamond flashed with the fires of intellect, those of Lilias were full of liquid light, as if a tear were ever ready to soften their rich lustre. While the chiseled lips of the franker sister were sometimes wreathed with merry smiles, sometimes curved in bitter scorn, the rose-bud mouth of the gentle Lilias never expressed a ruder emotion than quiet pleasure or placid pensiveness. While the lithe figure of one was seen in all the unstudied grace of attitude, which might beseem a wood-nymph, the drooping form and equally picturesque but more artificial postures of the other would have afforded a model to the sculptor who vainly sought to image the statue of modesty. At first view, the observer was ready to exclaim, as he gazed upon both sisters—"How marvelous a likeness!" But a second look would probably excite his wonder still more, by showing how utterly different an expression might be worn by features moulded to the most perfect exactitude of form.

Scarcely had the beautiful sisters attained the age of womanhood when death deprived them of their mother, whose weak indulgence had fostered the

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growth of those errors in her children of which she was keenly sensible ere she was removed from them forever. They felt little respect for the parent who had early submitted her better judgment to their infantine caprices, and, like all spoiled children, they made a most ungrateful return for her unlimited affection. She was allowed to minister to their pleasures, but when, excited by their willfulness, she attempted to act the mentor, or to assert her long dormant authority, she was met by utter contempt for her counsels, and disregard of her commands. Her last days were embittered by their disobedience, and the children who had been bestowed as blessings, were, by her own excess of affection, made her most bitter scourges. Their father, a weak, silly, proud old man, who fancied that every thing which appertained to him was beyond censure or criticism, and who allowed his daughters to act precisely as they pleased, so long as they did not controvert his peculiar prejudices, was little calculated to be their guide during the perilous period of life which they had just entered. Thus left to follow the dictates of their own will, they could scarcely fail of laying up a store of future suffering.

Among their numerous admirers was one who mingled timidly with the throng of the noble and the gifted that surrounded the lovely heiresses of Folkstone, as if conscious of his feeble claims upon their notice or regard. Herbert Bellenden was a younger son, who, from his boyhood, had been destined to the church, because a valuable living was in the gift of his family. His rectory was but a short distance from Folkstone, and the large estates of his elder brother lay contiguous to those which were the future inheritance of the lovely sisters. Shy and retiring in his manner, a student in the fullest sense of the word, he avoided society with an almost morbid feeling of self-distrust and false pride; while his keen sense of the beautiful, and his ardent admiration of feminine loveliness, led him to find his chief delight in the continuance of his boyish intimacy with the ladies of Folkstone. He had mastered much of the lore of books, and had not altogether neglected the study of human nature, though his reserved manners gave him little facility in this pursuit—but of that strangest of all strange volumes—the heart of woman—he was profoundly and hopelessly ignorant. Considering the sex as vastly inferior to men in intellectual strength, he looked upon them as fair and gentle beings, sent to soften man's rugged nature, and embellish life's dreary scenes; but the idea that they had characters which might be studied, and faculties which might be developed, never once occurred to him.

To a man of secluded habits and timid nature, the bold, frank, fearless bearing of Rosamond was far more attractive than the sensitive and relying temper of Lilias. He had not the decision of character and firmness of purpose which is sufficient for itself, and can, therefore, afford to offer its support to the feebler nature of woman. Rosamond's self-reliance, though generally the least attractive of all feminine traits, seemed peculiarly calculated to please one who was conscious of his own weakness; and Herbert Bellenden was not long in discovering that his affections were no longer in his own keeping. That his fine talents, his poetic temperament, his enthusiasm and his romance of feeling should have given him an interest in the heart of the morbidly sensitive Lilias, was by no means extraordinary; but that the high-spirited and joyous-hearted Rosamond—she who shared her father's pride and looked with scorn upon all who trod a lowlier path through life than that which she pursued—she who mocked at the name of love, and despised the thought of being humbled to the condition of a loving and submissive woman—she who had heretofore fancied that a paladin of the olden time, a knight ready to do his devoir to the death, or at least a noble gentleman, skilled in all manly and daring exercises, could alone fix her wandering fancy—that she should have loved the shy and vacillating student, was one of those marvels for which philosophy has no explanation. Alas! were "human love the growth of human will," how much of the suffering which belongs to its full and perfect development would the hearts of men, and more especially of women, be spared. Herbert loved the high-souled Rosamond, and the lofty Rosamond, as well as the romantic Lilias, had yielded up their hearts to him. Both, turning from the advantages which were offered them by wealth and rank, had bestowed their affections on the youthful rector. But while Rosamond proudly and sternly struggled against the love which was daily gaining new vigor in her heart, Lilias, ever attracted by those incongruities of life which give a tincture of romance to the dull realities of this working-day world, cherished the feeble sentiment of preference into a deep and absorbing passion.

It would be useless to attempt describing the progress of those events which gradually tended to compass the scheme of the romantic but self-willed Lilias. She had early discovered Herbert Bellenden's preference for Rosamond—she had almost as soon detected her proud sister's mental struggles against reciprocal affection, and yet, in despite of these things, she resolved to win the object of her love, even if her path to the altar led over her sister's crushed and bleeding heart. All the powerful machinery of a woman's wiliness was put in motion to secure the prize. All that she could devise of boldness or of stratagem was exercised upon the unsuspecting lovers. By cunningly constructed tales of Herbert's presumption, Rosamond was instigated to treat him with a degree of proud coldness almost amounting to contempt, while the downcast eye of Lilias, her quivering lip, her trembling voice, her agitated manner when in his presence, were all made to bear palpable witness to the depth of her own fervent tenderness. A woman's cunning is almost sure of success, because men rarely suspect the sex until they have had some experience of their falsehood, and even if once deceived, personal vanity is usually a most powerful auxiliary on the side of the weaker, but more subtle adversary. Herbert Bellenden was entirely deceived by the devices of Lilias. He fan-

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cied that the sensitive girl was cherishing a hopeless passion which she vainly struggled to hide, and when he compared her ill-concealed agitation of manner with the stern, cold indifference of her sister, he could not but wonder at his own waywardness in thus humbling himself before the contemner, while he turned from the worshiper.

One evening—it was the dusk hour of twilight, and the shadow of the broad and gnarled oaks threw a deeper gloom over the pathway, as Herbert encountered the lady of his love. She was treading with quick step a narrow walk which traversed the lawn, and lost itself in the darkest woodland. A closed bonnet partly hid her features, but the proud curve of those smiling lips, the stately tread of that tall form was not to be mistaken. He little knew what thoughts of coming triumph had lent that haughty look and that proud step to the maiden who now stood beside him. Day after day had he brooded over his preference for the cold beauty, and pondered on the belief that he was the object of her sister's love. Sometimes he was tempted to banish himself from the presence of both—sometimes he was upon the point of devoting himself to the gentle and loving Lilias—yet his vacillating temper led him still to defer the moment of explanation. Now, however, he was nerved by a courage heretofore unknown to him. They were alone—no witnesses but the silent stars could behold his agitation—his voice would reach no ears save hers—and yielding to an impulse which he could neither understand nor control, he poured forth the long repressed tide of deep affection. Silently did the lady listen to the burning words of passion—silently did she suffer him to draw her toward him—silently did she hide her face upon his bosom, as he prayed her to forget rank and fortune, and parental anger, for the strong and abiding love of a husband's heart. Did no misgiving seize him when he found the haughty and frank Rosamond listening calmly to such a proposition? Did he believe that passion had so subdued her proud temper that she would not only wed the untitled younger son, but even degrade herself by a clandestine marriage?

On the night following this unlooked-for interview, a veiled and muffled figure stole silently from a postern gate, which opened upon a by-path through Folkstone park. The clock was striking midnight as the disguised lady approached the trysting-place. Herbert Bellenden was already there—the carriage was in waiting, and, with a silent embrace, the lovers hurried to enter it. Ere the next day's sun had set, the whole neighborhood knew that Herbert Bellenden had robbed Folkstone of one of its fairest ornaments. The story was widely diffused, but, strange to say, half the world made Rosamond the partner of his flight, while others said that Lilias was the bride. The gossips were only satisfied when Rosamond, looking pale and sorrowful, but still as proud and queenly as ever, was seen accompanying her father in his daily rides. It was strange, passing strange.

Time passed on and wrought his usual changes as he winged his silent way. Five years had elapsed since the eventful night which had thus far decided the fate of the sisters. The old lord of Folkstone was gathered to his fathers—the stately and beautiful Rosamond dwelt alone in the ancient hall, for, excepting her sister, there were none of her near kindred left upon earth. Herbert Bellenden had inherited the title and fortune which had once belonged to his elder brother, who had recently died childless, and the beautiful Lilias, who, to the eyes of the world, had sacrificed ambition to love when she wedded, now reaped her reward in her newly acquired rank and wealth. At the death-bed of their aged father, a reconciliation had taken place between the estranged family. The old man, who could not forgive his daughter's clandestine marriage with a younger son, was induced to bestow his blessing on the richly dowered countess, and Rosamond, whose cold, proud demeanor had now become habitual, did not refuse to accede to the proffered peace. But though there might be peace between them, there could be no affection. Rosamond's heart had received a wound which was yet unhealed, and Lilias was hiding within her bosom a secret which she dreaded lest her very thoughts should reveal. Jealous of every look and word which her husband bestowed upon another, pining for the kindness and affection which Herbert neither would nor could bestow, and continually trembling lest something should occur to break the frail bonds which seemed to hold her husband to her side, she had indeed reaped her reward in utter disappointment and misery.

But her punishment was not yet come. Lilias was preparing for her first winter in London, where she had resolved to appear in all the splendors of her beauty and her fortune, when a fearful accident overthrew all her hopes. While in the act of stepping out of her carriage, the horses took fright, and the fair countess was thrown violently to the ground, while her dress becoming entangled in the steps, she was dragged some distance over the rugged road before assistance could be afforded. She was taken up apparently lifeless, and so frightfully disfigured that she was scarcely to be recognized. Medical skill was immediately procured, but for many hours she lay between life and death, and it was not until the second day that the doctor pronounced the crisis to be past.

"Every thing depends upon care now," said the man of wisdom; "the slightest change may prove fatal to her, the most trivial neglect is death."

Then leaving a draught, to be taken at regular intervals, the doctor sought the repose which, during her most imminent danger, he had denied himself.

That very night, as Rosamond watched beside the bed of her unconscious sister, in the very presence of the helpless sufferer, who knew not of what was passing around her—that very night, from the lips of him whom she still loved better than aught else on earth, did Rosamond listen to a tale which almost maddened her. It was *her* love that Herbert Bellenden had sought—it was *her* hand he had tried to win—it was *her* whom he fancied he was bearing to a clandestine marriage, and not until the hurried and

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confused ceremony was over—not until the veil was removed from the face of her whom he claimed as his wife, did he learn that Lilias, and not Rosamond, was his companion.

"From that hour, Rosamond," said he, "I have loathed the very air she breathed, and the very earth she trod. She has been as a serpent in my path, and yet her tears, her agony, her blandishments have won me to treat her sometimes with a tenderness that has seemed almost like love. Yes," he added, bitterly, "she has been as a serpent in my path, as a deadly adder whose sting I feel in my very heart of hearts; and now she lies like a crushed worm before me—thus to drag out perhaps years of misery—a fearful and humble sight to all—a heavy and wretched burden to my existence."

What were the feelings of Rosamond when she listened to this strange tale? The flood-gates of passion were thrown down—the barriers of pride and principle gave way, and in that fearful hour the secret of her long hoarded passion was revealed to the weak and vacillating husband of another. From that moment Rosamond never re-entered her sister's apartment, and never again met Herbert Bellenden save in the presence of others of the household. But it was observed, and mentioned long afterwards, when circumstances awakened fearful suspicions, that the charge of the helpless sufferer now devolved entirely on a superannuated old woman who had long been regarded with an evil eye for her malice and ill-omened power of mischief.

Though crushed nearly out of all semblance to humanity, Lilias seemed to cling to life with wonderful tenacity, and the physician reiterated his opinion that care alone was necessary to restore her to comparative health.

"She will never walk again, poor thing," said he, gravely, "and she will scarcely be able to recover the use of her hands; her features, too, must always be terribly distorted, and I doubt whether her eyesight will be fully restored—but no vital function is seriously injured, and she may yet live many years."

That very night, or rather at dawn of the following day, Lilias was found stark and stiff in death, while the old woman, whose business it was to watch the sufferer, lay in a deep sleep on the floor beside her. The physician seemed thunderstruck when he beheld the lifeless body of her whom he had left but a few hours before in comparative safety, but he could not take it upon himself to assert that some sudden change had not occurred, some rapid and violent attack of disease whose symptoms were unmarked, and the general disorganization of her whole frame. In consequence of her disfigured appearance, her body was not allowed to lie in state, although a pompous funeral graced the obsequies of the once beautiful Countess of Moreland. The Earl wore the semblance of decent sorrow—the lady Rosamond assumed the dusky habiliments of wo—and yet, it was observed, that the old watcher, whose carelessness had in all probability shortened the days of the unhappy countess, was taken into the household, and honored with the confidence of the lady of Folkstone.

Three months had scarcely elapsed, after the frightful events just narrated, when a marriage was solemnized secretly and by torch-light, in the chapel at Folkstone. The bride was the beautiful Rosamond, and her voice rang out through the dark aisles of the lonely church with almost unnatural clearness as she uttered the solemn responses. But the tones of the bridegroom were hollow and low, and his frame quivered with strong emotion, for his weak and timid nature shrunk from the thought of that which he had done, and that which he was now doing. He had yielded to the bolder wickedness of the woman at his side, but he was appalled by the shadows which conscience called up before his bewildered sight. Rosamond was revenged, alike upon the sister who had wronged, and the dastard lover who had wavered when decision would have afforded happiness to both. Lilias was laid in an unhonored grave, Herbert Bellenden was her wedded husband, and the long cherished bitterness of her wayward heart had at last poured out its venom, and was relieved.

Did she not fear the anger of an avenging Providence? Did she not know that retributive justice, sooner or later, must overtake the guilty? She was allowed just time enough to learn that the husband for whom she had perilled her soul was rendered utterly contemptible by his vacillating character, and his low vices—and then the hour of reckoning came. A child was born to the earldom of Moreland—a son to inherit the name and honors of an ancient race—but a cry of inexpressible horror from all who looked upon him was his only welcome to a world of suffering. The stamp of a mother's evil passions was upon the innocent babe—his marred and crippled limbs, his fearfully distorted face bore the awful semblance of the unhappy dead. It was the face of the buried Lilias.

For twenty years Rosamond was manacled and bound like a wild beast, chained to the walls of her own apartment, an object of terror and pity to all who looked upon her raving madness, or listened to the wild howlings of her insanity. The child, a helpless, crippled idiot, outlived its miserable parents, and by its death in 17—, the line of two of England's noblest families became extinct, while the estates fell to distant collateral heirs.

Such was the real history of those fair children whose pictured semblance had so fascinated my gaze in that lonely chamber—such were the fortunes of those for whom I had fancied a destiny of innocent happiness.

ON THOSE WHO FELL AT THERMOPYLÆ.

Ὦ ξεῖν' ἀγγέλλειν Λακεδαιμονίοις, ὅτι τῇδε
Κείμεθα, τοῖς κείνων πειθόμενοι νομίμοις. *Simonides.*

Stranger, returning to our country, tell
That here, obedient to her laws, we fell.

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THE HEIR OF FLEETWOOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HENRI QUATRE."

In one of the English southern counties, a long chain of hills abruptly terminates in a bold promontory; the eye of the spectator, gazing from the peak, is delighted with an expanse of richly wooded plains enlivened by lofty turret and broad dome of manorial tenement. On the left hand, buried beneath the dark shade of trees, stands Fleetwood Hall; on the right, at a distance of six or more miles, is seen Millington Grange, both edifices of ancient date, both had sheltered from century to century families of the same names as their respective estates. The grandfather of Philip Fleetwood, of the Hall, married the heiress of Millington. It was covenanted in the marriage settlement that, as by law and tenure the Fleetwood domains would descend to the eldest son, the Grange and its appurtenances should fall to the second on his assumption of the name of Millington. The offspring of this marriage, Edward and James Fleetwood, on their father's death, shared the property; the eldest retaining the Hall, whilst James, with his widowed mother, retired to Millington, her ancestral abode. Edward died prematurely, leaving in possession his son Philip Fleetwood, the present owner; the fate of James was very similar, he left an only child, George Fleetwood Millington, to the care of his aged parent, his wife having died prior. At the period our history commences, there were alive only the two cousins and their grandmother, the venerable heiress of Millington Grange.

Philip Fleetwood, at the age of twenty-five, had reason to regret having been left without parental control. Early, unchecked dissipation induced habits under the influence of which the patrimonial property became loaded with mortgage and debt. Having drained the cup of pleasure, lost all zest for simple amusements, life became wearisome, save under the fascination of dissipated excitement. But pecuniary means often failing, forcing temporary retirement to the solitude of Fleetwood Hall, his mind, originally morose and melancholy though teeming with voluptuous fancies, was the prey of dark thoughts. Darker, blacker became his thoughts when they turned to Millington Grange. His father had often lamented the separation of the two domains—and Philip brooded over the reflection till it grew into a startling, terrific, yet ever-haunting truth, that there was now but one life between himself and possession of both estates.

Young Millington was of the same age as Philip, but their characters were very different. George, since his parents' death, had been educated under the eye of the old lady, who proved a watchful guardian of the heir, an excellent manager of the estate. On leaving college he returned home, showed little disposition to quit the routine of country life for the gay pleasures of London or continental modes of existence, and finally became attached to a young orphan lady of the same county, Alice Temple, a frequent and welcome guest at Millington Grange—very much a favorite of the aged proprietress. The career of George promised to be as smooth and agreeable as that of his cousin vexatious and destructive. What a strange contrast did the events of a few months present to the former even tenor of their existence!

There had ever been shyness, reserve, secret jealousy in Philip, but when rumor of George's increasing intimacy with Miss Temple became noised abroad there ensued a marked change. The heir of Fleetwood grew a constant visiter at the Grange, made great progress in the good opinion of the old lady, and at length persuaded Mrs. Millington and her grandson that the latter should, ere he married, visit London and Paris, to brush up and adorn rusticated habits amidst the splendor of their courts. In Paris George was shocked at the low haunts into which he was dragged, but suspected nothing beyond an extremely dissipated taste in Philip, for the latter was kind, brotherly, attentive. He remonstrated; Fleetwood declared it the mode, but promised amendment. Ere the unsophisticated cousin could extricate himself from the class of high-born, depraved associates, he became, he scarcely knew how, entangled in a quarrel. The honor of the family, as Philip asserted, was at stake, and he offered to take the quarrel on his own hands—a proceedure of course declined by George. The parties met in the environs of Paris, and young Millington, owing to his adversary—a practiced swordsman—slipping on the wet grass, succeeded in wounding and disarming him. It was, as universally said in the circles, a miracle, for the Frenchman handled the foil with the dexterity of a *maitre d'armes*. George, disgusted alike with the circumstance and the companions of Philip, was resolute to quit France, so the cousins returned to London—Fleetwood making merit of yielding to his kinsman's wishes. The concession operated greatly in his favor. Millington was pleased in the supposed discovery that the other's love of dissolute associates was not inherent, but sprung from false notions of Parisian society; so in London, as in the former capital, he was again the led pupil of Philip. For a short period all went smoothly, and the time approached at which it had been agreed, ere he left the Grange, that George should return. Philip, as

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his cousin could not fail remarking, grew restless and dispirited; the latter attributed it to incipient distemper, and urged their departure from London. Fleetwood, stipulating only for a few more days' sojourn in the metropolis, agreed; and as he proved so complying, George could not readily resist accompanying him in courses, and to places, which partook of the spirit of former license. A report of the duel at Paris had reached the Grange, and the letters both of Mrs. Millington and Miss Temple breathed foreboding and alarm, and urged the traveler homeward. George replied in a tone calculated to soothe their fears, that he had already fixed the day of return; that Philip appeared as contented as himself to forsake the gayety of London; but even should he change his mind, the writer would certainly be home the day appointed. He was anxious to dissipate any injurious impressions engendered by unfavorable rumors of his mode of life in Paris. That such impressions existed, the tenor of the correspondence pretty broadly indicated, and as he felt the mischief had been induced by yielding to his cousin's wishes, not from inclination, he was doubly anxious to regain the good opinion of his aged relative and remove the least cause of regret and sorrow from the heart of Alice Temple. He still loved his cousin, believed the affection was returned, but the conviction gained ground that their habits and sentiments were so thoroughly dissimilar that separation and scant intercourse would be productive, if not of mutual benefit, at least of increased happiness to himself. In proportion as this conviction acquired strength, the society of Philip was rather endured than liked; whether the latter were conscious of the change, George could not determine, but it was attended by one unhappy result—for having fixed the day of departure, and resolved never again to place himself within Philip's noxious circle, he was led by false complacency to yield to solicitations.

On the eve of quitting town, the kinsmen dined together at Fleetwood's lodgings. George, in despite of strict guard—for he was aware of the temptation to which he was exposed—found the wine, of which he partook sparingly, take unaccountable and irresistible effect. He lost self-control, was led about the town from one public resort to another, and in a tavern near the Haymarket, devoted to gaming, exchanged blows—his usual failing when intoxicated, and of which Philip could not possibly be ignorant—with an outcast scion of a noble house. Philip, as George indistinctly remembered, warm in his cousin's cause, by violent conduct carried the quarrel to such lengths that on the morrow, when the sobered parties met, there was no escape from a duel but by concessions—in the fashionable world—deemed dishonorable to both. So that on the very day fixed for return to Millington, the preliminaries of a hostile meeting were arranged.

Young Millington, almost heart-broken, wrote hastily to the Grange excusing his stay in London one more day. Alas! what might not that day produce! Of Philip he began to think far from kindly. That he was himself irritable, prone to quarrel when under the influence of wine—not a rare phenomenon with quiet peaceful men—was known to himself, was equally well known to Philip. Why, therefore, should the latter take such deliberate pains to break through the restraints of caution? Should he not rather, with the becoming zeal of a true friend, have aided his cousin's wise resolves, instead of assailing them under plea of indulgence in a parting tribute to sociality and friendship? Was not Fleetwood's conduct in the tavern improper, irritating and gratuitously vexatious and insulting to the other party? He who had on other occasions shown such self-command, displayed such imperturbable coolness in his own quarrels!

Even should he escape death, how would his character, in future, stand with friends?—be estimated by public opinion in his own county, where by birth and fortune he was eligible to the highest honors? If he turned from these unhappy reflections to tenderer thoughts, what reception should he meet from Alice? if he fell, in what light would she hold his memory? The prospect was, in every way, dismal and forlorn, without ray of hope, without shadow of consolation. He had written home to excuse the delay of one day, but a more painful duty was imperative. The night was far gone ere he could summon courage to address his aged relative—perhaps for the last time. To Alice, indeed, he could not write, so was fain to content his affection by enclosing beneath a superscription a dearly loved gift (her portrait, which he ever wore) and some intended presents from Paris. These he commended to the care of Mrs. Millington, adding to the trust a plain, unvarnished tale of proceedings since leaving home. In stamping his thoughts with language, he was both grieved and surprised to discover how much, perforce, he was obliged to implicate his cousin. Soften words how he may, he could not render a true account, without convicting himself of weakness, without imputing to Mr. Fleetwood negligence and wantonness, not the less culpable because inexplicable. The packet, when complete, he gave in charge to his valet, Frederick, with directions to proceed with it to the Grange on the morrow, should he fail returning home that afternoon from a pleasure jaunt with Mr. Fleetwood. More effectually to lull the man's suspicions (if he entertained any) of the motive of the early drive, he despatched him soon after day-break on an idle errand, that he might be out of the way, when Philip arrived, of witnessing the preparation for the duel.

He had barely time to complete a hasty toilet, when seven o'clock brought Philip Fleetwood in a hired chaise. As George's *friend* on the occasion, and as his near blood-relative, Philip asked if he had no commands, no letters, no souvenirs to entrust to his care.

"You are the child of good fortune, George, and I am convinced you will come out of this bout scatheless; still, it is well to be prepared."

Millington replied, that as his estates were entailed on Philip, should he die without issue, the few bequests in his own power had been willed ere leav-

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ing the Grange. He certainly had spent a portion of the night in writing, but his despatches were already entrusted, with proper directions, to the care of his valet. The countenance of Philip fell.

"You mistrust me, George," said Fleetwood; "I feel an awful responsibility in leading you through this unpleasant business—do not needlessly embitter my situation—remember, should you not survive, and I be gifted with life long as a patriarch's, I shall ever feel your unkind distrust, more even than your loss."

Tears stood in the eyes of the speaker, and he threw himself into a chair, burying his face in his hands.

Young Millington was deeply moved; he had, perhaps, judged Philip too harshly, and regretted the haste in which he had confided the packet to Frederick. He flew to his cousin, assured him he indulged in unfounded suspicions, and with an insincerity foreign to his character—willing to spare Philip's feelings—he hinted that he had avoided imposing any task on his cousin which might lead to unpleasant interviews at the Grange.

"You are right, George," exclaimed Philip, grasping his hand, "it would be laid at my door—and I am afraid that is now your feeling."

Millington affected hilarity he did not feel, in endeavoring to restore the well-dissembled grief of Fleetwood, rallying him on weakness, scarcely excusable in a principal, much less a second in a hostile meeting. Philip soon regained composure under the assumed cheerfulness of George, and they descended to the chaise, wherein sat very patiently Mr. Bolton, Fleetwood's surgeon, summoned for the occasion, and together drove to Wimbledon, stopping on the way to enjoy the benefit of Philip's gastronomic prescription of a good breakfast—it being with him a favorite theory, that the stomach is the seat of valor, and he had remarked that George's hand shook a little. Driving rapidly exhilarates the spirits, society and companionship banishes fear, enhances courage—and good cheer, as Philip said, makes a stout heart. It was no wonder, therefore, that George arrived on the ground without trace of the deep misery which besieged him through the night. The nascent change of feeling toward Philip, however, was gradually dissipated by his behavior during the drive. There was, in truth, a real heartlessness in his deportment, varnished over with a show of deep concern, which on ordinary occasions would have imposed on his cousin; but now the perceptive faculties of the latter were rendered intensely acute by the awful ordeal to which he was summoned.

They were last on the ground. The other party, consisting of principal, second, and medical attendant, advanced to meet them. The spot chosen was a hollow between two hills. Very few words were spoken, for overtures of reconciliation were useless, or at any rate so deemed by the seconds—and the principals had the usual notions of fashionable honor too much at heart to interfere. It was decided, as the opponent's second was a short, spare man, that Fleetwood, of tall and commanding figure, and more readily distinguishable by the combatants, should give the signal. Philip placed his friend.

"Look well at your man, now," he whispered, "mark the straight line from his foot to your own—and when I drop the signal, raise the pistol steadily in the direction of the line to a trifle below breast-high—then fire!—and we shall surely dine together at the Thatched-House—but remember, be cool, for he is the best shot in London."

The other replied not, and Fleetwood retired to his station. The signal was made, but George's pistol was not raised. His antagonist fired—the ball tore through the cravat, and slightly grazed the throat of Millington, who immediately discharged his weapon in the air. The seconds ran to his aid, and on removing the cravat, it was discovered he was uninjured. An earnest conversation ensued respecting another fire; the scope of Fleetwood's remarks and behavior implied that the contest should not cease, although it could not be said that his mere words warranted such assumption.

"I did not fire," said George, who overheard the dialogue of the seconds, "as I believe, I gave the first offence—I struck the first blow."

"My good fellow," exclaimed Philip, rather impatiently, "remember the responsibility is with us—"

"Be that as it may," cried George's opponent, "after what Mr. Millington has just said, I cannot fire again, though he is quite welcome to a shot at me."

"Then, I believe, the affair must end here," said the other second, addressing Fleetwood.

"I suppose it must," replied Philip. "Indeed," he added, correcting himself, "after what has passed between our principals, I am glad, very glad, to see a chance of reconciliation."

Permission thus accorded, mutual regrets, mutual declarations of each other's honor and gentlemanly feeling were exchanged, and the parties severally retired from the field.

Two hours afterward, Fleetwood was in his dressing room. In extreme ill-humor he dismissed the valet, completed the arrangements of the toilet himself, and as it wanted a full half-hour of the appointment at the Thatched-House (for though it cannot be doubted he expected his cousin would fall by his antagonist's fire, he had ordered dinner ere starting for Wimbledon) he had leisure to reflect on the morning's adventure.

"Curse the fool!" he exclaimed, hastily; "he bears a charmed life! The best small-swordsman in France—the cleverest shot in London—he escapes both! But the third attempt—aye! will he escape that?"

Philip shuddered at the baseness of his own thoughts. There was a time when his heart was pure—could he not yet retrace his steps, abandon the foul purpose which haunted him night and day? And what then? was the scowling question prompted by dark passion. Would even unspotted innocence restore the domains of Fleetwood? It was true he was the recognized lord of broad, fertile manors, but the estates loaded with mortgage were

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like the empty shell which crumbles when one attempts to grasp it. The Millington property, equaling in revenue and extent his own lands, was free from incumbrance. Its severance from Fleetwood had been much lamented by his father—there was now interposed but one life, that of his half-witted cousin, to re-possession; but if George married Alice Temple, then farewell the chance! Let the heir of Fleetwood forever bid farewell to expectation of Millington Grange! Lose what he had toiled, schemed, planned, intrigued for, he would not while hope remained. Afraid even to articulate the dark deed, it died on his lips as he hurriedly paced the room—but he doomed George never more to see Millington!

The cloth was removed, the dessert placed, the wine circulated, brightened by the gay jest of Fleetwood, who one moment rallied his cousin on the future humdrum life at the Grange—Mrs. Alice Millington making tea, and reading Pilgrim's Progress to the old lady, whilst George solaced himself at chess with the rector;—next moment, ironically lauding the high-souled chivalry of a Millington withholding his fire against a desperate gambler and *roué*, whom it would have been doing a deed of charity to St. James' and its purlieus to have put out of the way: so passed the convivial hours. But, ever and anon, even midst the flash of mirth, there passed a strange shadow over the brow of Philip. The wine was put down untasted, the hand faltered, and a film overspread his sight; he could scarcely see his unsuspecting kinsman. The heart recoiled at the enormity of the meditated act—the mind shrunk aghast from its own dire conception. In the confusion of his brain, to banish thoughts, he proposed driving to Richmond, to witness the theatrical entertainments recently established in that fashionable village.

"You forget," replied George, in the utmost surprise, "in another hour the chaise will be here. I have ordered relays, but even if I were obliged to sleep a few hours on the road, I breakfast to-morrow morning at the Grange."

It was strange, but Philip had forgotten this arrangement; still more strange, as he had schemed to feign illness in order to detain George in town. Millington's remark, respecting present departure, recalled the lost train of thought—lost for awhile, even in the troubled brain whence it had birth—and aware of the necessity of prompt action, he was dismayed at the escape of the fleeting hours.

"You are unwell," observed his friend, noticing the pale, agitated face; "indeed, I think alarmingly ill—I never saw so sudden a change! You require country air more than myself—these fits and starts I have noted in you the last month. I'll tell you how it is, Philip! You are doomed—nay, do not start, but hear me out—you are doomed to a severe fit of illness, the penalty of past life, and you will recover to live an altered and reformed man."

Philip smiled, but the smile was ghastly. How fortunately appearances favored his scheme! He replied that he certainly was ill, had struggled as much as possible throughout the day against the enemy, but was now afraid he must succumb; and as he did not think it prudent to return home, would thank George, ere his traveling equipage arrived, to make arrangements for his passing the night at the hotel. This remark had the desired effect. It was suffoing evidence to young Millington, that his cousin was approaching a state of illness in which it would be unkind, unnatural to quit him, till he was at least surrounded with the comforts and appliances essential to an invalid. Philip offered no opposition to the kindly offer of being conveyed to his own lodgings in Millington's chaise; 'twas, he admitted, better for a sick man than the hotel with its strange faces; but he opposed more vehemently his cousin's intention of staying another night in town. But the generous Millington overruled remonstrance, and despatched Frederick with chaise and luggage to the Grange with a short note (the prior letter and packet was, of course, reclaimed) stating his own delay to arise from Philip's sudden illness, and that the family might certainly expect him ere to-morrow midnight, saving an event they would much deplore—he alluded to the bare chance of Fleetwood's decease. This arrangement squared with Philip's secret wish; it was essential to his plans that Frederick should be separated from his master, though fear of suspicion withheld him from proposing it.

The gray light of dawn peered between the shutters of Fleetwood's apartment. His eyes were closed, but he was awake, listening to a conversation between George and the nurse. Mr. Bolton and the physicians, she remarked, affirmed the disorder arose from mental anxiety—there was no immediate danger—quiet, and absence of exciting topics of discourse would prove the best restoratives. Was he then favored by fortune? Did some busy demon smooth the path to blood? Every thing, as the pretended sleeper observed, worked for him—even dastardly conscience, which paled the cheek, palsied the arm, wrought deceit on the medical attendants whom he had despaired of deceiving.

"He sleeps well!" said Millington, drawing aside the curtains. Whilst the cousin, with upraised taper, surveyed the calm features of the invalid, expressed ardently his satisfaction with the physician's opinion, that the next visit would be final, and the patient might safely be removed for change of air—little thought he what dark thoughts raged beneath that calm, specious mask! His own death encompassing by the busy, restless soul, whose earthly tenement was stretched so tranquilly beneath his eyes!

The warm-hearted kinsman came once more—early in the afternoon—to bid farewell. Contrary to expectation, he found, although the nurse had been dismissed, that his cousin was still in bed. In reply to expressions of surprise, Fleetwood pleaded excessive weakness, which he declared should not prevent his return to the Hall by the next day at latest.

"But how do you travel?" continued the invalid.

"It is now two o'clock," replied Millington; 'Rodney will carry me to the Grange, a bare forty miles, you know, by midnight."

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"Unless you encounter a knight of the road with his pistol and fast-trotting nag," remarked Philip, pretending to search for some object beneath the pillow, for nerved as he was to fell purpose, the allusion was akin to his own dark thought, and he could not look George in the face; he felt as though his own disturbed eye would beget suspicion.

"Here is my defence," replied Millington, laughing. He produced a pair of pistols. "If any chance son of Turpin should make the assault, I promise you, I will not fire in the air, as I did yestermorn."

"And the road—which do you take?" asked Philip, handling the pistols, examining the weapons with the eye of a connoisseur. George, premising that they were loaded, proceeded to explain minutely his intended route. Fleetwood expressed an opinion that the road chosen was certainly the safest, and advised his cousin not to deviate from it—there was too much heath and common-land the other way. Still retaining the pistols in his hand, he affected sudden recollection of something needed, and begged his kinsman would obtain it below, as his valet was from home. Soon as Millington left the room, the patient sprang lightly from bed, flew to the adjoining dressing-room, opened his pistol-case, and with a screw drew the bullets from George's weapons, leaving in each the charge of powder. The manœuvre was performed so quickly, that when his friend returned, he was lying in bed—the pistols on the coverlet.

"And now, Philip," said his cousin, after they had exchanged adieus, "promise me one thing—that the day after you arrive at the Hall, you visit the Grange. Bolton and his friend say your disease is mental—I see you change color—but do not be angry—they did not mean your brain was affected, but that something was preying on your mind. You know all my estates are entailed on your posterity, if mine fail, but I have yet some money at your service—whether enough to cure heart-burning, I cannot tell."

Philip smiled thankfully, though sickened at heart. "I will come, George, soon as you expect me," he said, and sunk on the pillow, for he wished the conference ended. The kinsmen parted. Soon as the street-door closed, Fleetwood arose, watched his cousin far as the eye could reach, and then flung down the window-blind.

"Now, Philip Fleetwood!" exclaimed he, "now has arrived the hour to know thyself! Why should I fear? A shot, a single shot fired in darkness, and I am lord of Millington Grange, soon as my venerable grandmother follows her beloved. Conscience! foolery! The life of man is so varied, so many demands on his time, his thoughts, his feelings, there is nothing he may not forget midst the bustle of new pursuits. Three years hence, I may doubt even if I did the deed, if I school my mind aright."

François, his valet, was a ready, supple creature, attached to Fleetwood by parity of tastes and pursuits, high wages, and unlimited license on occasions when personal attendance was not required. He told this man that he had a long-dated appointment that afternoon at a cottage a few miles from town, which he must keep, or lose the favor of the fair occupant, which he had strove hard to gain. Of two friends aware of the engagement, one a jealous rival of his favor in that quarter, had betted a large sum with the other that Fleetwood, owing to his enfeebled state, would fail in the appointment. Philip, bent on going, and, besides, anxious to serve the friend who had staked the wager in favor of his performing the journey, was determined, more effectually to mortify his rival, and at the same time play with his feelings, as well as his money, to leave the lodging unseen, and return with such secrecy that it should be supposed by the inmates that he had been the whole period in bed. To give an apparently sufficing motive for this proceeding, Philip contrived to tell the story in such a way as to make his servant believe he was to share the wager. François' peculiar smile proved the success of the finesse; he knew his master's impoverished circumstances, and thought the scheme a notable plan to raise the wind; it also fully explained the sudden, and, to the valet, unaccountable illness. Fleetwood watched the countenance of the man, saw his eyes glisten, knew his thoughts, for there is a sort of freemasonry between men long associated. Philip did his character wrong in this particular, for he was incapable of playing the common cheat, though willing to risk body and soul for a high stake.

"Now for your own advantage, François, in this business," continued Philip; "for I find it safest to bind men to my service by sharing profits. You have long teazed me for two months absence, to visit Marseilles, to see your relatives—your father or mother, I suppose, being uppermost in thought, for the girls you courted, and ran away from, must be pretty old by this time. Now, if I regain this chamber, unseen by any save yourself, you shall be on the road to Dover by noon to-morrow—I could never better spare you, for I am going to rusticate."

Fleetwood had now set the finishing stroke to his foul plot. Should suspicion even light on himself, the whole household would be prepared to swear he had never quitted his sick-chamber; whilst François, too sagacious not to draw prejudicial inferences, would be away in a foreign country, where he could not be questioned, nor indulge unfavorable cogitations—and to make matters sure on this head, it was his intention to join the valet at Marseilles, and detain him, without suspicion, for a much longer period on the continent.

Whilst François went to hire a horse, Philip was not idle. He loaded two pairs of pistols carefully—sketched the route and distances—so that he had no difficulty in calculating each hour's probable progress—at what spot, and by what hour, he must (having tracked his kinsman, and taken the lead) plant himself, so as effectually to arrest his progress. François returned, stating where a horse would be found suited to the purpose; he then adjusted on his master's head a wig worn at a late masquerade, and having ascertained that the coast was clear, said he could now safely pass down stairs, cross the yard in the rear, and traverse the mews unknown, in that

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disguise, by groom or coachman loitering there. The valet saw his master off without meeting eye-witness, and then went below to the offices, to recommend the servants to tread lightly on the stairs, as Mr. Fleetwood enjoyed unexpected sleep.

During the journey, the idea occurred to George, that in the hurry of affairs he had not sufficiently tutored Frederick to hide from the family many matters concerning which he would undoubtedly be catechised, and for which prior arrival would afford opportunity. This thought much chafed and made him extremely ill-humored and out of temper. The vexation was increased by a cur tenaciously following the horse's heels, snapping and barking till the animal became as irritated as his master. To rid himself of the annoyance, he drew a pistol, shot at the mongrel, missed aim as he supposed, and fired again with like ill effect. Blaming his unsteady hand, yet ashamed of having vented anger on a mean object, he resolved to endure the nuisance, as he could not afford to distress his steed by quick riding with a long march still in prospect. The dog, however, frighted by successive discharges, abandoned the contest, and George continued the journey in quiet. On reflecting that the most dangerous part of the road lay before him, he reloaded his pistols. In passing through a woody track, he was bade stand by a ruffian on foot, who occupied the centre of the road. Surprised at the fellow's daring, he checked his horse's speed, and was immediately fired at, the bullet slightly wounding his cheek. The assassin threw aside the discharged weapon, and drew another, but George was too quick, he took aim, snapped the pistol, and the man rolled in the dust. Millington dismounted, with intention of dragging the wounded robber to the side path.

"Are you hurt, George?" cried a faint voice, whose tones so well remembered, caused the traveler to drop his burthen in utter dismay.

"What! Philip Fleetwood?" exclaimed the cousin, aghast.

"The same!" replied the other, speaking with more difficulty. "I have not long to live—but preserve the honor of our family. I was ruined with debt, George, and would have shot you for the sake of broad Millington. But it's over—and I am glad you escaped. Convey me to Fleetwood—say, for the honor of our race, you found me thus—that you found me shot by a—"

Philip fainted. In the chaise procured by his kinsman, he revived a little, and desired that a neighboring magistrate might be sent for, to meet him at the Hall. Before this gentleman he made deposition that he had been attacked by a highwayman, and on refusing to deliver his purse, was shot, and lay weltering in the road, till almost ridden over by his cousin. George knew not what part to take; trembling at the audacity of the falsehood at such an awful moment, he was several times on the point of giving way to a keen sense of truth and religious feeling—but the eye of the victim watched his slightest movements intently.

"If you have no love for the honor of our name—think of our poor grandmother!" whispered Philip.

George was struck dumb. After the magistrate retired, with intention of offering a large reward for the apprehension of the murderer, Fleetwood had yet strength to relate to Millington certain particulars relative to the state of affairs in town, particularly respecting the valet, François—to all of which, George mournfully promised attention.

So perished miserably Philip Fleetwood, by the very means adopted to destroy an unsuspecting, amiable kinsman. The bolt of vengeance recoiled on the guilty schemer, and his estates (so far as available) and name became the inheritance of the intended victim. When Philip breathed his last, George, rent with anguish, rode to the Grange; had no peace till he confided the dread secret to the ear of the affectionate Alice (Mrs. Millington was wisely spared the awful narration,) but it was long ere he regained ease of mind, or could divest himself of sense of guilt in being a party to the falsehood uttered by the unrepenting, unhallowed Philip. 'Twas the joint care of himself and Alice Temple (after proper interval a happy bride) to soothe the declining days and decaying spirits of their venerable grand-parent, whilst Millington obtained reputation in the path he was best calculated to adorn, that of a hospitable country-gentleman and magistrate.

LINES TO A LADY.

BY REV. WALTER COLTON, U. S. N.

There is a hand whose calm caress
Returns no throbbing pulse or sign
When other hands its stillness press—
But trembles when 't is placed in thine.

There is a heart that would forego
The brightest smiles to others known
If o'er its kindled depths may glow
The radiant image of thine own.

There is an eye whose timid gaze
Would shut of other eyes resign,
And turn from all their thousand rays
To catch one answering glance from thine.

There is a soul whose flowing tide
Obeys a mystic source of light,
But swells to no soft orb beside
If thy sweet planet gilds the night.

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TO A CANARY BIRD:

WARBLING DURING PRAYER AT A FUNERAL.

Sweet songster! in thy wiry dome suspended,
Why mock with wanton strains this solemn air?
While stricken hearts are bowed, and knees are bended
In fervent prayer!

Gay twittering thing! is there no mournful token
In such a scene, to check thy carols glad?
Ah! better were thy thrilling notes unbroken
In requiem sad!

Hast thou no sorrow for our friend departed,
Who sleeps beneath that shroud—*the dreamless sleep?*
No dirge-like cadence for the broken-hearted—
Around who weep?

Alike to thee is human gloom or glory!
Still then thy gushing melody prolong,
Nor let these funeral rites—vain—transitory—
Check thy blithe song.

Bright-winged warbler! could thy lays awaken
Joy in the bosom sorrow's hand had crushed,
Then would the wounded heart, of hope forsaken,
In peace be hushed.

Perhaps e'en now thy liquid tones are lending
Solace to grief, which *prayers* may not restrain;
Soothing the soul and with the memory blending
Some old refrain!

Some old refrain—that unforgotten lingers
The faded relic of long buried years—
Ere the young spirit, touched by death's cold fingers,
Was dimmed by tears!

Sing on, sweet bird! ring out thy tuneful measure!
I would not bid thy gentle song to cease;
And he who heard thy warblings oft with pleasure,
Now sleeps in peace.

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THE MAY FLOWERS.

BY WALTER HAWTHORNE.

Dawns the morning, all around us
Flowers ope to meet the sun,
Clouds, in which the night had bound us,
O'er the hills float one by one;
And the meadows, green and waving
With the strong young grasses lie—
Brooks their sedgy borders laving—
Like a sea beneath the sky.

From his lofty palace gazing,
Now the joyous martin sings,
And the robin God is praising
As from tree to tree he springs.
Oh the valleys and the mountains,
And the lakes afar that gleam,
And the brooklets and the fountains
All with joy and beauty beam.

From her chamber, lone and dreary,
Like a prisoner from his cell,
Gentle Julia, pale and weary,
Wanders forth with Isabel;
Forth she wanders in the sunshine,
From her winter-long repose,
In the May-day's blessed sunshine
With the lily and the rose.

Slowly walks the gentle maiden,—
Oh what memories throng her brain,
As the breezes, perfume laden,
On her cheek fall once again!
Life is in the breath of flowers,
Love is in the dallying air,
They but mind her of the hours
When another form was there.

Years ago a lover sought her—
No, a lover nigher was he,
Though he vowed a heart he brought her
Moved with passion like the sea.
Soulless trifler! never duty
Guided him in Love's empriše,
But the sensuous dream of beauty
Sparkled ever in his eyes.

Truer are the breezes blowing
Over incense-freighted flowers,
Truer are the waters flowing
By the Summer's fairy bowers,
Truer every wild emotion
That the drunken spirit feels
Than the sudden, quick devotion
Only Beauty's light reveals.

Time brought other scenes before him,
Other eyes upon him shone,
Constant Julia, why adore him?
Joy, that he so soon is flown!
Vain the words by Friendship spoken,
Dwells she still o'er Love's sweet lore,
Nigh the golden bowl is broken,
She will smile oh never more.

Now around her all is gladness,
Now around her all is bloom,
But she walks her way in sadness,
Though mid flowers, to the tomb.
Well, that while the May-flowers blossom,
While their fragrant odors rise,
She should leave the world's cold bosom
For her rest beyond the skies.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Life and Speeches of Henry Clay: Between the Years 1810 and 1842 inclusive: In Two volumes, octavo. New York, James B. Swain, 68 Barclay street.

The Speeches of John Caldwell Calhoun. In one volume, octavo. New York, Harper & Brothers.

The absence of a national literature in this country, consequent on the denial of any legislative recognition or protection of the right of property to foreign authors in their own productions, is universally admitted. Its results are seen in the utter want of all national pride as well as national taste in letters. Our "sovereigns" cherish the delusion that they are cheating the luckless author of Great Britain out of any cis-atlantic recompense for his labors, while in reality they are at the same time cheating themselves out of a literature, and returning, in the whole empire of Thought and Intellect, to a condition of colonial vassalage. The taunting query of the British reviewer, "Who [in England] reads an American book?" may soon be asked with pertinence even here. A much smaller number of works of genius or originality are produced among us now than there were ten years ago. Occasionally a traveler's journal, or an essay in some department overlooked abroad, obtains here a celebrity, and in some measure rewards the American author; but the whole vast domains of Philosophy, History, Poetry and Romance, he is driven to abandon, or to publish through the medium of the periodicals alone, and to accept such recompense as they can afford.

One of the fatal effects of this national injustice and improvidence is felt in the universal neglect to preserve fittingly the eloquence and statesmanship of the country. The public speeches of a nation's most eminent legislators are among the most luminous landmarks of its policy, and the most lucid developments of the character and genius of its institutions. As lessons of practical wisdom, the necessity of understanding and observing which is ever recurring, their preservation and general study are objects of the highest national concern. Yet how are they preserved in the United States? How many libraries contain the complete speeches of even a dozen of our statesmen, dead or living? Where are the speeches of Patrick Henry, of William Pinkney, of John Randolph? We hear from our old men, and glean from casual allusions in contemporaneous history, that these were great orators, and, in different senses, statesmen; but our assent to the fact is mainly a matter of faith only, for of evidence little is vouchsafed us. Will it not be even worse with the next generation?

We rejoice to have ocular demonstration that an intelligent and ardent friend of Mr. Clay has resolved that his speeches shall not be left to perish in the general wreck; and that an admirer of Mr. Calhoun has likewise determined that the eloquence of that senator shall not be borne on the current of merely ephemeral publication to the ocean of oblivion. The publication of Mr. Clay's speeches, in two large and elegant though cheap volumes, is a contribution to our standard literature which we hail with especial satisfaction. Their intrinsic value, as well as that of Mr. Calhoun's, is enhanced by the fact that most of them are devoted to the discussion and elucidation of topics—such as Tariffs, Public Lands, Internal Improvements, Banks, and Currency—which have all the interest and all the importance now that they ever had, and which promise to be the themes of political controversy through many years to come. He who reads them may be said to anticipate nearly all that will be said on one side of these great questions in the century.

The distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Clay's speeches is an eminent *practicalness*. They are not imaginative, not poetic, nor impassioned. They lack the philosophic generalization of Calhoun, and the solidity, compactness, and inherent force of Webster; Wright is more plausible and ingenious; and Preston is more graceful and fervid. Yet there is an unaffected earnestness of conviction, a profound heartiness of purpose, a frank, thorough ingenuousness, a manly good sense, exhibited in the efforts of the great Kentuckian, which commend them to the understanding and approval of the reader. Although the manner of the orator adds force and significance to the matter, so that his speeches should be heard to be truly estimated, they are found to bear a value in the closet not possessed by the effusions of many orators who have enjoyed eminence in the senate and the forum.

The speeches of Mr. Clay are brought down in the first volume to the period of his retirement from office on the accession of General Jackson to the presidency in 1829, being appropriately closed with his remarks amid a circle of his friends on the occasion of his departure for Kentucky after that event. They are preceded by an original memoir of the orator, filling some two hundred pages, and tracing his career from childhood down to his recent retirement to the quiet shades of Ashland. It is most ably and eloquently written by Mr. Henry J. Raymond, of New York—a young gentlemen who is destined to win many laurels in the higher walks of literature. We copy the concluding paragraphs, exhibiting its style, without however endorsing all the author's opinions.

We have thus recorded the prominent public services of HENRY CLAY, with an historical sketch of his country, just sufficient to render them intelligible. His personal biography has been left untouched: but it will readily be seen that those noble qualities of mind and heart which have made so glorious his public life, must have invested his domestic relations with the highest charms. He bears about him that surest mark of greatness, the power of being "great in little things:" of lending to the most common incidents of life a dignity which stamps them with the heroism of his personal character. In public life, he is the greatest statesman of his age. His eloquence, with which the nation is most familiar, is in fact one of the slightest elements of his fame: in a deeper source than this, resistless as it is, must be sought the secret of that power which has rested the nation upon his arm, and interwoven his principles with the very framework of her policy. All the impulses of his heart—the instincts of his nature—are those of a statesman. No crisis, however sudden or fearful, surprises or disarms him. In the most perilous emergencies, when upon the counsel or decision of an hour hangs the fate of his country for years, his lofty mind moves with the same undaunted strength as in the most trivial concerns. In the beautiful words of Wordsworth, we may describe him as one,

> "Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
> Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
> A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
> But who, if called upon to face
> Some awful moment, to which Heaven has joined
> Great issues, good or bad, for human kind,
> Is happy as a lover; and attired
> With sudden brightness, like a man inspired;
> And through the heat of conflict keeps the law
> In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw."

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In all his public life Mr. Clay has evinced a firm reliance upon great and enduring principles; and in this, perhaps, may be found one chief secret of his power and foresight. A fundamental truth is always stronger than any man; and by building faith and firm reliance upon it the man shall receive a portion of its strength, and see, through the mists of the hour, the future to which it leads. The confidence of Mr. Clay in the leading political principles which have formed the rule of all his long public life, has sprung from a firm faith in their permanent truth, and not from that blind devotion to a rule, merely because it is abstract, which belongs, sometimes, to men who have something of greatness in them, but who lack the essential wisdom to profit by experience. Though firm in maintaining the rights of each portion of the State, he never allows a passionate and blind defence of them to plunge the whole into disaster and ruin. He feels that the principles on which our government is based, have a high worth—not only of themselves, but for the sake of the superstructure of happiness and glory we have erected upon them; and the safety of this he is not willing to peril in their fruitless defence. He has none of the zeal of that ignorant worshiper who dug beneath the ruins of the Ephesian temple for the fuel on which it rested, to feed the flame upon its altars. Though he has ever proved himself a zealous defender of the rights of man, in all countries and conditions, he never seeks the destruction of established order, regardless of the happiness of those most nearly concerned; nor even in the assertion of Right would he deem it well to trample, with ruthless violence, upon all the institutions which might stand in his way, and rush headlong to the end, like the cannon ball.

"Shattering that it may reach, and shattering what it reaches."

His democratic principles, therefore, ardent and spontaneous as they are, are tempered by a deep reverence for the permanent reason of the State, and a profound regard for the well-being of his fellows. All his aspirations are to build up, not to tear down—to create, not to destroy. All the safeguards, then, which the sound wisdom of the people, triumphing and establishing a law over that of transient impulse, has thrown about individual rights, he reverences, and, so long as they seem to be needed, seeks to preserve. Like Schiller's Wallenstein, while he knows that the flight of destruction is straight and swift, he feels that,

——"the road the human being travels,
That on which *Blessing* comes and goes, doth follow
The river's course, the valley's playful windings,
Courts round the cornfield and the hill of vines,
Honoring the holy bounds of Property."*

Mr. Clay has always been the proud champion of that political party which maintains the true purpose of civil government to be, not merely the prevention of Wrong, but the establishment of Right—not merely to define and punish offences, but to confer blessings and secure the highest good to those who live beneath its benignant sway. His public life has been consecrated to the development of this great principle; and if his efforts seem not yet to have been attended with full success, they have been oftentimes of saving service to the country; and the eye of Hope sees in them the germ of a power which shall yet work itself free from all crushing calamity, and accomplish the great end for which it was first put forth. He is one of those great men whose influence, even when unseen and despised, is potent and controlling. The spirit of his life has wrought even more than his active efforts; and, far more than any other statesman among us, he has thus given strength to those principles of public policy which alone conduct nations to the height of prosperity. The value of his public services can only be worthily set forth when candor shall have made a faithful record of his life and his acts: and just in proportion as that record is incomplete, will this great friend of mankind be defrauded of honor. It were rash and unwise to ask that his own age should rightly esteem and fully reward them. But, as in the old religion the lightning made sacred the object upon which it fell, so even now does Death hallow the victim whom he strikes. Future generations will not lose sight of his worth; those words of wisdom which, uttered by his living voice, fall too unheeded upon our hearts, shall come from his tomb with power as from a holy place: for "such is the power of dispensing blessings, which Providence has attached to the truly great and good, that they cannot even die without advantage to their fellow creatures; for death consecrates their example; and the wisdom, which might have been slighted at the council-table, becomes oracular from the shrine."

The second volume contains the speeches of Mr. Clay from the beginning of President Jackson's administration to his own final retirement from the Senate in 1842, with his speech to his political friends, on reaching Kentucky, in that year.

We intended to speak more particularly of some of the great speeches of Mr. Calhoun—who, entering the national legislature at nearly the same time with Mr. Clay, finally, like his rival, retired from the senate during the late Congress—but our limits forbid. We can only express our regret that the collection is not more perfect, and that the style of their publication is so inferior to that in which the speeches of Mr. Clay are presented. During one of the last sittings of the recent Congress a proposition was submitted by Messrs. Gales & Seaton, of Washington, for publishing the Debates in the Senate and House of Representatives since the formation of the Constitution. It was rejected, but we hope it will be renewed and the importance of the undertaking properly explained, in which case we cannot doubt that the desired provision on the part of the government will be promptly made.

Missionary Labors and Scenes in Southern Africa: By Robert Moffat, Twenty-Three Years an Agent of the London Missionary Society on that Continent. One volume duodecimo. New York, Robert Carter.

The heroism of the nineteenth century as much surpasses that of the so-called "days of chivalry," as our iron steeds, with their long lines of palace-like carriages, excel the donkeys and caritelles slowly moving from one hostel to another in the days of the Eleventh Louis. The Christian missionary, in icy Labrador, among the islands of the southern seas, or on the borders of the African deserts, is thus far removed above the knights errant of three hundred years ago. Let the doubter read the lives of Schwartz, Martyn, Gutzlaff, the "Martyr of Erromanga," and other true heroes of the last and present century; or the remarkable adventures now before us, surpassing any thing with which we are acquainted in romantic fiction.

Robert Moffat at a very early age devoted himself to the missionary service, and by the London Society was sent to Africa. John Campbell, of Kingsland, in his account of the South African Missions, states that "to master their languages he wandered the deserts with the savage tribes, sharing their perils and privations, and outdoing Paul in accommodating himself to all men to serve some, as Paul never became a savage in lot, to save savages. Many might indeed thus 'stoop to conquer,' but few could retain both their philosophy and their piety in such society." The principal scene of his labors was the territory of the *Beckuanas*, but he wandered over nearly all the southern portions of the continent, everywhere enduring such privations and encountering such perils as are unknown in any other country, and in all displaying the most varied intellectual and physical qualities and resources. After passing several years in the interior, he visited Cape Town, to meet a lady to whom he had been engaged in England, was married, and has since resided with his family in "the land of his adoption and of his affections." In 1840 he returned to Great Britain, to publish the account of his extraordinary and successful labors, and he is now once more at the mission station planted by himself at the source of the Kuruman.

Mr. Moffat's work opens with a brief account of the various missions among the South Africans before the commencement of his own labors. This is interesting, but much less so than the details of his personal experience. Our limits will not permit us to recount the plans he adopted for the propagation of religion and civilization among the tribes he visited, nor the achievements which show so con-

* Coleridge's Translation.

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elusively the feasibility of "bringing into the good fold the most barbarous communities." He appears to be in all respects admirably fitted for his office, adding to piety and an enthusiastic devotion to the cause in which he is engaged, a "knowledge of carpentry, printing, agriculture, the sextant, and map-making," skill in horsemanship and the chase, and such other qualities as most warmly commend the missionary to a savage and nomade people. The work will be dear to the philanthropic Christian for the hopes it awakens of the conversion of the most benighted race in all the world; and to the general reader it will be little less attractive on account of the curious information it presents in regard to the character, manners and condition of a portion of the human family hitherto described but by superficial travelers, whose opportunities of becoming acquainted with them were comparatively slight and unsatisfactory; and its copious additions to our knowledge of natural history and geography. Some of Mr. Moffat's adventures with lions and other animals surpass any thing of the kind we have read. One night, while traveling with a party of natives, he left their tents to watch for game by a fountain at which he knew wild cattle were likely to resort. After describing his place of concealment, he proceeds—

It was half moonlight, and rather cold, though the days were warm. We remained for a couple of hours, waiting with great anxiety for something to appear. We at length heard a loud lapping at the water, under the dark shadowy bank, within twenty yards of us. "What is that?" I asked Bogachu. "Ririmain," (be silent,) he said; "there are lions, they will hear us." A hint was more than enough; and thankful were we, that, when they had drunk, they did not come over the smooth grassy surface in our direction. Our next visiters were two buffaloes, one immensely large. My wagon-driver, Mosi, who also had a gun, seeing them coming directly toward us, begged me to fire. I refused, having more dread of a wounded buffalo than of almost any other animal. He fired; and though the animal was severely wounded, he stood like a statue with his companion, within a hundred yards of us, for more than an hour, waiting to see us move, in order to attack us. We lay in an awkward position for that time, scarcely daring to whisper; and when he at last retired we were so stiff with cold, that flight would have been impossible had an attack been made. We then moved about till our blood began to circulate. Our next visiters were two giraffes; one of these we wounded. A troop of quaggas next came; but the successful instinct of the principal stallion, in surveying the precincts of the water, galloping round in all directions to catch any strange scent, and returning to the troop with a whistling noise, to announce danger, set them off at full speed. The next was a huge rhinoceros, which, receiving a mortal wound, departed. Hearing the approach of more lions, we judged it best to leave; and after a lonely walk of four miles through bushes, hyenas and jackals, we reached the village, when I felt thankful, resolving never to hunt by night at a water-pool, till I could find nothing to eat elsewhere. Next day the rhinoceros and buffalo were found, which afforded a plentiful supply.

In another place, describing the manners of this king of beasts, he relates the following circumstances.

Passing along a vale, we came to a spot where the lion appeared to have been exercising himself in the way of leaping. As the natives are very expert in tracing the manœuvres of animals by their foot-marks, it was soon discovered that a large lion had crept toward a short black stump, very like the human form; when within about a dozen yards, it bounded on its supposed prey, when, to his mortification, he fell a foot or two short of it. According to the testimony of a native who had been watching his motions, and who joined us soon after, the lion lay for some time steadfastly eyeing its supposed meal. It then arose, smelt the object, and returned to the spot from which he commenced his first leap, and leaped four several times, till at last he placed his paw on the imagined prize. On another occasion, when Africaner and an attendant were passing near the end of a hill, from which jutted out a smooth rock of ten or twelve feet high, he observed a number of zebras pressing round it, obliged to keep the path, beyond which it was precipitous. A lion was seen creeping up toward the path, to intercept the large stallion, which is always in the rear to defend or warn the troop. The lion missed his mark, and while the zebra rushed round the point, the lion knew well if he could mount the rock at one leap, the next would be on the zebra's back, it being obliged to turn toward the hill. He fell short, with only his head over the stone, looking at the galloping zebra switching his tail in the air. He then tried a second and a third leap, till he succeeded. In the mean time two more lions came up, and seemed to talk and roar away about something, while the old lion led them round the rock, and round it again; then he made another grand leap, to show them what he and they must do next time. Africaner added, with the most perfect gravity, "They evidently talked to each other, but though loud enough, I could not understand a word they said, and, fearing lest we should be the next objects of their skill, we crept away and left them in council."

We might fill many pages with passages of a similar and not less interesting character, but must be content with commending the book to the attention of our readers, as, in our opinion, the most instructive and entertaining yet published in relation to Africa and the Africans. We hope the bold missionary will live to give the world another volume, detailing even more successful labors than those chronicled in that which we have now perused with so much satisfaction.

Travels in the Great Western Prairies, the Anahuac and Rocky Mountains, and the Oregon Territory: By Thomas J. Farnham. New York, Greeley & M'Elrath: Philadelphia, Burgess & Zeiber.

Such is the title of a new and interesting volume of travels and observations in our great Western Territory, by one well fitted to enjoy and to portray the wild scenes and perilous encounters which await the hardy adventurer into that rugged and savage wilderness. Mr. Farnham, with a small yet afterward diminished band, left the western border of Missouri, in May, 1839; struck off along the Santa Fé trail to the Arkansas; followed up that river to the gorges of the Rocky Mountains; then traveled northward to the southern fork of the Platte; down that and up the northern to its source; then across to the head waters of the Sheetskadee or Grand River, the southern branch of the Colorado of the West; down that to Brown's Hole, or Fort David Crockett, the first white settlement west of the Rocky Mountains, situated on an oasis of verdure amid a thousand miles square of rocky sterility and utter barrenness; thence up Green River, the northern fork of the Colorado, and over the dividing ridge to the Saptin or Lewis, the northern branch of the Columbia, and down to Fort Hall, the first white settlement in Oregon; thence down by the Wallawalls, and other Fur Trading and Missionary stations to the Columbia, and so to the ocean, stopping for observations at the posts, at the dalles or rocky rapids of the river; visiting the Methodist missions and the Anglo-American settlements on the Willamette; the Fort, or chief British station at Vancouver; and returning home by way of the Sandwich Islands, California and Mexico.

To his own frank and intelligent observations on Oregon, Mr. Farnham has appended the recent report of Lieutenant Wilkes on that country, as commander of the Exploring Expedition, which is very clear and methodical in its exhibition of the resources, capabilities, advantages, and prospects of Oregon, and adds much to the value of the work. Mr. Farnham is a lively and vigorous writer; he penetrated to Oregon by a route hardly traveled before him by white men, and explored a thousand miles of our territory which had not previously been described. His journal blends the charm of romance with the worth of a true narrative. It is published in a large and close octavo of 112 pages—equal to 400 of the ordinary duodecime size—in the manner of the cheap publications of the time.

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Elements of Materia Medica and Therapeutics: Comprehending the Natural History, Preparation, Properties, Composition, Effects, and Uses of Medicines: By Jonathan Pereira, M. D. F. R. S. Assistant Physician to the London Hospital, etc. With Numerous Illustrations. From the Second London Edition. Enlarged and Improved with Notes and Additions, by Joseph Carson, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica and Pharmacy in the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, etc.

A System of Practical Surgery, by Professor William Ferguson, of King's College, London, illustrated with 250 Illustrations, executed by Gilbert, from Designs by Bagg, with Notes and Additions by George W. Norris, M. D., one of the Surgeons to the Pennsylvania Hospital, in one volume, octavo.

We know too little of medicine and surgery to attempt a review of these important works. Dr. Pereira is one of the most eminent physicians of the time, and his Elements of Materia Medica and Therapeutics have attracted the favorable attention of the profession in Europe and in this country. His object has been to supply the student with a class book on Materia Medica, containing a faithful outline of this department of medicine, a concise account of the most important modern discoveries in natural history, chemistry, physiology, and therapeutics, in so far as they pertain to pharmacology, and to treat the subjects in the order of their natural historical relations. The work has been much improved by the American editor, who has introduced the nomenclature of the last impression of the United States Pharmacopœia, given succinct histories of the most important indigenous medicines of the country, etc. The London *Chemist* speaks of it as a "work unequaled by any on the subject in our language."

Professor Ferguson's System of Surgery has not been produced to compete with any already before the profession; the arrangement, the manner in which the subjects have been treated, and the illustrations, are all different from any of the kind hitherto published. It is not intended to be placed in comparison with the elementary systems of Cooper, Burns, Liston, Symes, Lizars, and the epitome by Druitt. It may with more propriety be likened to the *Operative Surgery* of Sir C. Bell, and that of Mr. Averill, both excellent in their day, or the more modern production of Mr. Hargrave, and the Practical Surgery of Mr. Liston.

Both these works are printed in the most excellent manner. The wood engravings by Gilbert in Ferguson's Surgery are equal to any thing of the kind we have ever seen.

A History of the Great Reformation of the Sixteenth Century, in Germany, Switzerland, etc.: By J. H. Merle D'Aubigné, President of the Theological School at Geneva. One volume octavo, pp. 426. Philadelphia, James M. Campbell.

This is doubtless the most popular historical work published in our time. It is destined to supersede all the other histories of that wonderful revolution in human affairs which was commenced three centuries ago by the monk of Wittemberg. It is eminently dramatic in its style, like most of the modern French histories. The author judiciously selects and skillfully arranges his facts, and presents them to the reader's mind with the vividness of a panorama. Luther, Melancthon, Zuingle, and his other heroes, live, speak and act before us.

Doctor Merle D'Aubigné is President of the first Protestant school in Europe. He lives among the scenes of the important controversies of which he is the historian. The first volume of his great work on the Reformation appeared in 1836. Two others have followed at intervals. They were translated into most of the modern languages as soon as published. Three English versions have been made, of one of which two stereotype editions have been printed in this country—that of Mr. Carter, of New York, in three volumes, and the one before us, of Mr. Campbell, in one large octavo. This translation, though somewhat less elegant than Mr. Scott's, issued at Glasgow, is equal to either of the others in spirit and fidelity. The third volume of the original, embraced in these editions, brings down the continental history to 1526. The fourth volume, which will treat of the Reformation in England, will probably appear early in the following year, and the fifth and sixth, to which the work will extend, probably will not be ready before 1850.

Illustrated Edition of the Book of Common Prayer, and Administration of the Sacraments, according to the use of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Edited by Rev. J. M. Wainwright, D. D. New York, H. W. Hewett. Philadelphia, W. H. Graham, 98 Chesnut Street.

In conformity with the canon, Dr. Wainright is appointed to revise and compare this edition of the Common Prayer with the standards; and his supervision over the whole will secure the adoption of proper emblems, vignettes, and other ornaments. Mainly copied from the English Illustrated Common Prayer, which embraces designs from the pencils of Flaxman, Raffaelle, Westall, and other eminent painters, this American edition will be enriched by the introduction of original designs, by J. G. Chapman, of New York. Wherever American scenery, etc. can be introduced it will be. Imagine the Falls of Niagara as an illustration of "Let the floods clap their hands;"—think for a moment of the capacity of the New World to furnish vignettes to accompany the sublime poetry of the sweet singer of Israel. Upon these riches of nature we trust Mr. Chapman will draw liberally; and, knowing him for a man of taste, we believe him sufficiently awake to these advantages to make use of them.

Art (says a writer with whom we agree) has been so often suborned into the service of vice, and of things which, if not positively vicious, are of questionable tendency, that we hail this publication with the most lively pleasure. It will supplant, we know, many worthless but elegant publications, by giving those of refined taste an opportunity to vindicate their admiration for the beautiful, by purchasing this excellent and elegant volume, in place of others less meritorious, even regarded merely with the artist's views; and as the Vaudois missionaries, disguised as pedlers, introduced the gospel where they found admission as venders of rare and beautiful fabrics, so will this beautiful edition of the Book of Common Prayer attract the willing attention of many persons who might otherwise seldom open a book of a devotional character.

Lectures to Youth: Being a Series of Discourses Delivered at Albany, New York: By S. R. Smith. Philadelphia, Thomas, Cowperthwait, & Co.

This volume contains nine discourses on the formation of character, associations, amusements, and such other subjects as are discussed in a hundred similar works published within the last few years. The author, we believe, is a universalist clergyman. He writes at times with considerable force and eloquence, but we perceive in his lectures nothing very striking or original. The great truth, so rarely acknowledged or understood, that "virtue alone is happiness below," is, however, clearly presented and the book, if read, can hardly fail of being useful.

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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TOO LATE AND TOO EARLY.

BY JAMES K. PAULDING, AUTHOR OF "THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRE-SIDE," "WESTWARD HO!" ETC.

Not many years ago, there lived in the outskirts of a certain village of the New World, a wise man and a fool. There were plenty more of each of these classes among the inhabitants, but these two were pre-eminent in their way. The great leading maxim of one was, never to put off till to-morrow what could be done to-day; that of the other, never to do to-day what could be put off till to-morrow. They had, however, pretty much the same opinion of each other. The wise man despised the fool because he never took time by the forelock; and the fool contemned the wise man for not letting the old gentleman pass on, that he might see what was behind him. The name of the sage was Solomon, the appropriate appellation of all wise men; and that of the simpleton, Ninny, or Squire Ninny, as he was called by his neighbors. They equally valued themselves on their wisdom, and were accustomed to meet together often; sometimes by accident, at others by design; on which occasions they seldom failed to enter into discussions which always confirmed each in his own theory more obstinately than before. At parting, nothing was more usual than for Solomon to predict that Squire Ninny would always lose the race by lagging behind till it was too late to enter at the starting-pole; and for the Squire to retort by foretelling that his wise neighbor would meet with the same catastrophe by tiring out his horse in his haste to be there too soon.

"Why don't you," said Solomon, "why don't you learn wisdom from the birds, which are out by daylight in the morning, taking time by the forelock, and catching insects and worms for their breakfast?"

"Thank you," replied the squire; "I learn wisdom from the fate of the insects and worms, which might escape being devoured, perhaps, if they did not take time by the forelock, and venture out so early."

"Plague take thee for a fool!" muttered the wise man.

"Deuce take thee for an ass!" quoth the fool.

And away they went their different ways; one to do all that was possible, the other to do nothing but what he was obliged to perform. It is singular enough—or rather it would be, were it not so common—that both these persons were entirely convinced, not only that they were right in the great maxim each had adopted, but that it was the result of reason and reflection, sanctioned by experience. Now, the fact is, it was no such thing. Nature had made one headlong and impatient; the other, lazy and deliberative—and they only followed their destiny. Even when boys, Solomon always ate his egg raw, because he could not wait its boiling; while Squire Ninny suffered it to boil as hard as a bullet, for sheer lack of energy to take off the skillet. In short, one could not bear to be idle, the other to be busy.

These two worthy people were nearly of the same age, that is to say, some fifty years. One a married man, with a family, the other a bachelor. Solomon had taken time by the forelock, and wedded a shrew, solely because he did not choose to put off till to-morrow what could be done to-day; while Squire Ninny stuck close to his favorite maxim, which not exactly suiting the meridian of female vivacity, he somehow or other uniformly missed his mark, simply

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because the bird flew away before he could take aim. Some married, some died, and some waited so long for the squire to make up his mind, that they slipped down the hill of life before they became aware they had reached the top, and notwithstanding all their exertions were never able to recover their lost ground. In the mean time, the family of Solomons increased and multiplied, to the great satisfaction of the father, who never failed to crow over the squire, and, whenever they met, commiserate the fate of a poor forlorn bachelor, without a companion, a solace to his cares, a domestic fireside, or children to comfort him in his old age, and carry down his name to future generations.

"Never mind," answered the squire, "there should always be at least one bachelor in a family to take care of the children of those who have married in too great a hurry."

The squire had heard that Solomon's wife combed his hair sometimes, for the town was too little to contain a great secret, and, like a pistol, always went off with a great report when overcharged. On these occasions they would separate mutually pitying each other—Solomon, to worry himself for something to do; the squire, to smoke his pipe and ponder on the expediency of putting off something till to-morrow.

Both followed the business of farming, that noble profession, which, upon the whole, is perhaps more favorable to human happiness and virtue than any other to which man becomes the slave. As may be supposed, each carried his favorite maxim into practice in this their daily occupation. Solomon was always beforehand with his neighbors; the squire represented the last spark of the burnt paper, and lingered till all the congregation departed. Yet, somehow or other, at the end of a few years, the account was pretty square between the wise man and the fool. One season the squire's wheat was destroyed by the Hessian fly, because it was planted too late, and came up so tender in the spring that the insect preferred it to that of all his neighbors.

"Did n't I tell you so?" said Solomon; "next time I suppose you will take time by the forelock, and follow the wise maxim of never putting off till to-morrow what you can do to-day."

The following year the squire had his revenge. He had as usual planted after every body else, and Solomon was still more beforehand, having the example of the last year before him. The winter set in severely, but scarcely any snow fell; the seed that had been early sown, and sprung up in the autumn, was scathed by the bitter blasts and nipping frosts, while that of the squire not having sprouted, escaped scot free, came up blithely in the spring, and produced a noble harvest.

"Did n't I tell you so?" said he to Solomon; "next time take my advice, and adopt the wise maxim of never doing to-day what you can put off till to-morrow."

Solomon said nothing. He thought the squire as great a fool as ever; but there is no arguing against what turns out well.

One day, the squire and Solomon had arranged to attend a meeting some few miles from town, which had been called by some public spirited busy bodies, who wanted better bread than can be made of wheat, and to improve their property at the expense of their neighbors. Solomon, of course, called before the time, and, equally as matter of course, the squire was not ready.

"Don't you see," cried the former, "there is a thunder-shower rising behind the mountain? It will rain in less than an hour."

"Well, let it rain," said the other; "it is very much wanted, and besides, my good friend, I can't prevent it by being in a hurry."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Solomon, and, out of all patience, spurred his steed and galloped away.

Before the squire got fairly ready, and by the time the other was half way to the place of meeting, he was overtaken by a pelting shower that in an instant wet him to the skin, and what was worse, there was no meeting, all the public spirited gentlemen being kept away by the prospect of a shower.

"Well," said Solomon, rather gruffly, on his next meeting with the squire, "I got finely peppered by waiting for you."

"You mean by not waiting for me," replied the other, very coolly.

"Pooh! I mean no such thing—I mean precisely what I said. If you had not been behindhand, as you always are, I should have escaped a ducking."

"Yes—and if you had not been beforehand, as you always are, it would have come to just the same thing. But how did matters go on at the meeting?"

"There was nobody there," said Solomon, rather sheepishly.

"Then, after all, you got a wet jacket for nothing?"

"Yes—but then I had the satisfaction of being there in time."

"And of being wet to the skin—while I had the satisfaction of staying at home, and being as dry as a biscuit. What a pity you are always in such a hurry, my good friend."

"Pooh! it would be well if you were sometimes in a hurry, too. Did n't you lose the opportunity of buying old Martin's farm by coming after the sale was over?"

"To be sure I did—and did it not ruin the purchaser? Did n't some of your public spirited friends, and be hanged to them, get a turnpike made quite in another direction, and draw off all the business from the store, which was worth more than the land?"

"Hum—and did n't you lose your passage in the stage to New York, and get nonsuited in a trial, which had cost you more than a hundred dollars?"

"To be sure I did—and was it not the luckiest thing that ever happened to me, for the stage broke down on the way, killing two passengers, besides breaking the bones of all the rest? and my lawsuit never cost me a dollar afterward, for I let it die a natural death."

"And did n't you lose the opportunity of marrying Squire Silly's sister, who had ten thousand dollars

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in the Swindleburg Bank, by fixing the time of the wedding, and then, according to your wise maxim, putting off till to-morrow what you should do to-day?"

"Yes! and did n't the bank blow up, the cashier run away to Texas, and the directors quarrel about whose fault it was, till the public thought they were all rogues together? And did n't the squire's sister turn out as great a scold as—as—the wives of some folks whose names I will not mention?"

"Pooh! pshaw! you have wasted more time by being too late than—"

"Not more than you have by being too early, and thus being obliged to wait for every body. The world has always dragged me along, because I have kept behind; while you have worried your life out in trying to pull it after you. You put me in mind of a pair of horses of mine. One is a quiet, sober creature, the other a fellow that never thinks he can get on fast enough, and always pulls horse, plough and all after him. The consequence is, one is like me, as plump as a partridge—the other skin and bones, just like you."

"Pish! every body calls you a fool, squire!"

"And you a wise man. The difference is, that I walk quietly and moderately behind Old Time, who never interferes with my loitering; while you take him by the beard, and often get a cut of his scythe for your pains."

The conversation here ended, and the wise man and the fool parted, as heretofore, without either being a convert to the maxims of the other.

The truth is, neither of them was entirely satisfied with the course he had adopted. Solomon so often found by experience that he might better have left undone many things he had done; and the squire had so frequently suffered by leaving things undone which ought to have been done, that in their hearts they mutually admired and envied each other. But they had so long pursued the path of direct contrast, and had so many discussions as to the advantages of the route each had chosen—that pride now supplied the place of conviction, and they continued to become only more obstinate as they advanced in years.

It is remarkable enough, that notwithstanding the opposite ways they took, to woo her good graces, they continued equally the favorites of Fortune, who not unfrequently, in a fit of female caprice, is caught by neglect, rather than importunity. Indeed, if we look steadily around us, and watch her ever whirling wheel, we shall not fail of perceiving that quite as many fortunes are lost by grasping, overweening Avarice stretching his withered hands to snatch at the shadow while the substance escapes him, as by the most reckless prodigality, or the most careless disregard of the maxims of prudence. Solomon was not, however, a miser, though by no means insensible to that secret, never-failing source of delight arising from the consciousness of perpetual accumulation, which, were it not for the fortunate discovery of the bump of acquisitiveness, might otherwise puzzle the philosophers. As to the squire, he, too, had a seeking kindness for the root of all evil; and although he took special little care to grub it up, somehow or other continued to keep pace with his rival in wealth, while he was always behindhand in time. In this process, however, he only furnished another example of that great truth which every body acknowledges, and nobody acts upon. He found, to his surprise, that his happiness by no means kept pace with his money. On the contrary, the acquisition of wealth only conjured up a new want. He had no child to inherit his property, and his relatives were not only distant in blood, but space. He had, in truth, often thought of writing to a second cousin, of whom he had accidentally heard favorable accounts, and who he knew had several daughters, with a view of requesting him to send one of them to take care of his household, and minister to his growing infirmities. It is often thus with man. The hardened unbeliever through youth and manhood frequently, when old age brings him nigher to that dread hour which is to decide the great question of extinction or immortality, crouches at the shrine of the Being he has hitherto defied; and so, too, the sturdy old bachelor, when his infirmities thickly beset him, when hireling services become irksome, solitude misery, and affection a want of the heart, calls to his aid some gentle spirit of love, and installs her in his house as a beneficent divinity he has hitherto neglected or despised.

The squire had, however, put off his letter to-day because he could write it to-morrow, and it is somewhat questionable whether it would ever have been written, had not some occasion arisen to call him to a visit at some little distance, where resided a worthy old man, a martyr to the rheumatism. Here he beheld the beautiful and affecting relation between father and daughter exemplified in a manner that deeply touched his heart. The mother had been long dead, but the daughter more than supplied her loss, for the tie between husband and wife is but artificial, while that which unites parent and child, not only springs from the living fountain of nature, but is rivetted by a thousand recollections of kindness on one hand, gratitude on the other. Filial and parental love are the fruit of the natural tree, on which conjugal affection is only engrafted. No parent can ever replace a lost child, but there are millions of proofs how easy it is to forget a deceased wife or husband. There is less of selfishness in filial and parental love, than in any other feeling of the human heart, not excepting that of piety. When the squire saw with what tender, duteous devotion this amiable daughter administered to the infirmities and sufferings of her parent, and with what submissive patience, what gentle forbearance she bore the occasional expressions of impatience or dissatisfaction wrung from him by his agony, he could not help contrasting the spectacle with his own fireside, where no ministering angel ever soothed his pains, and he determined at once to send for his relative that very day. When, however, he got home, he felt so fatigued, that, upon the whole, he concluded to put it off till to-morrow.

Shortly afterward, he met his friend Solomon,

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who seemed in great dudgeon, having just had his head combed by his wife. He was in that state of fermentation when the feelings require a vent, and when, if the bung-hole is not freed, the barrel must explode. He accordingly opened his heart to the squire, lamented the perverse ill nature of his helpmate, and concluded by exclaiming—

"Ah! squire, I wish I had followed your maxim of putting off things till to-morrow, and not married in such a hurry."

The squire, who, to tell the truth, was so taken up with the thought of the kind-hearted daughter ministering to the infirmities of her parent, and his own forlorn state, that he had paid little attention to the complaint of his friend, answered him accordingly—

"Aye—yes—you are quite right, my friend; I wish I had taken time by the forelock, and not considered so very long about choosing a wife."

Solomon was so tickled with this unexpected acknowledgment, that he forgot his own private griefs, and exclaimed with great glee—

"Well—I am glad you have come round to my maxim at last."

"Not I!" said the squire—"you have come round to mine."

"No such thing, sir, you have come round to mine. Didn't you just now acknowledge your regrets that you had not taken time by the forelock, and not considered so long about getting married? Answer me that, sir."

"And didn't you just now express your sorrow that you had not followed my example, and not married in such a hurry? Answer me that, sir."

Neither could deny the assertions of the other, nor was either inclined to give up a long cherished opinion on a subject they had been discussing for the last thirty years. The consequence was, this first coincidence produced an argument which ended in each one retracting his concession, and they parted worse friends than they ever had been before, one grumbling out—

"What an obstinate old blockhead!"

The other—

"What a conceited, superannuated fool!"

In good time the damsel the squire had sent for, to minister to his growing infirmities, arrived. Her name was Fanny Holliday. She was about seventeen, with hazel eyes, a pretty figure, and a mild, agreeable countenance. In short, though not beautiful, she was altogether a pleasing subject of contemplation for a young man who had nothing else to think about. The squire received her graciously, but was somewhat affronted at seeing that for the first few days she seemed rather melancholy, and her eyes sometimes red with weeping. This he thought very ungrateful in one whom he intended for his heiress; and, upon the whole, he wished he had considered a little longer before he took such a decisive step, which he considered almost equal to marrying outright. In the course of a month, however, Fanny got over her fit of home-sickness, and resumed her natural cheerfulness. She grew accustomed to look up to the squire as her protector and parent, and by degrees became easy and familiar in his company. She had been used to take turns with her sisters in housekeeping, according to a good old custom which has been somewhat impaired by the progress of the age, and the development of the human mind; and the squire soon began to feel that mysterious influence which the eye of a prudent, careful mistress exercises over her own proper dominion, the domestic circle. Fanny had never attended lectures on anatomy, physiology, or any other of the numerous family of ologies; nor had her head turned topsy-turvy by those pestiferous declamations on the rights of women, which in these, our days, draw such numerous and approving audiences. The town she resided in had been indeed visited by one of these disciples of insubordination, and Fanny was sorely tempted by a Blue Stocking to attend one of them; but she only laughed, and said in a voice as soft as an echo—

"Good gracious! what do we women want? Don't we rule the hearts of men, and don't the heart rule every thing else? For my part, I am satisfied with this—but you may go if you please, and learn how to govern kingdoms."

The Blue Stocking gave her a look that turned all the cider in the cellar sour, and Fanny skipped away with a heart as light as a feather, humming a blithesome song. She was a sensible, sweet tempered girl, and if the squire had known all, he would have stuck still closer to his old maxim of never doing to-day what can be put off till to-morrow, for his salutary delay in writing had saved him from the adoption of Fanny's eldest sister, a tumultuous sort of lady, who fortunately married in the interim. The old gentleman fell ill, a few months after Fanny's arrival, and it was then that he congratulated himself on his happy selection. Most people are sufficiently irritable and troublesome when sick; but a hale, hearty old bachelor, who has never been broke in, is the quintessence of a refractory patient. The squire's maxim did not at all apply to his present case, and never man was so impatient to get rid of his pain off-hand, instead of postponing it to another time.

"My dear father," so Fanny called him, "my dear father, have a little patience—the doctor says you will be better to-morrow."

"To-morrow—d—n to-morrow—and the doctor, too. He's always insisting on my taking physic to-day, and putting off getting well till to-morrow. I never saw such a pedantic, pragmatical blockhead in all my life. Oh! this infernal pain! Oh!—upon my word, Miss Fanny, you seem mighty easy all this time! Why the d—l don't you get out of patience, like me? You have no more feeling than a dead pig!"

What an odious comparison for the prettiest girl in a hundred miles round. It was enough to make a saint angry. But Fanny soon soothed the testy squire into a better frame of mind. The very manner in which she smoothed his pillow, carried with it a mysterious influence over his fretted mind; and her soft low voice giving utterance to words of unaffected

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sympathy cooed him to acquiescence, if not repose. There was nothing officious or intrusive in her attentions, and the squire more than once thought to himself—

"There is nothing interested in Fanny—I can see that with half an eye. It is all good, unaffected tenderness of heart, without one single thought about herself. What a lucky man was I, not to delay my letter any longer; and how different she is from that diabolical old nurse Mrs. Goggin, who always used to keep up my spirits by raising ghosts, and telling me of all the deaths in fifty miles round. I'm determined to make my will as soon as I am well enough, and leave her every shilling I 'm worth."

The good squire recovered in time, but did not make his will. He gathered himself together several times, but could never make up his mind whether to begin in the good old solemn style, "In the name of God, I, Hercules Ninny, being of sound mind," &c., or in the flippant slip-slop phrase which was then becoming fashionable, and has in all probability aided in producing that want of reverence to the will of the dead, now become as common as it is disgraceful.

Let us now see what has become of Solomon, the wise. Though the last bout between him and the squire ended in the manner before related, it did not produce any permanent rupture. They had been differing all their lives, and the habit had softened the effect of contradiction in both. Solomon was hasty, but not ill-natured; and when he heard of Fanny's arrival, paid her a visit, accompanied by his son, a clever young fellow, about nineteen or twenty years old. He did not ask his wife to go with them, partly because he knew she would not go, and partly because he thought her room rather better than her company. He took Gideon, as he was called, there occasionally afterward to see the squire during his illness, and one day, on their return, opened his battery upon him, as follows:

"That seems a nice girl the squire has adopted."

"Very," replied his son.

"She 'll have a nice fortune, too. The squire, to my certain knowledge, is a warm fellow—though how he made his money, I can't conceive, in a man with such ridiculous notions of putting off every thing—and he told me just now he intended to leave her all he is worth."

"Did he?" said Gideon.

"Why, Gid—are you asleep?"

"No, sir."

"Then why don't you say something?"

"Because I've nothing to say, sir."

"Well, boy—I have made up my mind—in fact, I made it up as soon as I heard the girl was sent for—Gid, you must court Fanny, and marry her—or rather, you must marry, and court her afterwards."

"What, right off, sir?"

"Yes, right off the reel. You know my maxim, never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day. You shall go this very evening, and offer yourself."

"This evening, sir!" exclaimed Gideon, in great alarm.

"Yes, boy, this very evening. How do we know what will happen between the going down and rising of the sun?"

"Just as much as we know what will happen between this and sunset, or between this moment and the next, I believe, sir."

"You do—do you? Well, there is some truth, after all, in what you say, but that don't prove it is not wise to take time by the forelock. So I insist that you go this very evening, and offer yourself."

"But, sir, I have hardly spoken ten words to her since she came here. You know she has been always engaged in nursing the squire of late, and before that, I—I—somehow or other, I could not muster courage to look at her, except when her face was turned the other way."

"What a gander you are, Gid? Why, I married your mother after only two meetings, and one of these was at a funeral."

Solomon began this speech in a tone of triumph, but ended it with a sigh, perhaps on account of the person whose funeral he had attended, that being always a melancholy subject of recollection. The discussion continued all the way home, and ended in poor Gideon's submission, as the alternative of a lasting breach between himself and his father. He by no means demurred to Fanny; on the contrary, he felt a decided preference for her. But his heart revolted at this precipitation.

That evening he went on his mission of duty and love, with feelings that can only be realized by a man just going to be hanged. He felt the preposterous folly, the consummate impudence of the offer he was about to make, for he was a youth of sense and modesty. But he had been brought up at the feet of the Gamaliel, his father, who, like many honest men, made himself amends for his abject submission to a wife, by tyrannizing over his children. Solomon's helpmate had the instinct of government about her, and never interfered with his dominion over others, so long as he submitted to her own.

If Gideon had only carried a satchel at his back, he might have passed for an overgrown truant, going to school with a reasonable expectation of being flogged. He stopped every minute to look at nothing, and went four times round the squire's lot, before he could find the house. As he was proceeding to the fifth circuit, he was recognized in the moonlight by the squire, who brought him to, and called him into his presence. People may talk of wild partridges and prairie wolves, but these are nothing to the skittishness of a modest young fellow, compelled to make love on compulsion. If Solomon had only let his great enemy, Time, have his way, ten to one all would have happened just as he wished; but he brought his old maxim to bear on the castle Cupid was building, and demolished it before it was half finished. Gideon had already begun to have dreams and visions, and Fanny had more than once thought he was a handsome, well behaved, sensible young man, though they had, as poor Gideon said, hardly exchanged ten words. But folly is even worse than murder—it will not only out at last, but betray itself

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the very first moment. There are sentiments and observations altogether above the capacity of a fool, as there are others totally beneath that of a man of sense. Fanny was, therefore, not altogether premature in her conclusion.

This evening, however, Gideon talked and acted in a manner that compelled her to believe she had altogether overrated his capacity. He never asked a question, or answered, without making almost as many blunders as words; and he seemed to be talking to all points of the compass, instead of the subject in hand. His actions were, if possible, worse than his words; he insisted on holding a skein of thread for Fanny to wind off, and attempted to snuff the candle with it. Being reminded of his blunder, he threw the skein into the fire, burnt his fingers in attempting its rescue, and finally presented himself before her holding out the snuffers, with a thumb in each of the rings, for her to wind off.

"The old boy is in that fellow," quoth the squire, who was half-dozing in his chair; "he has either lost his senses, or never had any—I don't know which."

Fanny was obliged to run out of the room, on pretence of getting another skein of thread, but in reality to laugh till she almost died. She soon, however, returned with a face as grave as a judge, and the squire just then bidding good-night, Gideon as savage as a tiger beleaguered in a jungle, determined to make one desperate plunge for life. The squire had hardly turned his back, when he seized Fanny's hand, devoured it with kisses, declared his unquenchable love, and then stood with eyes wide open, staring as if in astonishment at his own intrepidity. The young damsel was at first so fluttered at this unexpected assault, that she could do nothing but snatch away the hand with which she was sorely tempted to give him a sound box of the ear. But a few moments sufficed to rally all the modest dignity of her sex, and she replied to poor Gideon in words so scornful and indignant, that as she was afterward sorry for having uttered them, we will not rescue them from that oblivion in which they have long since been buried. Gideon, who had expended all his powder in the assault, did not wait for the final denouement, but seizing his hat, decamped without beat of drum, leaving Fanny in doubt whether she was most astonished, mortified, irritated, or disappointed at his preposterous conduct.

It was some time before Gideon could make out to find the house of his father, whose first question was as to how he had sped in his wooing.

"Just as I expected and deserved, sir," replied he, forgetting, in his vexation and mortification, that profound respect which he had ever preserved toward his father; "just as I expected and deserved, sir. I was sent on a fool's errand, and have returned a little wiser than I went, I hope."

"And pray, sir, what has your wisdom taught you?"

"It has taught me, father, that in affairs of the heart, the heart alone should be consulted. Had you left the matter to time, as I wished—had you suffered me to follow my own feelings and judgment, which would have prompted me to try to win her affections by a course of quiet attentions, such as the most modest woman might receive without a blush, and the most fastidious think not derogatory to their delicacy or their pride, I might have perhaps succeeded in time. But you, sir, took advantage of a sense of duty which I have, I hope, never violated, to urge, nay, to force me into a situation which will bring blushes to my cheek, and anguish to my heart, to the latest hour of my life."

"Phew!" whistled Solomon; "all moonshine! Try again, boy. Take time by the forelock, and go to her to-morrow morning. I insist upon it, sir, or you are no longer a son of mine."

"Father!" replied Gideon, in accents of the deepest, most solemn determination, "father, I have hitherto obeyed you in all things; often when both my wishes and my reason revolted at the nature of your commands, because you were my parent, and I felt I was but a boy, who had no right to stake my inexperience against your knowledge of mankind and the world. But this is a different case. It is an affair in which Fanny and myself alone are concerned; it is an affair of personal delicacy and feeling; it involves the violation of that respect which every man deserving the name owes to the delicacy, the dignity, and the feelings of a virtuous woman. I have insulted Fanny once—I will never do it again. I have outraged my own feelings, betrayed my own judgment, and have been punished so keenly, so bitterly, that I declare, in the face of heaven and my father, that rather than repeat the scene, I will subject myself to a parent's curse, and become an outcast from my home."

Solomon was absolutely confounded at this sudden running up of the flag of rebellion. Though a very wise man in the opinion of his neighbors, and his own too, because he always took time by the forelock, he had not yet learned that the lower you pull the sapling toward the earth, the higher it will fly when it escapes from your hand. Hitherto Gideon had been the most submissive of sons, and the last thing Solomon expected was an outbreak of this sort. He was one of those men who are all obstinacy, until they meet with opposition, but who, like a brawling stream, always turn aside from a rock. Accordingly, finding Gideon immovable, he moved on one side himself, and, in conformity with his usual custom, solaced his self-sufficiency with a prediction.

"Well, sir—well—have your own way, but mind what I say—you will be sorry you had not taken time by the forelock, and followed my advice, before a year passes over your head. Remember what I say."

Fanny could not sleep that night for thinking of the strange, unaccountable behavior of Gideon, and wondering whether he was in earnest or not, in his professions of love. To be sure, his passion must have been very violent and sudden in its progress; but there was certainly such a thing as love at first sight, and this might be a case in point.

"If he is in earnest—why then I can have him

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when I please; and it must be confessed that he is good-looking—some think very handsome—and every body speaks well of him. If he had only waited till we had got a little acquainted, I dare say I should have been brought to like him—but to be so insulted—yes—it was certainly a downright insult, almost strangers as we were, to kiss my hand as if he was going to eat it. But that might have been because he could not help it. Poor fellow! he seemed as if he didn't know what he was doing. Heigho! I wish he had not been in such a hurry, though I dare say it was all owing to his father, who is always preaching up taking time by the forelock. Heigho! I wish—I wish I had not spoken so harshly to the poor fellow!"

Thus thought Fanny as she lay awake in her bed, and the moon peeped into the window to have a look at her, in order to judge whether she was so handsome as report made her out to be.

The next morning the squire was very curious to know what the deuce had got into Gideon the night before to behave so ridiculously, and declared his solemn belief that the young man was tipsy. Fanny warmly defended him from this accusation, and certainly nobody had a better right, for during the scene of the preceding evening, they had been for a moment in such close juxtaposition, that she could distinguish the quality of his breath, and it was as sweet and fresh as that of a blithe spring morning. Fanny felt a strong impulse of duty to disclose the truth; but reflecting that it was not quite fair to expose a discarded swain, she kept the secret, and thereby afforded a memorable example to her sex. It was observed, however, that she was not quite so cheerful as usual, but appeared almost always thoughtful, and at times somewhat depressed. She saw nothing of Gideon for some time afterward, except at church, where she occasionally stole a look at him, and was rather affronted at finding that he was neither pale nor thin, and had nothing of the appearance of a disappointed swain. She never caught his eye, for he never could see or think of her without a most bitter twinge of mortified pride at the recollection of his own folly, and its merited punishment. Neither of them could ever give any account, either of the text or the sermon, when they came home.

Fanny took long walks, and Gideon became a great fisherman, not because he had the patience of Job, a quality indispensable to that philosophical profession, but because it led him from the haunts of his fellow creatures, who, with that self-consciousness which is one of the great castigators of folly and crime, he took it for granted were laughing at him. There was a clear crystal stream, almost a river, which meandered round the village, through rich meadows, along whose margin the elms, plane trees and basswood grew in all their primeval majesty, and in whose bosom the silvery sided fishes sported, or watched the cricket and grasshopper as they ever and anon heedlessly jumped into the stream. This little river was spanned by a bridge, about half a mile from the town, over which, however, there was little traveling, the village being in a retired part of the country, distant from any high-road or thoroughfare.

In this little pastoral river Gideon was now accustomed to exercise his piscatory skill to little purpose, his mind being busily employed in the agreeable occupation of preying upon itself; and on this bridge, which afforded a prospect of the river as it meandered musically along through the green world, until finally lost in the bosom of a distant craggy mountain, Fanny was one pleasant summer afternoon pensively leaning over the railing, thinking of any thing but the time, the place, and the beauties of nature that lay smiling before her. She had no business to be there, and was wrong to be thus rambling about all alone. She should have staid at home, and minded her business, and she was punished for her transgression. She had not noticed a small black cloud that was slily and quietly creeping up the firmament, and which all at once, without giving any warning, puffed forth a snug little whirlwind, that in an instant blew her bonnet into the stream. In the surprise of the moment, she gave a scream, which reached the ear of a young man who was slowly advancing up the stream, with a long pole in his hand, and who, seeing the bonnet floating in the water, very precipitately concluded there was a female belonging to it. Without waiting to verify the fact, he plunged in and seized the bonnet, but no lady was there, and none could be found, after swimming and groping about till he was almost drowned. He, however, brought the bonnet ashore in triumph; but this feeling soon changed to one of deep solicitude when he discovered by the color of the ribbons, and other marks constituting what logicians would call personal identity, that it was the very one he had seen Fanny wear at church the last Sunday. It is a singular fact, that though Gideon never looked at Fanny, he always knew how she was dressed by a sort of instinct. As this bonnet had a very material agency in producing the events which follow, it would be proper to describe it more particularly, were it not for apprehension that fashionable people might turn away from this history in disgust; for it actually served the purposes for which such conveniences were originally devised, by at once protecting the head and face from the sun.

This discovery was on the point of occasioning Gideon another ducking, when, fortunately, he heard himself called by name in a voice so sweet, that he mistook it for the turtle-dove cooing, and looking to the spot whence it seemed to steal out, recognized Fanny standing bare-headed on the bridge. The whole affair flashed upon him at once, and he perceived that he had been risking his life for a bonnet, instead of a lady. The poor lad, who labored under the utmost horror of being laughed at, and was still suffering the sting of his former contemptuous rejection, stood still and stupified at this awful recognition. He was pondering in a fever of conflicting emotions, when he heard the same soft voice calling his name again, and saw Fanny beckoning him to come and bring her the bonnet, which, not knowing what a good friend it would ultimately prove, he un-

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justly stigmatized as an accursed bonnet. There was, however, no alternative between carrying it to the owner, and throwing it down and running away. With infinite compunction he chose the former, and approaching the lady, with all the ardor of a criminal brought to be sentenced to the State prison for life, he delivered the bonnet he had so gallantly rescued from the waves.

As he approached he observed that Fanny looked beautiful, and the nearer he came the more beautiful she looked. There was a glowing blush on her cheek; the wind had produced that graceful disorder of hair which art cannot imitate, and there shone an indescribable expression in her face and eyes that Gideon actually interpreted into a welcome. She took the bonnet that he presented in silence, and offered her thanks in words of simple gratefulness, adding—

"It was not worth the risk of your life, Gideon."

"I thought it was yourself," replied he; and these brief words, pronounced in the simplicity of his heart, seemed to penetrate into hers. She colored all over her face, neck and bosom; and it was some few moments before she could answer, in a voice trembling with emotion—

"And so—and so—you were willing to risk your life for me?"

"Certainly," replied he, in a manner and words utterly destitute of gallantry, "certainly, madam, or for any other person I thought drowning."

"Ah! yes—old Mrs. Goggin, I suppose—or Uncle Cæsar, the black sexton—or your father's old blind horse, Pepper," answered Fanny, trying to laugh, though in fact downright angry. She had felt a glow of gratitude, which being thus met by a cold chill of indifference, produced a sudden revulsion.

"Spare me your ridicule, madam," replied Gideon, "I have once bitterly felt its power, and though I deserved it, I have never forgot its poignancy. But there is every appearance of rain, and I would advise you to return home as soon as possible."

They proceeded side by side toward the village, for Gideon could not bring himself to leave Fanny, as he had good reason to believe it would rain in a few minutes. For some time neither uttered a word, though at every vivid flash of lightning, followed by quick sharp crashes of thunder, she involuntarily pressed closer to him as if for shelter. Suddenly he heard a low rumbling sound behind him, and looking round beheld the neighboring mountain capped with a white fleecy veil rapidly descending down its sides. He announced the necessity of immediately seeking some shelter—but none was nigh, except an old patriarchal elm, whose antique body expanding at the root, as is not uncommon, to a great size, a few feet above the ground, inclosed a considerable hollow cavity, into which he placed Fanny without ceremony, as the big drops began to fall apace. There was, perhaps, room enough for both, but Gideon stood modestly outside, in a direction to keep from her as much of the rain as possible. But when Fanny saw the rain pelting him from head to foot, and the flashes of lightning playing about him, she felt her heart reproach her, and insisted on his coming inside.

"You forget I am wet already," said he.

Yet he obeyed her, notwithstanding. They were thus placed face to face, and so close that they actually breathed upon each other, which every body knows is a very critical position. Gideon was sorely incited to try whether the balmy gale really came from the ruby lips that almost touched his; but the recollection of the terrible set down he got on a certain memorable occasion quelled the mischievous tempter, and he remained like a statue, sometimes looking up the hollow of the tree, with an appearance of great curiosity, and sometimes out, expressing, like a great blockhead as he was, his extreme solicitude for the clearing up of the storm. What the deuce put it into Fanny's head, nobody knows, but she suddenly—just after a great clap of thunder—asked Gideon if he had heard that Miss Jones was just going to be married to Mr. Smith.

"No," replied he, wincing, "I understood she had refused him some months ago."

"O, yes! But you know she may have changed her mind since. She told me she thought he was rather hasty in his first offer, as they had hardly had time to become acquaintances, much less lovers; but Mr. Smith persevered, and Miss Jones finding that he was not so forward as she first thought him, when he offered himself the second time they met, has accepted him at last."

"I think Mr. Smith was a great fool to risk a second refusal. For my part, if a woman rejected me once, I should think myself a great goose to expose myself to her scorn and ridicule a second time."

"O! Gideon—Gideon! I didn't mean to wound your feelings so deeply!" exclaimed Fanny, and what more she would have added was cut short by a flash of lightning that appeared to shatter the universe, accompanied by a burst of thunder that seemed little less than the crash of its falling ruins. The old tree which had stood unscathed for centuries now met that fate which age had so long threatened; its limbs were shivered to atoms, and the electric fire passing down the outside, tore up the earth at its foot.

"Dearest Fanny!" cried Gideon—and "Dearest Gideon!" exclaimed Fanny, as she cast herself forward into his arms almost insensible. This seemed the last dying speech of the storm. The last cloud passed over with it, and in an instant the glorious sun looked out smilingly on the earth, which was sparkling with jewels. Fanny and Gideon returned together in silence, except that eyes are sometimes said to speak; and the former, on being interrogated by the squire as to where she had been, answered mischievously—

"In a hollow tree, father."

"And what, in the name of sense, brought you there?"

"The storm, sir."

"Poor girl! And were you all alone by yourself in that terrible thunder and lightning?"

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"No, sir—Gideon was with me."

"He was? How came he so wet, and you so perfectly dry?"

"Why, sir—he jumped into the river after my bonnet."

"Hum—ha—um—this seems very like a cock and bull story—jumping into the river—hollow tree—what hollow tree?"

"Why, sir, the old elm tree, at the side of the road, about two or three hundred yards from the bridge."

"Ah! yes—hum—I remember hiding there when a boy. But, zounds, Fanny, you must have been pretty close together, for it was just large enough for me at that time."

"Oh! but my dear father—you can't think how much bigger it has grown since!" replied Fanny, blushing, half in jest and half in earnest, half in modesty and half in triumph, so that there were four halves to her blush.

The squire, in the end, insisted upon knowing the whole story, which Fanny, with a self-denial almost supernatural, committed to Gideon, who, after relating all the particulars, suddenly electrified the squire by beseeching him to bestow his adopted daughter on him as a wife, notwithstanding Fanny held up her finger at him, and exclaimed—

"Beware, Gideon—remember the skein of thread and the snuffers!"

"What—aye—yes!—I remember the snuffers. I see it all now—the youngster was just falling over head and ears in love, and that made him such a fool. But what shall I do for a nurse when you are married; and how can I live all alone in my old age, with nobody to take care of me but that infernal old woman, Mrs. Goggin? Ah! it won't do. Besides, what's the use of your being in such a hurry; better put it off a few years."

"My dear father, I will still be your nurse. I will not leave you, but continue to live with you, and take care of you, till one or both of us die."

"By the Lord Harry—so you can!" exclaimed the squire, rubbing his hands—but his countenance suddenly fell, as he added—"but then you will have enough of your own to take care of, let alone me—yes—yes—yes."

And then he fell into a deep fit of musing, from which he started forth briskly—

"The little rogues will be company for me—I can dandle them on my knees, teach them their A B C, and buy toys for them to make them love me. I give my—but had n't you better take a little time to consider—for you know a wise man never does to-day what he can put off till to-morrow."

"My father thinks and acts directly the contrary," said Gideon, smiling.

"Your father is a great block—but you don't wish to put it off till next year, hey?"

Gideon protested he had no such wish.

"But what say you, you little sly puss—I should like to know your opinion?"

"Why—why—my dear father—though I thought Gideon was rather too much in a hurry the first, I think he has taken quite long enough in considering the second time."

"Well—well," said the squire, "take her, Gideon. You will be a happy man if she makes you as good a wife as she has made me a daughter. Well," added he, laughing, "I have read of love in a cottage—but love in a hollow tree! I'll swear there is not room enough in it for two crooked sticks! But you'd better consider. No? You shake your heads. Well then, I say again, take her, with all I am worth, and my blessing into the bargain."

—

The marriage day was fixed at no distant period, and though the good squire was quite as anxious as any body, except the parties more immediately concerned, yet he never failed every day to set forth the ill consequences of doing things in a hurry, and to recommend putting off the ceremony till another day. Solomon, on the contrary, urged the shortening of the period of probation, and, strange to say, Gideon perfectly coincided with him on this occasion, though he had differed so decidedly before. This union of the two families did not in the least affect the relations of the wise man and the fool. It is true that time and experience often brought the conviction home to one that he frequently burnt his fingers by not approaching the fire with due caution, and to the other, that he more than once missed his aim by being too long in taking sight. But what are the lessons of experience when arrayed against long cherished habits? They continued to their dying day to adhere each to his favorite maxim, insomuch that when the squire was on his death-bed, and the physician assured him that day was his last, he answered, almost unconsciously—

"Doctor, had n't you better put it off till to-morrow?"

Solomon survived him a few years, and having nobody now to dispute with, and little to do, passed most of his leisure in meddling with the affairs of other people.

"Why don't you reap your harvest?" said he, one morning, to a neighbor—"don't you see it is over ripe already? Never, my friend, put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day."

The good husbandman, having a great opinion of Solomon's wisdom, fell to and cut down his wheat that very day; but there fell out, immediately after, a long, warm rain, which set the poor man's wheat growing again, and it was all spoiled. These and other similar inroads on Solomon's maxim greatly undermined the opinion of his wisdom, and the villagers would often exclaim on these occasions—

"Ah! what a loss we have had in poor Squire Ninny—he never did things in a hurry, but always considered well beforehand, like a wise man as he was."

Solomon fell a victim to his great maxim at last. He was one day a little indisposed.

"We must take time by the forelock," said he.

So he sent for a doctor, and that did his business.

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SONNETS ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

DEDICATED TO REV. EDMUND NEVILLE.

BY JUDGE CONRAD.

I. *Our Father.*

Our Father! Holiest name, first, fondest, best!
Sweet is the murmured music of the vow
When young love's kiss first prints the maiden's brow:
But sweeter, to a father's yearning breast,
His blue-eyed boy's soft prattle. This is love!
Pure as the streamlets that distil through mountains,
And drop, in diamonds, in their cavern'd fountains;
Warm as our heart-drops; true as truth above.
And is such Thine? For whom? For all—ev'n me!
Thou to whom all that is which sight can reach
Is but a sand-grain on the ocean beach
Of being! Down my soul: it cannot be!
But He hath said! Up, soul, unto His throne!
Father, "our Father," bless and save Thine own!

II. *Who art in heaven.*

Who art in Heaven! Thou know'st nor mete nor bound.
Thy presence is existence. 'Neath thine eye,
Systems spring forth, revolve, and shine—and die;
Ev'n as, to us, within their little round,
The bright sands in the eddying hill-side spring
Sparkle and pass forever down the stream,
Slow-wheeling Saturn, of the misty beam,
Circles but atoms with his mighty wing;
And bright-eyed Sirius, but a sentry, glows
Upon the confines of infinity.
Where Thou art not, ev'n Nothing cannot be!
Where Thy smile is, is Heaven; where not—all woes,
Sin's chaos and its gloom. Grant Thy smile be
My light of life, to guide me up to Thee!

III. *Hallowed be Thy name.*

Hallowed be Thy name! In every clime,
'Neath every sky! Or in this smiling land,
Where Vice, bold-brow'd, and Craft walk hand in hand,
And varnish'd Seeming gives a grace to Crime;
Or in the howling wild, or on the plain,
Where Pagans tremble at their rough-hewn God;
Wherever voice hath spoke, or foot hath trod;
Sacred Thy name! The skeptic wild and vain;
Rous'd from his rosy joys, the Osmanlite;
The laughing Ethiop; and the dusk Hindoo;
Thy sons of every creed, of every hue;
Praise Thee! Nor Earth alone. Each star of night,
Join in the choir! till Heaven and Earth acclaim—
Still, and forever, Hallowed be Thy name!

IV. *Thy kingdom come.*

Thy kingdom come! Speed, angel wings, that time!
Then, known no more the guile of guilt, the leer
Of lewdness, frowning power, or pallid fear,
The shriek of suffering or the howl of crime!
All will be Thine—all blest! Thy kingdom come!
Then in Thy arms the sinless earth will rest,
As smiles the infant on its mother's breast.
The dripping bayonet and the kindling drum
Unknown—for not a foe: the thong unknown—
For not a slave: the cells, o'er which Despair
Flaps its black wing and fans the sigh-swoll'n air,
Deserted! Night will pass, and hear no groan;
Glad Day look down nor see nor guilt nor guile;
And all that Thou hast made reflect Thy smile!

V. *Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.*

Thy will be done on earth as 't is in heaven!
That will which chords the music-moving spheres,
With harmonies unheard by mortal ears;
And, losing which, our orb is jarred and riven.
Ours a crush'd harp! Its strings by tempests shaken;
Swept by the hand of sin, its guilty tones
Startle the spheres with discord and with groans;
By virtue, peace, hope—all but Thee—forsaken!
Oh, be its chords restrung! Thy will be done!
Mysterious law! Our griefs approve that will:
For as shades haunt the night, grief follows ill;
And bliss tends virtue, as the day the sun.
Homage on earth, as 'tis on high, be given:
For when Thy will is done, then earth is heaven!

VI. *Give us this day our daily bread.*

Give us this day our daily bread! Thou art
Lord of the harvest. Thou hast taught the song
Sung by the rill the grassy vale along;
And 't is Thy smile, when Summer's zephyrs start,
That makes the wavy wheat a sea of gold!
Give me to share thy boon! No miser hoard
I crave; no splendor; no Apician board;
Freedom, and faith, and food—and all is told:
I ask no more. But spare my brethren! they
Now beg, in vain, to toil; and cannot save
Their wan-eyed lov'd ones, sinking to the grave.
Give them their daily bread! How many pray,
Alas, in vain, for food! He Famine fed;
And give us, Lord, this day, our daily bread!

VII. *Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.*

Forgive our trespasses, as we forgive
Those who against us trespass! Though we take
Life, blessings, promis'd heaven, from Thee; we make
Life a long war 'gainst Him in whom we live!
Pure once; now like the Cities of the Plain,
A bitter sea of death and darkness rolls
Its heavy waves above our buried souls.
Yet wilt Thou raise us to the light again,
Worms as we are, if we forgive the worm
That grovels in our way. How light the cost,
And yet how hard the task! For we are lost
In sin. Do thou my soul uphold and form!
Bankrupt and lost to all but hope and Thee;
Teach me to pardon; and oh, pardon me!

VIII. *And lead us not into temptation.*

Lead us not in temptation! The earth's best
Find, but in flight, their safety; and the wise
Shun, with considerate steps, its Basilisk eyes.
Save us from Pleasure, with the heaving breast
And unbound zone; from Flattery's honeyed tongue;
Avarice, with golden palm and icy heart;
Ambition's marble smile and earthy art;
The rosy cup where aspic death is hung!
Better the meal of pulse and bed of stone,
And the calm safety of the Anchorite,
Than aught that life can give of wild and bright.
Be thou my joy, my hope, my strength alone!
Save from the tempter! Should he woo to ill,
Be thou my rock, my shield, my safety still!

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IX. *But deliver us from evil.*

Deliver us from evil! Hapless race!
Our life a shadow and our walk a dream;
Our gloom a fate, our joy a fitful gleam;
Where is our hope but Thee! Oh give us grace
To win thy favor! Save from loud-voic'd Wrong,
And creeping Craft! Save from the hate of foes;
The treachery of friends; the many woes,
Which, to the clash of man with man, belong!
Save those I love from want, from sickness, pain!
And—spared that pang of pangs—oh let me die
Before, for them, a tear-drop fills my eye;
And dying, let me hope to meet again!
Oh, save me from myself! Make me and mine,
In life and spirit, ever, only, Thine!

X. *For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever, Amen.*

Thine is the kingdom, power and glory! Thine
A kingdom, based on past eternity,
So vast, the pond'rous thought—could such thought be—
Would crush the mind: a power that wills should shine
A million worlds; they shine—should die; they die:
A glory to the which the sun is dim;
And from whose radiance e'en the seraphim,
Heaven-born, must veil the brow and shade the eye!
And these are Thine, forever! Fearful word,
To us, the beings of a world of graves
And minutes! Yet Thy cov'nant promise saves:
Our trust is in Thee, Father, Savior, Lord!
Holy, thrice holy, Thou! Forever, then,
Be kingdom, power and glory Thine! Amen.

MODERN GREECE.

BY J. R. TAYLOR.

Unmindful of her former fame,
That glorious land had slept,
And Freedom o'er her funeral urn
In silent darkness wept;
Upon the plains where heroes fought,
The haughty Moslem trod—
Her servile sons still cowered beneath
Their stern oppressor's rod.

A sound rolled like a thunder-peal
From Delphi's haunted cave,
Parnassus sent the echoes back
Above Lepanto's wave;
Amid Dodona's solemn fanes
Rose up the thrilling cry,
And through each dale, renowned in song,
Like trumpet-blast swept by.

It swelled up like a battle-hymn
From Thessaly's bright rills,
And the stirring echoes died along
The far Etolian hills;
In song, through Tempe's classic vale,
The Peneus bore it on—
Olympus, through his misty robe,
Spoke out in thunder tone!

It was the summons of the dead—
The call of those who died
When Greece was in her palmy days,
Her glory and her pride;
Across the waves of Salamis
The Spartans' cries resound,
And e'en Miltiades spoke forth
From Marathon's gray mound.

The brave of old Platea—
And of Thermopylæ—
Called to their low, degenerate sons,
To strike for Liberty;
Old Homer's soul too lingered still
Upon the Grecian lyre,
And nerved to deeds of high emprise
The warrior's heart of fire.

They heard the call—that stirring sound
Awoke them from their shame,
They vowed to lift again the sword
For Liberty and Fame;
They felt the spirit of their sires,
Above whose graves they trod,
And flung the banner of the cross
Before the shrine of God.

More glorious than Platea's day,
When Persia's might was low,
Bozzaris, like a midnight storm,
Burst on the leaguered foe;
And Missolonghi's shattered wall,
Her heaps of ghastly dead
Proved that the soul of Ancient Greece
Had not forever fled.

With valiant hearts that never quailed
And nerves to battle strung,
From vintage-hill and sunny vale
Her dauntless champions sprung,
Beat back the Moslem's charging hordes
With wild, impetuous sweep,
And Freedom soared with eagle-wing
O'er Phyle's rocky steep.

And from her throne, amid the clouds,
Upon th' Olympian hill,
She watches o'er her chosen land,
She watches o'er it still—
And at her altars through that land
Is offered many a prayer,
The soft tones of the Dorian reed
Float on the free, bright air.

The ancient spirit is not fled,
But brighter still will burn,
Though long the world had mourned above
Her desolated urn;
New bards will rise to rival yet
The Theban song of fire,
And Homer's soul reanimate
The voiceless Grecian lyre.

And from her ruins, Phœnix-like,
Athena yet will rise,
And glory's beacon-fires again
Illume her darkened skies;
Till her free sons, redeemed at last
From Slavery's hateful chain,
Will emulate their glorious sires,
And Greece be Greece again.

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THE SINGLE MAN.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

"All the beauty and fashion of the city," as the journals of the next day had it, were assembled in the —— Concert-room, to listen to a selection of ancient music by a company of amateurs, mostly possessing both skill and courage for the undertaking. Every thing went on and off as such things generally do, till at length a female voice, of so much grandeur, so much fullness, richness and power, broke upon the auditory, in a solo of Handel, that it was with difficulty they could restrain themselves from a burst of such tumultuous applause as the prescribed etiquette of the occasion prohibited. The singer was a new one, and the recess which immediately followed was welcomed as an opportunity for remarks and inquiries.

Among those whose surprise and admiration were the most markedly exhibited, appeared a gentleman who presented in his stately figure and noble features almost every external perfection of mature manhood. He had arisen from his conspicuous seat, and was leaning forward toward the slight screen which concealed the performers, with an interest that might have seemed unjustifiable in consideration that he was cavalier to two of the loveliest women in the house. Who this party were, we must stop to tell before going farther.

Colonel Frankfort had been esteemed, for the last ten years, by every unmarried lady in his circle the greatest speculation it contained. He had tempted the calculating by his great wealth, as well as the romantic by his personal graces. He had subdued one class of the ambitious by heading a select literary club; another by distinguishing himself for a couple of terms in Congress, and a third by proving himself the most able tactician, while he displayed the most splendid figure in a series of military pageants. And with those who required more than mere extrinsic recommendations, he had won his way by preserving a spotless character, and by exercising a benevolent and discriminating generosity in the disposal of his immense income. He had but one fault to lessen the force of his several and aggregate attractions—he was not a marrying man.

The lady who sat nearest to him, remarkable for her majestic figure, the animated beauty and commanding style of her countenance, and her superb dress, was a Miss Hazleton—a personage not less envied and enviable than himself. She was the uncontrolled heiress of a very large estate, intellectual, noble-minded, and not yet twenty-four. An admirable match for Colonel Frankfort! thought the disinterested; but that was out of the question. She had been engaged for several years to a man, equally worthy of her, who, being too chivalrous to rely upon the portion of a wife, was now absent from the country, rapidly accumulating by commerce the independence with which he considered he should be entitled to claim her.

Her companion, Fanny Milman, was a fresh, sweet, lovely girl of nineteen, gentle and graceful in her manners, and bearing in every tone of her musical voice, and in every change of her expressive face, the assurances of a sensitive, yielding, trusting, womanly spirit. She was the daughter of an aunt of Miss Hazleton, who had borne a mother's part to her from childhood, and was now the matron of her household. The cousins were models of female friendship, and though in the relative positions of protectress and dependent, they shared each other's employments, studies and amusements without a shadow of patronizing or exaction on the part of the one, or of envy or obsequiousness on that of the other. They were now anxiously waiting to learn something of the new singer.

"Can you distinguish her, Colonel Frankfort?" asked Miss Hazleton.

As he replied in the negative, a middle-aged lady, who occupied a seat before them, with three or four well-behaved little girls ranged systematically beside her, looked over her shoulder and asked—

"Were you not delighted with her, Miss Hazleton? and do I not deserve a great many thanks for introducing her to the association?"

"Pray who is she, my dear Mrs. Hawley?"

"Have you not heard? a young German lady—the music teacher of my little girls."

"But where or how did you find her?"

"Oh, it is a long story, and there is not time to tell it all just now. She came over better than a year ago, with her father, a man of talents and learning, who was in reduced circumstances, and who expected to obtain a professorship, or something of that kind, in this country. He was disappointed in his calculations, and to obtain a livelihood resorted to teaching languages to such pupils as he could find. He lost his health, and a few months ago he died, leaving this poor girl, who was a pattern of filial excellence, to struggle for herself. I happened to hear of her great proficiency in music, from a person who had boarded in the same house with her, and after calling on her to satisfy myself, I offered her the charge of my daughters."

"Is she handsome?" asked Colonel Frankfort.

"Ah, Colonel! always the first question with you gentlemen! She is handsome—remarkably so, though her beauty is of a peculiar kind, seldom seen amongst us."

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"Has she found no other patrons?" inquired Miss Hazleton.

"Yes, my dear; at my recommendation my friends Mrs. Clemmens and Mrs. Webb also engaged her for their children. They have three apiece, and as I have four, we monopolize her time altogether. The poor creature was overjoyed to have our employment, and we have made arangements by which she is insured female protection and home-comforts, without the expenses and exposure of boarding-houses. She stays with us alternately a month at a time."

"Boarding round, in the good old school-marm style," said Miss Hazleton, smiling; "and that expedient, of course, enables her to be much less extravagant in her terms than the masters you formerly employed."

"Certainly; she saves her board, you know, and we give her what we think fully sufficient for all her other wants, which ought not to be great."

"Ah, yes, I understand. Is she otherwise accomplished than in music?"

"Very highly; she is a perfect mistress of all the modern languages, and of every thing that belongs to female education. I forgot to say that she has become governess in general to our little girls."

"I should like much to see her, Mrs. Hawley; if you have no objections I shall call on her."

"Pray do so, my dear Miss Hazleton; the countenance of a lady so influential as yourself could not fail to be grateful to her. She is at my house now."

"I believe you have not given us her name, madam?" said the colonel.

"Landorf—Madeline Landorf."

They were interrupted by the renewal of the performance, during which the brilliant execution and the thrilling expression of the fair stranger again enraptured all the rapturable portion of the audience, and afforded matter for at least half the talk on their different ways homeward. It was especially the case with the party who occupied the splendid equipage of Colonel Frankfort, all of whom were devout admirers of musical skill. Miss Hazleton, in particular, was enthusiastic in declaiming her enjoyment.

"I shall go to see her to-morrow," said she, as she ran up the steps of the elegant house of which she was mistress, "and if she realizes Mrs. Hawley's description, I shall make some effort to serve her. I don't know a more cheerless destiny to a woman of education, talent and refinement, than that of seeing her graceful accomplishments caricatured by such chits as she is operating upon. As to the 'home comforts,' I am too well acquainted with the characters of those three enterprizing dowagers, not to know of what class she will find *them* to be."

So intent was she upon her project, that she failed to notice its having been received without comment, and also that Colonel Frankfort, after carefully assisting her young cousin to the door, had slightly pressed the hand which she withdrew from his arm.

The third day after the concert Miss Hazleton was seated in her front drawing-room, with her cousin; Fanny seemingly intent upon her needlework, and her companion engaged in the triple occupation of sewing, talking, and occasionally looking into the adjoining room, with as much apparent pride and pleasure as if she had had before her some precious and newly acquired work of art. The object of her attention, revealed through the folding-doors, was no other than Miss Landorf, who was reading, and who appeared, from her placid countenance and the repose of her attitude, to be quite at home. She was exceedingly beautiful—more regularly so than either of the others; with a complexion of the exquisite white of the mother-of-pearl; large, soft blue eyes, and luxuriant hair, which might have been too light even for a skin of such dazzling fairness, had it not gleamed in every wave with a tinge of the brightest gold. She was dressed in a simple suit of black, which exhibited a form tall, slender and graceful, well assimilating with the intellectual and delicate cast of her face.

"As I was saying," proceeded Miss Hazleton, to her cousin, "there is no genus of society with whom I have so little patience as your 'single men.' I don't mean old bachelors whom nobody will have, nor youths who would have almost any body; but men of mature minds, and of qualifications to make themselves acceptable in female society, who, from an overweening estimate of themselves and of their independence, take pride in being non-marrying men—who, notwithstanding, are never without some object of devotion, and presuming upon the publicity of their sentiments with regard to matrimony, use it as a privilege to transfer their favors from one to another, just as the whim may take them. In short," she added, fixing her black eyes searchingly on Fanny, "such a man as Colonel Frankfort."

"Do not be unjust, Letitia," returned Fanny, her cheeks flushing to the hue of the rose she was working; "from what do you judge him to be a proper instance of that class?"

"From his attentions to a dozen since I have known him, not omitting myself."

"But those attentions were chiefly to such as required a gentleman's services from having no fathers nor brothers on whom to depend for them, and such as could be elevated in society by his apparent respect and esteem. As to yourself—did you not, with your usual tact and honesty, put a stop to his assiduities by confessing your long-standing engagement? It was easy to see to what they tended."

"A warm defence! and just to please you, Fanny, I will yield to it so far as to admit the probability that he will marry some time, yet what sort of a selection he will make completely baffles my penetration, and I pique myself on being particularly acute in such matters. He is indifferent to fortune, for he has plenty of his own; he demands beauty, yet our mere beauties can do nothing with him; talent he must have, as a matter of course, yet it is so seldom united with such other attributes as he requires, that no blue has met with any kind of success. My strongest impression is that he will make

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an eccentric match at last—marry some pretty and innocent child, and educate her to his taste, or become fascinated by some brilliant actress or female artist, and bestow upon her his hand with all its valuable concomitants. Between ourselves," she continued, lowering her voice, "the idea has just struck me that we are throwing a lure in his way—that our new charge, yonder, with her wonderful beauty and endless accomplishments, may prove the very person to subdue him."

"Letitia!" exclaimed Fanny, her blushes growing deeper and deeper, and then fading quite away.

"It was just an involuntary thought of mine," said Miss Hazleton, satisfied that she had made the discovery she was aiming at, but appearing not to have noticed her cousin's emotion; "you may be sure I have no wish it should be so, on the contrary, it would be much more pleasant to believe that the good genius, which in other things seems to govern him, will prevail, and that he will at length surrender to some gentle and elegant woman of his own rank—one loveable and companionable, with pure tastes and refined feelings, who will initiate him into the peaceful and rational pleasures of domestic life, and will constitute his pride and his happiness—such an one, for instance, as my own cousin Fanny!"

Before Fanny could reply, Colonel Frankfort himself was announced, and her consciousness of the probing she had received gave her little composure to confront him. He, however, required no effort, for the compliments of meeting were scarcely over, when he turned to Letitia and said—

"I congratulate you, Miss Hazleton, on the success of your laudable purpose. I took the liberty of calling this morning on Mrs. Hawley, to make some farther inquiries about her fair protegée, and learned from her that you had preceded me, and had yesterday removed her hither."

"Indeed!" said Miss Hazleton, returning his animated expression with a look of great coolness, from a feeling that such active interest was any thing but favorable to the cause of her cousin.

Fanny instinctively understood her, and hastened to correct her by her own manner.

"Miss Landorf has just left the room, Colonel Frankfort," said she; "on her return we will introduce her to you. You cannot fail to admire her, and would respect her quite as much, if aware of the nobleness of her character. Before Letitia decided upon inviting her hither, we called upon the family with whom she and her father had boarded, and the story we learned of her patience, industry and devotedness was so touching that I would not venture to repeat it. The old gentleman was for a long time ill, utterly helpless, and, besides nursing him, she toiled day and night to afford him the best medical attendance, besides every comfort an invalid could require. She took charge of his pupils, adding to the usual amount of services to retain them, and laboring every spare moment at elegant and ingenious fancy articles, that, by disposing of them on any terms, she might add a little to their funds. Letitia has never had an object so worthy of her kindness, and is, I am confident, thankful for the occasion which brought her to our knowledge."

"And how did you prevail upon the stock company, Mesdames Hawley, Clemmens and Webb, to part with their joint speculation?" asked the colonel.

"I did not attempt that," returned Miss Hazleton, recovering her good-humor; "I merely offered myself as a partner, willing to take the burden of the outlays on my own hands. I saw at once that Miss Landorf would insist upon adhering to her engagements with them, and I promised that they should retain the benefit of her labors, while I would provide her with a permanent home. Then by proposing myself and Fanny as additional pupils—we do wish to learn German—I removed from them all suspicion of a plot, besides conquering her scruples to become an inmate here without a claim."

"Your usual able diplomacy, my dear Miss Hazleton, as well as your accustomed benevolence," said Colonel Frankfort, smiling; "but you have not told me, Miss Fanny, whether her personal attractions are worthy of her moral excellencies and mental accomplishments."

"She is a perfect lily for beauty, grace and sweetness," said Fanny, warmly.

The colonel started with affected surprise.

"It is astonishing, as well as refreshing," said he, "to hear such ardent and disinterested commendations of one lady from another," and he was interrupted by the appearance of Miss Landorf.

Fanny could not help watching him when her cousin presented him to the fair emigrant, and to her dismay she saw his countenance change to an expression of intense interest and admiration. He took a seat near her, addressed her with his most winning air, begged to lead her to the piano, when he saw that she was not inclined to talk, listened while she played with the most wrapt attention, and appeared bent upon being as fascinating as possible. The other two ladies seemed almost to have escaped his recollection, and even while taking leave, though he directed his words to them, he kept his eyes upon her.

"There it is—just as I anticipated," said Miss Hazleton, when he had withdrawn.

The manner of Miss Landorf was timid, flurried and nervous, altogether different from what might have been expected of her, and from the graceful composure that Colonel Frankfort was known to admire. If she could captivate him under such a disadvantage, the cause of poor Fanny was hopeless. So thought Letitia, and she decided upon losing no time nor effort to remove her cousin's misplaced attachment.

The very next morning the colonel repeated his visit, and, as before, almost his first question was for Miss Landorf. She had been sitting with the cousins, and, at the moment of his entrance, had stolen into the back-parlor, placing herself, as if for concealment, at a large embroidery frame. Her retreat was indicated, and the gentleman walked straight toward her, and again took a seat close by. After inquiring about her health, he watched her delicate fingers entangling themselves among the floss silks,

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chenilles and zephyr worsteds, and then, as if to relieve her of her superfluous shyness, he discoursed on various kinds of embroideries as understandingly as could have been expected of a gentleman and a bachelor. Still Madeline continued silent, and to give elevation to his theme he digressed to Queen Anne tapestries, and Gobelins, occasionally wandering off to Persia, China and Tyre, but with no better success. At length he addressed her in a short sentence of German, and the effect was electrical. She blushed, turned pale, threw down her working implements, and answered with eagerness and energy. The colonel apologized for continuing the conversation in the same language, presuming that he was understood by all the company—a presumption altogether groundless, of which he must have been aware, though he did not wait to be reminded of it, and the two wondering spectators sat looking on in tantalizing ignorance. So excited Miss Landorf became, that in a short time she left the room, and though it was under the plea of visiting her pupils, full an hour passed before she descended the stairs to go out. Colonel Frankfort arose to go, immediately after she had retired. As he was making his bow, Miss Hazleton asked, with an effort to conceal her displeasure—

"Who was that young gentleman, Colonel Frankfort, with whom I saw you yesterday evening?"

"My nephew and namesake, Ferdinand Frankfort. He arrived in the city a few days ago, and is desirous to be presented here. With your permission I shall do him the honor to introduce him."

"Very ingeniously arranged," said Letitia, when he had gone; "I suppose he designs to console us for the withdrawal of his own favors, by the notice of his nephew. What did you think of the appearance of the young man, Fanny?"

"I really did not observe him."

"Did you not? a strikingly handsome youth, I must allow—tall and graceful, with a high, pale forehead, silken ringlets, and a most romantic cast of face—altogether such a person as would be likely to make an impression on a sensitive, sentimental damsel like yourself. But I give you warning not to think of him. He is the only son among a large family of daughters, and has been educated without a profession by a scheming mamma, and half a dozen ambitious sisters, his submissive father out of the question, for the sole purpose of making a fortune, and adding to the dignity of the house, by marrying an heiress. They have had him studying the graces in Paris, and the humanities in Germany—the colonel himself took him over—and now he is ready to enter upon his career. He is said, indeed, to be rather too honest and retiring to be perfectly pliant to their requisitions, but, no doubt, they hope that, as he gets older, he will get rid of his weaknesses, and improve in worldly wisdom."

"It was well you cautioned me," said Fanny, attempting to smile, "for, of course, with my empty purse my case with him would be hopeless."

"True—so, perhaps, the colonel intends to supply his saivo to me. I am out of all patience with him. Madeline herself has observed the impression she has made, and we may rest assured that all is over. This comes of my philanthropy. I am half inclined to declare, like Paul Pry, that I will never do another good-natured action as long as I live."

"Shame—shame! Letitia! after proving by your interest in her that you thought her worthy of good fortune, to grudge it to her without reason! If Colonel Frankfort is willing to supply it to her, we ought to be gratified that our services are so ably seconded."

"That's a dear, good girl! My whole concern was that you might be jealous, for from his constant assiduities I really hoped that you had made the decisive conquest, until these late incidents have renewed my doubts of his good judgment."

"You must be reconciled to finding yourself mistaken sometimes," returned Fanny, with a slight tremor of voice; "his attentions must have been merely offered through respect and kindness, for I am convinced he is too honorable a man to belong to the class among whom you place him. If your supposition is correct of his predilection for Madeline, we should be candid enough to commend him that it is so disinterested and undisguised."

The next morning the two young ladies went out to make visits.

"Has any one called?" asked Miss Hazleton, on their return.

"Colonel Frankfort, with a young gentleman," replied the footman; "they waited for nearly an hour, and have just gone."

"Waited? How did that happen? My aunt is not at home."

"They asked for Miss Landorf, and I showed them in."

"Worse and worse, Fanny; we are left altogether out of the plot. The colonel, I suppose, was desirous of submitting the future aunt to the cultivated taste of his nephew. I think when we furnish stage, machinery and heroine for an impromptu tragedy or comedy—which is it?—we should at least be invited to take part in the performance."

The visit of the gentlemen was the commencement of a series. Day after day they called, and if Miss Hazleton had not provided herself with inferences, their conduct would have been inexplicable. In spite of her prejudices she could not avoid acknowledging that the nephew was a young man of whom any family might have been proud. Added to his remarkably fine person, he exhibited highly respectable attainments, generous feelings and upright principles, all enhanced in value by a modesty as rare as commendable. His manners were the most inappropriate in the world for a fortune-hunter. While he was evidently indifferent, though polite and cordial toward Letitia, he watched every word and look of Madeline with a timid and respectful attention; and if that might have been accounted for by the intentions of his uncle, still, toward the almost equally portionless Fanny, his bearing was scarcely less admiring and deferential. Thus they came for a fortnight, inquiring for the ladies collectively, or

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for Madeline alone, if the others were out, and, at last, one morning the colonel came by himself and requested a private interview with Miss Landorf.

"This, I suppose, is to bring matters to a climax," said Miss Hazleton, when she and Fanny had retired to a little work-room up stairs; "I have been, for several days, in a state of the most vexatious uncertainty as to how the matter would terminate after all. Ferdinand, with his soft tones, his abstracted eye and his undecided manner, is a perfect riddle; and as to the colonel, I really began to think that he was so charmed with your generous kindness to his fair inamorata, your perpetual efforts to relieve her of her trepidations, and to show off her attractions to the best advantage, that through gratitude he was almost ready to restore to you a portion of his allegiance."

A deep blush overspread the face of Fanny, which she was herself conscious had grown very pale of late, and, to conceal it, she turned to a window that fronted those of the drawing-rooms. Letitia followed her, and a scene, which palpably contradicted her hopes, met their eyes. Madeline was sitting full in view, and the colonel, bending over her, was holding her hand in his. She made a movement to withdraw it, and as he yielded it up, he stooped down and kissed her cheek. Fanny turned quickly away, and before her cousin could make a comment, had fainted on a sofa.

Though greatly shocked, Miss Hazleton had sufficient presence of mind not to call assistance, and when the disappointed girl revived, she made a passionate confession of what had been her hopes, which were blighted, and her dreams which were broken forever. She received all the consolation that her sympathizing friend could suggest, and then withdrew to her chamber. Colonel Frankfort sent a message, before leaving the house, to Miss Hazleton, wishing for a few minutes' conversation; but too indignant and too much grieved on account of Fanny, she declined to comply.

The next morning, before leaving her room, Letitia heard a gentle tap at the door, and supposing it to be that of Fanny, she hastened to open it. To her surprise she found Miss Landorf, divested of her mourning garments, and looking surpassingly lovely in a dress of simple, uncontrasted white.

"My dear Miss Hazleton," said she, blushing and faltering in her sweet but imperfect accent, "I wished to see you last night, but hearing that you were with Miss Milman, I feared to intrude. Forgive me for so long using concealment with you to whom I am so much indebted, but my heart was too full to let me trust myself to speak. And besides, my mind was so bewildered, that it was only yesterday I could satisfy myself that it was right to consent to—to—"

"I understand, Madeline—you are going to be married."

"You do not speak as you have always done, dear Miss Hazleton," said Madeline, taking both of Letitia's hands in hers, while the tears came into her eyes; "you condemn me, as I feared you would, but my feelings pleaded so strongly against my judgment! I know that I am not worthy of him, that poor and humble in station, I shall incur the scorn of a family so exacting; but he knows all about me—my origin, my history, my character, and he is so noble as to disregard my present occupation and dependence, and to take me just as I am. And then I loved him long before my misfortunes, long before your kindness was the means of bringing me again in his way."

"Madeline! you never hinted this before!"

"Forgive me, Miss Hazleton—as I said, I knew not that it would end thus, and otherwise it would have been but a vain confidence, besides betraying feelings which I regarded as a weakness, and endeavored to suppress as well as to conceal. And it was connected with my happier days, the remembrance of which only awakened to me unavailing regret, and, still more, with the memory of my beloved father, who, when his prospects failed, and a life of petty toil was before him, scorned the thought of allowing a generous man to degrade himself in the estimation of the world by an alliance with his friendless and unportioned child. My poor, dear father! I think if he could have heard the reasoning which has conquered me—if he could see my present prospects of happiness—" and throwing her arms round Letitia's neck, she gave vent to her varied feelings in tears.

Miss Hazleton was touched.

"You deserve them all, dear Madeline," said she, kindly; "and I hope you will be amply repaid for all your former trials. You wish to see Fanny? I must disappoint you now. She has been indisposed, as I told you last night, and it is best not to excite her. But you will soon find her able to see you. Meanwhile, I will tell her all, and say every thing you wish."

"You cannot tell her, my kind friend, how much I have to thank her for her sweetness, and gentleness, and sympathy. Oh! I have so much reason for gratitude to you both! But farewell, dearest Miss Hazleton—may you be better rewarded than I have language to express."

Again clasping the hands of Letitia, and kissing her cheek, she drew her white veil over her face, and hastened down stairs, where was heard the voice of Colonel Frankfort, while his carriage stood at the door. Letitia walked to the window, and saw them driven off. Fanny, too, had witnessed their departure, and when her cousin came to break the intelligence to her, she spoke of it with calmness, though her swollen eyes and pallid cheeks attested how much she had suffered.

An hour or two passed, and the friends still sat together, when the equipage again drove up to the house, and a servant rapped at the chamber door to say that Colonel Frankfort wished to speak to Miss Hazleton.

"Shall I go?" she asked, and on Fanny's signing assent, she left her to comply. She returned, in a few minutes, with a flushed countenance and a quickened step, and said—"He has come, Fanny,

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to take us to call on the bride, and I promised we would go immediately."

"How could you, Letitia, make such a promise?"

"Because I think the sooner it is done the more expedient it will be for concealing and relieving your feelings. I should not advise it, but that I know you to possess sufficient self-control to accomplish all that will be necessary for both your delicacy and dignity. Summon all your firmness, and trust to me for the consequences. I shall order out the carriage, for I declined our accompanying the colonel, in anticipation of your objections. So dress yourself nicely, Fanny, and let it be done at once."

Fanny made no farther opposition, and in a short time they were on their way to the place designated. They stopped before a handsome, though by no means spacious house in a quiet part of the city, and with the instinctive perception of trifles which we may have even in our strongest excitements, Fanny thought that there was little, either in the mansion or its locality, that corresponded with the magnificent tastes of Colonel Frankfort. But her test was now at hand. The gentleman himself appeared alighting from his barouche, and hastened forward to assist them out.

"Allow me to offer my congratulations," she said, in a tone much steadier than she supposed she could command.

"None more welcome;" said he, and, remarking her paleness, he made many anxious inquiries about her sudden indisposition, of which he had heard from Madeline. She was relieved from replying by seeing the face of the bride, now radiant with smiles and blushes, among the snowy drapery of one of the windows, and the next instant at the door. Ferdinand, too, presented himself, and, all animation and ease, led them into the parlor. "We ought to consider it a happy omen," said he, "to commence housekeeping by first receiving the three friends who have proved themselves the best and truest in the world to myself and my wife."

"*Your* wife!" echoed Fanny.

Letitia raised her fingers to caution her, and commenced a humorous relation of the mistake they had fallen into about the bridegroom, all of which the colonel had heard during his recent call, and of the pains she had taken, on their way hither, to prevent her cousin from suspecting the truth.

But the tone, and the changing color and countenance of Fanny made a revelation to Colonel Frankfort as important as unlooked for. Agitated scarcely less than herself, he drew her into a little room, opening from the parlors, which had been fitted up as a conservatory, and was now filled with plants, redolent in their spring bloom.

"I wish to have your opinion of my taste in flowers;" said he, trying to collect himself and giving employment to his eyes by looking among some leaves, where there was nothing particular to see; "I selected these more for their sweetness and beauty than for their rareness, it being one of the attainments on which I most pride myself to value things rather from intrinsic than adventitious qualities. As Madeline seemed to have a passion for pets of the kind I sent them here to afford her an agreeable surprise, and have since established a condition with her, which is, that I am to have the privilege of gathering a bouquet from them as soon as I require one to tell a tale which I pray I may be so fortunate as never to tell but once, and which I should fear to trust to my unpracticed lips." And Fanny stood wondering what was to come next.

Meanwhile Letitia was taking a survey of the apartments, which, in all their arrangements, were singularly convenient, tasteful and elegant. Madeline noticed her and entered naturally into her thoughts.

"Every thing was done, just as you see it, by our excellent Colonel Frankfort," said she; "we knew nothing of it until he brought us here this morning from the church. It seems almost like enchantment that a poor wanderer, such as I have been, should find herself thus suddenly transported into so sweet and pleasant a home."

"Dear Madeline!" said her young husband, regarding her with a strikingly honey-moon look; "but we must tell Miss Hazleton how much we owe to him besides, and, first of all, give her a history of our own acquaintance, since we took the liberty of prosecuting it so mysteriously under her eyes. We met during my travels in Germany, before Mr. Landorf lost his professorship—I suppose you have heard that he filled a chair in one of the universities—and afterwards we became passengers in the same vessel from Bremen. Our courtship followed during the voyage, but on my confessing to Mr. Landorf that my family would probably be opposed to my marriage, and that my prospects were not independent of their approbation, he forbade all farther thoughts of our union. In spite of my grief and remonstrances, Madeline was too good a daughter to disobey him, and when I was obliged to leave them for home, they took advantage of the separation to depart for another section of the country, without affording me a trace by which to discover their destination. In vain I made every inquiry, till, happily, I chanced to arrive in this city the very evening of the concert at which Madeline had consented to sing. I went to the room in quest of my uncle, and entered in time to recognize her voice.

"The next day I made a confidant of the colonel, who promised that if he should be satisfied with my choice, he would assist to further my suit. You now understand all that happened at your house. Our concealment with you was owing to a fear that your delicacy would make you averse to being privy to an affair of the kind, for we had decided that until it should be finally settled, prudence required us to keep it secret from my family. They have always had a misdirected ambition for me—opposed to my own disposition, and to the wishes of my uncle. I have set myself free, and, instead of remaining a drone in society, I am about to settle myself as a steady business man, earning means to preserve my home, and to enable me to spend my leisure hours with comfort in intellectual pursuits. For this purpose my

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uncle has purchased me a partnership in a commercial concern, which will yield enough for all our desires. Now, dear Miss Hazleton, do you not think we have a fair future before us?"

But Miss Hazleton was just then thinking of something else. On looking for Fanny, she saw the colonel significantly presenting to her a few flowers, and then clasping the hand she extended to receive them. Fanny caught the mischievous glances turned toward her, and, in the confusion, forgot to release herself.

"Well, now that I have seen you at the summit of felicity;" said Letitia, speaking *to* Mrs. and Mr. Frankfort, but *at* the other couple; "I shall be accommodating enough to take leave, that you may the better enjoy it. I have some particular business to attend to; therefore, Colonel Frankfort, I will commission you with the safe escort of Fanny, if she wishes to go home."

They reached home before her, and she carried out her considerateness by not stopping in the drawing-room to interrupt their explanations. At length Fanny entered her chamber in quest of her.

"Are all your troubles over, Fanny?" said she, kissing her affectionately; "and have you fixed the day?"

Fanny smiled. "Because," she continued, "I must have a hand in regulating that matter. I have had, for a week, a letter from my own true-hearted knight, in which he says that all his projects are accomplished, and that he will come home as fast as his ship can sail. I did not wish to tell you until I should see you in spirits to appreciate the news. So now we must assist each other to select wedding finery, and both wear it at the same time."

AMERICAN BALLADS.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

NO. III.—THE SURPRISE OF TRENTON.

Eighteen hundred years had passed,
Lacking only twenty-four,
Since the Savior, one-begotten,
Meek the virgin mother bore—
Shepherds on that very night
In the fields their watch did keep,
While the busy world around
Silent lay, and bathed in sleep—

When the angel of the Lord
Came upon them, and a light
Great and glorious shone about
Through the gloom of the wintry night;
And the heavenly host was heard
Singing loud o'er field and fen,
"Glory be to God in the Highest,
Peace on Earth, Goodwill to men."

Lowly in his cradle-manger
Then the infant Savior slept,
While the maiden mother o'er him
Tears of humble gladness wept;
And the Magi found him there,
Who had followed from afar,
When they saw it in the East,
The Redeemer's holy star;

For the star it went before them,
And the wise ones followed on,
Till it stood above the spot,
And their joyous goal was won,
Humbly then they bowed the knee,
Humbly did their gifts unfold,
Gifts of ivory, and aloes,
Myrrh, and frankincense, and gold.

Eighteen hundred years had passed,
Eighteen hundred years and eight,
Since the Savior, one-begotten,
Bowed him to a felon's fate—
Nailed upon the cursed tree
Suffered then our God and Lord—
Peace to man he came to leave—
"Peace he left not, but a sword!"

Noon it was of Christmas night
On the wintry Delaware,
Sullenly the falling snow
Floated through the murky air,
Sullenly the flooded river
Mourned the whitening shores along,
Sullenly the drifting ice
Groaned and tossed i' the current strong.

Not a star was in the sky,
Not a sound was on the breeze,
Not a voice or stir there was
In the thickly feathered trees—
Only through the heavy gloom
Muttered low the mournful rushing
Of the deep and dismal stream,
Through its icy fetters gushing.

Lonely were the streets of Trenton,
Trenton town by the Delaware—
Quartered there were the British horse!
Quartered the bearded Hessians there!
Deep the snow on the roofs above!
Deep i' the trackless roads below—
Hark to the bell! 'T was midnight chime!
Oh! but the strokes were stern and slow!

Not a guard was on his post—
Not a round its circuit made—
What the risk in such a storm?
Where the foe that should invade?
Far beyond the flooded stream,
Pennsylvanian wilds among,
Far the patriot army lay,
Frail, disjointed, and unstrung—

Washington, who late so glorious
Braved in equal arms his king,
Sees the boasted bird victorious
Sadly droop its baffled wing—
"Soldiers, spread the Christmas feast—
Soldiers, fill the bumper fair—
Pass the bottle! pile the hearth!
Cutting cold is the wintry air—

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"Let the toast our country be,
From whatever country we!
Sons of German Fatherland!
Britons ever bold and free!
Comrades, troll the jolly stave—
Pass the bottle—fear no wrong!
For the rebel hosts are weak,
And the wintry river strong!

"Tush! they dare not! We who drove them
Weak and weary, faint and few—
Tracked them, weaponless and wounded,
O'er the roads by the bloody dew,
Which to every painful print
Trickled from their shoeless feet—
Tush! the craven dove as soon
Shall the fearless falcon meet!"

Madly raged the jovial route—
Loud the bursts of loyal song
Rang amid the drifting storm,
Rang the snowy fields along!
Little deemed the roistering crew
As their revelry they plied,
What avengers stern and sure
Gathered on the icy tide—

Gathered, soon their glee to mar,
Hearts afire! and hands on hilt!
Redder liquor far than wine
Long ere morning shall be spilt—
Hark the deep and solemn hum,
Louder than the river's flow,
Rising heavier through the night,
Nearer through the drifting snow.

'Tis the hum of mustered men—
Barges with their burthen brave
Painfully and long are tossing
On the fierce and freezing wave;
Horse and foot and guns are there,
Struggling through the awful gloom—
Soon their din shall rouse the foe!
Rouse him like the trump of doom!

Firm, as some gigantic oak,
Stood their chief on the hither shore,
Marking how his comrades true
Prospered with the laboring oar,
Marking how each barge and boat
Slowly battled to the strand,
Marking how the serried lines
Mustered as they came to land!

Calm his high and noble port—
Calm his mighty face severe—
None had seen it change with doubt,
None had seen it pale with fear—
And it showed as grandly now,
In that wild and perilous hour,
Fraught with wisdom half divine,
Fraught with more than mortal power—

Steadily he stood and gazed—
Not a cloud upon his brow—
Calmer in the banquet hall
Never had he been than now!
Yet his fate was on the cast—
Life! and fame! and country! all!
Sterner game was never played—
Death or Freedom—win or fall!

Fall he—and his country's hope
Sets, a sun no more to rise!
Win he—and her dawning light
Yet may fill the unfathomed skies!
Fall he—and his name must wane,
Rebel chief of a rebel band!
Win he—it shall live forever,
Father of his native land!

Silent stood he—grave and mute,
Listening now the distant roar
From the half-heard town, and now
Gazing on the crowded shore—
Crowded with his patriot host,
Burning for the vengeful fray—
Ear, and eye, and heart erect,
Waiting for the trumpet's bray!

Silent—till the latest boat
Safe had stemmed the wheeling tide,
Till the latest troop was banded,
Heart to heart, and side by side.
Then he turned his eyes aloft,
Moved his lips for a little space,
Mighty though he was, he bowed him
Meekly to the throne of grace.

"God of battles, Lord of might,
Let my country but be free,
To thy mercies I commend me—
Glory to thy son and thee!"
Then he waved his arm aloft
With a martial gesture proud—
"Let your march," he said, "be silent,
Till your cannon speak aloud."

Silent was their rapid march
Through the mist of rain and sleet,
For the deep and drifted snow
Gave no sound beneath their feet—
Clashed no musket, beat no drum,
As they fleeted through the gloom,
Liker far, than living men,
To the phantoms of the tomb.

Morn was near, but overcast
In the dim and rayless sky,
Not a gleam foreshowed his coming,
Yet the pallid sun was nigh—
Morn was near—but not a guard
Heard their march or saw them come—
Lo! they form! the very dogs
In the fated town were dumb!

Hark! the bell! the bugle's blast!
Hark! the loud and long alarms!
Beat the drums—but all too late!
All too late they beat to arms!
Forth they rush in dismay,
Forming fast with fearful din—
"Open now, ye mouths of flame!
Pour your crashing volleys in!"

See! the sharp and running flash!
Hark! the long and rattling roll!
There the western muskets blaze!
Every shot a mortal soul!
Vain was then the Hessian's vaunt—
Vain the English horseman's steel!
Vain the German's hardihood—
Vain the Briton's loyal zeal!

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Fast they fall, the best and bravest,
Unavenged and helpless fall,
Rallying their men dismayed,
Campbell bold and gallant Rahl.
Then before that murderous hail,
Thick, incessant, sure as death,
Reel the shattered columns back!
Gasp the dying chiefs for breath!

Lo! 'tis o'er! their arms they ground!
All, that brave men can, did they!
Fought, while fight they could! then yielded!
What avails the hopeless fray?
What avails the horse's might,
Though his neck be clothed in thunder?
What the cannon's fiery breath
Riving rock-built forts asunder?

What avails the speed of navies
Rocking on the subject tide?
Nothing! when the Lord of Hosts
Battles on the righteous side.

He who giveth not the race
To the swift—nor to the strong
War's red honor—but always
Strengthens those who suffer long!

Surely he on Trenton's night
Steeled our mighty champion's heart!
Gave him wisdom, gave him power,
So to play his destined part!
Beat the fiercest down before him,
Turned the bravest back to fly!
Covered aye his head in battle,
That no hair of it should die!

Held him stedfast in the right,
Till his glorious task was o'er,
And no hostile banner waved
On Columbia's hallowed shore—
Till his name was spread abroad,
For a nation's freedom won,
All-honored, from the setting
To the rising of the sun.

A STORY I AM INCLINED TO BELIEVE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

LATE one night in June two gentlemen arrived at the Villa Hotel of the Baths of Lucca. They stepped from the low britzka in which they traveled, and leaving a servant to make arrangements for their lodging, linked arms and strolled up the road toward the banks of the Lima. The moon was chequered at the moment with the poised leaf of a tree-top, and as it passed from her face, she rose and stood alone in the steel-blue of the unclouded heavens—a luminous and tremulous plate of gold. And you know how beautiful must have been the night—a June night in Italy, with a moon at the full!

A lady, with a servant following her at a little distance, passed the travelers on the bridge of the Lima. She dropped her veil and went by in silence. But the Freyherr felt the arm of his friend tremble within his own.

"Do you know her, then?" asked Von Leisten.

"By the thrill in my veins we have met before," said Clay; "but whether this involuntary sensation was pleasurable or painful, I have not yet decided. There are none I care to meet—none who can be here." He added the last few words after a moment's pause, and sadly.

They walked on in silence to the base of the mountain, busy each with such coloring as the moonlight threw on their thoughts, but neither of them were happy.

Clay was humane and a lover of nature—a poet, that is to say—and, in a world so beautiful, could never be a prey to disgust; but he was satiated with the common emotions of life. His heart, forever overflowing, had filled many a cup with love, but with strange tenacity he turned back forever to the first. He was weary of the beginnings of love—weary of its probations and changes. He had passed that period of life when inconstancy was tempting. He longed, now, for an affection that would continue into another world—holy and pure enough to pass a gate guarded by angels. And his first love—recklessly as he had thrown it away—was now the thirst of his existence.

It was two o'clock that night. The moon lay broad upon the southern balconies of the hotel, and every casement was open to its luminous and fragrant stillness. Clay and the Freyherr Von Leisten, each in his apartment, were awake, unwilling to lose the luxury of the night. And there was one other under that roof, waking, with her eyes fixed on the moon.

As Clay leaned his head on his hand, and looked outward to the sky, his heart began to be troubled. There was a point in the path of the moon's rays where his spirit turned back. There was an influence abroad in the dissolving moonlight around him which resistlessly awakened the past—the sealed, but unforgotten past. He could not single out the emotion. He knew not whether it was fear or hope—pain or pleasure. He called, through the open window, to Von Leisten.

The Freyherr, like himself, and like all who have outlived the effervescence of life, was enamored of the night. A moment of unfathomable moonlight was dearer to him than hours disenchanted with the sun. He, too, had been looking outward and upward—but with no trouble at his heart.

"The night is inconceivably sweet," he said, as he entered, "and your voice called in my thought and sense from the intoxication of a revel. What would you, my friend?"

"I am restless, Von Leisten! There is some one near us whose glances cross mine on the moonlight, and agitate and perplex me. Yet there is but one on earth deep enough in the life-blood of my being to

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move me thus—even were she here! And she is not here!"

His voice trembled and softened, and the last word was scarce audible on his closing lips, for the Freyherr had passed his hands over him while he spoke, and he had fallen into the trance of the spirit-world.

Clay and Von Leisten had retired from the active passions of life together, and had met and mingled at that moment of void and thirst when each supplied the want of the other. The Freyherr was a German noble, of a character passionately poetic, and of singular acquirement in the mystic fields of knowledge. Too wealthy to need labor, and too proud to submit his thoughts or his attainments to the criticism or judgment of the world, he lavished on his own life, and on those linked to him in friendship, the strange powers he had acquired, and the prodigal overflow of his daily thought and feeling. Clay was his superior, perhaps, in genius, and necessity had driven him to develop the type of his inner soul, and leave its impress on the time; but he was inferior to Von Leisten in the power of will, and he lay in his control like a child in its mother's. Four years they had passed together—much of it in the secluded castle of Von Leisten, busied with the occult studies to which the Freyherr was secretly devoted—but traveling down to Italy to meet the luxurious summer, and dividing their lives between the enjoyment of nature and the ideal world they had unlocked. Von Leisten had lost, by death, the human altar on which his heart could alone burn the incense of love, and Clay had flung aside in an hour of intoxicated passion the one pure affection in which his happiness was sealed—and both were desolate. But in the world of the past, Von Leisten, though more irrevocably lonely, was more tranquilly blest.

The Freyherr released the entranced spirit of his friend, and bade him follow back the rays of the moon to the source of his agitation.

A smile crept slowly over the sleeper's lips.

In an apartment flooded with the silver lustre of the night, reclined, in an invalid's chair, propped with pillows, a woman of singular, though most fragile beauty. Books and music lay strewn around, and a lamp, subdued to the tone of the moonlight by an orb of alabaster, burned beside her. She lay bathing her blue eyes in the round chalice of the moon. A profusion of brown ringlets fell over the white dress that enveloped her, and her oval cheek lay supported on the palm of her hand, and her bright red lips were parted. The pure yet passionate spell of that soft night possessed her.

Over her leaned the disembodied spirit of him who had once loved her—praying to God that his soul might be so purified as to mingle unstartlingly, unrepulsively, in hallowed harmony with hers. And presently he felt the coming of angels toward him, breathing into the deepest abysses of his existence a tearful and purifying sadness. And with a trembling aspiration of grateful humility to his Maker, he stooped to her forehead, and with his impalpable lips impressed upon its snowy tablet a kiss.

It seemed to Eve Gore a thought of the past that brought the blood suddenly to her cheek. She started from her reclining position, and, removing the obscuring shade from her lamp, arose and crossed her hands upon her wrists and paced thoughtfully to and fro. Her lips murmured inarticulately. But the thought, painfully though it came, changed unaccountably to a melancholy sweetness, and, subduing her lamp again, she resumed her steadfast gaze upon the moon.

Ernest knelt beside her, and with his invisible brow bowed upon her hand, poured forth, in the voiceless language of the soul, his memories of the past, his hope, his repentance, his pure and passionate adoration at the present hour.

And thinking she had been in a sweet dream, yet wondering at its truthfulness and power, Eve wept, silently and long. As the morning touched the east, slumber weighed upon her moistened eyelids, and kneeling by her bedside she murmured her gratitude to God for a heart relieved of a burthen long borne, and so went peacefully to her sleep.

. . . . . .

It was in the following year and in the beginning of May. The gay world of England was concentrated in London, and at the entertainments of noble houses there were many beautiful women and many marked men. The Freyherr Von Leisten, after years of absence, had appeared again, his mysterious and undeniable superiority of mien and influence again yielded to, as before, and again bringing to his feet the homage and deference of the crowd he moved among. To his inscrutable power the game of society was easy, and he walked where he would through its barriers of form.

He stood one night looking on at a dance. A lady of a noble air was near him, and both were watching the movements of the loveliest woman present, a creature in radiant health, apparently about twenty-three, and of matchless fascination of person and manner. Von Leisten turned to the lady near him to inquire her name, but his intention was arrested by the resemblance between her and the object of his admiring curiosity, and he was silent.

The lady had bowed before he withdrew his gaze, however.

"I think we have met before!" she said; but at the next instant a slight flush of displeasure came to her cheek, and she seemed regretting that she had spoken.

"Pardon me!" said Von Leisten, "but—if the question be not rude—do you remember where?"

She hesitated a moment.

"I have recalled it since I have spoken," she continued, "but as the remembrance of the person who accompanied you always gives me pain, I would willingly have unsaid it. One evening of last year, crossing the bridge of the Lima—you were walking with Mr. Clay. Pardon me—but, though I left Lucca with my daughter on the following morning, and saw you no more, the association, or your appearance, had imprinted the circumstance on my mind."

"And is that Eve Gore?" said Von Leisten, musingly, gazing on the beautiful creature now gliding with light step to her mother's side.

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But the Freyherr's heart was gone to his friend.

As the burst of the waltz broke in upon the closing of the quadrille, he offered his hand to the fair girl, and as they moved round with the entrancing music, he murmured in her ear, "He who came to you in the moonlight of Italy will be with you again, if you are alone, at the rising of to-night's late moon. Believe the voice that then speaks to you!"

. . . . . .

It was with implacable determintion that Mrs. Gore refused, to the entreaties of Von Leisten, a renewal of Clay's acquaintance with her daughter. Resentment for the apparent recklessness with which he had once sacrificed her maiden love for an unlawful passion—scornful unbelief of any change in his character—distrust of the future tendency of the powers of his genius—all mingled together in a hostility proof against persuasion. She had expressed this with all the positiveness of language when her daughter suddenly entered the room. It was the morning after the ball, and she had risen late. But though subdued and pensive in her air, Von Leisten saw at a glance that she was happy.

"Can you bring him to me?" said Eve, letting her hand remain in Von Leisten's and bending her deep blue eyes inquiringly on his.

And with no argument but tears and caresses, and an unexplained assurance of her conviction of the repentant purity and love of him to whom her heart was once given, the confiding and strong-hearted girl bent, at last, the stern will that forbade her happiness. Her mother unclasped the slight arms from her neck, and gave her hand in silent consent to Von Leisten.

The Freyherr stood a moment with his eyes fixed on the ground. The color fled from his cheeks, and his brow moistened.

"I have called him!" he said—he will be here!"

An hour elapsed, and Clay entered the house. He had risen from a bed of sickness, and came, pale and in terror—for the spirit-summons was powerful. But Von Leisten welcomed him at the door with a smile, and withdrew the mother from the room; and left Ernest alone with his future bride—the first union, save in spirit, after years of separation.

THE BAYADERES.

WRITTEN ON THE ARRIVAL OF A TROUPE OF PERSIAN DANCING GIRLS AT PARIS.

BY WILLIAM FALCONER.

The East—the East—the glorious East!
What have we of rich or rare,
To deck the bride or to gladden the feast,
Which glows not more brightly there?

Whence comes the juice of the Scio-vine,
That flows like the molten gold,
And the gems on the lily-soft neck that shine,
Whose value cannot be told?

Rubies and diamonds and emeralds are
The gifts of the rising sun,
And glorious birds, and maidens as fair
As the valleys they smile upon.

'T is the clime of the song and the dance and the flowers,
'T is the land of the fair Almées,
And the Bayaderes like the summer-hours,
When Summer is in its May.

Light as the morn-dyed birds that sing
Through the banian's countless boughs,
They float around like a dream of Spring
With her garlands around their brows.

Forth from the Bramin groves they come,
A gay unfolding throng,
With their love-lit eyes and their cheeks of bloom,
And their perfumed lips of song.

O for the lyre that Hafiz strung!
O for his thoughts of brightness!
To sing their charms, as he hath sung
In verse of their airy lightness.

Now they advance, now they retire,
Strewing the fresh musk roses;
See, see how their anklets shine like fire
As round them the morn encloses!

Their bosoms half-veiled by the rosy shawl,
Their arms and their white feet gleaming,
Floating around their sultana tall,
Known by her queenly seeming.

Why have ye left your orient strand,
Loved daughters of Aurora?
To visit in turn each northern land
Your hearts will be chilled by sorrow!

Pale are the roses we weave you here,
Though grateful the wreath we twine,
Cold is the sun of our winter drear,
You will 'neath it droop and pine.

No! with the tropic birds ye came,
With them will ye depart,
Bearing away with your smiles the same,
A sunshine from each heart.

The East—the East—the glorious East!
They come, to thy bowers they come;
O! the Bramins shall heap the fruitful feast
To welcome them fondly home!

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AN INCIDENT IN DREAM-LAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A NEW HOME," "FOREST LIFE," ETC.

It happened once that Love—proverbially touchy, we all know—took high offence at the neglect of his whilom sworn friend and brother Hymen, who, he declared, had ceased to invite him to his magnificent parties in town. Finding his temper too warm upon the occasion, he sought the cooling influence of rural shades, and there amused himself and forgot his petish enmity in sending sportive arrows among groups of simple nymphs and swains as they raked the new-mown hay in company, or pared the luscious peach or the firmer apple to dry, in gay festoons, "for winter, which they knew must come;" or husked the golden corn, or bound the lachrymose onion wreath-wise upon its supporting wisp of straw. But, ere long, wearying of such inglorious sport—not unlike that of the royal *ennuyé* who shot from his gilded balcony whole hecatombs of game so trapped that it could neither fight nor fly—he left the rustic herd, and took his way along the banks of a bright and rapid stream, which rolled its gleaming waves through foliage of every hue and outline, reflecting at times the sun, the snowy cloud, the lamps of night, the leaden hue of storms, the appalling aspect of the tempest—all distinct at intervals, yet at intervals again fused, as it were, into one enchanting and harmonious whole. Love called the stream Poetry, and he declared that he would always dwell by its side.

As he strayed along delighted, leaning occasionally over the living mirror, that he might see how it enhanced the splendor of his beauty, he beheld, reclining in the shadow of a rock, a heavenly form, whose wings, folded in repose, and a celestial halo round his brow, declared him still unchanged by contact with the things of earth. By the light which shone even through his closed lids, and by the lyre clasped, even in sleep, to his bosom, Love knew the bright visitant to be Genius. He called him with his most persuasive voice—and Love's tones are almost irresistible—but in vain. The sleeper's head was pillowed on a bed of poppies, and a drapery of deadly nightshade hung from the rock which shaded him from the sun. "I *must* see those rainbow pinions unfolded to the light!" said Love; "of all my claims to immortality, none could be so indisputable as the subjugation of this glorious being to my power!"

And, selecting one of his keenest arrows, and new-stringing his bow with a braided tress of golden hair, he wounded the unguarded bosom of the slumberer.

The youth started—opened his eyes, bright and dewy as the first glad smile of morning, and spread wide his radiant wings as if to find safety in flight. But he became conscious of the sweet venom which was spreading through his veins, and, with a glance half-reproachful, half-adoring, he bowed the knee to Love and owned his resistless power, and asked his supreme will.

"Sing!" said the conqueror; and the blended music of voice and lyre filled the whole air, and, borne along by the waves, awakened to thrilling life all the spiritual things that haunted the green recesses of that charmed spot. Love crowned the captive with flowers, showered delicious odors around his ray-crowned brow, brought honey in the comb white as the foam on the billow, and presented to his eager lip a lily-cup of sparkling wine. Wood-nymphs and naiads, hovering round, beheld their own beautiful forms reflected in the crystalline wings of the stranger, but though various and changeful as the light of parting day, *one* face, and one only, was there *seen* in every dress, recognized through every disguise. The forms and masks were painted by Fancy—the one face was the work of Truth. "And now," said victorious Love, "take me to thine own bright sphere!"

Prompt to obey, the pleased subject tried his glittering wings for an upward flight. Alas! overcome by the too sweet banquet, Genius sunk back upon the roses which the victor had spread around him. The halo faded from his head; his lyre reclined against a myrtle—mute, save when a breeze from the languid south awakened a faint echo of its former power.

"Sleep then—stupid thing!" said Love, enraged at the effect of his own spells—and he was about to shake over the lids of the fainting captive the baleful dust of Oblivion, when a fearful form appeared from a rugged wood at no great distance. His hair hung in wild elf-locks about his wasted features, and his squalid garments scarce concealed his meagre limbs. His eyes seemed of stone, and in his hand was an iron sceptre which has often caused even Love to tremble.

"Ha! Poverty!" said the baffled tyrant, as he flew to the safe shelter of a neighboring tulip tree, yielding the field for the moment to his old enemy, that he might watch the effect of his presence upon the glorious being whom his own arts had reduced to utter helplessness. The flowers drooped; the grass withered; and the breezes which a moment before had breathed of summer, became chilly as if wafted from a wandering ice-berg. With a sepulchral voice did the skeleton visiter call on Genius to arise.

"Come! let us see these gaudy wings of thine!" he said, with a sneer. But the youth, shuddering, folded their filmy leaves over his eyes to shut out the hateful apparition. Poverty pushed him rudely with that cold iron sceptre, but the torpedo touch seemed only still further to paralyze his faculties. "Thou dost not feel me yet!" exclaimed the fiend; and even as he spoke he took the form of a hideous dragon,

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whose folds, surrounding the victim, began to narrow upon his shrinking form, and, continually contracting the spiral circle, threatened to crush him inevitably and irretrievably.

Then rose the noble youth, roused by the too eager malice of his foe; and shaking off alike the poppies and the roses in which Love had enveloped him, he stretched his glittering pinions, spurned the earth with his foot, and, soaring majestically toward heaven, looked down with scorn upon scowling Poverty, while the radiance about his brow resumed its power and dazzled all but Love. That wily god, pursuing the upward flight of Genius, strove again to entrap him by means of certain nets of silk and gold which he had found almost always successful with the sons of earth, but the heaven-born youth shook them off with a smile of contempt, while he sang to his enchanted lyre a hymn so glorious that earth's inmost heart thrilled to the melody, and Love, for once, owned himself in turn a captive.

Love has been since that time rather shy of attempting to subdue Genius—which we suppose is the reason why so many of our poets are bachelors. Poverty claims to have been of essential service to the susceptible child of Heaven, but we never heard that Genius loved him any the better for it. Hymen still plays his old tricks—forgetting to invite Love to his more splendid feasts, but condescending to admit him when his rich friend Mammon is not expected.

THE CLOUDS.

BY MISS ELIZABETH BOGART.

The clouds, how beautifully now
They tint the evening sky!
Resting upon the mountain's brow,
Or floating gently by.
The light mists gathering o'er the trees
Their dusky colors lose,
And Fancy many an image sees
As thought her train pursues.

I love to watch their varying forms,
Their castles raised in air,
Or picture out the magic swarms
Of armies meeting there.
I see the bow, the spear, the sword,
Engaged in mimic fight,
Till all dissolves, as with a word,
And changes to the sight.

A panorama still it seems
Of living nature here!
Through forests thick the opening gleams,
With axe and pioneer,
Then villages and towns arise,
And busy works go on;
But while imagination flies,
Again the vision's gone.

I look, and ships upon the seas
Are tossing to and fro,
As if contending with the breeze
And maddening waves below;
The white foam rises o'er their masts,
And hides them from the eye
As yet another tableau casts
Its image on the sky.

Hope, resting on her anchor, stands
Embodied in the air;
The Genius of these happy lands,
The charm for every care.
Anon the phantasm melts away,
But drops its essence here,
To cheer anew the rising day
When shadows disappear.

The spell is on my spirit now,
My fascinating gaze
Beholds the field, the scythe, the plough,
The woody, winding maze.
And then, grotesque and strange, I view
The king, in purple clad,
The golden crown and sceptre too,
The visage stern and sad.

It passes on—the colors fade,
Fantastic shapes are flown,
The evening mists increase their shade,
The night's thick veil is thrown.
Ye beauteous clouds! where are ye now?
Your magic power is o'er;
For darkness gathers here below
And I can gaze no more.

"FIRST PROOF" REASONING.

Says Dick to Tom, canst tell me why
Teetotallers all fear to die
Much more than we who use strong drink?
Cudgel thy brains now, Tom, and think.
Tom scratched his pate and deeply thought,
But all his thinking came to naught,
And, to his crony turning round,
He own'd he 'd fairly run aground.
You fool! quoth Dick, the reason 's clear
Why they the world to come so fear—
Which every good man sure inherits—
You know there 's nothing there but *spirits*.

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OLIVER HAZARD PERRY.

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER, AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY," ETC.

(Concluded from page 278.)

PERRY appears seriously to have persuaded himself that he captured a materially superior force in the battle of Lake Erie. If any reliance is to be placed on the published report of Capt. Barclay, this is certainly an error; and, we may add, that the better opinion of those naval men who have had proper opportunities for ascertaining the fact, is also against it. In the men of the two squadrons, there was probably no essential disparity; although there are reasons for thinking that the English may have a little outnumbered the Americans. Neither side had many above or under five hundred souls engaged in this action. But the sick lists of the Americans amounted to more than a hundred. As Capt. Barclay came out expressly to fight, expecting to meet his enemy the next day, and he had received aboard his vessels a strong party of troops, it is not probable he brought out any sick with him. It is in confirmation of this opinion, that, while the enemy dwell on their inferiority of force, and the other disadvantages under which they supposed themselves to labor, nothing is said of any sick. This fact would make a material difference as respects the men, even allowing the opposing parties to have been equal, numerically.

In vessels the Americans were to the English as nine are to six. This might have been a disadvantage, however, and in one sense it was, by distributing the force unequally at the commencement of the battle. Still, as the two largest American brigs were about as heavy as the heaviest British vessel, and materially heavier than the Queen Charlotte, and the Ariel was a schooner of some size, this circumstance would have been more than balanced by their weight, could these three vessels have got into close action simultaneously, and soon; or before the enemy had an opportunity to cripple one of them in detail.

The opinion of Perry, and, we may add, that of the country, concerning the superiority of the enemy in this battle, appear to have been founded principally on the circumstance that the English had the most guns. A mere numerical superiority in guns is altogether fallacious. A single long 32 pounder, for most of the purposes of nautical warfare, would be more efficient than thirty-two 4 pounders; the sizes of the guns being quite as important as the number. There can be little question that a vessel, always supposing her to be of a size suitable to bear the metal, which carried twenty 32 pounders, would be fully a match for two similar ships that carried each twenty 12 pounders; or, perhaps, for two that carried each twenty 18 pounders; the guns being long or short alike. As the latter, however, was not the fact in the battle of Lake Erie, the Detroit carrying long guns, principally, while the two heaviest American brigs carried carronades, the comparative estimates of force become complicated in a way that does not altogether refer to weight of shot. The superiority of the long gun depends, first, on its greater range, and the greater momentum of the shot, pound for pound; second, from the circumstance that the long ship-gun will almost always bear two, and sometimes three shot; whereas the carronade is in danger of dismounting itself by the recoil, if overcharged, and of so far lessening the momentum of its shot as to prevent them from penetrating a vessel's side;* and, thirdly, because the long gun will sustain a protracted cannonade, while a short gun is seldom of much efficiency after an hour's service. There can be no question that the Lawrence and Niagara would have been an overmatch for the Detroit and Queen Charlotte in close action, and when we come to see the great disparity of the metal of the remaining vessels, it can leave no doubt that the Americans possessed the strongest force on this occasion, comparing the two squadrons in the aggregate. A very brief analysis will prove the justice of this position.

The American vessels, in the battle of Lake Erie, carried 54 guns, while the English had 63. This makes a numerical superiority of 9 guns, and on this vague fallacy the victory has been assumed to have been one of an inferior over a superior force. In the combat between the Constellation and l'Insurgent, the latter vessel mounted 40 guns, and the former only 38. There was also a difference of a hundred men, in favor of the French ship. But the Constellation's gun-deck metal was long 24s, while that of l'Insurgent was French 12s; leaving the former an essential superiority of force that no intelligent seaman has ever denied. In the action we are examining, the Hunter mounted 10 guns, and the Caledonia 3. Thus, numerically speaking, the former vessel was of more than treble the force of the latter. But a critical analysis of the metal, and of the armaments, will give a very different result. In the first

* In this battle the Detroit's side was full of shot that did not penetrate. By some it was supposed that the American powder was bad; but, it is far more probable that the distance at which the Lawrence engaged at first, and overshooting her carronades, was the true reason the English escaped so well for the first hour or two.

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place, the Caledonia's guns were on pivots, which gave her 3 guns in broadside, whereas the Hunter could fight but 5 at any one time, and under any circumstances. This fact alone reduces the numerical superiority of the British vessel from more than treble to less than double. Then comes the consideration of the metal. Agreeably to Capt. Barclay's return of the force of his vessels, which is appended to his official account of the battle, the regular broadside metal of the Hunter was only 30lbs., and this, too, distributed in shot, of which some were so small as 2, 4, and 6lbs. each; while the Caledonia threw 80lbs. of metal at a discharge, in 24 and 32lb. shot. On the other hand, the Hunter had quarters, or bulwarks, which make a protection against small missiles.

There is another circumstance to prove the fallacy of placing the superiority of force on a naked numerical superiority in guns. Including the pivot guns, and the regular armament of the British on the 10th September, they fought 34 guns at a time, or what may be termed in broadside; while the Americans, owing to their having more traversing pieces mounted, fought precisely the same number, though of much heavier metal. This fact at once reduces the apparent comparative force of the two squadrons in guns, or from that of 54 to 63, to a numerical equality; or, to that of 34 to 34.

But the fortunes of a battle are not to be estimated solely by the physical forces employed by the opposing parties. Circumstances constantly occur to neutralize these advantages, and to render the chances nearer equal. The assailant has frequently more to contend with than the assailed, and it is obvious that the force which cannot be used is, for the purposes of that particular occasion, as if it did not exist. While, therefore, there can be little doubt that the American squadron, in the battle on Lake Erie, was superior to the British squadron as a whole, there were circumstances to aid the enemy which produced far more of a real, than there was of an apparent, equality. As respects Perry, himself, he certainly, in his own brig, contended against a vastly superior force, owing to the dispersed state of his vessels, in part, though quite as much, probably, to the determination of the enemy to concentrate their fire on the American commanding vessel until they had destroyed her. The latter circumstance will account for many of the seeming anomalies of this day. Thus the Ariel and Scorpion, though engaged from the first, suffered comparatively but little; as did the Caledonia and Niagara. All these vessels were under fire from an early period in the action, and it is in direct proof that a shot passed through the walls of both sides of the latter vessel, within a short time after the battle commenced.

The slaughter on board the Lawrence was terrible. Mr. Yarnell, her first lieutenant, testified before a Court of Inquiry, in 1815, that the Lawrence had on board of her "131 men and boys of every description, of which 103 were fit for duty." Of this number 22 were killed, and 63 were wounded. The loss of the Niagara, also, would have been deemed heavy but for this carnage on board the Lawrence. By the report of Perry, himself, she had 2 killed and 25 wounded. Her own surgeon, however, says that this report was inaccurate, the slightly wounded having been omitted. He also says that there were five men killed. The discrepancy is to be accounted for by the circumstances that after the action, the men were much scattered in the prizes, the Niagara furnishing most of their crews, and that her own medical officers had no agency in drawing up the report. Thus the number of the dangerously and severely wounded the latter states to have been accurately given, while those of the slain and slightly wounded were not. These are facts which it is difficult to authenticate, at this late day, though there are circumstances which go to render the accuracy of this correction of the official report probable, if not certain. In a squadron which now numbered fifteen sail, with broken crews, few officers to report, and some of those few wounded or ill, and with men dying of disease daily, mistakes of this nature might readily occur. The other vessels did not suffer heavily, and the British, as a whole, lost about as many men as the Americans.

While the nation was disposed to overlook every thing connected with this battle, in the result, Perry did not escape criticism for the manner in which he engaged the enemy. It was said that he ought to have waited until his line had become compact, and covered the approach of his two principal brigs, by the fire of the heavy long guns of the smaller vessels. This is probably still the opinion of many distinguished seamen.

It is certain that by placing the schooners of the American squadron in the advance, it would have been possible to open on the enemy with as many long guns as he possessed himself, and guns of much heavier metal; but grave questions of this nature are not to be so lightly determined, as this admission may seem to infer. There was the experience of the warfare on Lake Ontario to induce Perry to suppose that a similar policy might be resorted to on Lake Erie. The English sailed better in squadron than the Americans, on both lakes, and having the same object in view, the commander on Lake Erie had every reason to suppose that they would retire before him, as soon as a general action became probable, and thus postpone, or altogether avoid the desired conflict for the command of those waters. The distances being so small, nothing was easier than to carry out this policy. Even allowing Perry to have sent his heavily armed schooners in advance, and to have approached himself under cover of their fire, there can scarcely be a doubt that Barclay would have wore round, and changed the order of formation, by bringing them, again, into the rear of the American line; an evolution that would have been easy of accomplishment, with his superiority of sailing.

Had the wind stood, or even had not the enemy hit upon the plan of directing most of their fire against the Lawrence, the victory of Lake Erie, now so complete in its results, would have had no drawbacks. But, with the high ends he kept in view, the importance of securing the command of the lake, and the

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moral certainty of success could he close with his enemy, Perry would scarcely have been justified in delaying the attack, on the plea that the lightness of the wind endangered any particular vessel of his command. Now that the battle is over, it is doubtless easy to perceive in what manner it might have been better fought, but this is a remark that will probably apply to all human actions.

His victory at once raised Perry from comparative obscurity to a high degree of renown before the nation. With the navy he had always stood well, but neither his rank nor his services had given him an opportunity of becoming known to the world. The important results that attended his success, the completeness of that success, the number of vessels captured at the same time, and the novelty of a victory in squadron over the English, all contributed to shed more than an ordinary degree of renown on this event; and, by necessary connection, on the youthful conqueror of that day. His own great personal exertions, too, gave a romantic character to his success, and disposed the public mind to regard it with an unusual degree of interest. The government granted gold medals to Perry and his second in command, and the former was promoted to be a captain, his commission being dated on the 10th September, 1813.

His triumph on the water did not satisfy Perry. After co-operating with the army, by assisting in regaining possession of Detroit, and in transporting the troops, he joined the land forces, under General Harrison, in person, and was present at the Battle of the Moravian Towns. In all this service, he was as active as his peculiar situation would allow, and there can be little doubt that the presence of a gallant young sailor, flushed with victory and ever foremost on the march, was cheering to the army which then pressed on the rear of the enemy. After the surrender of the British troops Perry issued, conjointly with Harrison, a proclamation to the people of the portion of Upper Canada that had fallen into the hands of the republic, pointing out the usual conditions for their government and submission. It is worthy of remark that this was the first instance in which any American naval officer was ever in a situation to perform a similar act.

Shortly after, the end of the season being at hand, Perry gave up his command. As he returned to the older parts of the country his journey was a species of triumph, in which warm, spontaneous feeling, however, rather than studied exhibition, predominated.

Perry's victory did not prove altogether barren, in another sense, though his pecuniary benefits were certainly out of proportion small, as compared with the political benefits it conferred on the country. There was properly no broad pennant on Lake Erie, in either squadron, Com. Chauncey, in the one case, and Sir James Yeo, in the other, being the commander-in-chief. This circumstance deprived Perry of the usual share of prize money which legally fell to that rank, but Congress added the sum of $5000 to that of $7,500 which belonged to him as commander of the Lawrence, making a total amount of $12,500; a sum which, while it is insignificant when viewed as the gift of a nation, bestowed on a conqueror for such a service, was not altogether unimportant to the young housekeeper, whose family had now increased in number to four by the birth of two children. It may be added, here, as a proof of the high estimation in which Perry's success has ever been held by the nation, that his most elaborate biographer states that something like forty counties, towns, villages, etc., have been named after him, in different parts of the Union.

Perry had returned to his command and his family at Newport, on quitting Lake Erie, but here it was not possible for him to remain long, in the height of an active war. In August, 1814, he was transferred to the Java 44, an entirely new ship, then fitting at Baltimore. This vessel, however, was unable to get out, in consequence of the force the enemy kept in the bay, below. Her commander and crew were actively employed in the operations that were carried on to harass the British vessels on their descent of the Potomac from Alexandria, and the defence of their own vessel was confided to them in the fruitless attempt on Baltimore.

About the close of the year preparations were made for equipping two light squadrons with a view to harass the trade of the enemy. One of the squadrons was now given to Perry, it being found that the Java could not get to sea. He immediately caused the keels of three brigs to be laid, intending to have two more constructed to complete the number. Peace, however, put an end to this enterprize.

In May, 1815, Perry was attached anew to the Java, and he remained in this ship, at different ports, until January, 1816, when he sailed from Newport for the Mediterranean. While lying at the port from which he now took his departure, an opportunity offered for this brave man, always active on emergencies of this sort, to rescue the crew of a wreck from drowning, during a gale in the cold weather of an American winter. The season was boisterous, and it is mentioned as an extraordinary fact that the Java, which sailed from Newport with strong northwest gales, passed the Western Islands, the eighth day out. On the fourteenth she was within a few hours' run of Cape St. Vincent.

On reaching the Mediterranean, the Java joined a squadron commanded by Com. Shaw, and was present before Algiers at a moment when very serious movements were contemplated against that regency. Peace, however, was preserved, and the ship continued to cruise in that beautiful sea, subsequently under the command of Com. Chauncey, until January, 1817, when she was ordered home.

The termination of this cruise was made uncomfortable to Perry, by an exceedingly unpleasant misunderstanding with the commanding marine-officer of his own ship. Some disagreeable occurrences had already created a coolness between them, when Perry, in a personal interview, became so far irritated as to strike his subordinate in his own cabin. It may be some little extenuation of this act, that it is understood to have been committed after Perry had

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returned from a dinner party on shore. There is little to be said in justification of such a violation of propriety beyond the usual plea that no one is always right. Perry appears to have been soon sensible that he had committed himself in a way to require concessions, and these he very handsomely offered to make. They were not accepted, and the affair subsequently led to recriminating charges and trials, by means of which both the offenders were sentenced to be privately reprimanded.

This transaction produced a deeper feeling, perhaps, than any other question of mere discipline that ever agitated the American marine. It was justly said that, in Perry's case, the punishment was altogether disproportioned to the offence, and that the persons and honor of the subordinates were placed at the mercy of the captains by the decision. There can be no sufficient reason for the commanding officer of a ship using violence toward an inferior, as he has all legal means for compelling legal submission; and beyond this his power does not extend. Thus the punishment of the superior who thus transcends his just authority ought even to exceed that which awaits the subordinate who rebels against it, since it is without a motive in itself, while passion may goad the other to an act of madness; and, of the two, it is ever more dangerous to discipline for the superior than for the inferior to err. In the one case, the crime is that of an individual; while in the other, it is authority itself which is in fault; and power can never offend without bringing discredit on its attributes.

As respects the conduct of Perry in this matter, it partakes equally of what we conceive to be the strong and the weak points of his character. Notwithstanding all that rigorous moralists may be disposed to say, the best excuse for the offence, perhaps, is the fact that he was a little off his guard by the exhilaration of the scene he is understood to have just left. The fault committed, apology was his true course, and this reflection induced him to offer. It was not accepted, and he saw before him the prospect of a trial. Then it was that he preferred the charges against the marine officer. Here he committed, by far, the gravest of his faults, and truth compels us to say it was a fault that he committed more than once in the course of his life, leaving, under the gravity of the cases, reason to infer that it was connected with some controlling trait of character. A commander has little discretion in the preferring of charges. If the party merit punishment, or if the act demand investigation, the public good is the object, in both cases alike. Under no circumstances can a commander, with propriety, compromise or vindicate justice, on grounds that are purely personal to himself. If the marine officer, in this case, merited punishment, the charges should not have been delayed, but have been instituted independently of all questions between him and his commander; and did he not merit it, they should not have been preferred, even though Perry's commission were the price of his own error. There will be another occasion to advert to a similar confusion between right and wrong, in the official career of this distinguished officer, and in a case affecting himself.

On the other hand, Perry showed a deep sense of the error he had committed in connection with this affair, in his subsequent conduct. After his return home, a meeting took place between him and the marine officer, in which he received the shot of his opponent, declining to fire in return. Nothing could have been better than his conduct throughout the latter part of this affair. In a letter written to his friend Decatur, on this occasion, he uses the following generous and manly language—"I cannot return his fire, as the meeting, on my part, will be entirely an atonement for the violated rules of the service."

The affair with his marine officer was not quite disposed of, when a new difficulty arose to embitter the close of Perry's life. Like that of the marine officer, it has already attracted too much notice, and the indiscretions of ill-judging and partial vindicators have dragged into the question principles of far too much importance to the navy, and indeed to the nation at large, to allow of any biographer's passing it over in silence.

The battle of Lake Erie was attended by two circumstances that were likely to entail dissensions and discussions on the actors in that important event. Though victory crowned the efforts of the Americans, the commanding vessel, the Lawrence, struck her flag to the enemy, while the Niagara, a vessel every way her equal in force, did not get her full share of the combat until near its close. Nothing is more certain than that both these peculiarities might have occurred without blame being properly attached to any one; but nothing was more natural than that such circumstances should lead to accusations, recriminations, and quarrels. Most of the officers were exceedingly young men, and, while some of the Niagara were indiscreet in accusing those who surrendered the Lawrence of having tarnished the lustre of the day, those of the Lawrence retorted by accusing the Niagara of not having properly supported them. When this business of recrimination commenced, or which party was the aggressor, it would now most probably be in vain to ask; but the result has been one of the most protracted and bitter controversies that has ever darkened the pages of the history of the American marine; and a controversy to which political malignancy has endeavored to add its sting. As full and elaborate discussions of this subject have appeared, or will appear in print, we intend to allude to it here no farther than it is inseparably connected with the acts and character of the subject of our memoir.

In his official account of the battle of Lake Erie, Perry commended the conduct of his second in command, Capt. Elliott, in terms of strong eulogium. But it would seem that the circumstances above mentioned gave rise to some early rumors to the prejudice of both parties; it being contended, on one side, that Capt. Elliott did not do his duty in the engagement, and, on the other, that Capt. Perry came on board the Niagara dispirited, and ready to abandon the day. The country heard but little of this,

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though the report to the prejudice of Capt. Elliott was widely circulated in the region of the lakes, particularly among the troops of Gen. Harrison's army. In 1815, in consequence of a paragraph in an English newspaper, which accompanied the finding of the Court Martial that sat on Capt. Barclay, and which appears to have been mistaken even by Capt. Elliott, as well as by sundry writers of this country, for a part of the finding itself, Capt. Elliott asked for a Court of Inquiry into his conduct on the 10th Sept. The court sat; and the finding was an honorable acquittal. Here the matter rested for three years, or until after the return of Perry from the Mediterranean, when he received a letter from Capt. Elliott, who asked for explanations on the matter of certain certificates enclosed, which alleged that he, Capt. Perry, had spoken disrespectfully of his, Capt. Elliott's, conduct in the battle of Lake Erie. This letter produced a brief, but envenomed correspondence, in which Perry avowed the imputations charged to him, and which terminated in a challenge from Capt. Elliott. This challenge Perry declined accepting, on the ground that he was about to prefer charges against his late subordinate. Here the matter terminated, in waiting for the future course of the government. It is known that these charges were shortly after sent, but no proceedings were ever ordered by the department.

In order to form a just estimate of Perry's conduct in this affair, and to discharge our own duties as impartial biographers, it will be necessary to analyze his charges, and to give him the benefit of his own explanations. Perry felt the awkwardness of his present position. In 1813, a few days after the battle, he had written a letter to the secretary, eulogizing the conduct of Capt. Elliott in unequivocal terms. This letter was written three days after the occurrence of the events, when all the circumstances were still quite recent, and yet when sufficient time had been given to become acquainted with any incidents which may have escaped his personal observation. He was now, five years later, bringing accusations which necessarily involved a contradiction of his eulogiums, and he felt the necessity of offering his reasons for this change of course and seemingly of opinion. This he did in a letter that was sent with his charges, and which was dated August 10th, 1818.

In his explanations, Perry took the ground that when he wrote the official letter of 1813, commending the conduct of Capt. Elliott, he was not fully apprized of all the facts of the case; but that he now possessed the evidence necessary to substantiate his charges. This was the only substantial excuse that could be offered, the profession of a reluctance to say any thing which might injure Capt. Elliott, which was also urged, hardly sufficing to explain away a eulogy. The truth, however, compels us to go further, and to add that Perry, in this instance, committed the same fault that he had just before fallen into in the case of the marine officer. He allowed considerations that were purely personal to himself, to control his official conduct. In his explanations, it is distinctly stated that he should still have been willing to pass over the alleged delinquency of Capt. Elliott, had not the latter, by assailing his, Perry's, character, endeavored to repair his own. While he makes this admission, Perry also confesses that the facts upon which some of his present charges were founded had long been in his possession, thus weakening his best defence for the course he was now taking, or that of previous ignorance. If we add that Perry gave as an additional reason for praising Capt. Elliott in his official report of the battle, that he wished all under his orders to share in the glory of the day, the excuse is not tenable, as he omitted altogether to mention four of his commanders, and this, too, under circumstances that produced deep mortification to the gentlemen whose names were not given to the nation.

A dispassionate examination of this letter, at once exposes its fallacies. In the first place, it was not necessary to eulogize the conduct of Capt. Elliott to screen him from censure. The praise that Perry gave him, in 1813, is prominent, distinct, and much fuller than that which is bestowed on any other officer under his command. It is but justice to Perry to say, however, that admitting Capt. Elliott deserved equally well with others, his rank, and the peculiar circumstance that he alone was Perry's equal in this respect, might fairly entitle him to more notice than his inferiors; while it is due to Capt. Elliott to add that superiority of notice was by no means necessary if the object had been solely to protect from censure. There is a particularity in Perry's praise, however, that it is difficult to ascribe to any thing but an honest conviction that Elliott merited it. That the reader may judge for himself, we give parts of the letter itself, in a note, putting the passages that apply especially to Capt. Elliott in italics.*

* The following passages from Perry's official report, are those in which he speaks of the conduct of Capt. Elliott, and in which he speaks of the conduct of his officers generally. They are all given for the purposes of comparison.

"*U. S. Schooner Ariel, Put-in-Bay, 13th Sept.* 1813.

"Sir—In my last I informed you that we had captured the enemy's fleet on this lake. I have now the honor to give you the most important particulars of the action," &c.

. . . . . .

"*At half past two, the wind springing up, Capt. Elliott was enabled to bring his vessel, the Niagara, gallantly into close action;* I immediately went on board of her, when *he anticipated my wish, by volunteering to bring the schooners, which had been kept astern by the lightness of the wind, into close action.*" . . . . . .

"The Niagara being very little injured, I determined to pass through the enemy's line—bore up and passed ahead of their two ships and a brig, giving a raking fire to them with the starboard guns, and to a large schooner and sloop from the larboard side, at half pistol shot distance. The smaller vessels at this time having got within grape and canister distance, *under the direction of Capt. Elliott, and keeping up a well directed fire,* the two ships, a brig, and a schooner surrendered, a schooner and sloop making a vain attempt to escape." . . . . . .

"Those officers and men under my observation evinced the greatest gallantry, and I have no doubt that all others conducted themselves as became American officers and seamen. Lieut. Yarnell, first of the Lawrence, though several times wounded, refused to quit the deck. Midshipman Forrest (doing duty as lieutenant,) and sailing-master Taylor, were of great assistance to me. I have great pain in stating to you the death of Lieut. Brooks of the marines, and Mid. Laub, both of the Lawrence; and Mid. John Clark, of the Scorpion—they were valuable officers. Mr.

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The next consideration is the circumstance that Perry forbore to prefer his charges, though some of the proofs had long been in his possession, until an issue had been made up between his own character and that of Capt. Elliott. This, then, is the instance similar to that which occurred in the affair of the marine officer. In both cases, the prosecutor is in possession of the facts; in both he delays to bring his charges while a controversy affecting himself is in suspense; and in both he actually brings them when he finds that his own conduct is to be brought in question. All this is proved by Perry's own showing, and there is little necessity of dilating on the merits of his course. It is unjustifiable, and the mitigation of its errors is only to be sought in the universal predominance of human infirmity. It must be allowed, perhaps, that a large majority of mankind would have acted under similar influence, and have made the same mistake; but, at the same time, it is certain there are a few who would not. It follows, therefore, that the character of Perry, as respects the qualities connected with this affair, must be classed with those of the men who suffer personal feeling to control their public conduct, instead of with those of the men who, in their public acts, overlook self, and decide solely on the abstract principles of duty. This is said without adverting more particularly to the issue which it is alleged had been made up between Perry and Elliott, since nothing is plainer than the fact, that accusations against the former might easily have been disproved, if false, without necessarily dragging accusations against the latter into the inquiry. The result of all is to show, that while Perry possessed some of the qualities of true greatness, he wanted others, without which, no man can claim to be placed near the summit of human morals.

It must also be conceded that Perry did not manifest the strong desire he supposes, to allow all to share in the honors of the day, since, as has just been stated, he omitted to mention the names of no less than four of the commanders of his gun-vessels; two of whom were superior in rank to others who were expressly named, and all of whom were as much entitled to be mentioned as the commanders of the other small vessels, under the usual considerations of naval etiquette. We come now to an examination of the charges themselves.

The charges brought by Capt. Perry against Capt. Elliott, in 1818, may be divided into two classes: those which refer to the conduct of the latter on the 10th Sept. 1813, and those which refer to his conduct subsequently to that day. As the last have no connection with any historical event, they may be passed without comment, though it is no more than justice to Perry to say that some of these charges, with their specifications, are of a nature, if true, to require the punishment of the offender; while it is equally justice to Capt. Elliott to say that others, on their face, are frivolous, and, in their nature, not to be legally sustained. Of the latter class, is a specification which charges Capt. Elliott with having "declared, that the officers and men of the Lawrence were not entitled to prize-money on account of the vessels of the enemy captured on Lake Erie, but that the officers and crews of the other vessels of the American fleet were entitled to prize-money for the re-capture of the Lawrence." To deny an officer the right to make declarations of this nature, would be virtually to deny him the right of maintaining his private interests in the forms prescribed by law. This particular specification appears to have been conceived in a spirit that appeals to the national vanity, rather than to the national justice.*

The charges of ill conduct on the part of Capt. Elliott, in the battle of Lake Erie, are three in number. The first is conceived in the following words, viz:—"That the said Capt. Elliott, on the 10th Sept., 1813, being then a master and commander in the navy of the United States, and commanding the U. S. brig Niagara, one of the American squadron on Lake Erie, did not use his utmost exertions to carry into execution the orders of his commanding officer to join in the battle of that day between the American and British fleets." There are two other charges, one accusing Capt. Elliott of not doing his utmost to

Hambleton, purser, who volunteered his services on deck, was severely wounded late in the action. Mid. Swartout and Claxton, of the Lawrence, were severely wounded. On board the Niagara, Lieuts. Smith and Edwards, and Mid. Webster (doing duty as sailing-master) behaved in a very handsome manner. Capt. Brevoort, of the army, who acted as a volunteer in the capacity of a marine officer on board that vessel, is an excellent and brave officer, and with his musketry did great execution. Lieut. Turner, commanding the Caledonia, brought that vessel into action in the most able manner, and is an officer that in all situations may be relied upon. The Ariel, Lieut. Packett, and Scorpion, Sailing-Master Champlin, were enabled to get early into the action, and were of great service. Capt. Elliott speaks in the highest terms of Mr. Magrath, purser, who had been despatched in a boat on service, previous to my getting on board the Niagara; and, being a seaman, since the action has rendered essential service in taking charge of one of the prizes. *Of Capt. Elliott, already so well known to the government, it would be almost superfluous to speak. In this action he evinced his characteristic bravery and judgment, and since the close of the action has given me the most able and essential assistance.*"

* In another specification, Perry charges Elliott with having said that the British vessels might, from the superior force of the Americans, have been taken in fifteen minutes, "although he, the said Capt. Elliott, well knew that the force of the enemy in that engagement was superior to that of the American fleet."

The writer cannot see on what principle of force the English, comparing fleet to fleet, were superior to the Americans. An experienced officer, who examined both squadrons, tells him that the Americans were decidedly superior. Officers who were in the engagement have given him the same account of the matter. His own calculations produce a similar result. Mr. Webster, before the Court of Inquiry, in 1815, says:—"In close action they were not superior to us, in my opinion; but from the *lightness of the wind*, the *situation of the fleets*, and the enemy's having long guns, I consider them superior."

Capt. Turner, in his affidavit, says that it was owing to the Niagara's being so far astern, or, to use his own words, "which circumstance, only, made the result of the battle for a short time doubtful." This is strong language to use *as against a superior force*.

Mr. Packett also says, substantially, the same thing. Now, neither of these brave men would be apt to think success against a superior *British force certain*.

The charge against Elliott is extraordinary in every point of view, since it is like compelling an officer to submit his opinions to those of other persons, in a matter affecting his views of force. As for that spurious patriotism which would uphold national renown by an auxiliary as equivocal as misrepresentation, it can only accompany a very low order of intellect, and quite as low an order of morals.

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destroy the vessel he had been particularly ordered to engage, and the other that he did not do his utmost to succor the Lawrence. All three of these charges substantially rest on the same specifications, there being but one elaborately prepared, which assumes to give an outline of the movements of the Niagara in the action.

As the purpose of this article is merely to draw a sketch of Perry's acts and character, it is unnecessary to comment on these charges further than is required to effect that object. We deem it impossible for any impartial person to read these charges, and then to examine the evidence, without coming to the conclusion that the subject of this memoir lost sight of public duty in the pursuit of private resentment. He appears to have even overlooked the effect of his own orders in the desire to criminate, and it is certain that one of the specifications involves so great an ignorance of some of the plainest principles of nautical practice, as to raise a suspicion that the hand of some legal man has been employed to pervert that which depends so palpably on natural laws, as to admit of no serious dispute. There is other evidence, we think, that Perry did not draw up these charges himself; a fact that may, in a measure, relieve him from the responsibility of having brought them in the forms in which they appear.

In the specification of charge fourth, we get the following statement, as coming from Perry himself, touching his own order of battle, viz:—"1st. An order directing in what manner the line of batile should be formed: the several vessels to keep within half a cable's length of each other, and *enjoining it upon the commanders to preserve their stations in the line*, and in all cases to keep as near to the commanding officer's vessel (the Lawrence) as possible. 2d. An order of attack: in which order the Lawrence was designated to attack the enemy's new ship (afterward ascertained to be named the Detroit,) and the Niagara, commanded by the said Capt. Elliott, designated to attack the enemy's ship Queen Charlotte," &c., &c. This, then, was the general order of battle, as respects the Niagara, with the addition that her station in the line was half a cable's length astern of the Caledonia. Perry also gave a repetition of Nelson's well known order—"That if his officers laid their vessels close alongside of their enemies, they could not be out of the way." Under these orders, not only Perry himself, in 1818, but several of his witnesses, appear to think it was the duty of a commander to close with the particular adversary he was ordered to engage, if in his power, without regard to any other consideration. This opinion is such an unmilitary construction of the orders, and might have led to consequences so injurious, as to be easily shown to be untenable.

If the construction of the orders just mentioned can be sustained, the line, the distance from each other at which the vessels were to form, and every other provision for the battle, the one alluded to excepted, became worse than useless. The true course would have been, with such an intention before a commander, to have directed the several officers to their respective antagonists, and left them to find their way alongside in the best manner they could. If such were intended to be the primary order, in the orders for battle, it should have been so worded as to let the subordinates understand it, and not fetter them with other orders, of which the execution must materially interfere with the execution of this particular mandate.

But it is impossible to understand the order of battle in this restricted sense; else would it reflect sorely on Perry's judgment as an officer, and do utter discredit to his powers of explanation. The order of battle clearly meant—first, to prescribe a *line of battle*, in which each ship had her assigned station, with an additional direction, "*enjoining it on her to keep her station in the line*;" second, to point out at what vessel of the enemy each American should direct his efforts, *from that station in the line*; and, lastly, if circumstances deranged the original plan, to keep near the Lawrence, though you may place yourself alongside of your enemy as a last resort; *there* you cannot be much out of your way. Without this construction of them, the orders would be a contradictory mass of confusion.

Now it is in proof that the Niagara was in her station astern of the Caledonia, until Capt. Elliott, after waiting for orders to shift his berth in vain, did it on his own responsibility; breaking that line of battle which he was enjoined to keep, and from the responsibility of doing which it was certainly the peculiar duty of Perry to relieve him, either by a signal, or by an order sent by a boat, did it appear to him to be necessary. It is also in proof, that, when Capt. Elliott took on himself, in the immediate presence of his commander, without a signal, to break an order of battle he was enjoined to keep, he endeavored to close with the Lawrence, and that when the latter dropped, he passed ahead, and came abeam of the only heavy vessels the enemy possessed, engaging them within musket shot. If these facts are not true, human testimony is worthless; for they are substantially shown even by the best of Capt. Perry's own witnesses. This confusion in the reading of the orders prevails among most of the witnesses, who evidently mistake the accessory for the principal.

Another of Perry's specifications accuses Capt. Elliott of keeping his brig "nearly a mile's distance from the Lawrence," &c., at the period of the engagement before he passed the Caledonia. It is beyond dispute that the Caledonia was close to the Niagara all this time, and, let the distance be what it might, it is not easy to find the principle which censures one commander, under these circumstances, and does not censure the other; unless the explanation is to be found in the admitted superiority of the Niagara over the Caledonia in sailing. This we believe to be the solution of Perry's impression on this particular point, as well as of those of the witnesses whose affidavits accompany his charges. In other words, they appear to have persuaded themselves that it was the duty of Capt. Elliott to have disregarded the line of battle, and the injunction to keep

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it, and to have broken it immediately, or as soon as the Lawrence drew ahead of the Caledonia. This is what is meant by their statement that the wind which carried the Lawrence ahead, would have done the same thing with the Niagara. No one can dispute this fact; but the question, who ought to take the responsibility of altering a line of battle before any material damage had been done on either side, he who issued the order originally, and who had the power to change his own arrangements, or he whose duty it was to obey, is a question which can admit of no dispute in the minds of the clear-thinking and impartial.

Having adverted to this particular specification, it is proper to add that all the witnesses of the Niagara who speak to the point, differ from the charges as to this alleged distance of their vessel when astern; and even the two lieutenants of the Lawrence, who were examined before the court of 1815, put it, the one at three quarters of a mile *from the enemy*, and the other at from half to three quarters of a mile; thus lessening the distance averred in the charges, by nearly, if not quite, one half.

In another specification Perry uses these words, viz: "instead of preventing which, or affording any assistance to said brig Lawrence, the said Capt. Elliott left that vessel, her officers and crew (eighty-three of whom were killed or wounded) a sacrifice to the enemy, although his, the said Capt. Elliott's, vessel remained perfectly uninjured, with not more than one or two of his men (if any,) while Capt. Elliot continued on board of her, wounded.

Since the death of Perry the clearest evidence has been produced to show that the Niagara had met with at least half of her whole loss before Perry reached her, and several witnesses have testified they do not think more than five or six of the casualties occurred while he was on board. Previously to his bringing the charges, however, the error of this allegation about the wounded and that of the injuries to the vessel had been publicly shown. Mr. Webster, the sailing master of the Niagara, before the court of 1815, testified that he was hurt and carried below previously to Capt Perry's coming on board, and, in reply to a question as to the injuries received by the Niagara, he answered as follows, viz: "there were two men killed from my division *before I went below*, and several men wounded on board." This testimony forms part of the records of the department, though Perry may never have seen it. To suppose him capable of bringing an allegation that only two men were *wounded* in the Niagara, when it was established that two had been *killed*, would be to attribute to him a subterfuge that could scarcely be palliated by the blindness of resentment. There is now no doubt, whatever, that the specification, so far as it relates to the hurt of the Niagara, rests solely on vague rumors, which, so far from strengthening the accusations against Capt. Elliot, have a direct tendency to weaken them, by proving the active feeling under which they have been brought. The specification, worthless as it would be if true, is unquestionably untrue.

There is another specification which it is impossible to suppose Perry deliberately offered, and not to imagine him totally blinded by resentment, since it involves a physical contradiction. This specification is in these words: "and was, (meaning Capt. Elliott) when his said commanding officer went on board that vessel (the Niagara,) keeping her on a course *by the wind*, which would in a few minutes have carried said vessel entirely out of action; to prevent which, and in order to bring said vessel into close action with the enemy, the said commanding officer was under the necessity of heaving-to and immediately waring said vessel, and altering her course *at least eight points*."

The first objection to this charge is a feature of disingenuousness, that has greatly misled the public mind, on the subject of the situation the Niagara actually occupied when Capt. Perry reached her. It is unanswerably in proof that this brig was about as near to the enemy as the Lawrence ever got during the engagement, and though Perry certainly carried her much nearer, the phrase he uses, in this charge, of "in order to bring the said vessel into close action," has a tendency to mislead. If the Lawrence was ever in close action, then was the Niagara in close action when Perry reached her; and it would have been fairer to have used some expression which would have left a clearer idea of the real facts of the case. But this is the least objection to the specification. A reference to Capt. Perry's own official report of the action will show that he himself admits, in that document, that *Capt. Elliott took the Niagara into close action.*

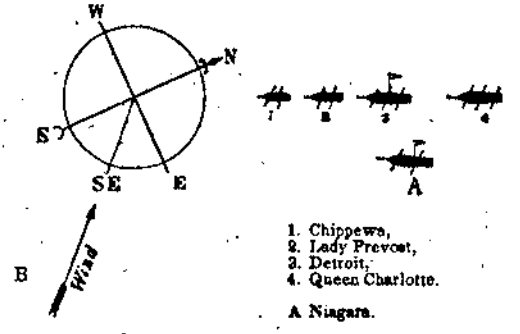
If Capt. Perry found the Niagara "on a course by the wind," he found her steering on a line parallel to that on which the enemy was sailing; and if it required "a few minutes" to carry her out of action, under such circumstances, it is a proof she was still coming up abreast of her antagonist; and to insinuate that that was an equivocal position, would be like insinuating the same of Hull, when he ran alongside of the Guerriere, or of Lawrence when he did the same to the Shannon, as each of these officers was steering on courses off the wind, which in a few minutes would have carried them ahead of their foes, and out of the action, had they not devised means to prevent it. To accuse a man of what might happen, while he is still doing what is right, is to bring a charge which falls of its own weight. It is an accusation which may be brought against the most virtuous while employed in the performance of any act of merit.

Feeble as is the imputation contained in the foregoing feature of this specification, that which follows is still more so, since it contradicts the possibilities. Passing over the singularity of a ship's first heaving-to, to prevent her running out of action, and of then "immediately waring," a conjunction of evolutions that is entirely novel to seamanship, we come to the charge that Capt. Perry was obliged to "ware" or alter his course "eight points," in order to cut the English line. The term "ware" is never used by a seaman unless he brings the wind from one quarter to the other. To "ware" is to come round *before* the wind; as to "tack" is to come round *against* the

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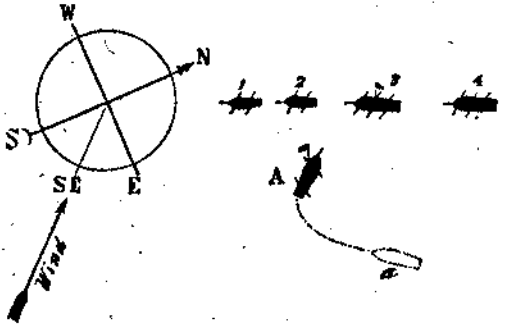
wind. With the wind at north, a ship on the larboard tack that was steering "a course by the wind" would head at least as high as east-north-east. Now keeping her off "eight points," would cause her to head south-south-east; a course which would not only still leave the wind on her larboard quarter, but which would want two full points of keeping dead away; the last being a step preliminary to waring, or coming up on the other tack. If Capt. Perry used the term "waring" inadvertantly, and merely meant to say that he *kept away* eight points to cut the line, it follows that the Niagara must have been exactly abeam of the enemy when he took command of her, and proves that Capt. Elliott had himself fairly come up alongside of his enemy. If, however, he is to be understood as saying literally that he did "ware," or bring the wind on his starboard quarter, as is most probably true, both because the fact is believed to be so, and because a seaman would not be apt to use the word "ware" without meaning the thing, it gives a death blow to the only serious imputation connected with the charge, by showing that Capt. Elliott must have been bearing down on the enemy when Capt. Perry reached the Niagara. The very minimum of waring would be to bring the wind one point on the quarter opposite to that on which it had been before the evolution was performed. Less than that would be keeping away. No seaman would think of using the term for a change less than this. Now, if Capt. Perry "wore," and altered his course only eight points, he must have had the wind one point abaft the beam when he commenced the evolution, and the charge that Capt. Elliott was hugging the wind cannot be true.*

* The following diagrams will exhibit the contradiction more clearly to the ordinary reader—



1, 2, 3, 4, represent the four leading English vessels, at this stage of the action; all on a wind, or heading S. S. W. with the wind at S. E. Now the charges say that Perry was obliged to *wore* eight points, in order to pass between Nos. 2 and 3. A ship heading like A, or the Niagara, would have to change her course to a line parallel to B, or that of the wind, before she could keep dead away, or *ten* points; or *one* point more, to have executed the very minimum of *waring*. A change of eight points always makes a variation of course to one at right angles to a vessel's keel, and this would be placing the Niagara fairly abreast of her enemies, or just where all Capt. Elliott's witnesses, who speak to the point at all, say she was, or precisely where she ought at that moment to have been. The next diagram admits the charge, and shows the contradiction.

N. B. All the vessels should be drawn heading up a trifle higher; and A should be in a line parallel to 1, 2, 3, 4.



Here A, or the Niagara, has *wore* only *one* point, or the minimum of change to which that term will apply. As she is represented as heading at *the eight* points, and any eye can see that instead of being *on* a wind she is *off* the wind, having it, in fact, one point abaft the beam. The evidence shows that this was about the course the Niagara was actually steering when Capt. Perry reached her.

There can be little doubt that this specification was not drawn up by Perry himself. A seaman would not be apt to make such a blunder. But the serious part of the mistake is in the motive. Perry cut the line in the Niagara, and Elliott did not. The former did alter the course of this brig, quite probably eight points, or even more; and the intention is evidently to make a specification out of this fact, although Perry admits that Elliott had previously left his own vessel to do precisely what he, Perry, wished him to do; although no man can say what Capt. Elliott might have done with the brig had he remained on board of her; and although Capt. Perry, in the Lawrence, had lain abreast of the same enemies two hours, at about the same distance, without making any attempt to do that which he subsequently did in the other brig. This is literally making "one man's meat another man's poison."

There can be no doubt that the more recent accusers of Capt. Elliott have presumed on the popularity of Perry, in

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It is impossible to refute this reasoning, which depends on the simplest mathematical demonstration. The weakness of the specification is so apparent, indeed, as to give reason to distrust the agency of any seaman in its immediate production. There are some incidental facts that may possibly strengthen such a supposition. The answer of Perry to Capt. Elliott's last letter, is dated August 3d, 1818. In this answer, he says—"I have prepared the charges I am about to prefer against you; and, by the mail to-morrow, shall transmit them to the Secretary of the Navy," &c. The date of the charges actually sent to the department, however, is August 8th, or five days later, and, from the phraseology of the charges, as well as from that of the accompanying affidavits, it gives some reason to suppose that an outline of the facts has been laid before some member of the bar, who has himself supplied the phraseology, and with it, quite likely, most of the defective reasoning.

It is nevertheless impossible to read this page in the life of Perry without regret. The self-contradiction between the language of his official report and that of his charges is of a character that every right-thinking man must condemn, and when we take his own explanations of the discrepancy, and look into the charges themselves, we find little to persuade us that the last were brought under that high sense of the convictions of public duty, which alone could justify his course. We have no pleasure in laying this matter before the world, but the circulation which has lately been given to the subject, under *ex parte* views and mutilated testimony, imposes the obligation on a biographer to dwell longer on this theme than he might wish. There is ever a temptation in a democracy to flatter even the prejudices of the community; but he is, indeed, a short-sighted judge of human nature who fancies that the world will fail to punish those who have been the instruments of even its own delusions, and a miserable moralist who sees truth through the medium of popular clamor, at the expense equally of his reason and of the right.

The government never ordered any proceedings on the charges thus preferred by Perry against Capt. Elliott. It appears to have viewed them, as they must be viewed by all impartial men who examine the subject, as the result of personal resentment, confessedly offered to its consideration under the influence of personal interests; and as something very like the assumption of a right in a public servant to mould the history of the country to suit the passions or policy of the hour. Still, Perry remained a favorite, for his services were unequivocal, and there was a desire to overlook the capital mistake into which he had fallen. We have no evidence of his pressing the matter, and it is fair to presume from this circumstance, that the advice of cool-headed friends prevailed on him to acquiesce in the course taken by the functionaries at Washington.

It was March, 1819, before Perry was again called into service. He had caused a small residence to be constructed on a part of the property that had been in his family since the settlement of the country, and here he passed the autumn of the year of his controversies; certainly well clear of one of them, whatever may be the judgment of posterity concerning his course in the other. The following winter he purchased a house in Newport, and took possession of his new abode. Here he was found by orders from the department directing him to join the Secretary in New York. The result of the interview was his being ordered to the command of a small force that was to be employed in protecting the trade with the countries near the equator, his functions being semi-diplomatic as well as nautical.

It was intended that Perry, who now in truth first became a commodore by orders, though the courtesy of the nation had bestowed on him the title ever since his success on Lake Erie, should hoist his broad pennant on board the Constellation 38; but that ship not being ready, he sailed from Annapolis in the John Adams 24, on the 7th June. He did not get to sea, however, until the 11th. Early in July the John Adams reached Barbadoes. After communicating with the shore, she proceeded on to the mouth of the Orinoco, where Perry shifted his pennant to the Nonsuch schooner, which vessel had sailed in his company, and sent the ship to Trinidad. He then began to ascend the river toward Angostura, the capital of Venezuela; off which town the Nonsuch anchored on the evening of the 26th July.

The American party remained at Angostura until the 15th August; twenty days, at nearly the worst season of the year. The yellow fever prevailed, and Perry remarks in his journal, a few days after his arrival, that his crew was getting to be sickly, and that two Englishmen had already been buried from the house in which he resided. After transacting his business, it now became necessary to depart, and, on the day above mentioned, he took his leave of the authorities, and immediately got under way.

The situation of the Nonsuch was already critical, her commander, the late commodore, then Lieut. Claxton, the present Capt. Salter, who was a passenger, and Doctor Morgan, the surgeon, together with some fifteen or twenty of the crew, being already down with the fever. The whole service had been one of danger, though it was a danger that does not address itself to the imagination of men with the influence and brilliancy of that of war. The officers and crew of this vessel had entered the Orinoco, only thirty-four days after they sailed from Lynn Haven, and were probably as much exposed to the dreadful disease of the equator as men well could be. As yet, however, the deaths in the schooner had not been numerous, about one fourth of the ill only having died.

On the morning of the 17th Perry entered his gig,

bringing *their* charges, and one of their principal grounds of accusation is that Capt. Elliott did not do that which Perry had not yet done when Elliott left his brig; though he, Perry, had, according to their own account of the matter, been already two hours closely engaged!

In this diagram the English do not look quite high enough, and the two positions of the Niagara should represent her a little more *off*, to be rigidly accurate. The diagram was drawn by the eye, but the text will explain the writer's meaning.

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rd, as the Nonsuch continued to drop down with e current, he pulled ahead, amusing himself with fowling-piece along the margin of the river. This y seem to have been running an unnecessary risk, t the seeds of disease were doubtless already in system. That evening the vessel reached the uth of the stream, but meeting with a fresh and l wind she was anchored on the bar. There was ood deal of sea in the course of the night, which driven in before the breeze, and the schooner ng to the current, the spray washed over her ter, from time to time, water descending into the in and wetting Perry in his sleep. When he oke, which was quite early, he found himself in a l chill. In about an hour the chill left him, and succeeded by pains in the head and bones, a hot and other symptoms of yellow fever. Perry of a full habit of body, and to appearances as romising a subject for this disease as might be. had foreseen the risk he ran, and had foretold his fate in the event of being seized. Notwithstand- his appearance, it seems he would not bear the et, the loss of blood causing him to sink, and his dants were compelled to relinquish a treatment had been quite successful in most of the other . There were intervals of hope, however, his cooling, and his breathing becoming easier, but accesses of the disorder as constantly succeeded stroy their cheering influence.

om the first Perry himself had but little expec- n of recovery. His fortitude was not the less rent, though he frequently betrayed the strength e domestic ties which bound him to life. By d of August, the Nonsuch had got within two es of her haven, being bound to Port Spain, in dad, where his own ship, the John Adams, was ng his return. Perry was now so far gone as ve attacks of the hiccough, though his mind still ined calm and his deportment placid. He was on the floor of a trunk-cabin, in a small schoo- nder a burning sun, and in light winds; a situ- that scarcely admitted of even the transient rt of cooling breezes, and complete ventilation. on of this day he desired the surgeon to let him if any fatal symptoms occurred, and shortly e was actually seized with the vomiting, which s disorder is the unerring precursor of death. was a sign he could understand as well as r, and he summoned to his side several of his officers, and made a verbal disposition of his ty in favor of his wife. He appears to have to perform this act until quite assured that his s certain. This duty discharged, he asked to alone.

at from the John Adams now arrived, and was a moment of reviving interest in the world inquired of her first lieutenant as to the situa- his ship and crew. He then had an interview e gentleman whom he wished to draw his ill his mind wandered, and about half-past e breathed his last. As his death occurred on of August, 1819, he was just thirty-four years 5 days old when he expired. When this event occurred, the Nonsuch was only a mile from the anchorage, and it would have been a great mitigation of such a blow, could the dying man have passed the last few hours of his existence in the comfortable and airy cabin of a larger vessel. The death of the commodore was first announced to the officers and crew of the John Adams by seeing the broad pennant, the symbol of authority, lowered from the mast-head of the schooner. The body was interred, with military honors, in Trinidad, but, a few years later, it was transferred in a ship of war to Newport, where it now lies, in its native soil, and in the bosom of the community in which it first had an existence.

In person, Com. Perry was singularly favored, being, in early manhood, of an unusually agreeable and prepossessing appearance. The expression of his countenance was open, frank and cheerful, indicating more of the qualities of the heart, perhaps, than of the mind. His capacity was good, notwithstanding, if not brilliant or profound, and he had bestowed sufficient pains on himself to render his conversation and correspondence suited to the high rank and trust that were confided to him. He was warm-hearted, affectionate in disposition, gentle in his ordinary deportment, but quick in temper, and, as usually happens with men of vivid feelings, as apt to dislike as strongly as he was cordial in his attachments. He was inclined to a clannish feeling, as is apt to be the case with the members of small communities, and more or less of its effects are to be traced in several incidents of his life. Thus, in the controversy that occurred between himself and Capt. Elliott, of the nine witnesses who take a view of the latter officer's conduct similar to his own six were gentlemen who followed him from Rhode Island.* and belonged to his own gallant little state. He was fond of surrounding himself with friends from his native place, and ever retired to it when not on service afloat. Perry was probably the only officer of his rank who never served an hour, unattached to a vessel, in any state but his own. Whether this were accidental, or the result of choice, we cannot say; but it is in singular conformity with his predilections, which go far toward explaining some of the more painful passages of his life.

In stature Commodore Perry was slightly above the middle height.† His frame was compact, mus-

* Of the other three, two were the lieutenants of the Lawrence, and had their feelings enlisted in the fate of that brig, while the ninth was an officer who not only had just before quarrelled with Capt. Elliott, but who, by his own showing, believed that the omission of his own name in the despatches was owing to Capt. Elliott's interference. No better proof of the nature of the feeling that prevailed need be given than the fact, that the surgeon's mate of the Lawrence, one of Perry's followers from Rhode Island, testifies himself, that he questioned the wounded of the Niagara, within thirty-six hours of the battle, in order to ascertain how many were hurt while Capt. Elliot was on board of her, and how many after Perry took command!

† The writer has admitted that many of the minor details of this sketch are obtained from the work of Capt. Mackenzie. But here, his indebtedness ceases. He writes and thinks for himself in all that is distinctive in the history or character of Perry. In nothing does he agree less with Capt. Mackenzie, than in the opinion of the latter concerning Perry's stature. "The person of Perry," says that gentleman, "was of the *loftiest stature*, and most graceful mould"—p. 242, vol. 2d. Mack. Life of Perry. If Capt.

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cular and well formed, and his activity in due proportion. His voice was peculiarly clear and agreeable, and, aided by its power, he was a brilliant deck officer. His reputation as a seaman, also, was good, while his steadiness in emergencies was often proved.

By his marriage with Miss Mason, who still lives his widow, Perry left four children; three sons and a daughter. The government made a larger provision than usual for their education and support, though it could scarcely be deemed adequate to its object, or to the claims of the deceased husband and father. Of the sons, the eldest was educated a physician; the second is now a lieutenant in the navy; the third has devoted himself to the profession of arms, as a student at West Point. The daughter is married to a clergyman of the name of Vinton. Perry appears to have been happy in his domestic relations, having been an attached husband and a careful father, though he did not permit the ties of the fireside to interfere with the discharge of his public duties, the severest of all trials perhaps on a man of an affectionate disposition and domestic habits.

In reviewing the life of Com. Perry one cannot but regret that the ill-directed zeal of mistaken friends has not left his memory peacefully to repose on the laurels he obtained in battle. Advancing under the cover of political vituperation, they have endeavored to sustain a vindictive controversy, by exaggerated pictures of the character of his victory, and by *ex parte* representations of testimony. It is a misfortune that men who have not been capable of appreciating how much more powerful truth really is than even the illusions of national vanity, have had too much to do with what has been termed the vindication of his character, and have thus dragged before the world evidence to prove that Perry was far from being superior to human failings. His professional career was short, and, though it was distinguished by a victory that led to important results, and which was attended by great success, it was not the victory of unrivaled skill and unsurpassed merit that ill-judged commentators have so strenuously asserted. Compared with the Battle of Plattsburgh Bay, as a nautical achievement, the victory of Lake Erie must always rank second in the eyes of American seamen, and, in the eyes of statesmen, as filling the same place in importance. A mere *ad captandum* enumeration of guns can never mislead the intelligent and experienced, and these, when acquainted with the facts, will see that the action of the 10th September was one in which defeat would have been disgrace. Still it was a glorious victory, and gallantly achieved. Circumstances were adverse, and the disadvantages were nobly met by Perry. His greatest merit on this day was in his personal exertions, and the indomitable resolution he manifested not to be conquered. The manner in which he changed his vessel, taken in connection with the motive, stands almost alone in the annals of naval exploits, and evinces a professional *game* that of itself would confer lustre on a sea captain. His recent and severe illness, too, adds to the merit of his conduct, for it is seldom that the mind is enabled to look down the infirmities of the body. But the personal intrepidity of Perry, always of a high order, as was often manifested, was not the principal feature of this act, though it led him from the deck of one ship, already a slaughter house, that was dropping out of the battle, to the deck of another then in the heat of the combat; but it was that lofty determination to redeem his previous losses, and still to wrest victory from the grasp of his enemy, that truly ennobles the deed, and, so far as he himself was personally concerned, throws the mere calculations of force into the shade.

The death of Perry, too, has a claim on the public gratitude, that is quite equal to what would have been so readily conceded had he fallen in battle. In his case the fatal danger was not even concealed; for he went into the Orinoco, as he went into the fight, conscious of the presence of an enemy, and with unerring warnings of his own fate should he happen to come within the reach of his ruthless arm. To our minds Perry calmly dying on the cabin-floor of the little Nonsuch, surrounded by mourning friends, beneath a burning sky, and without even a breath of the scirocco-like atmosphere to fan his cheek, is a spectacle as sublime as if he lay weltering in his gore on the quarter deck of the Pennsylvania, with the shouts of victory still ringing in his ears.

The name of Perry will long remain associated with American naval annals. His victory was the first obtained, in squadron, by the regular and permanent marine of the country, and its reputation precedes all others in the order of time. The peculiar character of his personal exertions associates him more closely with his success, too, than is usual even for the commanding officers, securing to his renown a perpetuity of lustre that no one can envy who justly views his exertions. All attempts to rob Perry of a commander's credit for the Battle of Lake Erie, must fail; for to this he is fairly entitled, and this the good sense and natural justice of men must award him; but too much is exacted when his admirers ask the world to disregard the known laws that regulate physical force; to forget the points of the compass; to overlook testimony when it is direct, unimpeached, and the best a case will admit of in favor of rumors that can be traced to no responsible source; to believe all that even Perry says to-day, and to forget all that he said yesterday; in short, to place judgment, knowledge, evidence, the truth and even the laws of nature at the mercy of embittered disputants, who have fancied that the ephemeral influence of political clamor is to outlast the eternal principles of right, and even to supplant the mandates of God.

Mackenzie viewed the whole of his subject through the same exaggerated medium, as he certainly has viewed the person of Perry, it is not surprising that others should differ from him in opinion. The writer has stood side by side with Perry, often, and feels certain he was himself taller than Perry. His own stature was then rather under five feet ten. A gentleman who knew Perry well, assures the writer that he measured him once, for a wager, and that his height was as near as might be to five feet eight. The "tallest statue" would infer, at the very least, six feet, and this Perry certainly was not by several inches.

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LETTER FROM THE CHARTER OAK, AT HARTFORD, TO THE GREAT OAK OF GENESEO.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Glorious Patriarch of the West!
Often have mine ears been blest,
By some tale from traveler-wight,
Of thy majesty and might,
Rearing high, in column proud,
Mossy verdure toward the cloud,
While thy giant branches throw
Coolness o'er the vales below.
Humbler fame, indeed, is mine—
Yet I boast a kindred line—
And, though Nature spared to set
On my head thy coronet,
Still from History's hand I claim
Somewhat of an honored name;
So, I venture, kingly tree,
Thus to bow myself to thee.
Once there came, in days of yore,
A minion from the mother-shore,
With men at arms, and flashing eye
Of pre-determined tyranny.
High words he spake, and stretched his hand
Young Freedom's charter to demand—
But lo! it vanished from his sight,
And sudden darkness fell like night,
While baffled still, with wrathful pain,
He, groping, sought the prize in vain;
For a brave hand, in trust to me,
Had given that germ of liberty,
And, like our relative of old,
Who clasped his arms serenely bold
Around th' endangered prince who fled
The scaffold where his father bled,
I hid it, safe from storm and blast,
Until the days of dread were past,
And then my faithful breast restored
The treasure to its rightful lord.
For this do pilgrims seek my side,
And artists sketch my varying pride,
And far away, o'er ocean's brine,
An acorn, or a leaf of mine,
I hear are stored as relics rich,
In antiquarian's classic niche.
Now, if I were but in my prime,
Some hundred lustrums less of time
Upon my brow, perchance such charm
Of flattery might have wrought me harm,
Made the young pulse too wildly beat,
Or woke the warmth of self-conceit;
But Age, slow curdling thro' my veins,
All touch of arrogance restrains—
For pride, alas! and boastful trust,
Are not for trees, which root in dust,
Nor men, who, ere their noontide ray,
Oft like our wind-swept leaves decay.
But not unscathed have centuries sped
Their course around my hoary head,
My gouty limbs for ease I strain,
And twist my gnarled roots in vain,
And still beneath a wintry sky
These stricken branches quake and sigh,
Which erst, in manly vigor sent
Stout challenge to each element.
Yet lingering memories haunt my brain,
And hover round the past, in vain—
Chieftains and tribes who here had sway,
Then vanished like the mist away;
Near river's marge, by verdure cheered,
Their humble, bowery homes they reared,
At night, their council fires were red,
At dawn, the greenwood chase they sped;
But now, the deer that bounded high
Amid his forest canopy—
The stag, that nobly stood at bay—
The thicket, where at noon he lay—
And they whose flying arrow stirr'd
And staid the fleetest of the herd—
Alike, as bubbles on the stream,
Have mingled with oblivion's dream.
A different race usurped my glade,
Whose cheek the Saxon blood betrayed;
And he, the master of this dome,
Within whose gates I find my home,
With stately step and bearing cold,
The poor, red-featur'd throng controlled,
And their mad orgies hushed in fear
With pealing trump, whose echoes clear
At midnight, full of terror came,
With the Great Spirit's awful name.
Too soon those sires, sedate and grave,
Recede on Time's unresting wave,
And hospitality sincere,
And virtues simple and severe,
And deep respect for ancient sway
Methinks, with them have past away.
That honesty, which scorned of old
The traffic of unrighteous gold,
Drank from the well its crystal pure,
And left the silver cup secure,
Seems now submerged, with struggle vain
In wild desires of sudden gain,
Or lost in wealth's unhallowed pride,
By patient toil unsanctified.
Change steals o'er all. The bark canoe
No longer rides the streamlet blue,
Nor e'en the flying wheel retains
Its ancient prowess o'er the plains;
The horse, with nerves of iron frame,
Whose breath is smoke, whose food is flame,
Surmounts the earth, with fearful sweep,
And strangely rules the cleaving deep,
While men, who once, at sober pace,
Reflecting rode from place to place,
Now, with rash speed and brains that swim,
In reckless plans, keep pace with him.
But yet, I would not cloud my strain,
Nor think the world is in its wane,
For 'tis the fault of age, they say,
Its own decadence to display,
By ceaseless blame of things that are,
So of this frailty I 'll beware,
And keep my blessings full in sight,
While in this land of peace and light,

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Where liberty and plenty dwell,
And knowledge gilds the lowliest cell,
No woodman's steel my heart invades,
Nor savage footstep tracks the shades.
Yet too excursive grows the lay,
Forgive its egotism, I pray,
And shouldst thou, in thy goodness, deign
A line responsive to my strain,
Fain would I of their welfare hear,
That group of noble souls, and dear,
Who from their Eastern birth-place prest,
To choose a mansion in the West;
Reluctant, from our home and heart,
We saw those stalwart forms depart,
And it, amid thy valleys green,
Then aught of them last heard or seen,
And will that lore impart to me,
Right welcome shall thy missive be.
For thee—may Spring, that decks the plains,
With kindling fervor touch thy veins,
And Summer's smile, with healthful skies,
And Autumn shed her thousand dies,
And many a year, stern Winter spare
Thee in thy glory, fresh and fair,
Thy gratitude to Heaven to show
By deeds of love to those below;
A mighty shade from noontide heat,
When pilgrims halt, or strangers greet,
Through woven leaves, a pleasant sound,
When murmuring breezes sigh around,
And many a nest, or minstrel fair
That sing God's praise in upper air,
So, may'st thou blessing live, and blest,
Majestic Patriarch of the West.

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NOTE.

The venerable tree at Hartford, Connecticut, known by the name of the "Charter-Oak," has for more than a century and a half enjoyed the honor of having protected the endangered instrument of liberty and of law. When the despotic principles of James II. revealed themselves in the mother-country, and extended their influence to her colonies, Sir Edmund Andross, the governor of Massachusetts, determined to comprehend within his own jurisdiction the whole of New England and New York. One step in this ambitious career was to gain possession of the charter of Connecticut, which had been granted by Charles II., soon after the restoration. To enforce his tyrannical measures he made his appearance in Hartford, with his suite and sixty men at arms, on the 31st of October, 1687. The assembly of the state were then in session, and evinced extreme reluctance to comply with his demands, notwithstanding he sternly referred to the authority of the king. Governor Treat spoke earnestly and eloquently of the perils which the colony had sustained during its infancy—of the hardships which he had himself endured—and that it would be to them, and to him, like the yielding up of life, to surrender privileges so dearly bought, and so fondly valued. The discussion was prolonged until evening, when the charter was brought. Then, the lights being suddenly extinguished, it was conveyed away by Captain Wadsworth, and secretly lodged in the cavity of that ancient oak, which still bears its name.

Though Sir Edmund Andross was foiled in possessing himself of this instrument, he proceeded to assume the government of Connecticut. He commenced his sway with protestations of regard for the welfare of the people, but his arbitrary policy so soon unfolded itself that a historian of that period was induced to remark that "Nero concealed his tyrannical disposition more *years* than Sir Edmund did *months*." The charges of public officers during his administration were exorbitant; the widow and the orphan, however distant or destitute, were compelled to make a journey to Boston, on all business connected with the settlement of estates; the titles of the colonists to the lands they had purchased were annulled; and he declared all deeds derived from the Indians as "no better than the scratch of a bear's paw." At length the spirit of the "Old Bay State" roused itself, resolving no longer to submit to such oppression; and on the 18th of April, 1689, the Bostonians, aided by the inhabitants of their vicinity, made themselves masters of the castle, and threw Sir Edmund and his council into prison, whence they were remanded to England for trial.

When the abdication of James, and the establishment of William and Mary on the throne removed the cloud from Great Britain and her dependencies, the oracular oak opened its bosom and restored the entrusted charter to the rejoicing people. The venerated tree stands on the domain originally belonging to the Hon. Samuel Wyllys, one of the earliest magistrates and distinguished founders of the State of Connecticut. His mansion, which was noted for its elegance during the simplicity of colonial times, was the wonder of the roaming red man; and its surrounding grounds were laid out, somewhat in imitation of the fair estate he had left in his own native Warwickshire. Its site is now occupied by a handsome modern structure, and still in the garden, anciently laid out by him, are found apple-trees, bearing fruit, which 150 years since he imported from Normandy. By his virtues and dignified deportment, he acquired great influence over the Indians, whose wigwams were thickly planted in the great meadows toward the southeast, and along the margin of the river. When their midnight carousals arose to such a pitch of excitement that a quarrel might be apprehended, he often quelled their uproar, and sent them affrighted to their homes, by a few words uttered from his open window, through a speaking-trumpet, apparently in the voice of the Great Spirit. Such was the security and confidence in the honesty of the people among whom that honorable and wealthy family dwelt, that till within sixty years a large silver cup was left unguarded by a well, for the accommodation of all who, passing through the premises, might wish to taste its waters.

The Charter-Oak still flourishes, though strongly marked by time, yet is far inferior, both in antiquity and magnificence, to the Great Western Tree, which in the foregoing letter it addresses. This is a white-oak, of umbraceous and massy foliage, 70 feet in height and 30 in circumference; so that seven persons are scarcely able to clasp it with arms extended to their utmost length. It stands on the bank of the Genesee, whose gently flowing waters wind their way through broad valleys, studded with fine trees, and forming the very perfection of park scenery. In the old maps of New York, the surrounding region bears the appellation of "Big-Tree," and a chieftain of the same name formerly ruled over a tribe inhabiting its vicinity. In Winter, he resided on the uplands, and in Summer came with his people to cultivate some lands in the neighborhood of the mighty oak. Beneath its dense canopy the chiefs and warriors of the adjacent tribes frequently assembled to hold council, to see their youths contend in athletic sports, to recite them to good conduct by their instructions and advice, and to invoke on them the blessing of their Great Spirit.

This majestic tree is supposed to have attained the age of at least 1000, and possibly 1500 years. Of its date there is neither history nor tradition, but an oak of similar species, and of less than a third part of its diameter, having been cut down, displayed three hundred annual circles. It stands on the estate of the Hon. James Wadsworth, so widely known and respected for his princely liberality in the cause of education. With his brother, the late General William Wadsworth, he removed in early life from Connecticut to Western New York, endured the toils and privations of an emigrant, and by persevering industry and correct judgment laid the foundation of that ample fortune and extensive influence which he has long enjoyed. His memory embraces many facts of interest and importance, both with regard to the astonishing changes in that section of the Empire State, and to the character and habits of those aborigines who, like shadows, have vanished before the step of the white man.

Among the tribes who, some half a century since, inhabited the valley of the Genesee, was a small one which had made such progress in civilization as to be able to speak a little English, to read imperfectly, and to sing psalms very well. They often convened for their simple worship under the spreading boughs of the "Big Tree." In the Summer of 1790, Mr. William Wadsworth (afterward the general) received the appointment of captain, and paraded his company of 50 or 60 men, collected from a space now equal to two or three counties, in front of the log house then tenanted by his brother and himself. The chief of the before-mentioned tribe, who was a man of mild temper and reflecting mind, attended to witness the spectacle. His countenance was observed to be marked with sadness. Mr. James Wadsworth inquired the cause of his dejection. Pointing to the company of soldiers, he said, "*You are the rising sun*;" then turning to the remnant of his own people, he added mournfully, "*but we are the setting sun*;" and covering his head with his mantle, wept bitterly.

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THE PILLOW OF ROSES.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

(Concluded from page 296.)

CHAPTER II.

Like a still serpent, basking in the sun,
With subtle eyes, and back of russet gold,
Her gentle tones and quiet smiles won
A coil upon her victims—fold on fold
She wove around them with her graceful wiles,
Till, serpent-like, she stung amid her smiles.

CATHERINE DE MEDICIS was still awake, but lying on her couch, with a dim light flickering through the crimson curtains upon a face betraying more anxiety than she usually allowed it to wear. She rose upon her pillow when Margaret entered, and looked earnestly at the passionate and strange girl. She had flung her mantle aside at the door, and the dress of silvery gauze which she had worn to represent the statue, hung about her person soiled and damp from the greensward where she had crouched to conceal herself. Her tresses fell in a tangled and wavy mass over her neck, and as she sat down upon the bed and flung them, with a passionate gesture, back from her brow and shoulders, the crushed and drooping rosebuds tangled there fell upon Catherine's pillow. The queen brushed them quietly away, and burying her elbow in the rich down, remained in a position of luxurious ease, waiting for the strange girl to speak. But for the rosy light which streamed through the curtains she might have been startled by the unnatural pallor which lay upon the full and voluptuous features of her child, for never until that night had the strong and bad passions of Margaret been fully aroused.

"Well," said the queen, at length becoming impatient with the long silence and singular appearance of her daughter, "well, but remember my women rest in the anteroom, speak low."

Margaret bent her head till its disordered ringlets fell over the night coif of delicate lace shading the beautiful features of her mother; she breathed heavily as she spoke, but related word for word the conversation which she had just heard in the garden, not withholding even the scornful words coupled with her own name; but these words came in broken syllables through her clenched teeth, and Catherine de Medicis, with all her self-control, started almost to a sitting posture in the bed as they fell on her ear; but she sunk gently to the pillow again, and when Margaret ceased speaking, lay with one delicate hand pressed listlessly over her eyes, as if they were oppressed by the dim light.

"Go to your chamber now," she said, still shading her eyes, "nothing could have been better managed than all you have done. Rise early, and be the first to visit Mary Stuart in her own apartments, put rouge on your cheeks, if they remain pallid as now, and if the fire of those eyes cannot be subdued, at least allow the lashes to droop more gently over them."

"But, mother," interrupted the princess, starting up, "am I to endure this am—"

"With regard to the Scottish ambassador," continued Catherine, without in the least noticing the interruption, "let your conduct in his presence be unaltered; guard every tone and feature—"

"And is this all—am I to be neglected, mocked, and reviled in my father's palace, and yet have no redress, no revenge on the artful creature who thwarts me at every turn? I thought that you would counsel revenge, not caution, mother!"

"I would caution only that revenge may be certain," replied the queen; "go to your pillow, girl, and leave the rest to one who has a better control of her passions."

"Mother," said Margaret, returning to the bed and stooping over the queen, "will you separate these two persons?"

"Certainly," was the calm reply.

"But how? Not by—how will it be brought about, mother? I love this man, devotedly, wildly, notwithstanding his scorn. *How* can you separate them without injury to *him*?"

A faint smile which stole over Catherine's face was all the reply she made; even that was unseen by her daughter, for the subtle woman turned her head listlessly away, murmured that she was becoming drowsy and wished to be alone. But the moment Margaret left the room all appearance of languor vanished. Catherine started up, flung back the damask counterpane, and stepped to the floor. Regardless of the ermined slippers that rested on an embroidered stool close by, or of the silken dressing-gown that fell from the bed as her movements agitated the drapery, she took up the lamp and proceeded to unlock a little ebony cabinet which occupied a corner of the room. She touched the spring of a secret drawer, and her hand trembled very slightly as she drew forth some small object enfolded in silver and tissue paper. She removed these glittering wrappers from a tiny crystal flask, which she held before the lamp and shook, either purposely or from the unconquerable tremor of her hand, till the glittering beads flashed like diamond sparks against the flame.

"It is still powerful—more so than my own nerves!" she murmured, with a faint, self-mocking

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smile; "I thought this weakness had left me forever; we shall learn!"

As she uttered these words, Catherine grasped the vial firmly between her fingers, her lips were pressed closely together, and the trembling of that outstretched hand gradually subsided till the clear and colorless fluid settled like water in the vial again.

"What a fool is that being who allows his physical nature to overcome the strong mental will!" she muttered in a tone of calm philosophy, replacing the vial in its private repository and softly locking the cabinet. "The body is but a weak instrument of the mind at best, and beauty a pleasant tool with man or woman." As she uttered these words, Catherine replaced her lamp in the golden bracket attached to her mirror, and glanced composedly at the beautiful face reflected there, while she fastened a key, just taken from the locked cabinet, to a chain of light Venetian workmanship concealed beneath the muslin of her night robe, and which, sleeping or waking, never left her neck. She then went back to her bed, drew the rich covering over her person, and slept luxuriously till late in the morning.

What woman is there, loving of heart, tasteful, and accomplished, who has not learned how precious her feminine powers may become when devoted to the affections? How many pleasant sensations have been woven with the embroidery of a slipper, the crest wrought on a handkerchief, the netted purse, the shadowing forth of a flower, or some one of those thousand pleasant devices by which a sensitive and tasteful nature loves to win upon the thoughts of its earthly idol. Genius is comprehensive in its attributes, and genius in woman generally exhibits itself in all those minor accomplishments which distinguish the sex with quite as much originality and beauty as it may exercise in the highest walks of literature.

Mary of Scotland, even in her first girlhood, was distinguished for a degree of genius more comprehensive and strictly feminine than is awarded to any female of her age. She awoke the morning after her birthnight festival with a smile on her lips. She had been dreaming of *him*, had seen him in deep slumber on a couch of withered garlands torn from the festal rooms of the palace, and heaped beneath that tulip tree in the centre of the garden; the very flowers and leaves which he had derided for their short-lived bloom were pressed against his cheek, and lay broken amid the dark curls of his hair. It was a pleasant dream, fantastically woven from her own thoughts as she sunk to sleep, but when she awoke it was still upon her mind, and she pondered upon it in that drowsy state which was even yet half a voluptuous dream.

"It shall be so," she murmured, drawing her hand across the soft eyes still half closed beneath the shadow of their drooping lashes. "This very night he shall rest as I saw him in my sleep."

Mary started up as these words passed her lips, and rang the tiny bell that stood on a table close by her bed. The waiting-women entered to assist her in dressing, but with that eager and girlish grace which arose from the poetical idea that had just entered her mind, she called for a dressing-gown of pure muslin, that lay across a chair close by, girded it to her slender waist by a fragment of ribband which had fallen to the carpet, and sat down to her embroidery frame with her ringlets still confined beneath the lace of her night coif, and her small feet thrust hastily into slippers that she had worn the previous night.

"Go," she said, without lifting her eyes from the lily bud over which her hand was fluttering like a bird, "go to the reception rooms before the people have time to dismantle them; all of you take baskets and set to work at once. Bring me enough of the roses you will find to fill this cushion when it is finished. Set my pages to work also, and lose no time."

As the attendants left the chamber to obey this fanciful command, they were met by Margaret de Valois, who inquired the cause of their unusual haste. A scornful flash came to her eyes as she received the answer, and turning back from the door, which she had almost reached, she entered the sleeping-chamber of her mother. In about half an hour she came forth again and retraced her steps toward the apartment of Mary Stuart.

The Queen of Scots half arose when she saw Margaret, and her face was suffused with a deep blush as the princess leaned over her chair and seemed entirely occupied in admiring the rich embroidery glowing beneath her fingers. Mary drew the skeins of floss which she had been using hastily over the centre of her work, and as she hoped, effectually concealed the initials and crest enwoven there with her own. But the jealous eye of Margaret de Valois had detected them, and while Mary sat trembling and blushing like a culprit over her work, the unprincipled girl hastily withdrew from the room and sought that of Catherine de Medicis again.

Before Mary had quite recovered from the agitation which this visit occasioned, her women returned from the festal rooms, bearing the rose-leaves which she had desired them to gather. She bade them set down their fragrant burthen and withdraw. Then she proceeded to cut the snowy satin from its frame, to shake off the shreds of glittering silk that clung to the flowers which her genius had created, and to prepare it for receiving the mass of leaves that filled the whole chamber with their perfume. This was a work of considerable time, and just as she had crowded the last handful of leaves into the rich cushion, and was about to sew up the aperture which had been left for their reception, a page announced Catherine de Medicis.

Mary started to her feet, flung the cushion upon her bed, and breathlessly pulled down the heavy curtains.

As Catherine entered the chamber, she detected the confusion which her visit had brought on the young queen. Casting a quick glance around till her eyes settled on the bed, disordered and muffled in its drapery, she moved quietly forward, pressed her smiling lips to Mary's cheek, and inquired kindly after her health.

Mary had kept her attendants from the room all the morning, and beside the disorder consequent on this,

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rose-leaves lay scattered over the carpet, and the chairs were encumbered with the garments she had worn the night before. It seemed but a natural act, therefore, when Catherine pushed back the volumes of heavy velvet with her hand and sat down upon the bed with the purple folds falling all around her.

Mary blushed crimson and started forward with an impulse to prevent the act, but when she saw that her royal visiter had only secured a seat without exposing the bed or the cushion concealed on it, she became more composed, for it was no uncommon thing for Catherine to visit the chamber of her ward, whom she ever treated with that familiarity and kindness due to a favorite child. Catherine did not seem to observe the embarrassment or vague answers with which her gentle inquiries were received, but she continued to converse gently and with that easy flow of words which she could command at will, for the duration of half an hour. But occasionally one less embarrassed than the young queen might have observed that she moved her hands restlessly among the folds of velvet that almost enveloped her, till at last an opening was obtained which commanded a glimpse of the embroidered pillow lying behind them, with the rose-leaves bursting through the aperture through which they had been pressed. The moment this was accomplished Catherine complained of a slight headache, and asked for a drop of the flower-water that stood on Mary's toilet.

Mary rose to obtain the vase of perfumed water pointed out. That instant Catherine's hand was thrust through the curtains and buried deep in the cushion. When she withdrew it a tiny flask of crystal was in its grasp, empty and with fragments of dead rose-leaves clinging to its damp mouth. An open casement was close at hand, the empty vial flashed through it, and when Mary turned from her toilet, bearing the flower-water, she only observed that the face of Catherine de Medicis was paler than she had ever seen it before, and that her hand shook as she received the vase and dashed some of its contents over her forehead, hastily and as one eager to be relieved from pain.

"It was a sudden spasm, and will soon go off," said the Queen of France, rising from the bed with a slight shudder and replacing the vase of flower-water on the toilet. "Good morning, my fair Rose of Scotland. Adieu! but this room seems close, let your women open another casement, *ma belle*." And with these lightsome words she departed to her own chamber.

The moment she was alone Mary once more resumed the task so pleasant and so often interrupted, but as she united the cushion where it had been left open, it seemed to her that a perfume stronger and more subtle than she had ever noticed before was emitted from the rose-leaves. The labor which she had to perform occupied scarcely five minutes, but a sickly sensation crept over her even then, and she flung open the casement for more air.

It was finished at last. For three entire weeks Mary had been occupied on that single pillow, thinking of her lover all the time, and yet half persuading herself that it was not for him she worked, weaving a thought of him with every bud that glowed upon it, but never till that morning allowing herself to think that his crest could be embroidered there by her own willing fingers. It was over now—the doubt and toil of mental conflict—she had resolved at all risks and every hazard to follow the sweet impulses of her heart, to renounce the royal alliance proposed by France, and seek in her own rude kingdom, and with a subject, regal by nature, the happiness which can only be secured to woman through the affections.

And now that the task was done, those crests woven together, and the tassels of threaded amethyst, emeralds and seed pearls fastened to each corner, she was almost sad—not that she hesitated to send it—no, no! but it was an "occupation gone," something that her new and sweet thoughts had brooded over till every leaf and bud seemed a kindred spirit, whispering of him. She was almost sorrowful that her sweet task was finished.

Mary sat down with the cushion on her lap, and placing her paper upon it wrote a few melodious and touching lines of verse; she fastened her note amid the rich embroidery with a ruby pin, and carefully enveloping the whole, sent it by her page to the Scottish Ambassador.

Catherine de Medicis saw the boy as he passed beneath her dressing-room window, carefully guarding his precious burthen. She smiled not as she did when surrounded by the courtiers of Henry II., but her face took one of those cold, sneering smiles that sometimes haunted it in solitude, but only in solitude.

"He will sleep on it to-night, or my Rose of Scotland has less influence than I suspect," she said inly. "Well, let us hope that his rest may be long and pleasant."

If Mary Stuart was rendered sad by the completion of her task, how much deeper was the gloom that fell on that young heart when she remembered the interview which she had promised to the dauphin; the pain she would inflict, the ingratitude which he might suspect her of, all thronged upon her mind, and she allowed herself to be robed for the interview, apprehensively and in tears.

Mary was in her dressing-room when the dauphin came. He was very pale and walked unsteadily, as if a severe illness had just enfeebled his energies. When Mary arose and stepped forward to greet him he took her hand in both his and gazed in her face till the eyes which read her downcast look grew more intensely mournful and filled with tears.

"I require no explanation," he said gently, "nothing more than that sweet troubled look to convince my heart of its entire desolation."

"Forgive me," said Mary Stuart with touching humility, and the tears broke through those long, thick lashes as she bent and kissed the trembling hands that clasped hers, "oh forgive me!"

"What have I to forgive?" replied Francis in a tone which he vainly tried to render firm—kind and gentle it always was. "What should I forgive?

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That you love another devotedly, almost—no—no—that were impossible, no one ever did, ever can love as I have. God grant that none may suffer as I have since last night! What shall I forgive? Nothing, nothing. If the human heart created its own impulses then would you be blamable. But is this so? Can I with the utmost effort wrest the deep feelings which are killing me from my soul? And if I, a man, cannot do this, how should it be expected of one so gentle and loving, so—alas! Mary, this is a severe blow, bear with me, but remember I have nothing to forgive. Forgive *me* rather that I have so long tortured you with feelings that must disgust, pretensions for which you have hated me!"

"Oh do not say that—torture, disgust with you—indeed I have never felt either; never known a feeling that was not kind and affectionate as—as—"

"A *sister*, you would say," replied Francis in a low, broken voice. "Alas! hatred were better than that."

"No, not as a sister, but better, better a thousand times," said Mary, carried away by the warmth of her feelings and eager to prevent pain.

The dauphin's eye kindled and a slight color broke into his cheek, but both indications of disturbed feeling vanished almost as soon as they appeared.

"But not as you love him," he said, clasping her hand till it pained her, and speaking almost in a whisper. "Not as you love *him*."

Mary turned away her head and wept bitterly.

"I will not deceive you," she murmured in a voice low and broken as his own, "I dare not." Mary could not go on, she felt the hand which held hers begin to shiver, and saw, even through the tears that blinded her, how deadly pale he was.

The dauphin was obliged to draw her toward a seat, for his limbs trembled and he felt that his strength was giving way.

"Go on," he said kindly, but still in a broken voice, "say that in words which I have hardly yet found courage to admit to my own heart; feeling in every nerve that you love another, I yet tremble to hear it said. Oh God! until this day I never guessed what poisoned arrows words and looks may become."

"Do not talk so wildly, so unkindly," pleaded the weeping girl.

"Unkindly! did I speak unkindly?" he said in a voice that was almost reproachful.

"No, it was myself, the reproaches of my own heart, so wayward, so miserable."

"Tell me," said the dauphin, making a strong effort to subdue the emotion that shook his whole frame, "what are your plans? How can I aid them? How prove the earnest and most powerful desire of my soul, that of promoting your happiness. Though it be to see you no more, to give away this hand myself, I will not flinch in the duty."

"It is our wish," said Mary, turning very pale and speaking with difficulty. "It is our wish to leave France."

"To leave France!" repeated the dauphin in a voice of utter dismay.

"We could not be happy here. My people are clamorous for their queen. Every way it would be best."

Francis covered his face and remained silent, but evidently much agitated.

"We fear opposition from your mother, from the king, and would depart privately; but how to escape observation, how to elude the keen eye of Catherine de Medicis. I tremble to think of our position!"

"Have no fear," said the dauphin, in a firmer voice and uncovering her pale face, "I will be your companion to the coast. They will never suspect that your betrothed husband, one who loved you as his own life, would aid you to remove from his presence forever."

Mary looked in his face, then covering her own she wept passionately and in silence. His generous self-devotion seemed a reproach to the selfishness of her love for another. The dauphin arose and paced the floor, firmly and as one who had gained a command over some great weakness. At length he approached the weeping queen, sat down, and drawing her to his bosom, kissed her forehead. His lips were cold and quivering notwithstanding the strong power of will that he had called forth. She gave way to a burst of mingled affection, regret and self-reproach, and flinging her arms about his neck wept bitterly.

"I could yet almost deceive myself into a thought that you love me," said the prince, once more giving way to the emotions that threatened to overwhelm his frail strength, for he was in feeble health.

"Better than the whole world—*next to him!*"

The last words were uttered almost in a whisper, but they fell distinctly on the heart that listened. Once more those cold lips were pressed to her forehead, and Mary Stuart was alone—alone and miserable, for what feeling heart ever gave pain to another without suffering the curse seven-fold in its own being?

A week went by, a week of sorrow and gloom to the royal family of France. The dauphin and heir was seriously ill, and of a disease which baffled the court physicians. He had no fever, no malady to which a name might be given, yet his usually infirm health seemed to have received a severe shock; he was feeble, sad, and so spiritless that even his placid mother was alarmed. During all this time Mary Stuart was nervous, wretched, and anxious; she had received a note of thanks for her beautiful gift, with the assurance that her lover's cheek should press no other pillow till they were both safe in Scotland. After this it was rumored that the Scottish ambassador was taken ill at his hotel, strangely and at night. That every morning he awoke more languid and feverish, till at length he was confined entirely to his couch, raving and delirious.

When this intelligence was brought to the young Queen of Scots, she was sitting with Margaret de Valois and Catherine de Medicis. She remembered not, she cared not that they were gazing on her colorless face. She did not observe that Margaret was weeping and wringing her hands in a fit of sudden grief, or that Catherine turned pale and sat motionless in her gorgeous chair. Mary was too full of sorrow

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for such observation. He was ill, dying perhaps. The physicians had pronounced his case hopeless. She cared not for concealment, she was no longer a queen, but the passionate, affectionate and troubled woman. She did not for a moment think of asking sympathy from Catherine or her daughter; the depth of their iniquity could not be guessed by a heart warm and guileless as hers, but an intuitive feeling led her from them to the dauphin.

It was nightfall, and Francis was sitting in his splendid chamber solitary and heart sick; the door opened and Mary Stuart, pale as marble, and with tearless eyes, stood before him. She came close to his side, and, kneeling down, pressed her lips upon his hand, humbly and as a grieved child might sue for notice.

"Francis," she said, "I have wronged you and am punished; *he* is ill—he is dying!"

"Ill—dying!" exclaimed the prince.

"You promised once, I remember, to befriend us, to shield me, your betrothed wife, from the anger of Catherine; notwithstanding my treachery, my faithlessness, I come to throw myself on your mercy."

"What can I do—the power of life and death is not mine," said the dauphin, bewildered by her words.

"I only ask one thing—a trifle for you to grant, but life, every thing to me—take me to his side; if you are with me no one will dare say it is wrong. I know that you are suffering, that it is cruel to ask it, but this terrible anxiety must kill me."

"Be comforted, compose yourself," said the dauphin, compassionately; wait here a few moments and I will return."

Francis left the room as he spoke, and proceeded to the apartments occupied by his mother. He found Margaret de Valois wringing her hands, sobbing aloud, and heaping reproaches on the queen—wild, incoherent words, which had no true knowledge to ground themselves on; for it was Catherine's policy to make no confidants, and Margaret could only guess that the Scottish ambassador was ill from any but the natural causes of disease. When the princess saw her brother she became mute, and drew back to a remote corner of the room while he approached the queen.

"Mother," he said, very gently, "the Scottish ambassador is taken ill, at his hotel, and his young sovereign is anxious to visit his sick bed. Will it please your majesty to accompany her?"

"What, me! me!" exclaimed Catherine, pale and aghast almost for the first time in her life.

The dauphin turned his clear eyes searchingly upon her, he had no suspicion of the truth, but such unusual agitation in his polished and tranquil mother surprised him. She was warned by his look how near had been the betrayal of those anxieties that lay gnawing like concealed vultures at her heart.

"Surely it is natural that a lady so young as Queen Mary should desire the protection of your majesty's presence in the performance of so painful a duty," said the dauphin, with quiet dignity; "but, if the request be displeasing, she may deem my escort sufficient."

"You did not give me time to reply," said Catherine, in her usual bland voice, though her face was turned away," there can be nothing displeasing in a request so natural; order chairs, and we will depart at once."

"I will go also, I who have—;" Margaret de Valois paused abruptly, for a quick glance from Catherine cut the imprudent sentence short on her lips.

"That would scarcely seem befitting an unmarried daughter of France," said the dauphin, evidently to the great relief of his mother.

"And is not Queen Mary unmarried also?" said the princess, with a passionate gesture.

"She goes under the protection of her betrothed husband to visit a subject," replied Francis firmly.

"To visit a *lover!*" was the angry rejoinder.

Francis turned a calm, reproving glance on the froward girl, and quietly asking his mother when it would please her to start, received the answer and left the room. In a few minutes he returned with Mary Stuart, muffled in her cloak and leaning heavily on his arm. She was very pale, and trembled violently, but scarcely more so than the agitated being that supported her.

The streets of Paris were dimly lighted in those days, and as Catherine was anxious to keep her visit to the ambassador's hotel a secret, the men who attended her chair carried no flambeaux. So the mournful cavalcade threaded the streets in darkness and silence till it paused in a court yard of the ambassador's hotel. They passed forward—the dauphin, his mother, and Mary of Scotland—up the stairs and through many a sumptuous but deserted apartment; still no attendant was there to receive them, and it was only by the faint murmur of voices from a distance that the party were guided toward the chamber where the suffering nobleman lay.

"Lean on me," whispered the dauphin to the half fainting young creature at his side; "try and control yourself; that must be his chamber door where the light streams through into the corridor."

They moved forward; the light gleaming steadily across the corridor was their only guide, for no sound, not a murmur now disturbed the gloomy silence of that vast building. The door was gained at length. The light had gleamed from four tall wax lights that stood at the head and foot of a heavy bed occupying a corner of the room. Ostrich plumes hung motionless over the four huge posts, and masses of dark velvet swept gloomily downward in the cold light.

Catherine de Medicis paused at the door, for even her proud soul was awed with the solemn hush of that spacious chamber. She leaned heavily against a pillar in the corridor, and motioned with her hand that the dauphin and his companion should advance without her. They did advance, awe-stricken by the gloom and silence that reigned around them. They approached the bed, and there, through an opening of the dark curtains, Mary saw the outline of a human form rising beneath a dark counterpane, it might be, or perhaps a pall, for it was a gloomy covering, and she shuddered to look upon it. A figure was bending over the bed, and now the sobs of a hu-

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man being broke through the room. The figure lifted its head, and a cry that seemed to rend her heart in twain burst from the Queen of Scots. It was the face of Margaret de Valois, ashy pale and convulsed with grief. Her eyes were fixed wildly on the still form which lay beneath the migled shadow and glare, contrasted by the wax lights and sombre hangings. That face—Mary bent forward breathlessly and white as marble to attain a single glance at the face. In the frenzy of her grief Margaret flung back the drapery with a wild sweep of her hand, and, with a single gasp, Mary Stuart sunk to the floor. She had seen the face of her lover, cold and rigid like marble, resting on her "pillow of roses." It passed before her eyes like a shadow, that cold, dead face—the black and glossy hair scattered over that snowy satin, the gemmed tassels that gleamed mockingly in the funereal light, and the black plumes nodding mournfully overhead, and then she became insensible. At this moment some friars that had been summoned from a neighboring monastery came slowly along the corridor, prepared to shrive the soul that had just gone into eternity. They passed by the shrouded figure of Catherine de Medicis, and, entering the chamber of death, where all spiritual aid was of no farther avail, they assisted the dauphin to lift the young Queen of Scots from the floor, where she lay supported by the arm of her scarcely less helpless companion. There was no couch in the chamber save that funereal bed, already so mournfully occupied, but when one of the monks recognized the dauphin, and the rank of his suffering companion, he reverently lifted that marble head, and, removing the embroidered pillow, brought it forward and laid it beneath the pallid cheek of Queen Mary. That instant Catherine de Medicis uttered a stifled cry, and, coming hastily forward, snatched the pillow away, and sternly commanded the friar to take it hence and see that it was instantly burned.

The friars recognized their queen, and, bowing with abject humility, took the pillow and were about to obey her command, but that moment an old servant of the ambassador, who had entered with the religious men, stepped respectfully forward and pleaded for its return—

"His master had slept on that pillow ever since his illness," he said; "no one was suffered to take it from his sight an instant, but as he grew feeble and nearer death, his last wish had been that it might be placed beneath his head in the coffin, that even in the grave he might rest upon it."

Catherine felt the dauphin's gaze fixed earnestly upon her; she looked toward Margaret de Valois, and knew by the flash of her dark eyes that another word might arouse suspicions never to be hushed again; so, with a power of self control that never was equaled by woman, she quietly relinquished the pillow, and recommended that it should not again be removed from the dead, as a disease so sudden and fatal might be contagious.

Once more the glowing buds and flowers which Mary had woven with so many happy thoughts were kissed by the cold cheek of the dead; again the threaded pearls, and the glossy satin, and the buds that seemed bursting into flower all over it gleamed mournfully in the cold wax light, a painful contrast to the paraphernalia of death that enveloped and overhung it like a cloud.

Mary of Scotland was carried from the hotel insensible, followed by the awe-stricken, but still impenitent Queen of France, and Margaret de Valois, who had left the palace on foot, and in the night, stubborn in her purpose to look once more on the only face that ever aroused a true or deep emotion in her passionate and fickle heart. Subdued and softened by the scene which had presented itself, she watched with something of true kindness over the Queen of Scots while she lay ill and suffering for many weeks after that melancholy night.

In less than two years from the date of this story Mary Stuart became the wife of Francis. The quarterings of England, France and Scotland were her proud assumption. She was beloved by the people of two great kingdoms, almost adored by the good prince whom she had learned to love with all the subdued affection of her nature; but even at this proud and happy period, a shadow would fall on her sweet face, and tears would start to her eyes, when she thought of "the pillow of roses," and that pale head which found rest upon it in the tomb.

SUMMER MORNING.

ILLUSTRATION OF A PICTURE.

How cheering the glad light of Summer morn
  That glowing gilds the border of the heaven!
Dispelling night, and dreams, of fancy born,
  And giving solace to the spirit driven
By phantom fiends! How cheering and how sweet,
  To see the orient sky thus deeply blushing,
Along the line where earth and heaven meet,
  While through soft clouds the golden beams are gushing!
Is there a heart so trampled, lone, and lorn,
As not to beat with hope at break of Summer morn?

How lovely is the sun of Summer morning,
  As break her yellow beams upon the mountain,
Slanting o'er hill and valley, and adorning
  With radiant light the clear pellucid fountain!
Greeting with roseate kiss the gorgeous bower,
  Lifting the dew drop from the verdant sod,
Kissing the nectar from the yellow flower
  That opes to the embraces of its god!
Oh, is there aught can heal the bosom torn
Like to the balmy breath of mellow Summer morn? S.

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DORA'S REWARD.

OR THE "RUSE DE GUERRE."

BY MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

"The lark that leaves the lowest nest
Soars highest in the skies."

CHAPTER I.

"HEAR me, but for one moment, Imogen," exclaimed the youthful sculptor, as the lady of his love turned coldly away from his impassioned gaze.

"Nay, Mr. Stanley, hear *me* and answer me! What have I ever done to authorize this presumption? Let me tell you, sir, Imogen Howard would sooner die than stoop to be the bride of an obscure and unknown artist like yourself. Release my hand!"

And it *was* released, ere the words had passed her lips, and George Stanley stood before her with folded arms and a face pale with suppressed emotion.

She was a queenly creature. Her brow, with its regal beauty, would have graced the fairest coronet of England's court; but her proud lip blanched and her dark eye quailed beneath the stern and reproachful gaze of him whose love her coquetry had so cruelly betrayed.

At length, a smile of quiet and lofty scorn broke gradually over his fine face, and, turning calmly away, he left her without a word; he left her, in her luxurious and elegant home, to seek, with an aching heart, the lowly lodgings of poverty; but he left her to a grief more deep and more enduring than his own.

As the door closed, the haughty girl threw herself, in wild abandonment to the most passionate sorrow, on the rich velvet cushions of the sofa, from which she had risen to address him; and there, to that woe which her own pride—the petty pride of wealth and station—has caused, we too will leave her, as he left, and give the reader a slight sketch of our hero, his character, his situation and his prospects.

He was poor and proud; of humble origin, but noble in person and in mind. High-spirited, witty, with, at times, a dashing, daring recklessness, which involved him in many an embarrassment; he had still a lofty sense of honor, which no difficulty had yet impaired.

His face, though not beautiful, was strikingly interesting. His hair, intensely black, was flung, in wild glossy masses, from his broad and spiritual forehead, and a pair of flashing eyes, of the same singularly deep hue, expressed every passing emotion of his soul. His mouth was almost femininely sweet, his form tall and finely proportioned.

A sculptor, by profession, he had displayed remarkable genius in the few graceful groups which adorned his studio; but though visiters, impelled some by taste and some by curiosity, crowded his room, his sitters were few and far between; for it generally happened that those who best appreciated the beauty of his works were, like himself, poor and dependent upon their own talents for a livelihood.

That a prophet has seldom honor in his own country is a proverb too generally true, and George Stanley began to despair of realizing the glorious dreams of fame and fortune which boyish ambition had formed.

At the time my story commences, he had just completed, in marble, a full length of Imogen Howard—the only daughter of one of the wealthiest merchant princes of Boston, the city in which the scene of my story is laid. She was represented as the fabled Atalanta, at the commencement of the chase, just springing forward in flight, her lips slightly parted, her hair and garments fluttering in the air, her dart in her hand, and her graceful head half turned for a parting glance at her lover. The design had all the spirit and beauty with which the original was so singularly gifted; and Stanley hardly knew with which he was most in love, his own exquisite creation or the lovely model which nature had moulded so perfectly before him.

Charmed by her beauty, her wit, and playful blandishment of manner, the youthful sculptor, at every meeting with his fair subject, had become more and more passionately attached to her; and, at length, forgetting the difference of station, had rashly, and perhaps prematurely, declared his love, during the interview with which my story commences.

CHAPTER II.

George Stanley entered his humble studio, threw his hat and cloak desperately upon a chair, and, seating himself by a table, buried his face in his hands. He had not noticed, as he entered, a young girl sitting, with a book in her hand, in a retired corner of the room, who seemed to be awaiting his approach. She rose, as he came in, but, seeing his evident emotion, hesitated to address him. We will not lose so favorable an opportunity to describe her, as she stands there with her little hands clasped in sympathizing sorrow, and her blue eyes fast filling with tears. She is apparently about fourteen years of age, small, slight, but exquisitely formed, with a delicate, child-like face, whose chief beauty is its expression of angelic innocence and purity, enhanced perhaps

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by the soft spiritual-looking hair of palest brown, which falls not in curls, but in graceful waves upon her neck. Her dress is a simple robe of white, lightly confined at the waist with a ribbon of the same hue. Beside her is a nearly finished statue of little Nell seated upon the church-yard stone. The child is doubtless the original of the beautiful design; for the dress, the form, the face are hers; but see! with a light though faltering step she crosses the room and lays, with timid tenderness, her soft pure hand upon the flushed forehead of the sculptor. He feels—he knows—he loves the touch; but, though inexpressibly soothed and comforted, as by a fairy spell, he does not at once look up, the influence is too sweet to be thus disturbed, and so he remains perfectly still, while she smooths his hair with her caressing fingers, and presses her innocent cheek upon his brow. At last, weary of the silence, she insinuates her tiny hand into his, and then he starts and presses it fondly to his lips, unable longer to resist her childish tenderness. Blushing, with a new and strange emotion, she hastily withdraws it.

"I came to sit, Mr. Stanley."

"Dora! you are a blessed child!"

"But—I came to sit."

"Why do you tremble so? You are fatigued! Take this chair, dear Dora, and I will be ready for you in a moment. There! now clasp your hands before you, and droop your head a little. That's right! don't move—it is perfect! Dear, sweet, lovely little Dora!—Nell I mean!"

"Oh! why did you change the name? It makes me so happy to have you praise me, and yet I know not why, but the tears always come into my eyes when you speak so, and I cannot help sighing as if I were sad, but I am not—only too happy to smile."

"Darling, precious little Nell!—Dora, I mean!"

The child's low and musical laugh rang out like the warble of a bird, or peal of fairy bells.

"There, Dora, you may rest now, and I will read you those verses I spoke of, written for little Nell's statue, by a friend of mine.

Dear Nell! thou didst not sit alone,
Although the eye could trace
Naught breathing, near the church-yard stone,
Beside thine own sweet face.

Thou dost not sit alone, dear Nell,
And well the sculptor knew,
While 'neath his high art's wondrous spell,
Thy form's soft graces grew,

That, when on earth, the True, the Pure,
Doth linger, wheresoever,
An angel-presence waits on it,
Its guard and guide forever.

An angel-presence fills his room,
Although the eye may trace
No holier object through the gloom,
Than thine own tender face.

We *feel* the wave of viewless wings,
And the soul hears a tone—
A strange, sweet voice, that softly sings,
Beside that church-yard stone!

And now, dear Dora, I must bid you good-bye. I am going away for a long time."

"Oh! how long?" asked the child, looking up sorrowfully, imploringly in his face, "for a whole week?"

"For years, perhaps!"

Dora did not speak; she moved hastily away, tied on her little coarse straw bonnet, pinned her faded shawl over a heart heaving with unspeakable anguish—turned again toward him a face white almost as the marble one of the Ariadne beside her, pressed his hand lightly, almost coldly, to her lips, and was gone!

The paragraph containing the news of George Stanley's departure for England was read at the same hour, the next evening, by both Imogen Howard and Dora Sullivan; the one in her gorgeous saloon, dazzlingly arrayed for a ball, and awaiting her carriage; the other in her little bed-room, preparing for the night's repose. The haughty heiress, bravely repressing a shriek of surprise and despair, threw down the Transcript, exclaiming, "How stupid these papers are growing!—there never is any thing worth reading in them!" The innocent and loving child, after bathing it with tears, knelt in her night robe by her humble bed, and prayed meekly and fervently to her Father in Heaven, that he would protect and bless her friend, and keep her good till his return.

CHAPTER III.

A year passed by. Nothing was heard of young Stanley, and few had cared to hear; for all the world—that is all the fashionable world of Boston—was crowding to the richly furnished rooms of a dashing, whiskered, moustached, fierce-looking corsair of a sculptor—fresh from his native Italy—a miracle of genius—a young, elegant, interesting, *distingue* being, whom all the ladies petted, and all the gentlemen patronized.

"He is so saucy and so accomplished! His hair curls divinely, and he plays the guitar '*a ravissent*;' and he sings '*Eccoridente!*' with such impassioned feeling! His broken English, too, is perfectly bewitching. Oh! Imogen! you must go and see him!" exclaimed Miss Angelina Seraphina Elliot to her friend, as they sat one evening in the elegant boudoir of the latter.

"But you know I hate artists!" replied Imogen, languidly.

"Yes—common artists; but this is a *rara avis!* Every one is sitting to him, though his charges are enormous. They say his fortune was immense before he came, and that all he makes here is bestowed in charity. Come! tie on your new '*François premier*,' and that little white plush hat, and go with me directly."

"Yes," said Imogen, bitterly, and half aloud, "they grant to this impudent foreigner's moustache and broken English, what they denied to poor Stanley's lofty genius and purity of character. *Him* they allowed to linger on in neglect and poverty, for the very reason that he *was* poor, and really needed *their* assistance! Well, Angy, I want a walk, and we might as well go there as any where; so just touch

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that bell at your side and I will tell Florine to bring my hat, &c., here."

A slight flush crossed the dark brow of Signor Julio di Cajolerini, as Imogen Howard entered his saloon; but he bowed low, and with Italian grace, to her courteous address, and then rivetted his black eyes, with a gaze of mysterious meaning, upon her beautiful face, till she was fain to turn away from them, blushing and embarrassed. What was there in those eyes that so moved the haughty girl? There were few who could daunt her from her graceful and high-bred self-possession; yet this bold Italian had, with a single look, abashed her.

She felt annoyed, provoked, yet charmed, she knew not why; and again and again her brilliant hazel eyes met those of the handsome stranger, and again and again they fell beneath his gaze.

At length he spoke. Imogen had moved away to examine an exquisite statue of Psyche; but, at the sound of that voice, deep and sweet, lingering on the rich musical syllables of his own native Italian, she turned hastily round! Once more she caught his eye. "Let us go!" she said to her companion, and with a cold, proud bow, met by the sculptor with one equally haughty, she turned to leave the room.

"But, Imogen!" said her friend aloud, "you know your father wishes you to sit to the signor, and you have made no arrangements about it."

Again the young lady turned toward him. He was looking provokingly *nonchalant*, leaning, in a careless and graceful attitude, against a superb Apollo, with his splendid purple robe *orientale* embroidered in silver folded around his stately form. He bent his head slightly, as Imogen addressed him.

"At what hour, sir, can you attend me at my father's house, to make arrangements for a sitting?"

"Pardon me, *mia bella signora!* my time is so occupied that I shall unfortunately be obliged to forego the honor you design me."

Imogen's dark eyes flashed an unutterable reply, but she did not speak; and, with another cold and slight bow, they parted.

CHAPTER IV.

In a low room, at the north end of the city, was seated a girl of sixteen. She held in her hand a small embroidery frame, in which she had half finished, for a screen, a wreath of delicate roses, and forget-me-nots. Upon this work depended her livelihood. She had promised it should be completed the next day.

"But though her eye dwelt on her knee,
In vain her fingers strove;
And, though her needle pierced the silk,
No flower Turiu wove!"

Her young head was bent, and her light and beautiful hair, as it fell over the frame, half veiled her drooping eyes. Her cheek was slightly flushed with the love-dream at her heart, and she sang, in a low, sweet, sighing voice, as follows:

"There are tones that will haunt us, though lonely
Our way be o'er mountain and sea—
There are looks that will pass from us, only
When memory ceases to be."

A light, quick knock at the door is unheard by the dreaming girl. It opens, and a stately stranger approaches. It is the Italian sculptor! What does he here with those mysterious eyes of his, and that bright, beguiling smile?

Beware, little dreamer! Shut up, in that pure and loving heart, the image of the absent one, and let not *his* displace it!

"Pardon me, Miss Sullivan, for intruding thus abruptly upon you. I should not have presumed to do so without this letter of introduction from our mutual friend, Mr. Stanley."

The dainty color burned and faded in the delicate cheek of the girl, as she reached her hand eagerly out for the letter, and as quickly withdrew it, abashed beneath the earnest and admiring gaze of the stranger.

"Will you not take the letter?" said he, smiling.

She did take it, but held it unconsciously in her hand, with her head bent earnestly forward, her eyes downcast, her very heart waiting to hear that voice again.

Signor Julio di Cajolerini! are you a serpent, that you thus strangely charm each bird that flutters in your path?

"Will you not *read* the letter, Miss Sullivan?"

"Oh, yes! certainly! I beg your pardon. What did you say?"

And she gazed upon him, with a bewildered look in her child-like eyes, till he repeated the question.

She opened the letter, it ran as follows:

"My dear Miss Sullivan, allow me to introduce to you my most intimate friend, Signor Julio di Cajolerini. He wants a living model for the statue of the Roman Virginia, and I have ventured to name you as one who will suit him exactly, and who needs the liberal price he will pay. I hope your devotion to your invalid mother has long ere this met its reward in her recovered health. Remember me kindly to her, and believe me always and truly your friend,

"GEORGE STANLEY."

Utterly unconscious of the Italian's presence, Dora had perused this simple letter half-a-dozen times ere he ventured, or indeed wished to interrupt her. It was sufficient happiness for him to watch her changing face as she read. "The flitting blush," the playful smile, the half-stifled sigh, the touching eloquence and grace of her whole expression and attitude were a study worthy of Praxiteles; and the signor, entranced and almost breathless with delight, at length closed his eyes over the sweet picture, as if to shut it up forever in his soul.

"May I hope for the honor of a sitting from you at your earliest convenience?" said he, after a long pause.

Dora started, and remained for a few moments in silent thought. She hesitated, because she felt a natural reluctance to sit to a stranger. Stanley had been her friend from childhood, and with him the case was different; but she could hardly reconcile herself to the idea of going, alone and unprotected, to the studio of the signor. Then she thought of her

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poor and invalid mother, for whom she could thus earn many little delicacies necessary to her recovery.

"Yes, sir," she said at last, "at any hour you will name, I shall be happy to attend you."

"At ten o'clock to-morrow, then, if you please, Miss Sullivan. Good morning," and, bowing with an impressive and respectful air, he took his leave.

CHAPTER V.

The heiress stood that evening longer than usual at her mirror. She was dressed for a ball, at which she expected to meet the lion of the day, Signor Julio di Cajolerini.

Her dress—a delicate rose-colored crape, looped with azalias over white satin—was cut low at the bosom, too low for taste and maiden delicacy, though the fair neck, which rose above, was soft and beautiful as that of the fabled Cytherea. Her dark hair, parted in front in luxuriant masses, was braided at the back of her head, and confined by a net of the rarest pearls. Her zone and bracelets were composed of the same precious ornaments. In her hand she held a rare bouquet, and a superb Indian fan, glittering with gems, hung upon her round and snowy arm.

She was looking very lovely. There was a brilliant glow upon her cheek, and the sportive dimples played round her beautiful mouth, like sunshine round a rose! But the servant announces her carriage; and, with one parting gaze at the mirror, she allows Florine to tie on her little white satin cloak, and vanishes.

Poor Florine! and you are to sit up for her! What will you do with yourself? She has left you some work, but you will delay that until to-morrow; I know you will by the expression of that willful little mouth of yours. Can you read, Florine? Oh yes! for you have already a splendid annual in your hand, and have opened into the middle of a love story. Poor child! How you wish you were the heroine, do you not? with all her trials and sufferings, rather than the slave of an heiress' caprice!

The hours roll on. Twelve o'clock! Florine has finished the story, and read all the poetry in the book, and now she sings. Hark! it is a love-song! Ah! Florine! you have a lover, then! No wonder you like poetry.

> Yes! I will go away with thee,
> Beloved, o'er the bounding sea;
> I care not where my lot may lie,
> So it be 'neath affection's eye;
> I care not what my home may be—
> A hut were heaven, if shar'd with thee!
>
> Whate'er the shore our feet shall press,
> Thy beaming smile that shore will bless;
> Whate'er the cares our way that thrall,
> Thy look of love will lighten all;
> And, dark or bright the prospect be,
> I will not shrink—I go with thee!

The hours roll on. One o'clock! Florine yawns. "Oh dear!" she sighs to herself, "I am so tired of singing and reading! What shall I do? I know, I'll try on all her caps and capes!" And forthwith she goes to a bureau and decks herself out—parading before the full length mirror and mimicking, or rather caricaturing her young mistress' airs and graces with ludicrous fidelity. "She won't be home these two hours yet! I might just as well see how I look in the new French pelisse and hat."

She had hardly arranged these to her satisfaction, ere a carriage stopped at the door. "It is she!—so early!—how provoking!" The cloak and hat were restored to their respective boxes, and the little artful French maid, to all appearance sound asleep upon the sofa, when Imogen entered the room.

"Florine, take my cloak!—unclasp these pearls! and leave me!" The girl started, rubbed her eyes, and did as she was bidden. Imogen was alone.

The belle—the heiress—"the evening star," as her attendant beaux had entitled her! How different now from the gay and brilliant girl who had stood there three hours before, exulting in her beauty and her pride! Her hands were locked languidly before her—her dark disordered locks streaming loosely over her pale face and beautiful form—her drooping lashes wet with tears that mocked the curl of her haughty lip! The glow of joy was gone, and her flowers had lost their freshness and their bloom!

"Oh! Stanley!" she murmured, "I have deserved this—the cool indifference with which this princely stranger meets me is but a just retribution for my disdain of your love, and yet it is only his strange resemblance to you that *causes* this foolish infatuation!—I will never see him again! The coxcomb!—he would not even accept my flowers!" and she flung her bouquet, with passionate violence, on the floor. As it fell, a little folded paper which had been lying perdu amid its leaves, dropped from it at her feet. With a beating heart and blushing cheek, she snatched it up and read the following lines:

> Do you weed your *garden* gaily,
> Training flowers with loving care?
> Why not weed your *heart*, too, daily?
> Why not train the blossoms there?
>
> Scorn and pride are weeds, false lady!
> Oh! if thou dost care to make
> "Sunshine in a place that's shady,"
> Pluck them out, for love's sweet sake!

"Saucy and presuming! like all he says and does," exclaimed the disappointed girl; and, tearing it into shreds, she flung herself, without undressing, on the bed and wept herself to sleep.

CHAPTER VI.

"Dear Dora, say, at least, that you will try to love me!" exclaimed the young signor, and he sought, with respectful tenderness, to take her hand in his; but Dora gravely withdrew it, and replied, with a faltering voice and tearful eyes,

"Sir! you have been generous to me thus far; be so now, or I can never come to you again! I love you—as a friend—as a brother, if you will; but not as I love—another! Oh! what am I saying? I did not mean to tell you this; but you are so kind, so gentle, that I feel as if I *must* confide in you. Do not betray me! You will not?"

She covered her blushing face with her hands, and stood trembling before him.

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"Nay! dearest, I love you too well to betray you; but let me claim a brother's privilege, since you have yourself bestowed that precious name, and tell me—is it my friend you love? Stanley told me, long ago, that he had cherished your image as the dearest treasure of his soul."

The color spread to her very temples, and her slight, girlish frame quivered like an aspen-leaf, but she could not speak.

"You need not answer me, Dora, I see it all; but he was poor and humble, and had little hope of ever being able to marry, while I have wealth and station! Dora, think of your poor mother!"

The young girl withdrew her hands and looked up calmly, almost proudly in his face. "My mother loves me, sir. She would sooner die than see her child degrade herself by marrying for mere wealth and station, unsanctified by love."

She turned coldly away.

"Dora, my precious, noble Dora! Look at me, dear, and love me!"

That voice! it was surely *his!* She glanced timidly round. Yes! George Stanley himself was there! The moustache, the whiskers, the artificial color, the curls, all, all had vanished; and there he stood, his dark face lighted up with exulting joy, his arms outstretched to receive her! Dora sprung, with a faint cry, to his heart.

CHAPTER VII.

"Two scraps of news this morning, *ma belle*, one of which, I am sure, will interest you! What will you give to hear them?"

"Nothing, Angy, for nothing interests me now."

"Well, since you will give nothing, will you promise to accompany me wherever I may choose to go this morning, if I will tell you the most important one?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, your friend, Signor Julio di Cajolerini—the genius, the marvel, the lion, the meteor—has vanished!—no one knows why, when, where or how!"

> He came!—he has gone! We have met!
> To meet, perhaps, never again!

"Thank Heaven! if it be true; but I can hardly believe it. Angy, there is something unaccountable, almost supernatural, in that man's influence over me."

"So I thought, for I could never comprehend it, though all the girls were bewitched with him. But come! you have promised to go with me."

"Well, just let me finish this touching letter of Willis'; it is his last from under a bridge, and is exquisitely beautiful. Come here and read it with me! There! is not that an appeal that none but he could write!—oh! dear, your hand is just where I am reading, there, now I can see—beautiful! beautiful! oh Angy!—no wonder the tears are in your eyes. Well, we will go now."

The elegant walking-dress was donned with care, and the two lovely girls met many an admiring gaze, as they tripped from Beacon into Tremont street.

At one of the handsome marble buildings in the latter, they paused and ascended the stairs.

"Where are you taking me, Angy? Another poor artist to be patronized?"

Angy made no reply, but smilingly ushered her friend into a splendid suite of rooms, furnished with Eastern luxuriousness, and adorned with exquisite specimens of art in painting and sculpture. Vases of various graceful shapes were crowned with the rarest exotics of the season; books, magnificently bound, lay scattered on tables of the richest mosaic. Crimson drapery, superb in texture and in hue, shaded the windows, and musical instruments of different kinds completed the "*tout ensemble*." But the gem of this charming assemblage was a newly finished statue in marble of the daughter of Virginius, as described in Macauley's noble "lays of ancient Rome."

> "Just then, as thro' one cloudless chink in a black stormy sky,
> Shines out the dewy morning star, a fair young girl came by,
> With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,
> Home she went bounding from the school, nor dream'd of shame or harm."

A young man came forward to receive them, exclaiming, as he did so, "Miss Howard, Miss Elliott! I am most happy to see you. Pray be seated." It was George Stanley. Imogen's early dream of love stole warmly back to her heart. He was a far different being now from the poor, obscure, desponding youth she had known two years before. She bent her dark eyes tenderly upon him. His returned her gaze with a smile of peculiar meaning, which struck like an icicle to her heart. Where had she met that smile before? Confused by his look, she took up a guitar which lay by her side and struck a few notes to cover her embarrassment.

"Though you do not understand Italian, Mr. Stanley, perhaps you would like to hear a little song I have just composed. The words and the music are both mine, and Angy thinks them pretty."

He smiled again. "I shall be most happy to hear it, Miss Howard."

And Imogen sang, with a faltering but impassioned voice, the following simple song:

> Io amava,
> Sempr' io amo!
> Io sperava,
> Speranza andò!
>
> Oime! l' amore,
> D 'el speme, tira
> La tutta splendore,
> Che l' illumina.
>
> Pero desolato,
> Non egli morra!
> Constante è pinto,
> N 'el onetra resta!
>
> Ah! Io sperava,
> Speranza andò!
> Ma io amava,
> Sempr' io amo!

"You have improved, Miss Howard; you sing with much more *feeling* than you once did. Will you allow me to give you an *impromptu* English translation of your graceful song!

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"I thought you did not read Italian!" she said, in a tone of surprise and dismay. He took the guitar from her hands and sang in a low but rich voice, and with much expression,

I loved! I love always!
I hoped! Hope has fled!
Ah, Love drew from hope
All the glory it shed!

Yet, alone, it is breathing,
Through good and through ill;
Ah! I hoped! Hope has fled!
But I loved, and love still!

The agitated girl looked hurriedly round. Her friend was absorbed in admiration of the statue of Virginia. Imogen approached the sculptor. "George! dear George!" she murmured, "do you indeed still care for me?" Before she could reply, a sweet, eager voice, as of echo, repeated afar off, "George, dear George!" The next instant the rich folds of a curtain at the farther end of the room were parted, and a fair, young and happy face glanced out for a moment and vanished!

Stanley sprung up, disappeared behind the drapery, and instantly returned, leading in his blushing and beautiful Dora, in a rich but modest bridal dress.

"My wife, Miss Howard!"

Imogen bore it bravely. She saluted the bride with a calm but courteous kindness; held out her hand to Stanley and congratulated him, though the tears were in her eyes as she did so, gave them a card for her next soiree, and turned to leave the room, with a cheek somewhat paler and a statelier step than usual.

Stanley was touched; he hurried forward to detain her. "Imogen—Miss Howard! I have something to show you."

He drew her into an adjoining room. "I have wronged you, dear Imogen; I did not give you credit for the feeling, the spirit, the strength of character which you displayed but now; I can only expiate my fault by making to you a confession which but one other has drawn from me. Betray me if you will, but forgive me for the sake of my early devotion and disappointment!"

He passed into a recess, and re-appeared in a few moments in the gaudy robe, whiskers, rouge and moustache of Signor Julio di Cajolerini!

Imogen gazed at him for a moment in mute amazement, and then burst into a fit of uncontrolable laughter, in which she was soon joined by Dora and Angeline, who were drawn thither by the sound.

"Yes, Miss Elliott, your fashionable friends gladly, nay eagerly, accorded to the rich and dashing foreigner what the poor native artist, with the same genius and less pretension, needed so much more and looked for in vain—patronage, sympathy, attention.

Impelled, partly by my natural inclination for a frolic, partly by pride and perhaps revenge for the undeserved neglect which I had experienced, at the instigation of a young and wealthy Englishman, whom I met on board the ship and who lent me money for the purpose, I adopted the disguise and the plan of which you have seen the result. That I sincerly repent the imposition, you will be convinced from this voluntary confession. My end is answered, and I will no longer owe to imposture what ought to have been freely accorded to genius alone. All the money, all the property, which I have gained in this unworthy manner, shall be disposed of as I intended from the first, in charity. I have saved, from my former honorable earnings, more than sufficient to enable us to reach England, and, when there, my friend has promised me sufficient employment for a livelihood. Rich or poor, my Dora will love me; will you not, dear one?"

"Oh! a thousand times better *poor*, my husband, than with riches thus falsely obtained."

He laid his hand affectionately on her head, and Dora placed her own upon it to retain it there.

"And now let me repeat to both of you, betray me if you will, but forgive me!"

"My dear Mr. Stanley!" exclaimed Imogen, smiling through her tears, "I will keep your secret and so shall Angy, upon one condition."

"Name it, *mia cara signora!*"

"It is that you shall let me sit for a bust, which I have promised Angeline for a birth-day gift, and that you will allow me to become the purchaser of that lovely little Nell which I see in the corner there."

"I cannot sell my little Nell, for my little Dora is the original of it; but I shall be most happy to fulfill your first condition. Have you any other to make?"

"Yes, one more; teach your sweet wife to love me, as I already love her, and I am content."

She had hardly finished speaking ere Dora's dainty little hand was in hers, and Dora's soft and plaintive voice murmuring in her ear. Reader! we must guess what she said, for she spoke so low that none but Imogen could hear.

REPOSE.

BY MRS. AKRA SMITH, AUTHOR OF "THE SINLESS CHILD," ETC.

As some lone pilgrim, weary and o'erspent,
Turns from the dusty way aside, to drink
At some cool fountain on the river's brink,
And looking back the toilsome path he went
Revives once more the peril and the pain;
And nerveless, shrinking, lives it o'er again,
Till all along the margo he 'll downward sink,
Forgetful of his shrine: the winds may plain,
The wild bud blossom, and the bird go by,
And yet he resteth with his dream-like eye,
Seeing as one who seeth not, so deep
Is his full sense of rest, a needful rest:
So I would linger thus—beguiled to sleep
That is but waking sleep, most grateful to the breast.

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THE DAUGHTERS OF LA ROCHE.

A STORY OF THE AFFECTIONS.

BY ROBERT MORRIS, AUTHOR OF "THE ANGEL AND THE DEMON," "THE HASTY MARRIAGE," ETC.

"They grew in beauty side by side."

Who that has attended the death-bed of the loved and cherished, can ever forget its touching and painful scenes? The sands of life passing rapidly away—the pulse becoming feebler and fainter—the voice lower and weaker—the light fading from the glassy and spiritual eyes—the mingled expression of love, hope and agony resting upon the thin, pale features. And, when at last the lamp goes out—the hands fall cold upon the motionless bosom—the limbs become rigid, and the spirit wings its flight to another world, who can forget the heart-screams of the doating mourners—the grief long suppressed, but now bursting forth as a torrent—the tears, the cries and the exclamations, half in love and half in madness!

I once was present at the death-bed of a mother—a true and martyr-like woman—who had hurried herself to a premature grave, in an effort to provide for the comforts of two young and lovely daughters; and were I to live a thousand years, the memory of that hour would still linger vividly in my mind. She died, too, in the full faith of a blessed hereafter—conscious of the purity of her life, and cherishing, as the jewels of the soul, the sublime truths of the Christian religion. But her daugters—her young and unprotected daughters! She left them to the tender mercies of a hollow world, and thus, with the undying fondness of a mother's heart, fixed her straining eyes upon their sad but beauteous features, even as the soul parted from the body, and the faith of a blessed religion brightened the pathway to a clime of bliss.

Sobs and tears and loud lamentations came from those lovely orphans. They were now indeed alone in the world; and though they had been taught in some measure to prepare themselves for so frightful a bereavement, they could not realize all its gloom and desolation. They had never known a father's care, for he had been taken from them in their early childhood, before they were capable of appreciating his value. Their mother had been the whole world to them—she had watched them in their hours of illness—had prayed *for* them, and *with* them—had pointed out the paths of danger in the ways of life—had indulged them beyond her means—had deprived herself of many a luxury, ay, many a necessary in order to administer to their comfort and improvement, and now, as they looked upon her cherished form, cold and still in the icy embrace of death, oh! God, how wretched and lonely seemed their condition. In vain their few friends endeavored to soothe their sorrow—to soften the anguish of their grief. Tears, and tears alone seemed to afford them relief; and they wept in very bitterness for hours!

Mrs. La Roche was a French lady by birth, and, with her husband and her young daughters, came to this country during the troubles of the last French revolution.

Compelled to abandon his native land at but a few hours' notice, the father was able to collect but a small sum of money to assist his family in the country of their exile. He survived his arrival in the United States only two years—merely long enough to acquire a knowledge of the English language, and, with his lady, to attempt the establishment of a school of instruction in the French. The daughters were, at this time, too young to assist, but the mother, though utterly unused to a life of toil, saw and appreciated her position, and roused all her energies to the undertaking. She continued the school, and with partial success, after the decease of her husband. Compelled to economize in every possible way, she looked forward to the period when her children would be able to assist her, and thus her task would be greatly lightened. Increasing, as they hourly did, in beauty and intelligence, and manifesting, in every possible way, their appreciation of her love, and her untiring exertions spent in their behalf, her heart warmed toward them with every breath which they drew, and she would freely have laid down her life to ensure their welfare. But what will not a mother do for the beings of her affection! What will she not sacrifice—what trials and sufferings will she not submit to! Well and touchingly was it remarked by a Venetian lady, with regard to Abraham and Isaac, that "God would never have commanded such a sacrifice of a mother."

Mrs. La Roche had thus with difficulty, but still in a spirit of great cheerfulness, conducted her little school for four years after the decease of her husband. But, her health now began to fail. She had overtasked her powers; her constitution, which was naturally feeble, gave way. Still, she struggled on in the most heroic manner. "A few years longer," she flattered herself, "and I may abate my labors. Then my children will be able greatly to assist me, if not wholly to take my place." She saw them ripening in beauty—and the natural dream of a mother's heart raised up suitors in abundance. So lovely—so correct—so imbued with the pure princi-

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ples of religion—so accomplished! The heart of the widow rejoiced in the anticipated triumph of her offspring. Alas! even then the seeds of death were doing their work, stealthily and in silence. A little longer and the body refused to administer to the wishes of the mind. Mrs. La Roche was prostrated on her death-bed, and her children, as already described, were orphans in the fullest and most painful sense of the term.

Amy La Roche, the younger sister, at the period of which we write, was thirteen; Clotilde, the elder, was sixteen years of age. A lovelier pair never mingled their tears together by the cold corpse of a parent. Taught to regard her as the soul and centre of their social world—as the being to whom they must look for counsel and advice next to the Almighty—they clung to each other in their desolation, each striving to soothe the other, and each unconsciously adding to the poignancy of the other's grief. Clotilde wept wildly, but the sorrow of the younger seemed more heart-felt. The one was all feeling and impulse, and her agony of grief was relieved, in some measure, by the violence of the paroxysms—the fury of her despair. The younger was naturally of a thoughtful and melancholy nature, and her mild, blue eyes seemed to mirror, in their gentle lustre, the very depths of her soul. She was too young, moreover, to have a thought of fondness for another being on the earth beyond her mother. No other passion of her nature had been called even into fancied existence, and thus the poor girl pined day by day until she became thin and pale, and the elder found it necessary to conceal her own sorrow, in order to bring back the spirit of girlhood and joy to the fair features of her dearest Amy.

Throughout the crisis of their bereavement they were visited assiduously and constantly by but one individual. Pierre Martien, or neighbor Pierre, as they called him, was intimate with their father in the more prosperous portion of his life, and had, like him, sought this country as a place of refuge during the perils of the revolution—perils which destroyed his family and left him lone and wretched. He had, nevertheless, accumulated a considerable fortune in the United States, and, at the period of the widow's decease, was on the eve of returning to France. Touched, however, by the sad condition of the sisters, he delayed his departure, and called day after day in the noble duty of watching over two fair beings, so entirely helpless and unprotected, and of administering every comfort and assistance in his power. This faithful friend was now is his sixtieth year—still, manly and gentlemanly in his appearance, and exhibiting but little of the weakness or infirmity of age. Week after week he postponed the day of his leave-taking, and yet he steadily persisted in his determination to return, at the same time condoling with the orphans, assisting them as delicately as possible, and hinting a fear that his departure would expose them to annoyance and misfortune. Clotilde saw and admitted all this, but what could she do? She still continued to keep up the little school, which her mother had bequeathed to her as an inheritance, but her inexperience and youth unfitted her, in a great measure, to exercise sufficient authority over the pupils, and thus, while she found them constantly diminishing in number, she discovered, with horror, that the health of her young sister was rapidly sinking. The color was fading from her cheeks—the bright light from her eyes. Her existence seemed to have lost its spring and fountain on the decease of Mrs. La Roche, and, although the sweet girl struggled earnestly to assume a degree of cheerfulnes and an air of satisfaction, she could not conceal from the penetrating eyes of Clotilde that there was a canker within.

Neighbor Pierre, also, noticed the change and his heart melted within him at this new source of anxiety and distress. He sent for and consulted one of the ablest physicians of the city—for his nature warmed strangely and unconsciously toward the orphans, since he had visited them so frequently—and he was told that a change of air would alone save the life of the fading beauty. He pondered long upon this painful intelligence; at first unwilling to communicate it to the elder sister, for he knew that it would strike like an arrow through her soul. What could be done?—what was his duty under the circumstances? He pressed his hand upon his forehead and mused painfully for hours. A thought darted to his brain. But no—he repelled it as unworthy—as unmanly—as treacherous to the friendship he had felt and professed for the dead father of the sisters. And yet it returned again, and grew stronger and stronger, until he had no power to resist its influence.

Accuse him not harshly, gentle reader—pronounce not against him rashly. *He* was alone in the world, and *they* were without friends and protectors. *He* was compelled by circumstances to revisit France, and yet he felt a voice within him assert that he had a duty to perform to the children of his deceased countryman. How could he best perform that duty? To subject two young, inexperienced and beautiful girls to the snares of the vicious and the reckless—to desert them in the hour of greatest need—to abandon them to the charities of a cold world—or worse, to the accursed arts of the profligate and libertine—the thought was full of anguish. Again he paused. He ascended to his chamber, and there, kneeling in prayer, he sought advice and counsel from the Searcher of all hearts. He rose from his knees refreshed in spirit, and comparatively calm and resolved. The next hour found him at the dwelling of the sisters. The younger was evidently weaker than on the day before, while the countenance of Clotilde wore a still more melancholy aspect. For a long time the visiter hesitated. He looked steadily into the beautiful features of Clotilde, where all was yet life and hope and youthful splendor, only mellowed and spiritualized by the tender anxiety of a sacred love, and his heart again misgave him. But he rallied his courage and drew her aside. He announced to her, in as kindly terms as possible, the opinion of the physician; and, as he saw the big tear start to her eyes at the consciousness of her inability

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to accompany Amy to a milder climate—softer and sunnier skies—he took her hand, and offered to become her husband. "Thus," he added, "dear Clotilde, I will obtain a *right* to protect you. Thus may we immediately sail for France, and, with the blessing of Heaven, a hope may be indulged of the restoration of our lovely Amy." He alluded to his disparity of years, and his reluctance to venture such a proposition, but he implored her, no matter what her determination, to judge his motives generously. As he lived and had faith in the Divinity, he believed that he was influenced purely, justly and virtuously.

Clotilde covered her face with her hands. She had unbounded confidence in the principles of her father's friend—for he had ever conducted himself with the most scrupulous delicacy. She saw, too, the position of her sister, and she felt that the life of that sweet and affectionate girl was as dear to her as her own; and yet she knew not what to do or say. One only thought—one only dream interfered with the course she believed to be dictated by duty. The path of her young life, chequered and darkened as it had been, had not been all shadow. A momentary rainbow had flashed its glories above. A youthful form sometimes mingled with her dreams. A voice deeper and sweeter than those of the every-day world sometimes rose to her memory, and whispered to the listening spirit of her soul. She was now nineteen years of age—a full and perfect woman—and how seldom is it in our land that the fair and the beautiful, the enthusiastic and the warm-hearted pass through so many summers without discovering some being in the crowd purer and holier than the rest—some kindred spirit—some sympathetic soul! A look—a word—a pressure of the hand will sometimes give tone to the story of a life.

Clotilde La Roche and Arthur Morville had met when

"Life seemed bathed in Hope's romantic hues."

She was but seventeen, and he twenty-two. But a few months passed, and the ocean divided them. He was the son of a bankrupt merchant, utterly penniless and prospectless, and thus when an opportunity presented of a voyage to China, as the agent of an extensive commercial house, he was compelled by the force of circumstances to embrace it, even at the risk of an absence of five years. Thus they parted. "He never told his love" in words, but the heart must be cold and insensible that requires such formal interpretation. The spirit of Clotilde wandered with and lingered around him. Her name was mingled with his prayers, and her image haunted his sleep—the brightest, sunniest angel of his dreams. And *he* was not forgotten. She did not strive to forget, and if the effort had been made it would have been a vain one.

Two years had now gone by, and Arthur was yet abroad. Foolish and timid as they were, no correspondence had been agreed upon, and he, unconscious of the interest he had excited, was afraid to write. He was poor—little better than a beggar—when he left his kindred and his home. He had no claim upon one so beautiful and lovely, and the pen was dashed to the earth in despair whenever he ventured a letter.

But the offer of Pierre Martien! It revived the early dream in the bosom of Clotilde fully and vividly. Yet her sister was dying! She saw her fading every hour. The delay of a single week might prove fatal. God of the orphan, advise and counsel her in this her hour of trial!

She sent for the friend of her father and told him all. If he would take her for his wife under these circumstances, she would freely accord her consent. Nay, she believed his motives to be generous and noble, and she honored him therefor.

More touched than ever—seeing the evident sacrifice she was about to make as a tribute to duty and her love for her sister—the old man hesitated. Again he meditated upon the subject, questioned his own heart closely, and endeavored to penetrate his motives.

It was finally agreed that they should immediately sail for France—that the engagement should be announced before their departure—and the marriage should take place immediately after their arrival.

But why prolong the story? The God of the orphan watched over and protected the sweet sisters. The voyage was pleasant beyond their most sanguine expectations. Amy gained health and strength with every favoring breeze, and when they landed at Havre her eyes again sparkled with the fire of youth and joy, and her cheeks glowed with the hues of beauty. Clotilde, too, seemed more lovely than ever, the sea-air had greatly improved her. Her spirits mounted—her soul again rejoiced—and even the apprehension which occasionally crept into her breast, in connection with the coming marriage, gave her less anxiety than she could have believed a few weeks before.

They landed on a bright Spring morning. The arrival of a foreign ship had collected a group around the place of debarkation. Among them were several Americans—they could have been singled out in a world of foreigners. And see! whose form is that pressing forward so eagerly? It is—*it is*—much changed—but not enough to escape the quick eyes of youth and the mind of love-fraught memory. Yes, Arthur Morville rushes forward—the wanderer from the far East! What a meeting! How joyous—how unexpected! Even the presence of strangers is forgotten. Eyes sparkle—cheeks glow—breasts heave—and hearts respond. The old man looks on, first in surprise, and then with a quiet and benevolent smile mellowing his features, advancing to Clotilde he whispers, "Be not abashed—your joy is my joy—and all will yet be well."

. . . . . .

A few weeks thereafter and Clotilde La Roche became the wife of Arthur Morville. Pierre Martien gave the bride away, at the same time publicly recognizing the young couple and their beautiful Amy as his adopted children!

Heaven, say we, soften the pillow and hallow the dreams of the friend of the fatherless!

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MY BROTHERS.

ILLUSTRATION OF A PICTURE.

"My brothers!" years have passed away
Since first my childish heart
Was conscious of the sacred tie
That death alone can part.
Then, from your kind, unselfish care,
I learned to know how blest
Is she who owns the love that lives
Within a brother's breast.

Our home was bright and beautiful
With all things rich and fair,
Yet dreary would its halls have been
Had not your love been there;
For who would share a princely home,
Though filled with pomp and mirth,
If sweet affections hovered not
Like angels round its hearth?

But oh, I can remember still
How in the midst of play
You threw, to please your baby pet,
The ball and hoop away.
To teach my faltering lips to speak
For hours you 'd linger near,
And hail with joy the faintest sound
That fell upon the ear.

"My brothers!" were the gentle words
That first I learned to name,
And glad was I, each lesson o'er,
The kiss of love to claim.

And now, as looking o'er the past,
Too sadly I repine,
It checks the tear-drop and the sigh
To think you still are mine.

I never knew a mother's love—
That blessing Heaven denied—
My footsteps through the paths of life
It was your task to guide;
And when, amid earth's brilliant hopes,
My happy heart beat high,
You whispered there were sweeter joys
Beyond the azure sky.

"My brothers!" on each brow there dwells
A cloud of thoughtful care,
But may no deed or word of mine
E'er place a shadow there;
And though I never may repay
Your deep and changeless love,
The earnest prayer I breathe for you
May reach the throne above.

And when mine eyes are closed in death
My spirit shall be near,
For sure I am the dead will watch
O'er those in life most dear;
And in the home to which I go,
Life's errors all forgiven,
Oh with what joy shall I behold
My brothers meet in Heaven!

MARY L. LAWSON.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Sinless Child, and Other Poems. By Elizabeth Oakes Smith. Edited by John Keese. New York, Appleton & Co.

The accomplished lady to whom the public is indebted for these beautiful productions is familiar to our readers through her many able contributions to this magazine. We are happy that she has appeared at length to claim the proud seat to which she is entitled on the American Parnassus. The rare purity and grace of Mrs. Smith's mind, the peculiar circumstances which induced her to resort to the pen, and her many personal excellences, have contributed to render her one of the most interesting of our female writers. It appears from the spirited preface to the volume before us, that, like all persons of real merit, she is distinguished by the womanly virtue of modesty. To the good taste and enterprize of Mr. Keese we owe the present collection. His reasons for bringing out the work are stated with great cogency. We congratulate the bards of our country upon the strong hold they have upon the sympathies of one, at least, of the bookselling fraternity. Every one remembers the splendid volumes of American poetry compiled by Mr. Keese, and his delightful Memoir of Lucy Hooper, appended to a selection from her poetical writings, which gained for him the warm approbation of all admirers of early genius. In the present instance he has conferred no slight favor upon the lovers of poetry. In publishing a complete and revised edition of "The Sinless Child," he has supplied a demand long felt and expressed. The additional poems appear to us to be very judiciously chosen. It is long since we have met with any thing in this department of literature so worthy of studious regard. The hopefulness and purity of childhood, the high ministry of Nature to the soul, the exalting agency of ideal love, and the spiritual philosophy of karma life, are illustrated in the "Sinless Child" by exquisite imagery and flowing numbers. No one can read and feel it without having his faith in the beautiful and holy quickened and renewed. It abounds in ennobling truth. It is addressed to the most elevated perceptions, and like a strain of heavenly music touchingly reminds us of our nature's origin, wants, powers, and destiny. "The Acorn" is a charming effort of fancy. The germ is traced through all the vicissitudes of its development, until it towers a giant of the forest. The sapling escapes the schoolboy's knife and the storm's devastation, to lodge the eagle on its topmost bough, and to quiver, at last, the mast of a noble vessel, on many seas. Sweetly, with a life-like ingenuity, and a cordial emphasis, does the poetess follow the acorn from its cradle of mould to its ocean-grave. With a singular truth to nature, and many a touch of graphic beauty, is its history unfolded; and, of its kind, we know of no poem more successful. The remainder of the volume consists of sonnets, which breathe lofty sentiments and noble language. We have felt no disposition to cavil at any literary defects, so much have we been charmed by the spirit and beauty of these poems. We commend them to our readers, as worthy not only of perusal, but of that earnest and familiar study which the fruits of genius should ever receive from grateful and appreciating minds.

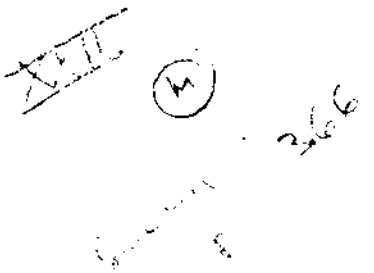
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My Brothers

Engraved for Godey's Magazine

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Pictorial History of the United States: By John Frost, A. M. Philadelphia, E. H. Butler.

Illustrated editions are now all the vogue. Great improvement has of late days been made in the art of wood-engraving, which is no longer degraded to rough, coarse black and white caricatures, but elevated to rivalry with steel and copper, by the efforts of Raffet, Gigoux, Hebert and others, employed on the designs of Horace Vernet, Gendrille, and their compeers, in France; of Branston and Harvey, in London; and of Adams, in New York, scarcely if any thing inferior to the Europeans, when working upon Chapman's blocks. The work before us—the first and second numbers—is of this order, and the literary portion of it is very well and agreeably executed, pithy and well compiled, and, at the same time, clothed in a flowing and lively style, well adapted to the tastes and intelligence of young and general readers. It lays, indeed, no great claim to profoundness or depth of research, though, in a few instances, we perceive, the author has shown laudable ambition to appear "original." The vague fancies of the Scandinavians are not to be regarded as fact, yet he chooses to have as much faith in the Copenhagen antiquaries as in the Spanish chroniclers. As we have said, however, the history is very well executed in the main, and we would that we could say as much for the illustrative department. The object of these illustrations is doubtless—or at least should be—not to catch the eye, merely, and please the fancy of the reader, but to convey to the imagination clear and more distinct pictures of men, costumes, manners and things, than any words, however concise, can portray. This can be done only by skill, thorough acquaintance with the subject, deep study, and actual truth in the illustrator. To falsify the truth of history in painting is no less a crime, if wilful, no less a proof of total incapacity, if accidental, in an artist, than the same defects would be in a writer; and, to say honestly, there is hardly one illustration of the first numbers where the costumes of which historical truth is not palpably and ludicrously violated. First, we have the Norsemen—wild warriors of Scandinavia—whose real armature consisted in casques, with visors, covering the whole head, and made of rings, not linked into each other, but screwed or sewed upon leathern jerkins, with sleeves and hose and gauntlets all to match; whose weapons were two-handed broadswords four feet long, bills or *gisarmes*, and heavy battle-axes; dressed point device—save the mark!—*like modern warriors!* Again, we have Columbus discovering the land of America from a ship's stern, thirty feet, at the measure, out of the water!—the Santissimo Trinidad! more likely than the Nina or Pinda, half-decked barques of sixty and a hundred twenty tuns, or thereabout. Next we have the French Huguenots and the Spanish Catholics, early colonists of Florida, dressed in the full costume of the collared coats with mighty cuffs, immense jack-boots, and hats and periwigs, of George the First or Queen Anne. And last we see—oh, most absurd of anti-climax!—Hernando Soto and his chivalric host, who rode *coup-a-pie* in Milan steel,

> "With the chargers barbed from counter to tail,
> And the riders armed complete in mail,"

from Florida to Natchez—who rode the hammocks and pirogues[illegible] ring to the Norman kettle-drum and trumpet introduced the plumes and burgonets, blazoned shields and gonfalons, of European knighthood, in that desperate, most romantic of forays, to the solitudes of American forest—we see Hernando Soto, dressed and armed just as might have been King William the Third when he crossed the Boyne, or fought at Steenkirke.

Carelessness such as this is culpable—unpardonable. And yet our daily press lauds these illustrations as equal to the best English and French pictorial histories. Oh, most unwise and improvident patriotism! It is not talent, nor skill in designing only, nor force of shadowing, nor power of grouping, that will constitute the historical painter. Research is necessary, labor, attention, study. Without these, all the rest is waste of time—useless—nay, harmful, and destructive to the rising hopes of the fine arts in America.

The Columbiad, a Poem: By Archibald Tucker Ritchie. One volume, duodecimo. New York, John S. Taylor & Co.

On reading the title page of this very handsome volume, we suspected that some ambitious young American had added to "the national stock of bad poetry" an imitation of the ponderous Epic of Barlow; but the preface imparts the gratifying information that Mr. Archibald Tucker Ritchie is an Englishman. He tells us that parts of the "poem" were written twenty years ago. He should have grown too merciful, in so long a time, to inflict such poor fustian on the book-buying world. The only idea in the work which Mr. Ritchie can call his own, is, that the world for a long period revolved around the unillumined sun, and not upon its own axis! a theory which he, in bad verse, maintains to be the only one by which the discoveries of geologists can be reconciled with the sacred history!

The Neighbors: a Story of Every-Day Life: By Frederica Bremer. Translated from the Swedish, by Mary Howitt. James M. Campbell & Co., Philadelphia.

No novel has appeared in many years which we can more earnestly and cheerfully commend than this. It is a story of every-day life, simple and natural in its incidents and reflections, yet in a remarkable degree interesting. Its tone is pure and healthful; it teaches the superiority of moral and intellectual pleasures, and the dignity and happiness of a serene and virtuous life. The edition of Messrs. Campbell & Co. is very neatly printed, and the work is to be followed by "The House," "The President's Daughters," and "Nina," by the same authoress, as soon as the English versions of them, by Mary Howitt, reach this country.

Judah's Lion: By Charlotte Elizabeth: One volume, duodecimo. New York, John S. Taylor and M. W. Dodd.

This is a story of great ability and interest, by the cleverest religious writer of her sex now living. The foundation of the narrative is the conversion of a Hebrew to the Christian religion. It abounds with incidents of a most touching and striking character.

The Criminal History of the English Government: From the First Massacre of the Irish to the Poisoning of the Chinese: Translated from the French of Eugene Regnault. One volume, duodecimo. New York, J. S. Redfield.

A book for the mob of gentlemen whose patriotism consists in hatred of every thing which does not pertain to their own country and their own faction. It has much of the easy and enthusiastic impudence of the French partisan about it. Yet Monsieur Regnault tells a good deal of truth of the British government, ever guided by a selfish and unscrupulous policy, and more intent on sustaining a powerful aristocracy than on preserving the liberties or advancing the interests of the masses.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

VIEW FROM WEST POINT—*An Engraving by Dick.*—West Point—the seat of the United States Military Academy—is one of the most delightful places of resort on the Hudson, or was so when Cozzens was "mine host," a dozen years ago. It is classic ground, too, to the American—famous in our history for treasons, stratagems, and heroic deeds. It has for a long time been much frequented by the New Yorkers, in the summer months, when the hot sun made an oven of the city, and its shady nooks and pleasant terraces—its monuments and "venerable" ruins—and all the magnificent scenery around—of which some idea may be formed from the accompanying engraving—are often, in this period, thronged with pedestrians, reading inscriptions, gazing upon the fleets of sloops and steamers passing up and down the river, or, perhaps, admiring the evolutions of the cadets of the Academy. We cut the following spirited lines—new doubtless to our readers—from an old newspaper—the *New York American* for 1828—for which they were written by our popular contributor, Charles Fenno Hoffman, Esq., when he was "in his teens." We know of few things better in their way than these

RHYMES ON WEST POINT.

I've trod thy mountain paths, thy valleys deep,
Through hazy thickets, and through tangled heath;
I've climbed thy piled up rocks, from steep to steep,
And gazed with rapture on the scene beneath.

The noble plain that lies embosomed there,
The jutting headlands in thy mimic bay—
The stream, impatient of his curbed career,
Sweeping through mighty mountains far away,

His bosom burnished by the setting sun,
Who, loath to leave his own illumined west,
Dyes with his hues the wave he shines upon,
And gilds the clouds which cradle him to rest.

I love West-Point, and long could fondly dwell
On scenes which must thro' life my memory haunt,
But you, too, reader, have been there as well
As I, if not—you'd better take the jaunt.

You rise at six, and by half after ten
You're at the Point—I was when last I went—
You rest awhile at Cozzens's, and then
May stroll toward the upper Monument.

At two you dine—(you'll think it not too soon,
Being sharp set from your long morning's ramble)—
And to Fort Putnam in the afternoon,
O'er rocks and brushwood up the mountain scramble.

The view which this majestic height commands
Repays the trouble of its rough access;
For he beholds, who on the rampart stands,
A scene of grandeur and of loveliness:

The chain of mountains, sweeping far away—
The white encampment spread beneath his feet—
The sloop, slow dropping down the placid bay—
Her form reflected in its glassy sheet.

And where the river's banks less boldly swell,
Villas upon some sunny slope are seen;
And white huts buried in some wooded dell—
With chimneys peering through their leafy screen.

'Tis sweet to watch from hence at close of day,
While shadows lengthen on the mountain side,
The sunbeams steal from peak to peak away,
And white sails gleam along the dusky tide.

And sweet to woman's eye, at evening hour,
The gay parade that animates the plain,
When martial music lends its kindling power,
To thrill the bosom with some stirring strain—

Who, when they to their gleaming ranks repair,
Delight to gaze upon the bright array
Of young, good-looking fellows marshaled there
In pigeon-breasted coats of iron-gray.

For girls the glare of warlike pomp adore,
Since, cased in steel, with lance and curtle-axe on,
Bold Cœur de Lion led his knights to war,
Down to the days of Major-General Jackson.

At night, when home returning, it is sweet,
While stars are twinkling in the fields above;
And whispering breezes in the foliage meet,
To move in such a scene with one we love.

To feel the spell of woman's witchery near,
And while the magic o'er our senses steals,
Believe the being whom we hold most dear,
As deeply as ourselves that moment feels.

. . . . . .

The dolphin's hues are brightest while he dies,
The rainbow's glories in their birth decay,
And love's bright visions, like our autumn skies,
Will fade the soonest when they seem most gay.

In "true love" now I am an arrant skeptic,
My heart's best music is forever hushed;
Perhaps because I'm briefless and dyspeptic,
Perhaps my hopes were once too rudely crushed.

But to return—to lawyerling too poor,
Leaving his dusts and office to a friend,
To take the northern or the eastern tour,
This short excursion I will recommend.

'Tis but two dollars and a day bestowed,
And far from town, its dust and busy strife,
You'll find the jaunt a pleasing episode
In the dull epic of a city life.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—Since the publication of our last number, Mr. Cooper has given to the press a new border story entitled "The Hutted Knoll," which will probably be published by Lea & Blanchard in August or September. The scene, we believe, is in western New York, during the revolution. The work will in some respects resemble the author's celebrated novel, "The Pioneers," in its action and characters.

Dr. Harris, U. S. N., author of "The Life and Services of Commodore Bainbridge," is preparing a Memoir of the late Commodore Hull. We presume it will soon be ready for the press. Dr. Harris was one of the "brave old commodore's" most intimate personal friends, and is doubtless in possession of all the necessary materiel for the work, which cannot fail to be one of much interest and value.

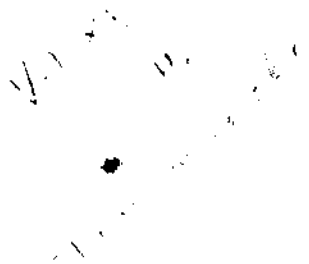
Several new volumes of poems are announced, of which the most important will be "Lays of Home, and other Poems," by John Greenleaf Whittier, and "Mount Auburn, and other Poems," by Isaac C. McLellan, Jr., both to be published by W. D. Ticknor, of Boston; who has likewise in press a new and much enlarged edition of Motherwell's Poems, and a Collection of Barry Cornwall's English Songs and other short Poems.

Dr. Stevens, Secretary of the Historical Society of Georgia, has just completed an elaborate history of that state, which will appear during the summer. Our knowledge of the author leads us to expect a very judicious and able work in this history, which has engaged his attention for several years.

Among the "serials" now in course of publication, we notice "The Collected Writings of Cornelius Mathews," to be completed in ten monthly parts, making one large and closely printed octavo volume. It will embrace "The Motley Book," "The Career of Puffer Hopkins," "The Politicians, a comedy," "Behemoth," etc.

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GRAHAM'S

LADY'S AND GENTLEMAN'S

MAGAZINE,

EMBELLISHED WITH

MEZZOTINT AND STEEL ENGRAVINGS, MUSIC, ETC.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT, J. FENIMORE COOPER, RICHARD H. DANA, JAMES K. PAULDING, HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, CHARLES F. HOFFMAN, JOSEPH C. NEAL, T. C. GRATTAN, MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY, MISS C. M. SEDGWICK, MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD, MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY, MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS, MRS. ELIZABETH OKES SMITH, ETC.
PRINCIPAL CONTRIBUTORS.

GEORGE R. GRAHAM, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOLUME XXIII.

PHILADELPHIA:
GEORGE R. GRAHAM, NO. 98 CHESNUT STREET.
.....
1843.

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXIII. PHILADELPHIA: JULY, 1843. No. I.

THE BLIGHTED HEART.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A NEW HOME," ETC.

It is many years since an individual of singular appearance took up his abode in the vicinity of a populous town—an unusual choice of place for one whom misfortune or misanthropy seemed to have rendered averse to human society, but not an injudicious one in this case, since the spot afforded the solitude of the desert without its remoteness from succor.

His humble dwelling, constructed with little skill or care, and scarcely discernible in the tangled thicket, was situated upon a rough hill that rose with picturesque abruptness from the level plain; toward the town rocky and precipitous, but descending on the opposite side with a softer outline. The gray rock was in some places naked to the sun; in others, covered with soil for the most part closely wooded. One spot, in the very midst of the deep shade, was susceptible of cultivation. It was but a strip, but it repaid the rude culture of the recluse with food sufficient for him, and served also to pasture two or three sheep—not doomed to bleed for their master's gratification, but to be harnessed with strips of bark to a little cart, which served him many useful purposes during the Summer, and when Autumn blasts began to lay bare the branches, bore his few movables toward the pleasant south. No one knew where he made his winter abode; but the flitting was regular as that of the birds, and when they and the flowers returned, back came our hermit to his hovel on the rock.

When we first heard of his existence, he was seldom disturbed or intruded upon. Curiosity had subsided, and the determined silence of the recluse was not calculated to induce a chance visiter to repeat his visit. Strangers were sometimes taken to the hermitage, but to those who had associated the flowing beard, staff, cross and rosary with the idea of a hermit, our recluse seemed but a poor representation of the class. He was a coarse, rough-looking person, clothed in a sort of Robinson Crusoe style; and his whole air was one which the most romantic imagination would have found it difficult to invest with the character of saintly repose which always marks the hermit of story. A student would sometimes terminate his ramble by a short rest in the bough-roofed hovel, or a schoolboy spend his Saturday afternoon in its neighborhood, for the sake of sharing the contents of his basket with the lonely tenant; and in such cases the reception offered by the recluse was quiet but kind, and the offered dainties usually repaid by the gift of some of nature's treasures, which an out-door life enabled him to procure. He would heat his rude oven, and bake apples and potatoes for them, while they gathered berries or rambled through the craggy solitudes. But he scarcely ever spoke, and most of his days were passed in absolute solitude.

The accounts I had heard had aroused no little interest or curiosity respecting this strange being, when I was one day informed that the hermit was in the kitchen, and had asked leave to take—not exactly "the husks that the swine did eat"—but a piece of white bread which had been consigned to that base

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use by an unthrifty maid, and which had caught his eye as he passed her territory, driven from his wretched home by the pangs of hunger. I had heard that he sometimes asked alms in the kitchens of his young visiters, when from want of foresight he found himself without provisions; I was, therefore, not surprised when I heard of his coming. Quite curious, however, I followed my informant immediately, and found a tall, meagre figure, clad in a sort of wrapper of the coursest kind of blanketing, confined at the waist with a piece of rope. His hair was "sable-silvered," and seemed utterly unconscious of comb or scissors; and his beard, not "descending" but full and bushy, concealed completely the mouth and chin, to which I usually look for the expression of character. So much of his face as could be seen showed little trace of refined sensibility. His eye was cold and stern, and one found it difficult to believe it had ever been otherwise, yet I fancied—who could forbear fancying something of an individual so singular in his appearance and habits?—that the deep furrows of his brow were not the gradual work of time, but the more severe scoopings of remorse or regret, and that they spoke of pangs such as only the strong mind can suffer.

My gaze offended or disconcerted him, for he stepped without the door, so as to screen himself from further scrutiny. I hastened to repair the involuntary fault by addressing him courteously, and inviting him to come in. He neither spoke nor raised his eyes from the ground; so, directing apart that food should be set before him, I left him to dispose of it at his pleasure, for it was evident that he was painfully shy, and that my presence was both unexpected and unwelcome.

I heard of him occasionally through the Summer, but nothing of novelty or interest until the hoarse voice of Autumn was heard on the hill, and the strides of approaching Winter rustled among the dry leaves of the forest, when it was ascertained that the recluse still occupied his airy Summer bower, being too unwell to commence his usual migration. Preparing a few of the little comforts of the sick room, I accompanied his young friends to the rock, in hopes of discovering the nature of his illness and being able to contribute to its cure.

Forlorn and desolate indeed was the situation of the poor solitary. He had been unable to gather in the produce of his little plantation, and the corn was yet on the stalk, and the potatoes in the ground. The trees, stripped of their covering, no longer afforded shelter to the miserable hovel, and the hermit lay exposed to the chilling wind, warmed only by the poor sheep which huddled round him, having followed him to his retreat for protection from the blast, or for the food which the bare and frozen banks now denied them.

He received thankfully the provisions we offered, but resisted every proposal for removing him to a more comfortable asylum, or even for improving the miserable pallet on which he lay. He showed no symptoms of any particular disease, but a general decline of the powers of life. His appearance was much altered, and his face of a transparent paleness; but this might well have been occasioned by the want of such food as his feeble appetite required. He felt quite sure he should be better now, and said he had lain in bed only to keep himself warm. Finding him resolute in rejecting further aid, the young people gathered a supply of fuel, and filled his kettle and hung it over a good fire, and arranged the few comforts we had brought on a ride shelf by the bedside, and we left him to himself, feeling that however grateful he might be for intended kindness, human society was evidently distasteful to him.

It was evident to us all that he was much softened since his illness. He no longer maintained an obstinate silence, nor when he spoke was it with that deep hoarse voice which had been remarkable before. There was more of refinement in his language, and of intelligence in his eye; and I could not help thinking that the roughness I had noticed had been artificial—assumed only to suit the character he had adopted. Our young people now visited him more frequently, and others, hearing of his indisposition, offered more comforts than he would consent to receive; but he declined gradually, so gradually, indeed, that those who saw him often were scarce aware of the change, until one morning he was found dead in his bed.* No clue to his name or kindred was found among his poor effects; but he had consigned to one favored individual a memoir of his life, or at least of that portion of it which had been passed among men. Other papers there were—the outpourings of a vehement spirit—of a rebellious and untamed heart, which had dared to sit in judgment on the decrees of the Most High, and to draw from the various calamities of life bold and blasphemous conclusions against the justice and goodness of Providence. These were of course committed to the flames; but the short record of his own disastrous career, written apparently in a different spirit, and after he had ceased to "contend against God," is here given, not without a hope that useful lessons may be derived from the errors of a proud and self-deifying heart.

—

THE HERMIT'S STORY.

My father was a substantial farmer. By unremitting industry in early life he had amassed a few hundreds, and these had become thousands by prudent management and rigid economy; so that from my earliest recollection he was at ease as to worldly possessions. His own career having been thus prosperous, he naturally desired that his only son should follow in his footsteps, and with his noble farm inherit his fondness for agricultural pursuits. Though deficient in education himself, he allowed me its advantages, and I was many years at school, with only the occasional interruption of a summons home when haying or harvesting required the entire force of the household. At such times my father spoke

* Those of our readers who were acquainted with New Haven twenty years ago will recognize in this sketch an attempt to describe the person known as "The Hermit of East Rock."

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often to me of his wish that I should be prepared to relieve him from the cares which his years began to render irksome; of my own good fortune in being the inheritor of such a farm, and of his in having a son capable of carrying out his plans of further improvement—but I was fated to disappoint him. Fated, did I say! Let me rather own that at school I imbibed a love of letters, but not a sense of duty; a high opinion of my own powers, and a secret conviction that those powers would be wasted in the inglorious occupation of tilling the ground. My thirst for knowledge referred only to mental gratification; and I pursued my studies with an ardor of which those who have always had ready access to the treasures of literature can have but little conception. At home I scarce saw a book, beyond the Bible and a few elementary works; and when at college my eyes first opened upon the stores of ages, I became absolutely intoxicated with delight, and rioted indiscriminately in whatever seemed for the moment most desirable to my excited fancy. The result of this kind of reading was any thing but advantageous. Mental dissipation is scarcely less injurious to the moral sense than is its ruinous brother vice. The generous and self-denying virtues are almost as incompatible with the one as with the other. Under the influence of my new-found pleasure it cost me not a pang to disappoint the long-cherished hopes of my father, and it was with a secret swell of conscious superiority that I announced to him my resolution never to be a farmer.

His anger and his astonishment knew no bounds. He bitterly lamented his folly in having sent me to college, "although," as he observed, "there was nothing in the nature of learning to make a fool of a boy." This was very true, yet the small and ill-chosen and worse digested amount of it which I had imbibed, had only filled my head with vanity, and my heart with undutiful thoughts. The entreaties of my mother and sister delayed the catastrophe for awhile. My father consented to try me at business, and I condescended to be tried; but nothing but disaster ensued. When not willfully careless, I was ruinously absent-minded, and it was not until I had killed half the cows, by letting them spend the night in a field of clover, and spiked the best horse on the tongue of a stage-coach, while I lay reading Thomson's Summer on the top of a load of hay, that my poor father gave it up in despair. He gave me a small amount of money, a horse, and a supply of clothing, and then, with anger in his eye and grief and mortification in his heart, sent me to seek my fortune where I could find a situation more congenial to my taste.

In spite of my headstrong folly I could not but feel a little misgiving as I turned my back on my home, and on the kindest of mothers, and prepared to try the wide world for a subsistence. The "still small voice" that upbraided me with the sorrow of my parents I strove to silence by a determination to return to them when I should have earned a name and a fame that should cover the waywardness of my youth, and crown their latter days with pride and joy. As a stepping-stone to fortune, however, it was highly necessary that I should at once determine upon some mode of earning a regular subsistence, and my passion for books, not to say my incapacity for any thing else, pointed at once to the situation of a teacher. I had no dread of this occupation. I ascribed the various satirical descriptions of its horrors to the incapacity of those who had attempted it. To a teacher qualified as I felt myself to be, I was confident the whole favored district would throng; and I anticipated with delight the astonishment of the natives when they discovered the attainments of their schoolmaster.

The first difficulty that occurred when I sought this delightful employment was the lack of proper testimonials. It had not entered my mind that a person of my appearance and acquirements would need credentials among ignorant rustics; but I found, with no little disgust, that I was required to go through the whole formula of recommendations and certificates, and prove my title to the honor of teaching a district school by as many papers as would have served to accredit a minister plenipotentiary. A long interval occurred before certificates could arrive from my Alma Mater, and by the time I had been examined and entered upon my new duties, an acquaintance with my patrons and their children had served to damp my ardor considerably. I dropped, by degrees, the hope of making orators and statesmen out of the materials committed to my care; and contented myself with the more modest hope of eradicating some of the bad habits and ignorant conceit of my pupils—a sad and discouraging task. To write upon blank paper is easy, but when the surface has already been scribbled over, who can expect to produce fair and graceful lines?

Most of my scholars were the sons of farmers, who had no idea that the whole of a child's time ought to be given to the school. Many omissions occurred, and those who did attend regularly came to the writing-desk or the reading class with hands hardened by labor, or heads preoccupied by more congenial ideas. These difficulties, however, lessened in no degree the expectations of the parents.

"I expect," said one sturdy father to me, "that now we've got sich a high-larnt master, my boy 'll write like copperplate afore the quarter's out;" and another, whose son spent a full month in committing the multiplication table, told me, he hardly knew how to spare him for three months, but he wanted he should "larn surveying."

The proportion of reasonable parents and capable children was lamentably small; but all this I could have borne if I had found what I expected—abundant leisure for reading. But, alas! the mornings and evenings, which were to have consoled me for the most laborious drudgery, were not at my command. That odious "boarding round"—a custom which ought to be abolished by statute—gave me every week a new home, if such sojourn may bear the sacred name of home; and every home seemed more uncomfortable than the last. One single fire for the household during all the morning business

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made reading impossible in Winter weather; and in the evenings, when, children and business being out of the way, I might have had a chance by the fireside, I found myself so fagged by the labors of the day, that even books had no charm which could sustain my drooping eyelids. The comfortable and well ordered home I had left often rose sweet and tempting upon my weary soul; but pride forbade me to confess my error and seek again its sheltering roof. I knew my father would be ready to receive me at a word; but that word I determined never to speak.

To a temperament such as mine, the trials at which I have but hinted were unreasonably severe. Better regulated minds would have found them much more tolerable; to me they were irons entering the soul, and I felt often tempted to fly from them, as I had done from other and far less evils that had thwarted my bent at home. I did, however, exercise sufficient self-command to fulfill my agreement; but no entreaties could induce me to engage with the same set for another season; and with the pittance which my Winter of torment had earned, I set forward again, hoping to find some nook of earth where the abilities which I still valued, though at a more reasonable rate, might procure me a livelihood while I was deciding on a permanent plan of life.

I came just at evening upon a lovely spot—a village lying on a small but rapid stream which flowed through a highly cultivated valley. There was a mill with its busy, pleasant hum; a smith's shop round which the usual number of idlers were collected; a neat tavern where there were no idlers at all; one pretty street through which, at this sunset hour, many fair forms were flitting; and, on the brow of a hill which overlooked the whole, a church on whose taper spire the last rays of the sun seemed to linger with affectionate delay. I gazed with delight, and, still sanguine as ever, decided that this favored spot should be my home for the present. A school *here*, I thought, could not be like other schools—and, as far as my own experience went, I was for once right.

There was no lack of testimonials this time, and I soon found myself established in a select school, which promised better support and more leisure than I had enjoyed in my former situation. I entered upon my new duties with interest, but had already begun to discover that all schools in the country are alike in some particulars, when an incident occurred which changed at once the bent of my repining thoughts, and the whole color of my life.

Margaret ——, a beautiful girl whose health had from childhood been so delicate as to prevent her from attending school regularly, was now, in her seventeenth year, placed under my charge. Her father, the rich man of the neighborhood, was anxious that Margaret should employ an interval of improved strength in repairing as far as possible the deficiencies of her early training, and he requested extra attention on my part, in the shape of private lessons, which brought me every evening to his house.

My imagination had often dwelt on the lovely beings who rise under the creative wand of the poet, and I had sighed to think that only in books may we hope to meet these shapes of beauty, lit from within by souls yet more divine; but in Margaret —— did my charmed eyes discover more than poet ever painted. The softest beauty—a clear and most ingenuous mind—and a gentleness which can never be feigned—all the qualities which I should have chosen if I had been endowed, Pygmalion-like, with the power of giving life to the dreams of fancy, were united in this fair creature. There lacked only that knowledge which it was to be my blissful task to impart, and which her young enthusiasm drank in as does the thirsty earth the long delayed shower. How I rejoiced that her mind had been no further cultivated! I would not that any other breath should aid the expansion of this tender flower. And none other did: it was mine to watch its unfolding, and imbibe its fragrance; mine to wear it in my heart of hearts. Lessons which books do not furnish passed between the master and the pupil. Margaret accepted my offered heart, and as frankly gave her own in exchange; and in less than two years from the time when I first saw her she became the dearer part of myself.

Is not this a trick of the imagination? Have *I*—the outcast of society—the disowned of Heaven—the companion only of the beasts that perish—have *I* ever been the beloved of Margaret—the pride of our parents—the approved and applauded of all within our little circle? Is this cold and almost pulseless heart the same which once swelled with triumph as I gazed on my wife's sweet face, and fed my pride with the thought that if I had tamely yielded to the inglorious lot marked out by my father, I should never have found this—the world's best treasure? Alas! what darkness would have veiled that joyous scene if Fate had foreshown, in the place of the happy bridegroom, the squalid wretch whose appearance now scarcely claims kindred with his species!

My father, pleased with a wealthy and influential connection, made generous provision for my outset in life. My sister had married, and her husband proved a valuable substitute for an undutiful son. This fortunate circumstance conveniently served to quiet those troublesome whispers with which conscience would occasionally beset me. Yet the sadness which had become habitual to my mother's face conveyed a reproach to my better sense which selfish pride could never wholly disregard. Every look of hers told me that no son-in-law could ever supply my place to her; and that the disappointment occasioned by my cold-hearted desertion had thrown a chilling shade on the evening of her days. Yet one glance at my idol always sufficed to put to flight every repentant thought.

Yet the part of my life which I look back upon with the least remorse is the period that immediately followed my marriage. During those four happy years, inspired by the various excellences in my wife's character, I labored assiduously to correct my faults. I forgot my self-importance as far as possible, and endeavored to promote the happiness of all around me, even at the sacrifice of some of my own

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cherished inclinations. Imperfect as were my efforts, they were sincere, and with my Margaret, at least, eminently successful. Never was the pure light of our domestic happiness dimmed for a moment even by the overflowings of that wayward self-will which had so often brought tears to the eyes of my poor mother. How indeed could I have lived to tell this sad story, if to all the rest were added the recollection that I had ever inflicted one pang on that loving heart?

It was my intention, when I began this record, to have passed over the incidents of my early life, and to have recalled little more than the horrible catastrophe which has darkened the sun and extinguished the stars to my blighted soul for so many years. But with the attempt to say any thing of myself, human feelings and the natural longing for human sympathy revived at once within me. Recollections of the entire past flooded my soul, and would have vent. Far different have long been my contemplations, and who does not know that rebellious thoughts bring their own just misery with them? The very consolation which I experience in the recital of my sorrows, reproaches me with the insane folly of having withdrawn myself from my kind until I am no longer fit for their communion. But I must not lose time which I feel will be but short.

My father-in-law had large contracts connected with internal improvements, and, besides keeping his accounts, I frequently superintended the labors of his workmen in the quarry and in the forest. The latter was to me an ever new delight. To explore its tangled thickets, to roam through long branch-roofed vistas until the resounding strokes of the woodman were lost in the distance; and then, amid the hush of noonday twilight, to give myself up to romantic musings or to solemn contemplation, was among the very few enjoyments that could reconcile me to leaving my happy home, even for a day.

On one of these occasions, when I had strayed until hunger overtook me, and I had begun to think the way home would seem too long. I came unexpectedly upon an Indian wigwam. Its inmates, a young man and his mother, received me with grave courtesy; and, at my request for food, the white-haired squaw set before me corn-bread and succatash, with a calabash of water, which was nectar to my eager thirst. The young man, a tall and well-looking specimen of his race, was one whom we had employed in searching for timber suited to our purposes, and I took this opportunity to engage him to explore a new and wild tract for some trees of great size which were necessary at that time. His manner wore that cold and stern indifference which veils the fiery soul of his race; but he promised compliance and I left him, having in vain tried to press upon himself and his mother some compensation for my refreshment.

In consequence of my commission, Indian John, as this young man was called in the neighborhood, came several times to my house, and upon one occasion crossed my wife's path as she was going out. It was then that I learned that Margaret had a deep and unconquerable dread of an Indian. Her family accounted for it by the circumstance of her having been frightened by one when a child. The occurrence, as repeated to me, did not seem likely to have made so lasting an impression on the mind of a girl brought up on the outskirts of civilization; but it proved to be indelibly imprinted on her imagination, and was supposed to have been the first cause of her delicate health. A country girl entrusted with the care of her when four or five years old, took her one day into the woods near her father's, in search of wild flowers; and, leaving her under a tree to amuse herself with those already gathered, penetrated further, hoping to find some still brighter and more beautiful. In her absence a drunken Indian found the child, and for mere mischief, as is supposed, gave one of those shrill yells, said to be among the most appalling of all earthly sounds. The girl, brought back by the whoop, found Margaret in strong convulsions; and for some weeks she hovered between life and death, and afterward suffered many years from the enfeebled condition of her nerves. Ever since that time she had dreaded the sight of one of the dark race, and I now understood why she had always declined my invitations to go with me to the forest. She refrained from mentioning her secret fears, for she shrunk from avowing what she considered a silly weakness. With her a weakness was not a thing to be boasted of, but to be struggled against and overcome.

But now that I had discovered this tender point, I made it my study to guard my beloved from every chance that could excite such painful feelings. I took measures to put an end to Indian John's visits—declining his services, and forbidding my men to employ him. Still he had requests to prefer, occasionally; and finding he continued to show himself at my door, I represented to him my wife's fears, and foolishly bribed him to absent himself. After this I found he would take advantage of my absence to apply for food or money, as if determined to enjoy the pleasure of tormenting one who dared to cast dishonor on his haughty race. At length, distracted by his pertinacity, I threatened and then struck him. He neither returned the blow nor offered resistance, when I put him forth forcibly, forbidding him ever to approach my doors again.

But Margaret never was at rest after that unhappy day. An Indian, she said, never forgave; and she was convinced, by the diabolical glance which John cast upon me as I spurned him from my door, that he would only wait some safe opportunity to take his revenge. She thought not of herself—her fears were for me alone; and I readily promised not to wander forth alone, as had been my wont, but for her sake to be ever wary of my exasperated enemy. Yet I often reminded her of the subdued condition of the Indian race. "The white man," I said, "has a bridle on the neck and a bit in the mouth of the savage; he has broken his spirit and bent him to his will. The red man is no longer the untamed and untamable. The deadly hatred, unappeasable but by the blood of the offender, is no longer part of his

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nature. His vices as well as his virtues have lost their savage strength. The whiskey of the white man has obliterated all that is fearful, as well as all that is grand, from his character. There is nothing to be feared from so contemptible a being as the wretched Indian."

She heard me shudderingly; for an antipathy so deeply rooted is not to be influenced by reasoning. I found her often depressed, and the paleness which had marked her when I first saw her, began again to encroach upon the roses which health and happiness had brought to her cheek. Hoping, by a temporary absence from the scene of such unpleasant impressions, to dissipate their effect, I proposed to her a visit of a few weeks to my parents, who were always delighted to have her with them, and to whom she was warmly attached. She assented gladly, and we prepared for the journey.

Visions of my home! how is it that, after all this dreary interval, ye rise on my soul with the freshness of yesterday! That pretty cottage—that trellised porch, with its pendant wreaths and its overhanging roof—the trees which my own hand planted, and which grew to my wish, as if proud to shade the dwelling of Margaret! How often, since that dreadful day, have I stood again amid those fairy scenes, holding that dear hand in mine, and listening, as of yore, to that softest voice; then started from my broken slumber to solitude and wretchedness! Oh! the bitterness of the contrast! Yet were not those gleams of bliss an earnest of what may yet be in store for the reclaimed wanderer?

Being obliged to be absent for a few hours in preparing for leaving home, I took my wife to her father's, not liking to leave her exposed to any agitating accident in her present feeble state. I told her I would return to tea, and bade her be ready to set out for my father's on the morrow. "Ready, aye, ready!" was her smiling reply, as I mounted and rode off, full of spirits and fearless of all ill. When I reached the spot where the road wound round a hill not far distant, I turned to exchange a parting sign, knowing that Margaret would watch me till I disappeared. She never looked lovelier. She stood on the steps of the portico, one arm thrown round a slender pillar, and the rich drapery of honeysuckle mingling with the bright tresses which descended in curls to her bosom. As I gazed, she kissed a white rose which she tossed toward me, and then waved her hand as if to bid me begone. Why do I describe her appearance at that particular moment, when I must have seen her so often with greater advantages of dress and situation. Alas! it was the last time! I never saw her thus again.

After finishing my business at the nearest town, I hastened homeward, and reached my father-in-law's about dark. On inquiring for Margaret, I found she had gone home half an hour before, having yet some little affairs to attend to, in preparation for her journey. I hurried home, but no fond welcome awaited me. My wife had not returned. I stood as if transfixed. A dread misgiving seized me; yet it was so indefinite that I knew not which way my fears pointed. Her maid thought she might have gone for some trifling purchase to the village quite near us, but on inquiry it was found that she had not been seen there. Every house in the neighborhood was tried, and the alarm became general. Her father now joined me, and his first inquiry was whether any Indians had been seen about. Well do I remember the icy dart that pierced my heart at that question. After all my incredulity, I felt at once certain that Indian John was in some way concerned in our loss. This was at once confirmed by the answer of a boy in the crowd, that he had met Indian John on the road, on horseback, with a sick squaw wrapped in a blanket before him; and, he added, that he thought that he had the squire's bay horse. I flew to the stable—the horse was gone.

We were soon mounted and on our way to the woods. I burst the door of the wigwam—it was deserted. We had now no clue to guide us, but followed any path we happened to descry, by the light of a clouded moon. Once or twice we found the clearings of white men, but when aroused they could give us no information. At length, just as the day was breaking, we reached the bank of a river, and a log-hut, the owner of which told us there were wigwams on the opposite side. I was about to dash into the stream, but the man called to me to take his boat. The ford was not safe, he said, though an Indian had crossed it that night on horseback. I left the boat for men in their senses, and made my own way across, I know not how.

From this moment my recollections begin to be less distinct. I remember the beating of my heart, which shook me from head to foot. I remember, too, that with a tiger-like stealth, I crept to the nearest hut, and looked through a crevice in the side. I see my wife now—as she sat on the ground, propped against the wall—her face pale and swollen, and her eyes so fixed and glassy that I thought for a moment I beheld but her lifeless body. But the Indian too was there, and, as he moved, those deathlike orbs turned their ghastly light upon him, with an expression of such terror—I stood like stone—cold, powerless, almost senseless—till he moved toward her—then, with a yell like his own, I sprung upon him—but I know no more. . . . . .

We were in the boat on the river—they put an oar into my hands, and my wife lay in her father's arms unconscious of our presence, or of any thing that had befallen her. One man steered, and another held the cord with which they had bound the arms of the Indian. My mind was perfect chaos—but one idea stood out clear amid the confusion—that was vengeance. "Vengeance!" seemed the voice of every breath I drew, and all distracted as I was, I had yet mind enough left to plan its execution. I had no weapon for instant action; but the idea of plunging the wretch into the water, as soon as Margaret should be in safety, and holding him there until his hated breath had ceased, feasted my boiling passions, and I rowed with convulsive eagerness to hasten the blissful moment. Vengeance was sure, and already I seemed to roll the sweet morsel under my

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tongue, when the Indian, bursting the cord, with one bound sprung over me, seized Margaret, and, with a yell of triumph, plunged with her into the water. I followed, but rage blinded me; and he easily eluded my grasp, darting off whenever I approached, and always keeping his helpless burthen under water. At length, casting toward me the now lifeless corpse, he made for the farther shore. To others I left the care of my beloved, while I pursued her destroyer. I overtook him as he gained the opposite bank, grappled with him, and snatching his own knife, buried it in his heart. He fell dead, but my hatred still survived. I continued to plunge the weapon again and again into his abhorred carcase, until my fiery strength failed, and I sunk exhausted and insensible upon the ground. The efforts of those about me recalled me to a brief sense of my misery, but fever and delirium followed, and, before I recovered my reason, the form I had so idolized was forever hidden from my sight.

From the time that I once more awoke to the knowledge of my utter desolation, my mind has never possessed its original clearness, until now that the light of another world seems rapidly opening upon it. Yet I remember the slow return of reason, and that the first use I made of my powers was to crawl to the window of the room to look at my once happy home. I had been carried to my father-in-law's, and nursed with all the care that cruel kindness could suggest, to preserve a life which could be but a burthen. My illness must have been of long continuance. The fields were bare; the trees were in the latest livery of autumn. The little brook, bound in icy chains, no longer sparkled on its way, as when Margaret and I last stood on its green banks, and spoke of its sweet music, and of the old willow which shaded half its width. Death seemed stamped upon all things. When my eye rested on that beloved roof—the window where she sat at work so often—the arched gate at which she used to wait my alighting—I expected to see a funeral procession pass down its leaf-strewed walk. When I last saw it, all was repose and beauty without; all love and happiness within. Now—but who can enter into such feelings? Let me hasten to a conclusion.

When my strength returned, and I was endeavoring to form some definite plan for the wretched remnant of life, I was informed that a trial would be necessary. A trial! It was but a form, they said, but it must be submitted to. I was passive—dumb with utter misery—yet I must undergo an examination, and I did endure it; I remember the tearing open of my yet bleeding wounds—the coarse handling of those who could not conceive the torture they were inflicting; and I was told that I must be ready to answer yet again. From that time I brooded over the means of escape from this new suffering—not only for my own sake but for that of others. I shudder even now at the recollection of my feelings toward the unconscious questioner; for the madness of grief was yet on me, and the rude calling up of the image of my lost love, pale, dying, as I had last beheld her, brought also the blind rage of the moment, till I longed to clutch again the reeking knife. It was too much. I left the roof which so kindly sheltered my wretched head, and rushed onward without a plan—without a hope for the future. I need not dwell upon my unhappy wanderings; upon the cold, the hunger, the bitter suffering, which assails him who roams without money and without friends. The wants of the body were disregarded until they became intolerable, and then, if some kind hand did not give what nature required, I dug the earth for roots, or climbed the trees for nuts, like the scarce wilder denizens of the forest. By day my thoughts wandered in aimless misery from my past happiness to my present condition, too often mingling with thoughts of wo, blasphemous murmurings against the Author of my being. In dreams the last dread scene was a thousand times repeated. Again I grappled with the destroyer of my peace, and felt his warm blood in my face; or endued by a revengeful fancy with supernatural power, and no longer limited to such puny retribution, whole tribes seemed given to my revenge. I hunted them to the brink of precipices, and hurled them headlong down; or, kindling forests, and enclosing them within the blazing circle, I gloated upon their fierce agonies, unsatisfied even then. After a whole year of wandering, during which I endured more than words can describe, I bethought me of this wild spot. I had visited it once during my college life, and knew it was too difficult of access to be thought worth cultivation. Here I built this rude shed, and none noticed or molested me. One winter I had passed in the half-roofed hovel, but at the return of the next I left it for a warmer clime, but hastened back in the spring in time to plant for the support of the life I loathed, yet might not, unbidden, lay down. These journeyings, the tillage of this hard soil, and the daily wants which belong even to savage life, occupied much of my time; but I had still many hours of wretched leisure, in which to brood over the past, and to lift my daring thoughts in impotent questionings of the justice of God.

The change that has come over my feelings, though one which has turned darkness to light, and blasphemous murmurings to humble praises, is one which, with all its blessedness, I am unable to describe. I know not when it was that I began to be a new creature; but I know that the first proof of it to my own conviction, was the longing desire to return to my parents—to throw myself at their feet, and ask their forgiveness for my early fault. But, alas! I had thrown my life away. Not only were my habits such that I could now scarcely endure the sight of my fellow beings, but the years that had elapsed since my mad flight left no hope that my parents were yet among the living. I must carry this sorrow with me to the grave, in humble hope that my late repentance may be accepted. Having been found of Him that I sought not, I wait with a calmness beyond my hopes, for that happy moment when, in His good pleasure, He shall dismiss me from the scene of my sins and sufferings, to an union with the loved and lost.

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NI-MAH-MIN.

BY LOUIS L. NOBLE.

I.—*Three friends wander in the Ottawa land.*

THE HURON.

The Huron is a lovely river,
The loveliest below the moon;
It was of old,
'T is now so cold,
'Tawn* children shrink and shiver,
Wading it at noon.
O, it is a crystal river!
Wade it—you will shriek and shiver.
It hath, I ween, its sunless birth
Nigh the centre of the earth;
So dark, so deep, such silent things
The little lakes from which it springs.
Yea, from many a lonely lake
It windeth like a silver snake
To the winding vale
Ever to the drowsy willow,
Dreaming on its wavy pillow,
Murmuring a tale;
Ever babbling gentle vows
To the lowly bending boughs
In the breathing gale.
O, ye poets, bless the Giver
Of the happy Huron river!
Come sit with me upon the hill,
And own it is the sweetest still.

THE HILL.

By Huron river is a hill—
'T is steep, ascend it as you will;
And yet—I almost wonder why—
Albeit so sunny and so high,
The lazy woodman takes the time
Up the weary side to climb.
I pass it early, I pass it late,
When the deer is in his lair;
A something always, sure as fate,
Will make me linger there.
A little trail—a crooked path
Around the river-side it hath,
Leading to the summit-oak,
Gashed with many a hatchet-stroke;
The little trail, the jaggy path,
A wonder-working power it hath
Upon the foot, upon the eye,
To tempt you on, to tempt you high:
Thrice—you cannot help it well—
Thus it always each befell—
Just thrice, ere on the peak you are,
You pause to breathe and gaze afar.
At every turn, the wilderness
Doth liken fairy-land the more;
And, while you grow from little less,
The world looks wider than before.
Below the blue, the airy cope,
No fairer mount, no greener slope
Sweet blossoms yieldeth to the bee,
Or carpet for the panther's glee.

THE GRAVES.

The summit is bald as bald can be,
Save that ancient battle-tree,
And a weather-wasted stone,
Of old the hunter's seat,
While he picks and turns the bone
Whitening at his feet:
But loiter on the southern brow
With careful eye, and you will see,
Beneath a brooding cedar-bough,
Upon a little swell below,
Indian graves just three.
Just three there are, nor less nor more;
They tell you two—they tell you four;
But I have sat, and sat alone,
Upon the turf of every one,
When Autumn fires had swept so clean
The very mole-paths could be seen;
And so I know, without a guess,
They number three, no more nor less.
And each is but a simple mound,
With never a stone to mark the head;
Witch-hazels make a ring around,
A weeping ring around the dead.
Summer and Winter a lonely spot,
Yet lovely, and never to be forgot:
The fox he steps how lightly there!
And while I love that hallowed earth
Around the church in the vale of my birth,
I cannot all conceal the prayer
I feel, that bleat repose to share.

THE ASCENT.

It is, my youthful partners, we,
In holy friendship wedded three,
Who love to wander, hand to hand,
Round this olden Indian land.
Far away from men and strife
We lead a wild romantic life;
Kissing friends with every spring
Where a shade the willows fling;
Fatal lovers, tenderest foes
To the timid bucks and does.
You missed your deer in yonder dell,
And I my lordly elk—'t was well.
Last night our pony broke his fetter—
To range than serve a king is better—
I would not bear upon my back
The burden of a pony's pack;
And so, I say, 't was meet and well
Our rifles failed us in the dell.
The shades are long, the sun is low—
Down the endless trail we go.
Courage! yet a mile or two,
And we gain our bark canoe.

Yonder, rising o'er the trees,
Like a billow on the seas,

* 'Tawa—the native abbreviation for Ottawa.

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When the bosom of the deep
Heaveth in its awful sleep,
See the Huron's monarch height
Smiling to his lakes "good night."

Hold! we're in the magic track—
Keep we on, or wander back?
Draw your gun-rod—let it fall—
Woodmen so determine all:
Back or forward—both are right—
Woodmen never fear the night:
Be green the turf and cool the stream,
Sweetly till the dawn they dream.
Though fairies haunt the mazy trail,
Hunters never fear nor fail—
Forward, see, the rod will fall—
Hunters so determine all.

How the distant river flashes
Where it on the rapid dashes!
See the currents cross and curl!
See the glistening eddies whirl!
Bark the murmur and the hum!
Through the silent air they come:
Waters break the blessed calm—
Bees are busy on the balm.
At the dying hour of day,
How rich and vast the far-away!
Passion-flushed, the virgin blue
Woos the distant deepening green;
Warm lakes breathe the roseate hue
Listening woods and lawns between.

Merrily round the waters flow—
Wearily upward now we go;
Many a lazy footstep up,
Ere upon the peak we sup.
Steeper still the pathway grows—
Merrily yet the river flows;
Deepening, darkening, ere it rolls
Smoothly on to the sunny shoals.
Quick!—'t is gone—the sun is down—
Bright is fading into brown:
The air is thin—the air is chill—
Hurra!—we're on the Indian hill.

—

—The three friends sit by the fire of their encampment. Two are startled. The third, with philosophy, calls them to quiet; and, under mysterious influence, unfolds a scene in an ancient story; in which a character is introduced.

THE ENCAMPMENT.

O, happy in the times of old
Were the roving red men bold!
O, happy we, with sinnah ripe*
In the soothing nut-brown pipe,
With pleasing quiet thought to play,
While the evening wears away!
Why look behind? what rises near?
Whence those hasty looks of fear?
A blazing brand has fallen apart—
No more—and still with dread you start.
Over the shoulder do not gaze,
But calmly on that peaceful blaze:
Dismiss each strange disturbing doubt;
There 's nothing but the night without;
And yield, my youthful friends, to me
A moment for philosophy.

* Sinnah—Tobacco.

THE PHILOSOPHY.

'T was once I watched this fire alone,
And heard, or thought I heard, a moan:
Fear I never felt till then;
It brought me to my feet again:
What sound it was I will not say;
Nor shall I to my dying day:
Though well I know I might have found
A cause in nature for the sound,
It moved my soul no less with dread
Than it had been the walking dead.

It was, I own, the faith of youth—
Feelings echo now its truth—
That that which works the trouble here,
And wraps the mortal mind with fear,
Or prompts its mightiest power to cast
Its fancy-light upon the past,
Is soul, is spirit—three or four—
Linked to freshly form no more;
Yet lingering, flitting round at will,
At dawn, or dusk, returning still,
Becomes, and all for love, the mind
Of things it loved and left behind.
An owl hoots on a perished limb—
A hungry wolf is mocking him—
Wood-pigeons in the shade, a pair,
Mournful make the pensive air—
Zephyrus breathes—the hard oaks strive,
In all their weaving boughs alive—
And cooling, dappling shadows play
Where glassy waters whirl away—
What is it?—will it ever be—
It has not always been to me—
The music, motion, and the might
Of the communing, loving sprite?
Ah, what are they but voice and wings
In which a spirit flies and sings,
For pleasure in the being free
Creatures to make its organ be,
And thus reveal by things of sense
Its presence ere we wonder hence?
Nay, more, the sympathies which bind
With being being, friend with friend,
And in mysterious union wed
The living and the viewless dead,
Go forth and hail the shadow guest,
What time the graver passions rest,
And bid him welcome to the breast:
Alarmed, the startled senses hear
Strange converse at the inward ear;
Fear feeling wakes—around we gaze—
Thought moulds, and busy fancy plays
With deeds unwrit of former days.

THE INSPIRATION.

And now be calm, although there be
A goodlier company than three;
Although a fourth, unheard, unseen,
Our wedded hearts hath come between:
For love, no doubt, it would unfold
Its ancient story all untold;
A tale—could death awake from dust,
And wipe the scalping-knife of rust—
Three warriors, through the evening gloom,
Would tell us from their lowly tomb.
Companions, what 's the trouble? why
So fix me with a fearful eye?
Glows on my cheek an Indian hue?—
Behold, the flames are red, are blue,

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And yield, as fitfully they flare,
A glossy blackness to my hair:
Or has my low familiar tone
A ring, a richness not its own?
Mercy! what's the work and will?
Troubled looks are on me still:
Am I asleep, and strangely dreaming?
Voice and vision all a seeming?
Or do you see, in sooth, in me
A warrior of a century?
Yes, the Spirit of the height
Holds and rules me for the night:
Fancy, feeling, all myself
Fades into the haunting elf;
And I utter not mine own—
All the tale is his alone.

THE VISION.

Heavily sinks the evening's black;
The flame how feebly beats it back;
Flashing it through the curling smoke
Now and then a sudden stroke.
See! yonder in the upper dark,
With waning brightness whirls a spark.
It wanders on—it winds alone—
It hangs—it faints—and look!—'tis gone.
And yet it surely did not die
To other than the outward eye?
It sees it still—the mental sight;
Bathes in and breathes its mystic light,
As on it courses far and fast
To pierce the dimness of the past.
Ah! what is that I now behold,
Following in its wake of gold?
A comet swelling to a sun,
As the ideal bound is won;
And gilding, as it gleams below,
Our mount a hundred years ago.

MO-WAH.

A 'Tawa bounds before a flame:
He is a runner of might and fame;
And he must speed it with the wind
To leave that billow of fire behind:
The strong gale whistles the hungry flame
Fiercely on to the flying game;
And though he flee like a wolf-chased doe,
Peril and wo to that Ottawa—wo!
Deep in the prairie, like a break
In the broad night-cloud, sleeps a lake:
To every hunter, alive or dead,
It was, and is, a pond of dread:
It never was frozen, yet ever is cold;
And its depth was never told:
And Mo-wah is as bold a man
As breasts the swell of Mich-i-gan;
Yet never in the hottest chase
Hath he bathed his heated face,
Nor sought the elk that turned to slake
His death-thirst in the magic lake:
But will he shun its margin now,
And to the red destroyer bow?
Shall the enchantment of a tale,
Unknown, untold beyond its vale,
That spirit chum which ne'er could yield
Upon the bloodiest battle field?
'Tis dark among the darkest ones,
That tale—he thinks it as he runs.

A murdered sire—a mother wild—
A ruined and deserted child—
The blackest heart—the foulest hand
Of proudest chief in 'Tawa land—
The chant of the distracted girl,
While the flames around her curl,
And she dances just beyond
On the border of the pond,
Ere upon the blue she springs,
Murmuring, when no more she sings,
"When the fires of Autumn chase
The falsest, darkest of my race
To the first and only bride
Who will not tremble at his side;
In the waning of the moon,
At the warning of the loon,
Let the bridal maidens come
With the garlands and the drum;
While they beat and sing it low,
We will dance and drown below;
When the hoot-owl shouts for day,
Then my curse shall pass away."
'T is dark among the darkest ones,
The tale—he thinks it as he runs.

The trembling sod begins to sink;
A bound will fetch him to the brink;
Streaming o'er his shoulders bare,
Blazes snatch and crisp his hair;
Hark!—but once—a startling yell—
And onward rolls the crackling swell:
A lurid whirl—a wild hurra
Hath swallowed lake and Ottawa:
As when a thousand tramp the turf,
The prairie feels the fiery surf;
And welkin, woods, and vales afar
Partake to loneliest deeps the jar.
Hark—hark again! a pealing shout,
Like victor in the battle rout—
Lo! the fading blackness through
He rises on the scowling blue:
Aloft, his red hand clenched in ire,
A moment mocks the baffled fire;
Then leaps he to the smoking plain,
And Mo-wah is "The Bold" again.

—

Light, life is from the vision past;
'Twas beautiful, and richly wrought:
Ah! why could not the picture last?
Ah! how hath faded all to naught?
Perchance, at this, its first creation,
For aye, the prompting sprite has fled;
Perchance that cheerless desolation
A gloom around the fancy shed:
Stir the dying brands do you,
I will shape the tale anew.

—

III.—*The story-teller proceeds with his tale. The spirit of Mish-qua-gen, whose name he assumes, prompts him to speak in the present time. Three more of the chief characters are introduced.*

THE MEETING.

I feel a hunter, hale and young;
Mine arrow is sure, my bow is strung;
By the mossy yellow log
I look, I listen here—
Hark! he comes, my yelping dog;
Before him trips a deer:
He is a buck of antler good;
How fast he leaves the sounding wood!

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But, ah! he sniffs me in the wind—
He tucks, and leaves the hound behind.
On the mossy yellow log,
Chilly and damp, I linger here:
Look! he comes, my weary dog;
Life to the bounding deer!

List to the lonely wood-dove's moan!
She sings because she sits alone
Upon her native tree:
'T is all for grief—she has no fear;
She knows no hawk, no archer near,
Nor sees what I can see—
The hoary chief of Huron's hill
Come lightly in the morning still.

"Whoop! whoop!" how loud the woodlands ring!
Aloft the pigeon vaults;
Flashes in mist her shining wing;
The ancient hunter halts.

Mish-qua-gen. Whither, old man, in the foggy dawn,
By hazle-thicket and willow-lawn?
Sear boughs weave in the morning wind,
The narrow trail is crooked and blind,
Age has dimmed the hunter's sight,
And frosted his glossy hair,
Whither, alone in the early light,
I say, does the old man fare?

Old Man. Whoop! Hugh! what does a warrior mind
A chilly mist, or an autumn wind,
Who hath not asked, on the track of a foe,
A warmer bed than a drift of snow?
Hugh! whoop! what is it to him,
A tangled trail, though crooked and dim,
Who never will thrid a forest where
He hath not crept to the den of a bear?
Though Time has gently dropped me down
The wintry hues of an eagle's crown,
I yet can ruffle his plumes as when
I bent the ash with younger men.
I shot the king of the bucks last night;
I shot him alone, in the cool starlight,
And hung him high on a bended beech,
Out of the springy panther's reach:
Thither I fare, in the early light,
For the king of the bucks I killed last night.

Mish-qua-gen. Pull the wolf-skin round thy breast;
On this mossy maple rest;
Thou hast thoughts and words at will,
Youthful blood, old chief, to thrill.

Old Man. Mish-qua-gen, no! though true it be
The past has yet a voice in me;
Though deeds of death and danger roll
Like Huron o'er Wah-se-gu's soul;
I have not, by my co-mon,* here
A tale, Mish-qua-gen, for thine ear:
A word—no more—when Man-i-tot
His children gives a hunting-snow,
A parting look to thy week-wam smoke,
And come away to the warrior's oak.

WAH-SE-GA.

That is the chief of Wash-te-naw,
Old Huron's noblest Ottawa;
He dwells, where dwelt his sire before,
Upon the river height;
He hunts, as he was wont of yore,
In the misty morning light.

NI-MAH-MIN.

He hath a son, a younger son,
The tallest brave of many a one;
He bends his father's bow:
Of fifty falcon-footed men,
By flame or flood, the fleetest ten
To him are slack and slow:
Ni-mah-min bends a bow of fame;
To him the fastest ten are lame.

ME-NAK.

He hath a son, an elder son,
The mildest chief of many a one;
He darts his father's spear:
Of ten canoes that dive and dash
Where fierce the rapids foam and flash,
Nine rock and roll in fear:
Me-nak he is a spearman brave;
In sport he rides the roughest wave.

I know the red-armed 'Tawas well:
Full often, at the feast of deer,
We listen, while the fathers tell
O'er battles of a by-gone year:
And when the banquet hour is past,
Our hatchets at the oak we cast;
And greener marksmen side and see
Whose hand is surest of the three.

—

How delicate the glowing thread
By which the soul is fancy-led!
A trembling gossamer that breaks
In the vision where it shakes.
A whisper, where the night wind weaves
Away among the upper leaves,
Quick hath changed the hunter hale,
With his panting dog,
To the teller of a tale,
By a burning log.

How the voiceless, solemn night
Crowds upon our little light?
A giant oak, of rugged bark,
All its ancient wounds o'ergrown,
Half in glimmer, half in dark,
Guards us in the gloom alone:
The battle oak, of ragged bark,
Alone stands out of the voiceless dark.
Haply, the senseless whisper there
Is but a habit of the air;
A gentle breathing, which it keeps
Because it on the water sleeps;
And is, in all that endless sound,
To sudden noise and echoes round,
Just what the eternal swell of ocean
Is to its mighty billowy motion.

List! it whispers on again,
Softer, sadder now than then—
Ha! the rising smoke—it weaves
Away among the upper leaves,
And wrought that gentle, quick alarm
Which snapped the thread and broke the charm.
Morning darkens into gloom:
The hoary archer, Huron's chief,
Is stiller than the last-year leaf
A-mouldering on his tomb.

* Co-mon—Scalping-knife. † Man-i-to—The Great Spirit.

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IV.—*The story-teller, as Mish-qua-gen, proceeds. The last character but one introduced. The action of the poem commences.*

Youth claims a thousand sympathies;
A thousand, all unasked, we give;
Arouse ye, boys, and ope your eyes!
The heart upon the past does live:
And hence a joy I feel to be
Once more that bowman young:
How fleet my foot! how light and free!
His spirit sure is moving me—
Is speaking in my tongue.

THE HUNTING-SNOW.

Save young Mish-qua-gen, at his will,
Who walks, to-night, the Huron hill?
Say rather, in the frosty dawn,
Who looks but me upon the lawn,
Upon the vale below?
A fleecy slumber the breath it takes,
The moccasin a music makes,
A music in the snow.

Hark! it leaps from dell to dell,
The echo of the cracking ice:
Hunters would not have you tell—
For then 'twould be to tell it twice—
When split the lakes with thunder-sound,
A glorious day is coming round.
Who moves upon the mount but me?
Look around the big oak tree!
The early smoke of the sach-em's fire
Than ten tall pines is shooting higher;
And many are stirring in the gray
To catch the promise of the day.
Lo! ke-sus* comes: a mighty spark
Is burning on the woodlands dark:
He comes: the wondrous blush, that stole
Upon the azure of the pole,
Fades with the bright eternal star;
And the blue on high, and the earth afar
Return the everlasting smile
That would their splendor cold beguile.
Meeting, parting, many a pair
Look and loiter here and there;
Beating every breast with pleasure,
While they grove and prairie measure:
Fairest morn it is of four;
Track and trail are drifted o'er:
And not a browsing buck will shake
The shining snow from bush or brake
That will not grieve that he could dare,
To-day, to wander from his lair.

Hast thou a goodlier sight beheld,
Wah-se-ga, in thy days of eld?
Beneath thy native oak they stand,
The best, the bravest of the land—
Sharp-eyed Ko-mon of red scalp-lock,
Ke-kose of Wa-co-min-qui-ock;†
Mu-quah of woody Wush-te-nung,
And Wah-ca-quet in dances sung,
Tong-quish the tall, and Too-ta-gen,
With forty more, all mighty men;
Albeit, I trow, it were not well
The name or fame of more to tell,
Save three—that wonder of the wave,
Me-nak, the mild, the spearman brave—
The archer fleet, of Huron old,
Ni-mah-min—and Mo-wah, "the bold;"
It is a goodly sight to see!—
They circle thy paternal tree.

THE DANCE.

The drum! the hollow, hollow drum—
One beat for two of the drummer's heart—
Tum—tum—tum—
And swelling under,
Low like thunder,
Comes the heavy hum;
And the singers mind their part:
The circle all hath hanging hands,
Sinking, rising, where it stands—
Ever sinking at the knee,
Timing with the minstrelsy;
They have lent and sung it twice—
Hark! the tune is closing thrice—
"Whoop!" the desert has the din—
Swiftly on the toe they spin.
Now their silvery voices blending,
Forward, backward, twisting, bending,
Arrows tossing, bounding high,
Rudely on the ring they fly;
Wampum rattling, bells a-jingling,
Dogs bewildered, madly mingling—
"Whoop!" the desert owns the peal—
All come down upon the heel.

Wah-se-ga see! a warrior he—
A fine old warrior—one of three;
He marches from the week-wam door,
Between them, yet a pace before.
That silent eye, though calm and still,
Does all the silent circle thrill;
And words are in his heart, they know,
When his keen eye is silent so.

THE ELK.

"Wah-se-ga on his bear-skin dreams—
The sach-em with the seer, I trow,
Of old, was child of Man-i-to—
Wah-se-ga on his bear-skin dreams,
An elk there lives by 'Tawa streams
A spirit-hand, in spirit-land,
Would hunt upon the silver sand.
No mortal eye hath seen his path;
No lair, no drinking-place he hath;
And yet in winding Huron's groves,
Moon after moon, he boldly roves:
Forever blest the hand will be
That sets the Elk of Huron free.

"Upon his breast a shining star
Will mark him to the eye afar—
But hold! he bears a charmed life—
Naught but the prophet's sacred knife,
And sach-em's feathery shaft, they say,
Can ever take that life away.
Me-nak, my son, be thine the deed;
The first-born well may claim the meed;
Thy father's bow—the prophet's steel
Death to the goblin elk will deal:
But yet if one in all the ring
There be, who fain would try his string,
My wam-pum girdle be the prize,
That hour the king of antlers dies.
Hunters, away!—in spirit-land,
They wait upon the silver sand;
Forever blest the hand will be
That sets the Elk of Huron free."

[*To be continued.*

* Ke-sus—The Sun.
† Wa-co-min-qui-ock, or Wa-co-mut-qui-ock—The old name for the Huron river.

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JOHN PAUL JONES.

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER, AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY," ETC.

Few names connected with the American marine have so much claim to celebrity as that of the subject of this sketch. His services were of a character so bold and romantic, the means he employed were seemingly so inadequate to the ends he had in view, and his success, on one occasion in particular, so very brilliant as to have given rise, on the part of his political and personal enemies, to much unmerited and bitter calumny, while his admirers and friends have been induced to lean a little too strongly to the side of eulogy and undiscriminating praise. As the matter of the life and character of this distinguished officer has been frequently the subject of comment in biographies, of more or less merit, within the last few years, and a great mass of evidence has been produced to remove the veil which was so long drawn before his early years, this is perhaps the time when an attempt may best be made to arrive at a just appreciation of the deeds of the officer, and the qualities of the man. In assuming this task, we shall avail ourselves of such of the best authenticated facts that offer, reasoning for ourselves on their results and principles.

There are no longer any doubts thrown over the birth and early life of Paul Jones. His grandfather was a regular gardener, in the neighborhood of Leith, of the name of Paul. His father, John Paul, was apprenticed to the same trade, and at the expiration of his indentures, he entered into the service of Mr. Craik, of Arbigland, in which situation he passed the remainder of his days. We have the assertion of Jones himself, that there never existed any connection between the Earl of Selkirk and his father, as has been long and generally asserted; and we may add, the present head of that noble family has assured the writer of this article that the Pauls were never in the service of his grandfather.

John Paul, the gardener of Craik, of Arbigland, married Jean Macduff, the daughter of a small farmer in the parish of New Abbey. Seven children were the fruits of this connection, two of which died in infancy. John was the youngest of the remaining five. William, the eldest of the family, left Scotland at an early age, and finally married and settled at Fredericksburgh, in Virginia. He was the principal cause of subsequently attracting his distinguished brother to America. The daughters were Elizabeth, Janet and Mary Ann. The first never married; the second became the wife of a watchmaker in Dumfries, of the name of Taylor; and the third had two husbands, the first of whom was named Young, and the second Loudon. Several of the descendants of these sisters came to America, where some of them are now living.

John, the fifth and youngest surviving child of this humble family, was born July 6th, 1747, at Arbigland, in the parish of Kirkbean, Scotland. His early education was such as marked his condition, in a country like the land of his birth. It was plain, substantial, and moral. The boy appears to have improved his limited opportunities, however, for while his taste, sentiments and language, in after life, betray the exaggeration of an imperfect instruction, his handwriting, orthography and principles prove that the essentials had not been neglected. Still, the acquirements he obtained at school could not have been great, for we find him regularly apprenticed to the sea at the age of twelve. His master was a Mr. Younger, a merchant in the American trade, and a resident of Whitehaven, a port at the entrance of the Solway, in the adjoining kingdom of England.

Thus far, there was nothing unusual in the career of the boy. He neither ran away to go to sea, nor did any thing to throw a tinge of romance around this period of his life. His first voyage was to America; with which country his personal connection may be said to have commenced at the age of thirteen. The vessel in which he sailed was the Friendship, of Whitehaven, Benson master, and her destination the Rappahannock. Here he found his brother William established, and, while in port, young Paul became an inmate of his house.

Jones manifested great aptitude for his profession, and soon acquired all that portion of seamanship that is not dependent on experience and judgment; the last two being ever the work of time. The affairs of his master becoming embarrassed, however, the indentures were given up, and the lad was left to shift for himself at an age when counsel and government were the most necessary. It is a proof that young Paul was not a common youth, that there is no difficulty in tracing him through all this period of his humble career. As soon as left to his own exertions he shipped as third mate in the King George, a slaver out of Whitehaven. This must have occurred about the year 1765, or when he was eighteen, as we find him, in 1766, the first mate of the Two Friends, of Kingston, Jamaica, a vessel in the same trade. It would seem that he made but two voyages to the coast of Africa, and his tender years, necessities, and the opinions of the day, may well prove his apology. The pursuit did not please him, and he left the Two Friends on her return, and

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sailed for Whitehaven, as a passenger, in the John of that port. This circumstance proved of great importance to him, for the master and mate died of yellow fever, on the passage, when Mr. Paul assumed the direction, and carried the vessel safely to her haven. His reward was the command of the brig he had most probably been the means of saving.

This must have occurred in the year 1767. Here, then, we find our hero, the son of an humble gardener, in command of a sea-going craft, at the early age of twenty, or at that of twenty-one, at the latest. Such preferment frequently occurs in cases where connections and patronage unite to push a youth forward; but never with the obscure and unpatronized, without the existence of a high degree of merit. We want no better evidence that Paul was discreet, intelligent, industrious and worthy of respect, at that period of his life, than this single fact; merchants never trusting their property out of their reach without sending their confidence along with it. The new master also discharged the duties of supercargo; additional proof of the early stability of his character.

Our young seaman sailed but two years in this employment. It is probable that he left the service of the house which had given him his first command in consequence of a prosecution that was instituted against him, for causing the death of the carpenter of his brig, a man named Mungo Maxwell. This occurrence was the foundation of much calumny against Jones, when, at a later day, the passions and interests of nations got to be connected with his character. The circumstances appear to have been as follows.

Jones had occasion to correct Maxwell, in the usual nautical mode, or by flogging. The punishment was probably severe, and it is equally probable that it was merited. The man, shortly after, shipped in another vessel called the Barcelona Packet, where he died in the course of a week or two, after a few days of low spirits, accompanied by fever. This occurred in June, 1770. It would seem, however, that Maxwell complained to the authorities of Tobago, in which island the parties then were, of the flogging he had received from Capt. Paul, and that the latter was summoned to appear before the judge of the vice-admiralty court to answer. A certificate of the judge is extant, in which it is stated that Maxwell's shoulders exhibited the proofs of severe flogging, but, that he dismissed the complaint as frivolous, after a hearing. The certificate adds, that the deponent, the statement being in the form of an affidavit, carefully examined the back of Maxwell, and that he has no idea the man could have died in consequence of the flogging mentioned. Another affidavit, made by the master of the Barcelona Packet, establishes the other facts.

The later biographers of Jones have alluded to this subject, though not always in a way that is sustained by their own proofs. Sands, the best and most logical of them all, has fallen into a leading error in his account of this affair. He appears to think that Maxwell instituted a prosecution against his commander in England, confounding the facts altogether. Maxwell died long before he could have reached England, on his passage from Tobago, where he had been flogged, to one of the Leeward Islands; nor does it appear that he ever took any legal step in the matter, beyond the complaint laid before the vice-admiralty judge. That a prosecution for murder was menaced or instituted against Jones is shown by one of his own letters. Capt. Mackenzie, on no visible authority, refers this prosecution to the envy of some of his neighbors and competitors of Kircudbright. There does not seem to be any conclusive reason, however, for supposing that the prosecution occurred any where but in the West Indies. It may have taken place in Great Britain, though the term "British jury," which Jones uses in connection with this affair, would apply as well to a colonial as to an English or Scottish jury. There was no trial, nor is it even certain, though it is probable, that there was even a formal prosecution at all; Jones' allusion to the subject being in the following words—viz:

"I have enclosed you a copy of an affidavit, made before Governor Young by the judge of the court of vice-admiralty, at Tobago, by which you will see with how little reason my life has been thirsted after, and which is much dearer to me, my honor, by maliciously loading my fair character with obloquy and vile aspersions. I believe there are few who are hard-hearted enough to think I have not long since given the world every satisfaction in my power, being conscious of my innocence before Heaven, who will one day judge even my judges. I staked my honor, life and fortunes for six long months on the verdict of a British jury, notwithstanding I was sensible of the general prejudices which run against me; but, after all, none of my accusers had the courage to confront me. Yet I am willing to convince the world, if reason and facts will do it, that they have had no foundation for their harsh treatment," &c.

This language might well have been used by a man who remained openly within reach of the law, for six months, inviting by his presence a legal investigation of charges that involved a felony, without any legal steps having been commenced. The precise facts are of less importance, as it is now reasonably certain that Maxwell did not die in consequence of the flogging he received from Jones, for could a case have been made out against the latter, it is not probable it would have been abandoned altogether, when enmity was so active and prejudice so general. Nor is it material where this persecution was practiced, his subsequent career proving that our subject was by no means deserving of the character of an officer failing of humanity. At all events, the occurrence appears to have embittered several of the earlier years of Jones' life; to have made an impression against him in his native country, and to have contributed to induce him to abandon Scotland; his last visit to that country, except as an enemy, taking place in 1771.

Between the years 1770 and 1773, Paul was either sailing between the mother country and her islands, "staking his life on the verdict of a British jury" at home, or was engaged in mercantile pursuits in the West Indies. In the latter year he repaired to Virginia, in consequence of the death of his brother William, to whose estate he had fallen heir.

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This call upon his services and time was probably sudden and imperative, as he subsequently complains much of the losses he suffered, in consequence of having left his affairs in Tobago in the hands of careless or unfaithful agents.

At a later period of his life, Jones became a little remarkable for a display of poetic taste. This tendency, which can scarcely be said to have ever approached the "sacred fire," was seen even at this early day, for he subsequently spoke of his intention to devote the remainder of his days to calm contemplation and poetic ease when he revisited Virginia. This feeling may have been aided by a false estimate of the amount of his late succession, and quite probably received some incentive from the discontent of a man who had just escaped from an inquiry that he deemed a persecution. It is certain that, while resident in Virginia, he assumed the name of Jones; calling himself John Paul Jones, instead of John Paul, which was his legal and proper appellation. The motive of this change of name, as well as the reason of the selection he made, are left to conjecture. It is probable the latter was purely arbitrary, as he does not appear to have had any near relatives or friends of the name of Jones. For the change itself, the most rational supposition is that it was induced by his difficulties in connection with the affair of Mungo Maxwell. Sands thinks it may have come from a determination of founding a new race, when Jones transferred himself to a new country. Mackenzie fancies it may have proceeded from a wish to conceal his intended service against England from the friends he had left in Scotland, or, a desire to prevent his enemies from recognizing him as a native of Great Britain, in the event of capture. Neither of these reasons is satisfactory. That of Sands is purely imaginary, and unlikely to occur to a man who does not seem to think of marrying at all. Those of Mackenzie are equally untenable, since the friends Jones left in Scotland were too humble in station to render it necessary, or useful, or probable, while the change of name took place before the war broke out. How could one born in the colonies be thought any safer in the event of capture, in 1775, than one born in Great Britain, allegiance being claimed from all its subjects alike, by the British crown? In a letter to Robert Morris, Jones says, "I conclude that Mr. Hewes has acquainted you with a very great misfortune which befell me some years ago, and which brought me to North America. I am under no concern, whatever, that this, or any other past circumstance of my life, will sink me in your opinion. Since human wisdom cannot secure us from accidents, it is the greatest effort of human wisdom to bear them well." This passage has induced Mr. Sands to think the "great misfortune" was some heavy mercantile loss. There is no evidence to show, nor is it at all probable, that Jones had then been in circumstances to justify his using such an expression as used to a man of Robert Morris' rank and extensive dealings; and it is far more rational to suppose that the word "accidents" has been loosely applied to the circumstances connected with Maxwell's death, than to any other event of Jones' life. If a "great misfortune" had any agency in bringing him to America, it was probably this event; and it may have induced him to change his name, in a moment of disgust, or of morbid resentment.

It is an additional reason for supposing that feeling had some connection with Jones' determination to retire to Virginia, that he soon found himself in comparative poverty. The estate of his brother, of which he must have been the principal, if not the only heir, as William Paul died intestate and childless, could not have amounted to much, and the state of the times probably assisted in depressing its value. The year 1775, therefore, found Jones in every respect in a proper mood to seek service in the young marine that sprung up out of the events of the day. He offered his services, accordingly, and they were accepted. There is reason to think Jones had a real attachment to the colonies, as well as to the principles for which they contended; and it is certain that, having fairly cast his fortunes in them, he had just as good a moral right to maintain both as any native of the country. The obligations created by the mere accidents of birth, can never, in a moral sense, justly be put in competition with the social ties that are deliberately formed in later life, and he is a traitor only who betrays by decieving. The argument that a native of England, established in America in 1775, had not the same moral right to resist parliamentary aggression as the subject born in the colonies, is like advancing a distinction between the social claims and duties of the man born in Yorkshire and those of the man born in London. By the English constitution, itself, the resident of the British capital had a right to oppose the aggressions which led to the American Revolution; and it was a right that did not extend to open revolt merely because the aggressions did not affect him in that direct and positive manner that alone justifies resistance to existing law under the plea of necessity. All attempts, then, to brand Jones as a pirate, and as having been peculiarly a traitor to his country, must rest on fallacies for their support; his case being substantially the same as those of Charles Lee, Gates, Montgomery, and a hundred others of merit and reputation; the difference of serving on the ocean, instead of on the land, and of being the means of carrying the war into the island of Great Britain, itself, was the only reason why so much odium has been heaped on the one, while the others have virtually escaped.

Jones does not appear to have had any connection with the American Navy, until a short time before the passage of the law of December 22, 1775, which, in fact, gave it legal and efficient existence. By this law, a commander-in-chief, four captains, and thirteen lieutenants were appointed. The latter were classed as first, second and third lieutenants, and of these the name of John Paul Jones takes rank of all others of the highest grade. His commission is said to have been dated the 7th of December, fifteen days before the passage of the law. This, in fact, made

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him the sixth in rank in the service; though other appointments were shortly after made, and the question of permanent rank was reserved for future consideration. Thus, in the following year, when independence had been declared, and the rank was regulated, we find Dudley Saltonstall, the oldest captain by the law of December, 1775, placed as the fourth on the list, and Abraham Whipple, the second, reduced as low as to be the twelfth. As respected himself, Jones subsequently complained of a similar mortification, though it would seem unjustly, as the whole matter was understood when the appointments were made. There was some hardship in his case, however, as two of those who were his junior lieutenants in 1775, were made captains above him in 1776. Still, it was in a revolution, related to original appointments, and every thing depended on the original understanding.

Jones was ordered to the Alfred 24, Commodore Hopkins' own vessel, as her first lieutenant. A sloop called the Providence was purchased, and he was offered the command of her, but declined it in consequence of his ignorance of the mode of sailing such a craft. Jones always affirmed that he first hoisted the flag of the United Colonies, with his own hands, when Commodore Hopkins first visited the Alfred. This occurred on the Delaware, off Philadelphia; and the flag was the pine-tree and rattlesnake, the symbols used by the colonies.

As a matter of course, Jones was in the expedition against New Providence. The squadron did not get out of the Delaware until the 17th February, 1776, lying frozen in, at Reedy Island, for six weeks. It is supposed that this circumstance enabled Capt. Barry to get to sea in the Lexington before it, though that brig was purchased and commissioned subsequently to the equipment of the vessels of Com. Hopkins' squadron.

Jones was useful in piloting the vessels through some difficulties on the Bahama Banks, and seems to have enjoyed a consideration every way equal to his rank. In the action which occurred with the Glasgow 24, on the return of the squadron to America, he was stationed on the gun-deck of the Alfred, and had no other responsibility than attached to the management of his battery. He states, himself, that the main-deck guns of the Alfred were so near the water as to have been useless in a good breeze. On this occasion, however, the wind was light, and nothing occurred to disturb the fire but the position of the vessel. Her wheel-rope was shot away, and, broaching to, the Alfred was sharply raked by the Glasgow, for some time, and must have been beaten but for the presence of the other vessels. As it was, the English ship got into Newport; a sufficient triumph of itself, when it is remembered that she had four or five enemies on her, two of which were but little her inferiors in force. On the 11th of April, Com. Hopkins carried his vessel into New London.

This was unquestionably Jones' first cruise, and the affair with the Glasgow was his first engagement. In that day slavers were not obliged to fight their way, or to run, as at present; and there is no evidence that our hero had ever before met an enemy. He must have been at sea two or three years, during the continuation of the war of 1756, but he no where speaks of any adventures with the French cruisers. As the squadron sailed on the 17th February, and got into New London on the 11th April, the cruise lasted only fifty-three days; though it may be deemed an adventurous one, when we recollect the power of England and the indifferent qualities of the vessels.

From New London, Com. Hopkins carried all his vessels round to Providence, when the affair with the Glasgow resulted, as unfortunate military operations are very apt to do, in courts martial. Capt. Hazard, of the Providence 12, the sloop Jones had once declined accepting, was cashiered, and Jones was appointed to succeed him. His orders were dated May 10th, 1776. There being no blanks, the order to take the Providence as her captain was written by Com. Hopkins on the back of the commission Jones held from Congress, as a lieutenant. Being, at that time, certainly the oldest lieutenant in the navy, his right to the command could not well be questioned.

The first service on which Jones was employed, after getting his vessel, was to transport certain troops to New York. Having done this with success, he returned to Rhode Island, hove out his sloop, and prepared her for more critical exploits. In June he was ready again for sea. He was now employed a few days in conveying military stores through the narrow waters about the eastern entrance of Long Island Sound; and, as this was done in the presence of an enemy of greatly superior force, it was an extremely delicate and arduous duty. He was frequently chased, and several times under fire, but always escaped by address and precaution. On one occasion he covered the retreat of a brig that was coming in from the West Indies, laden with military supplies for Washington, and which was hard pressed by the Cerberus frigate. By drawing the attention of the latter to himself, the brig escaped, and, proving a fast vessel, she was subsequently bought into the service, and called the Hampden.

It would seem that the spirit, enterprise and seamanship Jones displayed, during the fortnight he was thus employed, at once gave him a character in the navy; his boldness and success having passed into history, although no event of a brilliancy likely to attract the common attention occurred. This is a proof that seamen appreciated what he had done.

In July, Jones sailed for Boston, always with convoy; thence he proceeded to the Delaware. As this was the moment when Lord Howe's fleet was crowding the American waters, the service was particularly critical, but it was successfully performed. While at Philadelphia, Jones received his commission as captain, signed by John Hancock; it was dated August the 8th. This fact rests on his own assertion; though Mr. Sherburne has given a copy of a commission dated October 10th, which he appears to think was the true commission of Jones. In this he is probably right; new commissions, arranged according to the regulated rank, having doubtless been issued accordingly. It will be seen that

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independence was declared a little before the arrival of the Providence at Philadelphia.

Hitherto, Jones had sailed under the orders of Com. Hopkins. He was now brought in immediate contact with the Marine Committee of Congress; and it is a proof of the estimation in which he was held, that the latter offered him the command of the Hampden, the vessel he had rescued from the Cerberus, by his own address. Jones, by this time, had got to understand the Providence, and he preferred remaining in her, now that he had her ready for immediate action, to accepting a vessel that had still to be equipped, though the latter was much the most considerable craft. The Providence mounted only twelve four-pounders, and she had a crew of seventy men.

The Marine Committee next ordered the Providence out on a cruise that was not to exceed three months, giving her commander roving orders. Jones sailed on the 12th August, and went off Bermuda. Here he fell in with the Solebay, frigate, which vessel outsailed him on a wind, with a heavy sea going, and actually got within pistol shot of him, in spite of all his efforts. While closing, the frigate kept up a steady fire from her chase-guns. Jones saw that he must change his course, if he would escape; and, getting ready, he bore up, set his square-sail, studding-sails, &c., and went off before the wind, directly under the broadside of his enemy. The manœuvre was a bold one, but its success must have been, in some measure, owing to a concurrence of favorable circumstances. There was a cross sea on, and the Solebay not anticipating any serious conflict with so inconsiderable an enemy, doubtless had her broadside guns secured; or, if either battery had been manned at all, it was probably on the weather side, the Providence having been a little to windward during most of the chase. Previously to putting his helm up, Jones edged gradually away, thus effecting his intention completely by surprise; the officers of the Solebay having reason to suppose they were gradually weathering on the chase, until they saw her going off dead before the wind. By the time the frigate could get her light sails set, the sloop was beyond the reach of grape, and her safety was ensured, the Providence being unusually fast under her square canvas.

After this critical chase, which had some such reputation, though in a less degree, at the commencement of the war of the Revolution, as that of the Constitution possessed at the commencement of the war of 1812, the Providence went to the eastward. Off the Isle of Sable, she fell in with the Milford 32, which chased her, under fire, for nearly eight hours. Jones does not appear to have run the same risk on this occasion, as in the affair of the Solebay, though he evidently considered the adventure creditable to himself. In point of fact, he kept, most of the time, just without the drop of the enemy's shot, though there were moments when both vessels kept up a distant cannonade. If there was any particular merit on the part of the Americans, it was in the steadiness and judgment in which Jones estimated his own advantages, and the audacity with which he used them. Such experiments certainly give confidence to a marine, and increases its means of usefulness, by bringing the hazards a vessel is compelled to run down to a just and accurate standard. Manœuvring boldly, in face of a superior force, either on shore or afloat, is an evidence of high military confidence, and insomuch a pledge of both spirit and skill. The influence of both these little affairs must have been highly beneficial on the temper of the American navy.

The day succeeding the last chase, Jones went into Canseau, where he destroyed the English fishing establishment, burned several vessels, and shipped some men. He next went to Isle Madame, and made several descents of a similar character, displaying great activity and zeal. In the course of the cruise the Providence made sixteen prizes, besides destroying a great number of fishermen. She was out more than six weeks, reaching Providence, on her return, October 7th, 1776.

The representations of Capt. Jones induced Com. Hopkins to send an expedition against the colliers of Cape Breton, including the adjacent fisheries. The Alfred had not been out since her first cruise, and was then lying in the river without a crew. That ship, the Hampden and Providence were selected for the purpose, and the command of the whole was assigned to Jones. No better proof of the estimation in which he was held, or of the influence he had obtained by means of his character, is needed than this fact. The orders were dated October 22d, 1776, and were perfectly legal; for, though Congress regulated the rank on the 10th, Com. Hopkins continued at the head of the navy until the succeeding January, when his office was abolished.

Jones soon found he could not collect a sufficient number of men for the three vessels, and he came to a determination to sail with only the Alfred and Hampden. This arrangement was changed, however, in consequence of the Hampden's getting ashore, and her officers and people were transferred to the Providence. This occurred on the 27th October, and the two vessels were unable to get out until the 2d of November. As it was, Jones conceived he put to sea very short-handed; the Alfred mustering only 140 souls, whereas she had sailed from Philadelphia, the previous February, with 235.*

As this is the time at which the rank was regulated, though the circumstances do not seem to have yet been known in Rhode Island, it is proper to explain the influence the new arrangement had on the position of our subject. In the first appointments, Jones ranked as the senior first lieutenant of the navy. The fourth officer of the same grade was Mr. Hoysted Hacker, who was promoted to a command soon after Jones himself received his own advancement. Still, Capt. Jones ranked Capt. Hacker, and the latter had actually been appointed to command the Hampden, in the expedition to the eastward.

* Clarke, Mackenzie, and various other writers give the Alfred and Columbus, each, 300 men, on the expedition against New Providence; crews altogether disproportioned to the sizes of the ships. Jones' own authority is used for what we say.

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This same officer was transferred to the Providence, and actually sailed as a subordinate to Jones on the 2d November, when, by the regulated rank established by a vote of Congress twenty-two days before, he was placed above him on the new list of captains. On that list appear the names of twenty-four captains. Of these, Jones ranks as the eighteenth, and Capt. Hacker as the sixteenth. It is not surprising that the former complained of such a change; though his arguments against the elevation of many respectable gentlemen who were placed over him, under original appointments, at the regular formation of the marine, after the declaration of independence, are by no means as strong.

The Alfred and Providence went to the eastward, as had been arranged, crossing the shoals. They passed many of the enemy's ships that were lying off Block Island, in the night, anchoring in Tarpaulin Cove, for light to go over the shallow water. While lying in the Cove, a privateer was examined for deserters, four of which were found, and a few men were pressed, as Jones always maintained, in obedience to orders from Com. Hopkins. This affair, subsequently, gave Jones a good deal of trouble. He was sued by the owner of the privateer, the damages being laid at £10,000; Com. Hopkins declining to justify the act. This, for some time, was one of the many grievances of which Jones was in the habit of complaining.

Off Louisburg, three prizes were made, one of which proved to be very valuable. It was a large store-ship, called the Mellish, conveying clothing to the British troops. The following night, the Providence parted company in a snow-storm. The two smaller prizes were now ordered in, but Jones continued his cruise, keeping the Mellish in company, on account of her great importance to the American cause. A landing was made at Canseau, a good deal of injury done to the enemy, and the ships again put to sea. Off Louisburg, Jones took three colliers, out of a convoy, in a fog. Two days later, he captured a fine Letter of Marque, out of Liverpool. The Alfred was now full of prisoners, and, it being of great importance to secure the Mellish, Jones shaped his course for Boston. On the 7th December, he fell in with his old acquaintance, the Milford, and had another critical chase, in which he succeeded in covering the Mellish, though the Letter of Marque was captured, owing to a false manœuvre of the prize master. On the 15th, the Alfred went into Boston, the Mellish, for the sake of certainty, going to Dartmouth.

At Boston, Jones received an order from Com. Hopkins to transfer the Alfred to Capt. Hinman, who was his junior, on the regulated list, even, by two numbers. This was certainly a hard case, and cannot well be accounted for, except through the existence of prejudice against our hero. That Jones was the subject of many prejudices, throughout his life, is beyond a question; and it can scarcely be doubted that some of these feelings had their origin in faults of character. It is highly probable that he had some of the notions that the Englishman, or European, is known still to entertain toward the Americans, and which were much more general half-a-century since than they are to-day, the betrayal of which would not be very likely to make friends. It is undeniable that the Americans were an exceedingly provincial people in 1777; nor is the reproach entirely removed at the present time, and nothing is more natural than to hear men educated in a more advanced state of society, declaiming about defects that strike them unpleasantly; or nothing more natural than to find those strictures producing an active and blind resentment. Jones was unaided, too, by connections; even the delegates of Virginia appearing not to take the usual interest of the representative, in an unknown and unsupported stranger. His chief reliance seems to have been on Mr. Hewes, of the Marine Committee, and on Robert Morris; the latter of whom became his firm friend in the end.

Jones remonstrated against this appointment of Capt. Hinman, and succeeded in getting an order to place the Alfred, Columbus, Cabot, Hampden and Providence under his own command, with directions to sail to the southward, with great discretionary powers. These orders produced no results; Com. Hopkins, according to Jones' account of the matter, throwing impediments in the way. It is probable, too, that in February, 1777, the country was not in a condition to fit out a military enterprise of so much importance; want of means being quite as instrumental in defeating Jones' hopes as want of will. There is, also, reason for thinking that Hopkins distrusted Jones' feelings as regards the country; the result most likely of some of his loose and indiscreet remarks.

Many of Jones' official letters, written during the cruises he had made, have been preserved, and aid in throwing light on his character. In general, they are plainly and respectably written, though they are not entirely free from the vaunting which was more in fashion formerly than it is to-day; and occasionally they betray an exaggerated and false taste. On the whole, however, they may be received as superior to the reports of most of the commanders of the age; many captains in even the regular marine of the mother country making reports essentially below those of Jones' in sentiment, distinctness, and diction.

Hopkins having some of Jones' new squadron with himself, at Providence, and refusing to give them up, the latter made a journey to Philadelphia, in order to demand redress of Congress. He does not appear to have been regularly apprised of the regulated rank, until this occasion. A memorial, addressed to Congress, at a later day, and on the subject of rank and his other grievances, was intemperate in language, and probably did his cause, which was tolerably strong in facts, no good. Speaking of the officers who were put above him on the regulated list, he says—"Among those thirteen, there are individuals who can neither pretend to parts nor education, and with whom, as a private gentleman, *I would disdain to associate.*" This is sufficiently

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vain-glorious, and downright rude. If he betrayed similar feelings while at Philadelphia, it is not surprising that his claims were slighted.

Jones had an explanation with Hancock on the subject of his rank, and left Philadelphia, soothed with assurances that his services were appreciated. He had the indiscretion, however, to let the commission dated August 5th, 1776, pass out of his hands, and was never able to recover it. This commission, he afterward affirmed, was the first granted after the declaration of independence, and entitled him to be put at the head of the list of captains.

By the journal of Congress, it would seem that a resolution was passed on the 15th March, 1777, directing that one of those ships that had been previously ordered to be purchased, should be given to "Capt. John Paul Jones, until better provision can be made for him." Referring to the dates of these different transactions, we are left to believe that this resolution was passed as some atonement for depriving our hero of his former command: that the project of sending him out with the vessels which Com. Hopkins detained, was subsequently formed, and a third means of employing this active officer was suggested after his visit to Philadelphia. It must be confessed, however, that much confusion exists in the dates of many of the events connected with the life of Jones, those connected with the resolutions of Congress, in particular, often appearing irreconcilable with known occurrences, unless we suppose that the passage of a resolution and its promulgation were by no means simultaneous. Thus it is that we find Jones expressing his surprise at the regulated rank, in April, 1777, though it was enacted in October, 1776.

The ship which was assigned to Jones, under the resolution just mentioned, was a vessel called the Ranger. She lay at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and wanted a great deal of work to fit her for sea. Her new captain immediately set about the necessary arrangements, when the third project alluded to was brought up, and he received fresh orders. The commissioners in Paris had ordered a very heavy frigate to be built in Holland, on account of government. This ship was, at first, called the *Indien*, and subsequently the South Carolina. She was one of the heaviest single-decked ships that had then ever been constructed, mounting Swedish thirty-sixes on her main deck. The idea was now to give this ship to Jones, and to send him out to join her, with a party of officers and men, in a French Letter of Marque, called the Amphitrite, that had recently arrived with stores from Europe. The arrangement contemplated that Jones should cruise in the Amphitrite, on his way out, and, as France was then at peace with England, this could only be effected by a transfer of property. Owing to some difficulty of this nature, the scheme fell through; and, in June, by another resolution, Jones was ordered to the Ranger, again. This ship he commenced fitting for sea, though it required months to effect the object. While engaged in the negotiation about the Amphitrite, Jones received a third commission as a captain, from the Marine Committee, direct. The two preceding it had been commissions to command particular vessels, while the present made him, in general terms, a captain in the navy, by virtue of which he might command any vessel of the government. This was done because the committee did not know precisely what the commissioners in France had effected in the way of ships in Europe. The date of this last commission corresponded with that given under the regulated rank.

It is worthy of remark that the very day Congress ordered Jones to the Ranger, it adopted the stars and stripes as the flag of the republic. This was June 14th, 1777. One of the first things Jones did, on reaching his ship, was to hoist this new ensign. He always claimed to have been the first man to hoist the flag of 1775, in a national ship, and the first man to show the present ensign on board a man of war. This may be true or not. There was a weakness about the character of the man that rendered him a little liable to self-delusion of this nature, and, while it is probable he was right as to the flag which was shown before Philadelphia, the town where Congress was sitting, it is by no means as reasonable to suppose that the first of the permanent flags was shown at a place as distant as Portsmouth. The circumstances are of no moment, except as they serve to betray a want of simplicity of character, that was rather a failing with the man, and his avidity for personal distinction of every sort.

The Ranger was not ready for sea before the 15th October. Even then her equipment was very imperfect, the vessel having but one suit of sails, and some of these were made of insufficient cloth. The ship was frigate built, like most of the sloops of that day, and was pierced for twenty-six guns; viz. eighteen below, and eight above. This number was furnished, but he rejected all but those for the main-deck, mounting eighteen sixes. Even these guns he considered as three diameters of the bore too short. Of men he had enough, but his stores were very short, and it is a singular fact, that he could obtain but a barrel of rum for his whole crew. Under such difficulties, however, was the independence of this country obtained.

The Ranger sailed from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, for France, Nov. 1st, 1777. This was the first time Jones had left America, or the American waters, since his arrival in Virginia, after the death of his brother. He still went to Europe in expectation of obtaining the Dutch-built frigate, intending to cruise in her, with the Ranger in company. On the 2d Dec. the Ranger arrived at Nantes, having made two captures on the passage. She saw a convoy, but got nothing from it, and had a short chase with a two decked ship. On all occasions, Jones represents his people, who were principally eastern men, as behaving well.

A severe disappointment awaited Jones on reaching France. Owing to the jealousy of England, the commissioners had found themselves under the necessity of transferring the ship building in Holland to the King of France; an arrangement which deprived

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them of all authority over her.* Jones submitted to this defeat of his hopes with a moderation and good sense that are in his favor; thus proving, we think, that his many previous complaints were founded on just principles, in his own opinion at least, and not in querulousness of character, as has been sometimes alleged; for, in this case, the evil being unavoidable, he saw no good motive for quarreling with fortune. He consoled himself with the knowledge that Congress thought him worthy of so important a trust, and says, "I can bear the disappointment with philosophy.

As soon as all hopes of getting another and better ship were abandoned, Jones took the Ranger round to Quiberon Bay, convoying some American vessels. Here he met the fleet of M. Le Motte Picquet, and opened a negotiation for a salute. His request was acceded to, and salutes were exchanged, not only with this distinguished officer, but, a few days later, with the Compte d'Orvillers, the commander-in-chief of the Brest fleet. In consequence of these proceedings, Jones claimed the honor of having received the first salute to the American flag, as he did that of having first hoisted the flag itself. It is certain he is mistaken as to the former of these claims, unless he means the particular flag adopted by Congress, June, 1777; for a serious difficulty occurred in consequence of a Dutch governor's having saluted an American vessel of war, in the West Indies, the year previously. Still, the motive and the feeling were the same, and it was certainly a point gained to obtain a salute from a French commander-in-chief at the time mentioned.

While lying among the French ships, Jones seems to have had a good deal of communication with its flag officers. He even went so far as to submit certain plans to them for expeditions to America, a general war being now certain, and his projects show an active and fertile mind. These qualities, indeed, form the great and distinctive features of his character, one military scheme being no sooner disposed of than he turned his thoughts to another with untiring ingenuity.

April 10th, 1778, the Ranger again went to sea alone, Jones having relinquished all hope of doing any thing, for the present at least, without achieving it with his own limited means. It is usual to ascribe more credit to the great cruise that succeeded than to this of the Ranger, and yet Jones probably never showed more of his real character than in the enterprise which he now undertook. We shall first relate the events as they occurred, and then give a summary of their character and importance.

On the 14th the Ranger took a vessel, loaded with flaxseed, and bound to Ireland. This prize secured, she shaped her course for St. George's Channel. Off Dublin he captured a London ship. The weather being favorable, Jones now determined to make a descent at Whitehaven, the place out of which he had first sailed, in order to destroy the shipping by fire. With this view, on the evening of the 18th, he was off the port, and, about ten at night, he was on the point of landing himself at the head of a party of volunteers, when the wind shifted, and began to blow so fresh, directly on shore, as to render the descent impracticable. The ship made sail to claw off the land.

The next day the Ranger chased a revenue wherry unsuccessfully, and, though the ship was disguised as a merchantman, it is thought the crew of the boat suspected her of being an enemy. It could not well be otherwise, indeed, since Jones, in his desire to get the boat, kept up a smart fire on her for some time. The next morning he found himself so near a coaster as to be compelled to sink her, in order to prevent the discovery of his presence. Another attempt in shore was abandoned, the same day, on account of the state of the wind.

All this time Jones was close in with the land, visible from the shore, and looking into the different bays and roadsteads as he passed along the coast. One cutter he chased into the Clyde as high as the Rock of Ailsa, and he sunk a Dublin sloop, to prevent intelligence.

On the 20th, the Ranger was off Carrickfergus, and detained a fishing-boat that came alongside. A ship was at anchor in the road, which the prisoners said was the Drake, Capt. Burden, a vessel of about the size, armament and metal of the Ranger; though she is said to have carried two more guns. This was just such an opportunity as Jones wanted, and though he was alone on an enemy's coast, and might be said to be fighting with a halter round his neck, he at once resolved to attack his enemy at anchor, as soon as it was dark. That night, therefore, the Ranger stood in, with a strong breeze, with the intention of laying the Drake athwart hawse, grappling, and fighting it out. Owing to the darkness, however, and the anchor's hanging, the Ranger brought up about half a cable's length on the Drake's quarter, instead of the position desired, and Jones at once saw the expediency of abandoning the design. He ordered the cable cut, on the instant, so as to give the appearance of its having parted in snubbing, made sail, and began to beat out of the loch. As no warlike demonstration had yet been made, singular as it may seem, this was done without molestation from the Drake. It was Jones' intention to work to windward, and to renew the attempt the same night, but it blew so fresh that he was glad to get an offing on any terms. The wind increased to a gale, and he stood over toward the coast of Scotland to find a lee.

* The *Indian* was subsequently hired to the State of South Carolina, and had her name changed to that of the state. The negotiation was carried on through the agency of the Chevalier de Luxembourg. In his History of the Navy, the writer mentions his belief that this Chevalier de Luxembourg was not a sovereign prince, as has been supposed, but a member of the House of Montmorency. In an *Acte de famille* of this illustrious house, which was made in this century, we find these words—viz.

"1731. The Duke of Chatillon had but one son, Charles Paul Sigismund, known by the name of Duke of Bonteville; who had an only son, Charles Anne de Montmorency-Luxembourg, Duke of Olonne. The Duke of Olonne had two sons, of which one, known as the *Chevalier de Luxembourg*, is dead without issue."

There is no question that this Chevalier de Luxembourg is the person who hired the Indian to the State of South Carolina, *on shares*. As the ship had been given to the king, may not this have been an experiment in royal privateering?

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As soon as the weather moderated, Jones determined to renew the attempt on Whitehaven. On the night of the 22d he got off that port again, though not as close in as he wished, in consequence of the lightness of the wind. At midnight he left the ship, having with him, in two boats, thirty-one volunteers. Day began to dawn just as the party reached the outer pier. Jones now divided his men. One party was sent under Lieut. Wallingford, to set fire to the shipping on the north side of the harbor, while he went himself with the other to do the same on the south. There was a small fort on Jones' side, with a few men in it as a guard. He scaled the walls, found the men in the guard-house, where he secured them, and spiked the guns. Jones now took a single officer and went a distance of a quarter of a mile to another battery, the guns of which he also spiked.

On his return from the distant battery, Jones expected to find the ships on fire. So far from this, however, nothing material had been done. Mr. Wallingford had altogether abandoned his portion of the enterprise, the candle on which he relied having burnt out just as it was time to use it. The same accident had occurred on his own side of the harbor also. It was now broad daylight, and the alarm had been given, but Jones would not abandon his design. A candle was procured from a house, and a fire was kindled in the steerage of a large ship. As this vessel lay surrounded by a hundred and fifty, or two hundred other craft, all high and dry, the tide being out, there is no question that a good fire, fairly kindled, would have destroyed the whole.

The great object of Jones was now to repair the loss of time. The sun had risen, and the people of the place were already in motion, though confused and in alarm. The fire burnt but slowly, and search was made for combustibles to aid it. At length a barrel of tar was found and poured upon the flames; Jones then collected his men and ordered them to embark from the end of the pier. By this time the inhabitants of the place were out in thousands, and some of the men ran toward the pier; Jones met these last with a presented pistol, ordering them off, at the risk of their lives. Such was the influence of courage and steadiness, that these men retreated, leaving the pier in possession of this handful of enemies. As the flames now burst out of the steerage and began to ascend the rigging, and the sun had been up an hour, Jones thought it prudent to retire. He had remained some time on the pier all alone, and embarked without molestation, though the eminences around were covered with spectators.

The boats retired without difficulty. Attempts were made to fire on them from the batteries, but the guns were all spiked. One or two pieces, however, had escaped, or, as Jones believed, ship's guns were dragged down upon the pier, and began to play upon the adventurers, without effect. No person was injured in the affair, and only one man was missing. This person is supposed to have deserted, and to have given the alarm; such a man coming to several houses with the news that a ship had been set on fire. Nor was any material damage done to the shipping, the people of the place succeeding in extinguishing the flames, before they reached the other vessels. Jones took three prisoners, whom he brought off as a sort of trophy.

The same day the Ranger crossed the Solway and made a landing at St. Mary's Isle, where is the seat of the Earls of Selkirk. Jones had but a single boat on this occasion, and he landed again in person. His object was to seize Lord Selkirk, fancying that a prisoner of his rank might be useful in affecting the treatment of the Americans who were then in the English prisons. Ascertaining, soon after he had landed, that Lord Selkirk was not at home, Jones returned to his boat. But the men complained of being again disappointed, and, after some discussion, their captain assented that they might go to the house and ask for plate. They were limited to accepting such as was offered. The truth is not to be concealed, that an officer was at the head of this party, but many of the officers of that period were men taken from trading vessels, and were actuated by motives that were little honorable to them. Lady Selkirk received the officers of this party herself, none of the men being suffered to enter the house. Some plate, valued at about £100, was delivered, and the party retired, doing no other harm.

In the present day such an act would be entirely unjustifiable. No American officer would dare to be guilty of it openly; and it is to be hoped no one would wish to do it at all. Acts very similar to it, however, have been committed on our own coasts within the last thirty years, if not with the connivance of officers, at least in their presence. If we go back a century earlier, it was the common mode of warfare of the Drakes and other commanders of the English service. As it was, Jones was sensible of its unworthiness, and he subsequently purchased the plate and restored it to its owner. Owing to the difficulties of communication, nearly, or quite ten years elapsed before Lord Selkirk actually recovered his property, but he acknowledges that he got it at last, and expressed his satisfaction with the course pursued by Jones.

A letter written by Jones to Lady Selkirk, on this occasion, has been often published, and has been much praised. It has much of the exaggerated and false taste of the writer, while it shows creditable sentiments. Its great fault is a want of simplicity, a defect that seems to have pervaded Jones' character. That Jones committed a fault in allowing the plunder at all is undeniable, though he seems to have yielded solely to a temporary expedient, reserving to himself the intention to repair the wrong at the earliest occasion. Sordid he was not; and admitting the redemption to have been an after thought even, there is no reason for believing that he was any way influenced by a wish to make money. With such an end in view, a man of his enterprise would scarcely have limited his efforts to accepting the little plate that was offered. He would have stripped the house.

The Landing at St. Mary's Isle occurred on the 23d April, and the following morning the Ranger

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once more appeared off Carrickfergus, where Jones saw symptoms that the Drake was preparing to come out. That the character of the American ship was not known, however, is clear, from the fact that the Drake sent a boat out to reconnoitre. This boat was decoyed alongside, and her officer and crew captured. From his prisoners Jones ascertained that intelligence of what had occurred at Whitehaven reached Carrickfergus the previous night, and no doubt was entertained that the ship which had appeared off the one place was the vessel that had made the attempt on the Drake in the other. The latter vessel had weighed the lost anchor of the Ranger; and it was now ascertained that she had received many volunteers on board, and was coming out in quest of her enemy. The only doubt, therefore, which could exist among the English was whether the vessel now in the offing was the same as that which had made the attempt at Whitehaven.

When the Drake got under way she was accompanied by several boats filled with persons who were disposed to be witnesses of the action. Jones hove-to and waited for his enemy, amid a scene that might well have disturbed the self-confidence of a man of less fortitude. He was in the narrow waters of the most powerful naval power on earth, with the three kingdoms in plain view. Alarm smokes were raised on each side of the channel in great numbers, showing that his foes were up and doing. He had already given occasion for extraordinary activity, and an enemy that had enjoyed time to get perfectly ready, and which, to say the least, was always his equal in force, was coming out from her moorings purposely to engage him. This, according to a favorite expression of Jones himself, was literally going "into harm's way."

The tide was not favorable, and the English ship came out very slowly. The Ranger's drift was to windward, and her helm was put up several times in order to run down toward her enemy, when she would throw her main-top-sail aback and lie with her courses in the brails. As soon as the amateurs ascertained that the boat which was towing astern of the strange ship was that sent out by the Drake, they all bore up and ran back into the loch. At length, long after the turn of the day, the English ship succeeded in weathering the headland, and was enabled to lay a straight course into the offing. She now set her colors, and the Ranger showed what it was then the fashion of England to call the "rebel flag." Jones filled and stood off the land, under easy canvas, to lead his enemy out mid-channel. The Drake followed, gradually closing, until she got within hail.

Jones had at length gained his point, and was in momentary expectation of commencing an action with an enemy's ship of equal force. While he awaited her fire, he was hailed, with a demand to know who and what he was. The answer was given by the master, under Jones' direction—"This is the American continental ship Ranger," he said; "we wait for you, and beg you will come on. The sun is little more than an hour high, and it is time to begin." This cool invitation was scarcely given before the Ranger fell broad off and delivered her fire. The Drake answered this attack, the two ships closing and running off before a light wind. It was soon apparent that the Ranger was getting the best of it; her adversary's spars and sails beginning to suffer. Still the action was animated and well maintained for just one hour and four minutes, when the Drake called out for quarter; her ensign being shot away previously.

The battle was fairly fought, side by side, and the victory not only gallantly, but nearly won. Jones states, in his account of the cruise, that no one on board the Drake placed her people, including the volunteers, at less than one hundred and sixty, while some admitted there must have been one hundred and ninety souls on board. He estimated the loss of the Drake, in killed and wounded, at forty-two, though this exceeds the English statement by nearly half. The volunteers must have rendered the official accounts of the English very problematical, and there was somewhat of conjecture in that of Jones. Capt. Burden fell by a musket-shot in the head, though he was found alive on taking possession of the prize. The English first lieutenant, also, was mortally wounded. The Drake's fore and main-top-sail yards were both down on the cap—main-top-gallant yard and gaff were hanging up and down, the jib was in the water, and, otherwise, she had sustained much injury aloft.

The Ranger suffered far less. She had two men killed and six wounded. Mr. Wallingford, the lieutenant who landed at Whitehaven, was one of the former, and a seaman among the wounded subsequently died. The gunner was hurt, and Mr. Powers, a midshipman, lost an arm. Jones remarks in one of his letters, that he gave the dead a "spacious grave."

The weather continued good, and the repairs proceeded actively. At first Jones intended to steer the direct course for France, but the wind coming foul, he changed his purpose and passed up channel again. The evening of the 25th, or that of the day after the engagement, the two ships were off the bay of Belfast, once more, and here Jones dismissed the fishermen he had taken. He gave them a boat, money and other necessaries, and lent them a sail of the Drake's, as a hint to those ashore concerning the fate of that vessel.

On the 8th May, the Ranger, with the Drake in company, arrived safely at Brest. Some bad weather had been encountered on the passage, but no event worthy of being mentioned occurred, unless it be that Jones felt himself bound to arrest his first lieutenant, Simpson, for disobedience of orders, in managing the prize. This affair gave him a good deal of trouble subsequently, though nothing of serious moment grew out of it. The Ranger appears to have been well manned, but badly officered, as would be likely to happen with a vessel fitted in an eastern American port, at that early day.

A great sensation was produced by this cruise of the Ranger. It lasted but twenty-eight days; only one week passed between the arrival off the Isle of Man

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and the action with the Drake. Every hour of this time was passed in ceaseless activity. One enterprise was no sooner ended than another was begun. The reader has only to cast an eye at the map, to understand the boldness with which the ship moved. Her audacity probably caused her impunity, for there was scarcely a more critical position, as to mere localities, in the narrow seas, than that into which Jones carried her. It is true, he knew every foot of the way, but he must have known the dangers of his path, as well as its disadvantages. The attempt on Whitehaven betokened a military mind, though it would scarcely be justified under any other principles of hostility than those so much in vogue with the English themselves. It was merited retaliation, and only failed through the incompetence of subordinates. Throughout the whole of this cruise, indeed, Jones displayed the highest species of courage; that of justly appreciating his own resources, and of not exaggerating dangers, a union of spirit and judgment that ever produces the best commanders.

Jones has been censured for having selected the region of his birth as the scene of his exploits. While it has been admitted that he had a perfect moral and political right to espouse the cause of his adopted country, it has been urged that he ought to have refrained from selecting, as the scene of his exploits, the very port out of which he had formerly sailed. We apprehend that this is the reasoning of a sickly and superficial sentimentality, rather than of healthful sentiment. Had he captured and destroyed fifty sail belonging to Whitehaven, at sea, nothing would have been thought of the occurrence, but to destroy the same, or any other number, in their port is ranked as an error, and by some it is classed with crimes! Others have even fancied that a desire to revenge himself for imaginary wrongs led him to the coast of Scotland, and to Whitehaven, and that, under the pretence of serving public interests, he was, in truth, avenging private griefs. A calm consideration of the facts will show the injustice of these charges.

Jones was ordered to France. He was ordered to cruise against England, on the English coast. In this latter particular, he followed the precedents of Wiches and Conyingham. In selecting the scene of his exploits, he went into a sea with which he was familiar, an immense advantage of itself, and one, in a military point of view, he would have been censurable for neglecting, under the circumstances. If it were justifiable to retaliate for the enemy's burnings, it was proper to do so under the greatest advantages, and at the least risk to those employed on the service, and this could be done but by the greatest intimacy with the localities. To say that an officer is not to turn his knowledge to account in this way, because it was acquired under the sanction of ordinary intercourse and a state of peace, is like saying that Jones should not use the knowledge of navigation acquired in an English school to the injury of an English vessel. If he had a right to bear arms at all, in such a contest, he had a perfect right to use all the means practiced in civilized warfare, in effecting his objects.

That private feelings were kept out of view, in this short but brilliant cruise, is seen from the fact that no injury was done, or attempted on shore, when the means offered. It would have been as easy to set fire to the house, on St. Mary's Isle, as to carry off the plate. The shipping alone was fired at Whitehaven, and generally the conduct of Jones showed a spirit of generous hostility, rather than one of vindictive resentment. In a civil war, men must thus use the local information acquired in youth, or neglect their duties. No class of warriors do this more than sailors, who constantly avail themselves of knowledge obtained in the confidence of friendly intercourse to harass their enemies. It is proper to add that the letter of Jones to Lady Selkirk, apologizing for taking the plate, was dated the day the Ranger anchored at Brest.

The cruise of the Ranger brought Jones much reputation. Still he had many causes of complaint, being greatly in want of funds. His difficulties were, in truth, the difficulties of the country and the times, rather than of any intention to harass him. He was fortunate enough to make many important friends, and was much caressed in the naval circles of Brest. His recent success gave a species of authority to his bold opinions, and it was not long ere various schemes were entertained for employing him on other expeditions against the enemy. The Duc de Chartres, afterward the celebrated Egalité, interested himself to obtain the Indian, still, for Jones, the ship being then at the disposal of the King of France. All Jones' projects had a far-sighted reach, as was shown in his wish to burn the shipping at Whitehaven, which he says would have greatly distressed Ireland for coal. Some of his schemes were directed to convoys, others to the destruction of shipping, and some again to descents on the coast. Even Franklin entertained the hope of getting possession of the Indian for him, after all; a plan for which was actually arranged with the French Minister of Marine. An exchange of prisoners was agreed on, with a view to man the vessel, one of the important results which attended the late cruise. It is an evidence how much the public appreciated that cruise, that the Prince of Nassau, an officer who subsequently caused Jones much trouble, had an idea of sailing under his orders.

The breaking out of the war between England and France defeated many of Jones' hopes, though it rendered the connection of the Americans with the latter country much more simple than it had been. Holland objected to giving up the Indian, and thus put an end to all his expectations from that quarter. To increase his vexations, the difficulty with his first lieutenant remained unsettled, notwithstanding his own efforts to obtain a court-martial, it being the opinion of the commissioners and others, that Jones had himself released his subordinate from arrest in a way that precluded a trial. This matter terminated by Simpson's sailing for America, in command of the Ranger, leaving Jones in France to push his projects of higher aim.

For some time, Jones expected to receive different

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frigates from the French Minister, which were to serve under the American flag. Many difficulties arose to disappoint him, until all the various plans were concluded by the scheme actually adopted. As this enterprise was connected with the great action of Jones' life, it is necessary to explain it a little in detail.

M. Le Ray, a banker of Paris much connected with America, and who, from owning the estate of Chaumont, was styled Le Ray de Chaumont, had taken an active part in Jones' plans. Under his direction an arrangement, or *concordat*, to the following effect was made. The French officers employed were to receive American commissions for the cruise, and rank and command were to be according to seniority. This provision left Jones at the head of the squadron, he being the oldest American captain connected with the expedition. Succession was provided for, with the exception of the command of the Cerf, a cutter, the first lieutenant of which craft was to succeed his own captain, in the event of his removal or loss. The distribution of prize money was to be in the proportions regulated by the laws of the two countries, respectively, and the prizes were to be sent in to the order of M. Le Ray.

In addition to the express provisions of this *concordat*, which was signed by all the commanders and M. Le Ray, it was understood that the latter, as apparent agent of the King of France, should furnish certain vessels, which were to revert to their former owners after the cruise, and that the American commissioners were to order the Alliance, a new frigate which had recently come to Europe, to join the squadron.

There is still something mysterious about the character of this celebrated expedition. There is no doubt that Jones believed that he was to be fairly employed as a naval captain of an allied power, in command against the common enemy, in conformity with the ordinary practice on such occasions; but, it is by no means certain that this was his real position. It is true, that the commissioners gave legality to the enterprise, but there are certain reasons for thinking that private cupidity may have had more connection with it than is usual with public measures. Intrigue was so common and so elaborate in France, that one is hardly safe in forming any precise opinion under the circumstances, though nothing is more apparent than the fact that Jones' squadron was not composed of ships of war belonging to France, united with ships of war belonging to America, in order to carry out the purposes of ordinary warfare. Still, most of the expense appears to have been borne by the French government, and joint orders were received from the public functionaries of the two countries. Jones had a strong distaste for the *concordat*, which probably gave the whole affair too much of the character of a privateering compact, and he subsequently declared that he would not have signed it, had it not been presented at the last moment, by M. Le Ray, himself, under circumstances that rendered a refusal difficult.

Under the arrangement made, a squadron was finally, though very imperfectly, equipped. It contained five vessels, or three frigates, a brig, and a cutter. The ships were the Duke of Duras, the Alliance and the Pallas; the brig was called the Vengeance, and the cutter the Cerf, or Stag. Of all these crafts, but two were regularly constructed for war, the Alliance 32, and the Stag 12. The Alliance was an exceedingly fast American built ship of the class of large thirty-twos. All the other vessels were French.

After all his delays and disappointments, Jones could get no better vessel for his own pennant than the Duc de Duras, an Indiaman, then fourteen years old. She proved in the end to be both dull and rotten, though she was purchased as fast and sound. She was a long, single-decked ship, and was pierced for twenty-eight guns on her main-deck. Her armament was intended for eighteens. This would have placed her about on a level, as to force, with the English thirty-eights of that day, supposing that she carried ten or twelve light guns on her quarter-deck and forecastle. The eighteens were yet to be cast, however, and, failing to appear, Jones put twelves in their places. To supply this material deficiency, he caused twelve ports to be cut in the gun-room, or below, where he mounted six eighteens, intending to fight them all on one side in smooth water. Eight nines and sixes were placed above, making a total armament of forty-two guns; or of twenty-four in broadside, supposing the six eighteens to be fought together. Three hundred and eighty souls composed her crew. The last was a motley set, including natives of nearly every known maritime Christian nation, and having no less than one hundred and thirty of them enlisted in the character of soldiers.

The Alliance had an ordinary American crew, while the other vessels appear to have been purely French. To render the whole more incongruous, however, the Alliance had a Frenchman for a captain; a person of the name of Landais, whom Congress had appointed in compliment to its new ally. M. Landais had been educated in the navy of his native country, but had left it in consequence of an irascible temper that was constantly getting him into trouble, and which proved to be of great disservice to the expedition in the end. Some persons even called his sanity in question.

Jones found a few native Americans to make sea-officers and petty officers of, in the Duc de Duras, but he mentions in one of his statements that altogether they did not exceed thirty. He changed the name of his vessel, however, to the Goodman Richard, or le Bon Homme Richard, in compliment to Franklin, as near an approach to nationality as that circumstance would well allow.

This motley squadron sailed from Groix June 19th, 1779, or more than a year after Jones' return from his cruise in the Ranger. All that precious time had been wasted in endeavoring to obtain a command. The first object was to convoy some vessels southward, which duty was successfully performed. An accident occurred, however, by means of which the Alliance ran into the Richard, injuring both vessels so much as to render it necessary to return to port.

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The vessels separated, by orders, to do this, leaving the Richard alone for a day or two. While thus situated two English cruisers were made, and Jones offered battle, but it is supposed the enemy mistook him for a ship of the line, as they carried a press of canvas to escape. The occurrence is of no other importance, except to show that the people of the Richard were ready to fight; Jones praising the alacrity they manifested.

The rottenness of the old Indiaman does not appear to have been discovered until after she got back to the roads of Groix, in order to be repaired. While the work was in progress, a court-martial sat, and broke the first lieutenant of the Richard. About this time, a cartel arrived at Nantes, bringing in more than a hundred exchanged American seamen, from Mill prison. A short time before this exchange was made, Mr. Richard Dale, late a master's mate of the U. S. brig Lexington, had made his escape from the same prison, and had joined Jones in his old capacity. This gentleman, a native of Virginia, and subsequently the well known naval captain of his name, was now made first lieutenant of the Richard by Jones, who had blank commissions by him. The men of the cartel were applied to, and many of them entered, thus giving the Richard a respectable body of Americans to help to sustain the honor of the flag she wore. Among the exchanged prisoners were two gentlemen of the name of Lunt, both natives of New Hampshire, and distant relatives. Henry Lunt was made second lieutenant of the Richard, while Cutting Lunt, his kinsman, is sometimes called the third lieutenant, and sometimes the master. Both these officers were respectable men, and appear to have given Jones satisfaction, until adverse circumstances deprived him of their services. In consequence of this arrangement, it is believed that every quarter-deck sea-officer of the Richard was a native American, Jones himself and one midshipman excepted.

It is a proof of the native goodness of Jones' heart, that, while lying at l'Orient, surrounded by perplexities, he sent a bill for £30 to his relatives in Scotland. This was not his only remittance, by several; and, as money was far from being plenty with him in that day, they show the strength of his affections, and his desire to serve his sisters.

When all was ready to go out again, two privateers, the Monsieur and the Grandeville, put themselves under Jones' orders, raising his force to seven sail. As the Monsieur was frigate-built, and carried forty guns, her junction was thought a matter of no slight importance.

On the 10th August, Jones issued some general orders to his captains, laying great stress on the point of not parting company; the commonest of all embarrassments with an irregular force at sea. The Richard had not proved a fast ship; the Pallas, a light 20 gun ship, was decidedly dull, having also been built for a merchant-man; the Vengeance was barely respectable, while the Cerf was every way a noble cutter, though of trifling force. The Alliance, one of the fastest ships that ever floated, had been badly ballasted by Mons. Landais, on some philosophical principles of his own, and lost her qualities for that cruise. Such, then, was the character of the force, with which Jones once more ventured into the narrow seas, in quest of glory. *(To be continued.*

I MET HIM IN THE CROWD TO-NIGHT.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

I met him mid the crowd to-night—
They told me I would meet him there—
My lip was gay, mine eyes were bright,
As if I knew no thought of care;
I touched his hand amid the dance
And passed him as a stranger by,
I trembled 'neath his searching glance
And changed to smiles a rising sigh.

It was a weary part to play,
Yet I deceived the thoughtless throng,
I mingled with the fair and gay,
I breathed the blithest jest and song,
My seeming mirth the crowd beguiled
And he too paused my words to hear,
But only sighed when others smiled—
He did not think my joy sincere.

For when I chanced to meet his gaze,
There was a softness in his eye
That spoke to me of other days
And woke a dream of memory;
A look, half sadness half regret,
That probed the weakness of my breast,
Though brief the space our glances met,
Within that space the truth he guessed.

I turned with clouded brow aside,
He had no right my soul to see,
When near him stood his lovely bride,
His chosen when his choice was free;
Yet her that I had deemed so blest
Won not his fickle worship now,
Soon wearied of a love possest
He thought not of his plighted vow.

And when I saw he strove to wake
In me a feeling of the past,
I scorned him for my rival's sake
And from my soul his image cast;
The love long nursed in lonely tears
Fled from me like a dream of pain,
My heart may mourn o'er wasted years,
But never beat for him again.

Our eyes in parting met once more,
My pale cheek caught no deeper shade,
Mine eyes no hidden sorrow wore,
Nor pensive tenderness betrayed;
What bitter pain it seemed to me
When first again he met my sight,
But now my heart, though cold, is free,
Free'd with the *gaze* I met to-night.

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MARIE LAMBERT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HENRI QUATRE; OR THE DAYS OF THE LEAGUE."

Louis the Fourteenth was alone in his closet, occupied with state documents, memorials, and petitions. The royal visage grew dark as it glanced over the contents of an ill-written, badly spelled placard which had been torn from the *cheval de bronze*, on the *pont-neuf*, and placed before his majesty. A small, silver hand-bell was grasped in anger, and a page obeying the hasty summons, was despatched in quest of General Gombaud. The monarch placed the placard carefully aside, and had waded half through the document next in turn, when the general was announced.

Achille Gombaud, bearing the rank and honors of general, had been withdrawn from the army of the frontier, to be placed in command of the newly established police department. The qualities which secured the nomination to this post were cunning, vigilance, courage—not unmixed with ferocity—and a harsh impenetrability of manner and deportment which repelled familiarity, and kept aloof sympathy. His age was past sixty, his face long and wrinkled, the nose hooked, the chin prominent, eyebrows blanched and grizzled, arching over a pair of eyes unusually large and round, with expression dull and impassive, though not unmeaning, wandering from object to object, with quiet glance watching their prey, though confronting steadily the beholder who had temerity to encounter their gaze. The general's body was slightly bent through force of habit, or perhaps age, though he afforded no other indication of infirmity. The head, as monsieur walked, projected over a heavy gold-headed cane—essential adjunct in preserving the equipoise of the overbalanced figure—save when, on meeting acquaintance of superior rank, to whom he was obliged to extend civility—then the huge head, with its long wig, was thrown jauntily back, the cane dangled at the wrist, whilst, with arm extended, he proffered the contents of the customary gold snuff-box.

"How—general," exclaimed Louis in displeasure, "have you yet caught Daru, or any of his associates?"

"May it please your majesty—I have not'" replied the general, bowing profoundly. He spoke in tone unusually subdued, for he foresaw a storm, and deprecated its wrath.

The anger of Louis found loud, though measured vent, in expatiating on the indignity the crown had suffered, by a king's courier being stopped and plundered within two miles of Paris—by the robber, in bravado, daring to avow his name, his authority over a large band of brigands—by the many outrages committed within the city by this self-styled Daru, from the consequences of which—to the scandal of the monarch and disgrace of the new intendant of police—both he and his associates had, as yet, escaped scathless, their haunts or hiding-places untracked, unknown.

Gombaud, in apology, failed not to extol in liveliest colors his own unwearied zeal in promoting and animating the researches of his satellites. But Louis demanded angrily whether the general were content to lose the laurels he had won in Flanders, by allowing himself to be foiled by a street-robber? If he were, the King of France certainly was not disposed to sit quiet whilst his despatches were stolen, and the messenger who bore them plundered.

"May it please your majesty," rejoined Gombaud in humble tone, "your majesty's subjects are so loyal, that I feel convinced even this Daru would never have perpetrated the outrage, if he had known when he commenced the assault whose livery he so wantonly insulted."

"Hah!" exclaimed Louis, musing awhile—then adding, after a pause, "I hear, general, you have found leisure to be smitten with the charms of Marie Lambert, daughter of our notary of that name. When does the marriage take place?"

The intendant of police was perfectly dismayed by the question—it was not the blushing dismay of a youth of two-and-twenty; no mantling crimson flushed his withered cheek, yet he looked sadly confused. He foresaw the too palpable inference, yet was he forced to confess that to-morrow was fixed for the happy day. Gliding back adroitly to the original subject, he informed Louis that in addition to the royal reward of twenty thousand crowns for the apprehension of Daru and the gang, he had added, as further encouragement to his officers, five thousand more, payable from his own purse.

"Twenty-five thousand!" said the king, affecting to ponder—then suddenly addressing the general, whilst he handed the placard torn from the *cheval de bronze*, "your liberality, Monsieur Gombaud, is far outstripped by Daru—for see! affixed to the statue of our immortal ancestor is Daru's proclamation, offering fifty thousand crowns for the person of General Achille Gombaud, fairly bound and gagged!"

Gombaud, hitherto unaware of the existence of the libelous and daring placard, was about to speak, but the king motioned him to be silent.

"When I appointed General Gombaud," said Louis, in a quiet, dignified tone, "to the command of our police, I was guided in the selection by his reputation for strict discipline. I heard he was a terror to evil-doers. His age gave warrant that he

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would not easily be turned from the strict vigilance of duty to join in the frivolities of Paris. Let him recollect that he *was* general of division—that he is *now* lieutenant-general of police."

When Gombaud bowed himself out of the presence—forbidden further defence—he looked so crest-fallen that the young page in waiting, though quite inexperienced in courtly physiognomy, stared at the heretofore pompous official with astonishment. But the youth's wonderment recalled the general to self-possession, and by the time he had passed the musketeer at the palace-gates he looked as impenetrable and callous as usual.

"*Was* general of division—*am* lieutenant-general of police!" muttered Gombaud, repeating the words of his majesty; "that means, I suppose, *shall* be prisoner in the Bastile, if I cannot catch Daru! And goods friends have I! or this cursed placard would not have found its way to the closet; and my marriage with the little sylph Marie! all conversation for the back stairs! *pasques dieu!*"

So went on murmuring the doughty Achille, vowing vengeance against his secret enemies, threatening secret martyrdom to the brigand chief—when he caught him; yet the image of Marie gradually took possession of his mind. To-morrow was the wedding-day—a hundred calls had he to make, and as many audiences to grant—the coachmaker, the jeweler, the upholsterer, and numberless others; they had furnished his new house and stables, it is true, but he was dissatisfied—it was his nature—there was much to alter and adapt to his taste, and no time to do it in. But who is that sour-looking wretch watching so suspiciously the equipage of Madame La Marechale—perhaps Daru! No—it is one of the general's own myrmidons. Curse Daru! Was there no peace for a man on the eve of marriage?

Monsieur Lambert was a notary of considerable practice. Of low extraction, he had acquired by industry and parsimony a fair fortune, and was blessed with an only child—Marie Lambert, heiress of his wealth. Like many of that class, whose affluence enabled them to compete in external splendor with the noblesse, he was anxious to ally himself with a family of note. In addition to antiquity of descent, General Gombaud possessed another much coveted acquisition in a son-in-law—the personal favor of his sovereign. None had more free access to the Tuileries than Gombaud—no one oftener summoned to private audiences. His age—perhaps too old—but then age has its advantages. Marie in a few years would be in condition to make another alliance, with all the advantages of a widow of one of high official station. Monsieur Lambert being a widower, Marie was therefore deprived of a mother's aid, to advise or remonstrate in her behalf, so the unequal marriage was decided on. The notary's house, indeed, gave shelter to one of her own sex, a crabbed housekeeper, who was not without influence, but she was far from being friendly to mademoiselle.

Among the friends of the contracting parties, the approaching marriage was the subject of much merriment. Monsieur Lambert's aspiring predilections being well known, his selection of the general excited no surprise; nor was it matter of astonishment or novelty, that an old man was smitten with a youthful face, owned by a pretty heiress. But the contrast between bride and bridegroom was too striking to escape the ridicule of Parisians. Marie was but sixteen, and looked younger; her figure *petite*, her deportment graceful—but it was the gracefulness of extreme youth; the features were small and regular, and though exceedingly pretty, and, when lit up with a smile, very fascinating, yet in ordinary wore a prim, demure expression, as of a girl but just escaped from the discipline of the conventual school. Let us not, however, put too much confidence in the innocence and simplicity of a face, though it hath seen but sixteen summers.

Marie by the side of Gombaud! Achille Gombaud, awful, portentous, if not venerable, at the feet of Marie! Was it not ludicrous? Would she not run, it was asked, to place herself on his knee—ought not the general to have a pocket well stored with *bonbons*? Would she not hang to his skirts in the streets, not to outstrip his slow, stately march? Such were the questions asked each other by friends picturing the ill-matched pair. Much ridicule had been spared during the courtship, by the extraordinary demands on the general's services; for what with searching after Daru, appeasing the irritation of Louis, and forwarding the marriage preparations, poor Gombaud was in sad perplexity, and had but little time for wooing—it must be owned much to the satisfaction of the future bride.

In a dingy back room, in Lambert's house, opening from his own office, sat the notary's clerk, Adolphe De Regnier. He was a distant relative, an orphan, born in the south of France, who in utter destitution had traveled almost barefoot to Paris, attracted by one solitary star of hope—his kinsman's wide-spread reputation. Lambert would perhaps have disowned the claim, but finding the youth wrote excellently, in several styles and characters, he placed him in the office, at a salary which did keep soul and body together. Adolphe as yet had managed to subsist—but it was as much as he could do—whilst he rented a miserable lodging in the most miserable and dismal portion of the city, by mounting seven or eight stories to the top of a house situate in the *isle du cité*, in the most lonely, and, as it was averred, dangerous street in that quarter. But Adolphe had nothing to lose, and was without fear. Occasionally, when his services were hard tasked, he was invited to a seat at his kinsman's table, which brought him more closely and sociably in contact with the notary, the ill-natured, prying housekeeper, Josephine, and last, though not least estimated, the demure little beauty, Marie Lambert.

The same day which witnessed the interview between Louis and the chief of police, beheld Adolphe, as usual, at his desk. On this occasion he was busily engaged engrossing the fair copy of a document, the rough original of which, sketched by the rapid hand of Lambert, lay outspread before the youth. It was the marriage-settlement. The task had more than

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ordinary attraction for Adolphe. Whilst engrossing the usual run of official papers—a dull mechanical employment—his mind was far away, reveling in the forests of his native province, or if wandering for a moment back to Paris, it was but to listen to the passing steps of Marie, and wonder if she were happy. But as he slowly progressed with the marriage-settlement, his thoughts grew intense and concentrated; he felt uneasy, restless, miserable, as though threatened by impending calamity. His eyes were suffused, though tearless; he could scarcely decipher Lambert's characters, which seemed magnified, blurred, distorted; and he threw down the pen in despair. Marie, as it appeared by the document, had a second baptismal name—it met the eye for the first time—was illegibly written, so he passed into the notary's own office to inquire the correct spelling. Lambert had quitted the house, and the youth, emboldened by he knew not what feeling, resolved to make the inquiry of Marie herself. Fortunately she was alone in the family parlor.

The maiden exhibited considerable surprise at his appearance—for he was neither favored by invitation, nor had ever assumed the privilege, of encroaching unasked on the domestic privacy of the family—but he could discover no trace of displeasure. She looked with some alarm at the half-open door leading to an adjoining apartment, which he had the tact to close ere he approached where she sat. As he held in hand the rough draft of settlement—ready excuse, if necessary, for wandering from his post—Marie, supposing he was in quest of her father, broke silence by saying Monsieur Lambert had gone out on matters of business. The quick eye of Adolphe ran over the various articles outspread on the table at which Marie sat—caskets of jewelry, lace, velvet, and, thrown carelessly aside, an opened note—doubtless, as the youth thought, the perfumed billet of monsieur. But amidst the marriage-presents, she looked unquiet, unhappy.

"Every thing," said Adolphe, "reminds me that we shall soon loose mademoiselle—even the difficulty which made me venture here. And he explained the cause which obstructed further progress in engrossing. Marie, with a faint smile, afforded the information—adding in reply to his insinuation respecting the marriage, that she should be happy, and so, she was sure, would be General Gombaud, to see her cousin Adolphe, at their hôtel. It was the first invitation Marie, as bride, had given, and she uttered it almost stammeringly, blushing the while, but whether at her own awkwardness, or from other cause, could not be divined. Adolphe was doubly awkward in his acknowledgments—in fact, he knew not what he said—but gaining courage, remarked that from slight experience of Paris, he much preferred the mode in which marriages were conducted in the south. There, it was the occasion of merriment and hilarity—dancing and feasting for many days together—every one was happy. Adolphe ought to have known better than to indulge in this strain—perhaps from previous confusion he was glad to launch any topic on which he could expatiate with facility, and, like many in a similar predicament, blundered from bad to worse. Poor Marie burst into tears. He flew to her side, upbraiding himself aloud for having foolishly spoken aught which could give pain. He had been guilty, he confessed, of having awoke some secret chord of unhappiness, and prayed forgiveness. Could he requite the injury inflicted, his services—the services of one poor and humble in means, though proud of hope, and of an unspotted name, proud of being kinsman to Marie Lambert—were at her command—his life at her service.

This chivalrous declaration, couched in language more high-flown than the maiden had ever heard addressed to herself—for Gombaud, perhaps not insensible to ridicule, wisely helped out his tender sayings with a gold trinket, a present of Valenciennes lace—caused her to smile midst her tears. She had no service to exact, in which life was endangered—no giants were there to kill—no monsters were there to slay—unless we except him of the gold-headed cane. We know not whether his image were present to her thoughts, but it certainly was not absent from the mind of Adolphe, who had a very great desire, at the moment, to encounter in mortal conflict the doughty general. Be it as it may, the warm Provençal blood of the youth, emboldened by what he had already done and said, was fanned into passion by the half-playful smile which gleamed through her tears.

"You hate this marriage, mademoiselle," exclaimed the youth, "and I will prevent it!"

"Adolphe! Monsieur Adolphe! what mean you?" cried Marie in alarm, rising from the chair.

"Only confess you abhor the alliance!" cried Adolphe, his eyes sparkling with fire, his hand grasping the delicate fingers of the maiden.

"Well, I will, monsieur, if you be but quiet and silent," rejoined Marie, endeavoring to release her hand.

"Then you do hate General Gombaud?" continued the youth.

"I cannot say otherwise with truth," replied Marie sorrowfully.

"Then, away with him forever!" exclaimed Adolphe, tearing in twain Lambert's draft of the settlement.

Marie could not avoid laughing outright at the energy and folly of her champion. She pointed out, what was equally as plain to him when his momentary enthusiasm had subsided, that destroying the document would not cripple the intentions of her parent and elderly admirer.

Then, ought she to fly to the protection of the superior of the convent where she had been educated? No! both agreed that scheme was not feasible; for Adolphe had of necessity picked up some knowledge of law, and Marie was by nature gifted with strong sense—so it was concluded the lady superior had no power to withhold one of the maiden's age from the authority and control of her parent, unless she had taken a religious vow. Other plans, more romantic but less tangible, were suggested and abandoned, for no vantage ground of safety could be thought of,

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proof against legally armed parental authority. And short space of time remained for execution of any scheme—for to-morrow was the wedding-day!

It would be difficult to assert how far Marie was guilty of wilful intention in leading Adolphe to the final proposal deliberated. The offer certainly was his own, and with him must rest the responsibility, but we do not acquit our heroine of participation in bringing it about, though as her finesse equaled her delicacy, we cannot afford verbal proofs. Adolphe demonstrated clearly there was no escape for her but by substituting himself in lieu of General Gombaud, and instead of waiting till the morrow for the old man, to accept on the instant the younger one. The damsel certainly hesitated, but Adolphe affected to treat her scruples as only a hesitancy arising through not seeing the path clear—the original idea was good, but wanted much perfecting to be effectual. He had a partial acquaintance with the Curé of St. Elizabeth, who would require but slight pressing, if backed by extra fees, to perform the ceremony immediately. But to avoid suspicion, it was necessary Adolphe should return to his desk after the marriage, for the remainder of the day, and forego the society of his young bride till the evening—it was equally essential she should have a plea of absence, sufficing to Monsieur Lambert. If that point were gained, and love conquered her antipathy to accept the shelter of his dismal, poverty-stricken roof for one night, they would at early morn depart with the Marseilles and southern post; whilst to distract pursuit, when it was discovered both had fled, he would leave in his desk, at the notary's, the pretended copy of a letter, inferring a very different route from the one really taken. In the south he had relatives, who certainly had shown themselves averse to assist him in his orphan state, but who would be strongly tempted to offer aid when it was known he had espoused the heiress of the famed notary, Lambert. By their intervention a reconciliation might be effected, or at least protection afforded against the abduction of the bride, by the father or the friends of Gombaud.

Such was Adolphe's plan of campaign, nor was the demure, innocent-looking little beauty behindhand with her lover in framing and adjusting her own share in the exploit. She had been educated at, and resided under the roof of the Benedictine Convent till the age of fifteen, was the favorite pupil of the lady superior, a personage of great sanctity, high in the confidence of Monsieur Lambert. Owing to the secluded and parsimonious style of living of the notary, for many years a widower, and, till the last twelvemonth, without even the presence of a daughter to grace his house, Marie, on quitting the convent, found herself destitute of female society, and her father, through the influence of Josephine, indisposed to encourage it. Her loneliness led to frequent visits to the convent; and now on the eve of marriage, deserted by the bridegroom, whose train was half turned by Daru, Louis, and marriage preparations, without the society of youth of her own sex to gladden the last evening of maiden liberty, and sympathize with the hopes and fears of the bride, Marie, as she thought and told Adolphe, might very naturally be supposed to entertain a wish of passing a few hours with her kind friend, the lady superior; and if she left on her father's desk a little note, stating she had been invited by the holy instructress to receive her blessing, listen to her prayers, on the eve of entering a new career, absence would meet with approbation rather than censure. So reasoned our demure little beauty of sixteen.

"But, Adolphe!" cried the damsel suddenly, as the thought occurred, "what hours of terror I shall suffer in your dismal rooms till you return! And suppose we were tracked or watched by Josephine, whilst you are at your desk I might be dragged home, or taken to General Gombaud's hotel!"

Adolphe smiled mysteriously. "Fear not," he said, "I have a curious adventure to relate connected with my dismal rooms, as you call them, which I will tell when we come from church. It will make Mademoiselle Lambert quite easy that old Gombaud will not trouble her; though the loneliness, I fear, I cannot remedy."

Cleverly, cunningly as the lovers manœuvered, Adolphe quitted the notary's alone, followed in a short time by Marie, whose last thoughts turned on the surprise which the bridemaids—almost strangers to our heroine—would experience on arriving in the morning to assist the bride from the couch, and aid in the decorative mysteries of the toilet, to find her flown; yet, cleverly as the escape had been managed, and much as the youthful couple prided themselves on the stratagem, they had totally forgotten the possibility of being overheard. The prying Josephine, astonished at Adolphe's intrusion into the parlor, had been an attentive listener, and heard nearly all that was said. Desirous of sinking Marie in her father's esteem, she suffered the maiden to leave the parental roof, that the offenders might be caught in the very act of offence; whether dragged from the altar during the ceremony, or separated in the holy sanctuary previous to or after the espousal—for she deemed the clandestine marriage of no avail or force—the more humiliating, marked, and public the disgrace of Marie, the more her aim and long pursued intent would be served. The notary, however, was so long absent that Adolphe was again at his desk, slowly finishing the marriage settlement, ere the former came home, accompanied by General Gombaud. The rage of the notary, when he learned from Josephine what had occurred, was furious and intense, and he was prevented only by the united strength of Gombaud and the housekeeper, from rushing into Adolphe's office and inflicting summary vengeance on the youth; but passion subsiding, he agreed to leave the punishment of both culprits to the management of the worthy pair. That his daughter, whom he had caused to be educated so strictly, should fling herself away on a strolling beggar, whom he had taken into his office through pure charity—whose only claim was some twentieth degree of consanguinity—seemed monstrous, unnatural!—to run off with a vagrant, without even

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previous attachment, in order to escape an alliance which would cast a splendor on the humble name of Lambert, was beyond endurance! Such was the tenor of the notary's exclamations, till gradually soothed by the officious Josephine, he allowed himself to be partially comforted, and retired to his chamber to await the proceedings of Gombaud and his female ally.

It was their intention, in the first place, without affording the least chance of suspicion to Adolphe, that both should repair in a hired coach to the vicinity of the youth's lodgings, remove, by force if necessary, the young truant, convey her to the Benedictine Convent, there to receive at the hands of the worthy superior such reproof and imposition of penance as the flagrancy of the case demanded. As for the male offender, he was to be permitted to leave the notary's unharmed, that he might suffer the exquisite torments which awaited arrival at his miserable garret on finding the bride flown. "Sharp pang enough for one evening," said Gombaud, chuckling, as he gained Monsieur Lambert's sanction to these proceedings. On the morrow, a severe lecture, followed by a fortnight's solitary discipline in the Conciergerie or other public prison, and being turned adrift again on the world, would be, as the doughty chief of police remarked, perhaps punishment enough for all parties, unless it should be judged expedient to call to severe account the *curé* who had performed the ceremony, and who must be summoned, at any rate, to the Archiepiscopal Palace, that the registry might be formally cancelled.

The vehicle was ordered to stop at a short distance from the house pointed out by Josephine as the residence of Adolphe—she knew the spot, having been there more than once when the youth fell sick and was unable to attend to his duties. Gombaud alone descended from the coach to reconnoitre—it being judged expedient to avoid as much as possible the gaze of neighbors, or inhabitants of the lower floors of the youth's aerial lodging—cursing, as he went, the necessity of mounting the lofty, dilapidated pile of building; a hard task sweetened only by thoughts of revenge. 'Twas the second door, as Josephine said, beyond the narrow street he was now crossing. In passing the corner, he was accosted by a man in mean attire, whose first impulse on beholding the general was rapid flight, but quickly regaining composure, made humble salutation to the functionary, respectfully inquiring whom he sought. Gombaud, who had been gaping skyward, wondering whether the lofty attic window projecting from the roof, was the hiding place of *la petite mignon*, answered the interrogation without particular survey of the party addressing him.

"Adolphe De Regnier!" rejoined the man, "'t is the second door *au huitième* down the side-street.

"Sacre!" growled the general at the very mention of *huitième*. But was not the courteous stranger wrong, for he had been directed the second door beyond the intersecting street? His informant, however, described the person of Adolphe so correctly, that Gombaud concluded he had been misinformed by the housekeeper, and entered the doorway pointed out. He had reached no further than the foot of the stairs, when the street door was closed against his retreat—a loud whistle was succeeded by the voice of the obliging stranger, who, pointing a pistol at the general's breast, bade him stir not a foot till requested

"Welcome! thrice welcome, General Achille Gombaud!" exclaimed his jailer. "I am rough, but *mille pardons!* Who would have expected this honor? General! I am Daru!—nay, drop the cane, or I shall lose temper; I am rather fiery, like the flint of my pistol. Comrades!" continued the robber, addressing half-a-dozen ruffians who came rushing down the stairs at summons of the whistle, "comrades! I have saved fifty-thousand crowns—for, behold! I have taken the general myself; but I shall behave liberally—we halve the reward."

"Villains! will ye murder me in cold blood?" exclaimed Gombaud, planting his back against the wall, and feeling for his walking rapier; but in vain, for it had been already dexterously removed without his knowledge.

"No—we murder not, replied the chief, "we will not hurt a hair of your head; but mayhap may find means to send monsieur to Martinique, or Africa. Our hearts, general, are set on good King Louis making a second choice, for you are—excuse rudeness—a trifle not to our taste!"

Gombaud, still undaunted, attempted further resistance, but was immediately lifted off his feet and carried up stairs, swearing and shouting horribly the while, till a stop was put to the noise by a gag. Two of the party, meanwhile, by their leader's order, left the house—one jumping into the coach beside the old lady, whilst the other mounted the box, and commanded the coachman to drive forward.

A weary afternoon and evening for the impatient Adolphe, with the accursed marriage-settlement before his eyes, along which he traveled with tortoise-like progress, oft throwing down the pen to picture his young bride, frighted, solitary, dismayed, sitting in the dismal chamber, awaiting the slow hour of his return. Once—'twas soon after return from the church—Josephine came peering into his office, with some idle excuse in her mouth, eyeing him intently till he grew frightened for the safety of the dear secret. Perhaps, as he thought, she missed Marie; but, however, the crabbed housekeeper departed without hinting her thoughts; and great was the relief of Adolphe that Monsieur Lambert came not near to observe his ill-concealed agitation.

The task, though long, was at length completed, the seals affixed, and the document carefully placed on the notary's desk—Adolphe wondering at his long absence, dreading some secret mischief the cause. Without one parting glance at the dingy office—scene of ill-paid labor—he flew, rather than walked, over the badly paved lanes and streets—strided, three or four steps at a bound, up the eight-storied common stair, stood breathless at the door of his apartment, feeling each moment an age, while the cautious Marie undid the fastenings at the well-known long-expected summons.

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She was then safe! Love was crowned with success—the bare sloping wall of the miserable attic held a treasure which the poor orphan, Adolphe De Regnier, would not have exchanged for the fee simple of his whole native province. The first joyful greeting over, the youth thought he beheld traces of alarm and uneasiness in his young bride, which he attributed to her fears lest Monsieur Lambert should send to the convent, and make an untimely discovery. 'Twas his own dread on this point which suggested the same motive for her apparent anxiety; yet he endeavored to re-assure her fears, urging that, at the worst, if his humble garret were subjected to a domiciliary visit, the secret hiding-place pointed out would prove a safe refuge for her, whilst he outbraved the resentment of those who came in search. But, to his surprise, he learned that her fears took rise from a fresh horror, connected with this very hiding-place. With the pardonable curiosity of woman, she confessed that, to while away the long hours, she had opened the cupboard, removed the sliding-panel, and crept into a dim, spacious apartment, nearly choked with piles of clothing, weapons, household furniture of rare value; had found it, in short, a lumber-room laden with rich treasure heaped up, mouldering with damp. Whilst gazing in astonishment, recalling to mind the accident which made Adolphe, only two days previously, aware of the existence of such a place, she was frighted by hearing groans, occasionally mixed with oaths, proceed from a closet or apartment not far distant. Bitterly she blamed her rash curiosity, wished herself safe in Adolphe's chamber, but it was many minuets ere she ventured to move a step, lest the echo of her footfall should arouse danger. Even when she summoned courage to return, and had carefully replaced the panel, the noise was still heard at intervals.

Adolphe laughed at the story, but when he found Marie ill at ease, even under his protection, he resolved manfully to explore the mystery. Arming himself with pistols, an old sword—his entire armory—and taking a shaded lamp, he once more crept through the opening, previously discovered by the panel vibrating against accidental pressure, and was again amidst the rich and varied spoils, followed by Marie, who had not courage to remain behind. She clung fearfully to his skirts; and when he stumbled over an unheeded obstacle, she per force fell, too; and they rose together midst mutual cautioning, gentle expostulation, and half-loving, half-reproachful smiles, seen only when Adolphe turned the bright side of his lamp to ascertain whether Marie were hurt. A door was at length discovered; a strong oaken frame, fastened by two locks, whose bolts shot into staples on the inside, and were therefore not impregnable to one in the situation of Adolphe, who had the choice, were he so disposed, either to wrench aside the staples, or drive the bolts of the locks inward. The young people looked at each other in silent surprise. It is a strange place, at length whispered Adolphe; not a very honest place, for if the owner of such rich gear as they beheld had fairly come by it, he would not suffer his unused treasures to rot and mildew. The neighborhood, he remarked, bore not the best character; but poverty has no choice, and need have no fear. But hark! what sound is that? They listened, whilst Adolphe shaded his lamp so as to shut in the rays. The noise evidently proceeded from an adjoining apartment, separated only by a boarded partition; it came distinctly to the ear, and seemed caused by the movements of some party struggling on the floor in pain, or in the endeavor to escape from bonds. Adolphe manfully grasped the sword, and, taking his fair helpmate by the hand—for she trembled—applied his ear to the partition. As he knelt listening, he felt Marie's little fingers shake with tremor; attention was, however, forcibly arrested by the enunciation, in a thick husky voice, of half-a-dozen oaths following each other slowly, as though uttered with difficulty. Marie, in alarm, endeavored to drag her husband from the spot, but—it was the first matrimonial difference—he refused to stir.

"*Jour de Dieu!*" cried the voice, "is there no help? Shall I die of hunger or pain?—these cursed ropes cut to the very bone—I must perish before morning, the victim of a cut-throat. Daru! Daru! what a name to stab the reputation of a man of honor!"

"We are both lost, Adolphe! we are lost!" exclaimed Marie, dropping on her knees; it is General Gombaud—he has discovered us!"

"Hush! hush!" said Adolphe, in a whisper, whilst he playfully held his finger before her lips, "a most fortunate discovery!"

Instant conviction flashed on young De Regnier, on hearing the name of Daru apostrophized by the general, that he and Marie were now in the secret stronghold of that famed robber, and that Gombaud—most likely in searching after his lost bride—had fallen, unguardedly, into the villain's power. Daru's boastful reward, offered for the person of the police intendant, was already common gossip; but that it should ever have assumed a character beyond the vain, insolent boast of a freebooter, was—as Adolphe momentarily reflected—fatal to the well-earned laurels of the *chef de police*, his post, even perhaps his liberty. As copyist in a notary's office, the youth had grown acquainted with the details of many a politic, daring scheme. Prompted by love and the desperate state of affairs, he made up his mind to risk every thing on the chance of *a coup de main*. To inspire Marie with courage to face the adventure, he told her there was now a chance, if she acted with firmness and intrepidity, of releasing themselves with honor and advantage from their embarrassed fortunes, at the expense of the general, who, it appeared very plainly, was in the predicament of a prisoner bound hand and foot. Our heroine, who dreaded more the apparition of her father, or Josephine, than even the terrors of a strange house, inhabited by robbers, promised, more readily than Adolphe expected, to smother her fears, and assume a courage though she felt it not. It was a good omen of her valor, that she offered no resistance to De Regnier's entreaty to sit quietly on a heap of richly

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laced coats, which had doubtless been worn at Versailles or the Tuileries, whilst he returned to procure an instrument to loosen the staples of the locks.

"Would you believe it, Adolphe?" said Marie, in a whisper, to her returning husband, who imprinted a kiss on her lips, the sweet reward of courage; "he has sworn twice, dreadfully, and declares his misfortune is owing to me! He wishes he had never seen me!"

"If he keep to that wish," replied the youth, "we need not trouble our friends in the south."

The staples were twisted aside without noise, and Adolphe enjoining his young bride to keep strict guard, without quitting the post she then occupied, passed into a room, spacious and dark as the one he had quitted, but without its rich spoil, void even of furniture, save a low, wooden bestead on which lay outstretched the figure of a man. Turning the lantern in that direction, he beheld the general, his mighty rival, an object of pity even to his greatest enemy—bound hands and feet to the four posts of the bedstead, the limbs stretched out as though he were impaled cruciform. By extraordinary efforts, he had dislodged the gag, recovered the exercise of his speech, but further approach to liberty seemed hopeless; in struggling he had tightened the cords so much that he suffered extreme agony, which found vent, and perhaps relief, in the oaths and adjurations which so frighted our little heroine during her lone vigil. The long flowing wig being displaced, the bare pate of the poor general was exposed; the face was pale, and bore deep traces of mental and bodily distress; blood had flowed from a lip, bitten in vexation and despair, over the rich lace scarf which covered the throat. The strong rays from the lantern made distinctly visible the bed and its wretched occupant, whilst the person of Adolphe was shrouded in gloom.

"Hide not thy knife, ruffian, behind the light, but come forward and strike!" cried the resolute old soldier.

De Regnier closed the lantern, and, approaching the bedside, stood over the prisoner, whose eyeballs glared fearfully in the dark.

"General," asked the youth, "what would you award him who should set you free, keep secret the disgrace you now suffer, and afford the means of capturing those who brought you to this pass?"

"Twenty-five thousand crowns already offered, ten thousand more from my private purse, my estate will not afford more, and——whatever else in reason you ask. But I pray you, loosen but a little the cord which binds the right ankle—it jars one so fearfully—or I cannot listen to you."

Adolphe did as bidden, and then, in rejoinder, remarked that one condition more was essential—that the general should renounce right to the hand of Marie Lambert, in favor of his deliverer, and should use his own, and, if necessary, the influence of King Louis in persuading Monsieur Lambert to consent to the union. .

"*Mille diables!*" shouted Gombaud, "what, marry *la petite mignon* to a cut-throat—one base enough to sell his comrades! You may tighten the cord, Monsieur Poltron, as much as you like, or unpocket your knife, but I am not bought and sold in that fashion."

"It gladdens me much, general, to hear these sentiments," replied Adolphe, "but let me loosen the other limbs, and we may come the more cheerfully to a right understanding."

Adolphe! Adolphe! was at this instant uttered, in a loud whisper—the youth started—it was the voice of Marie.

"What, a comrade!" cried Achille Gombaud "does it take two——"

"Be quiet, old man, for a few seconds," uttered the youth, in a petulant tone, flying at the call of the forlorn beauty. She sat shivering with cold and dread, and was only half persuaded by the caresses of Adolphe to remain a little longer whilst he concluded a treaty with the general. What would become of both, and of General Gombaud, asked Marie, if the robbers were to approach before the treaty were ratified?

"That can never happen with the delicate ear of Marie for sentinel," replied Adolphe, returning to the prisoner. The young man now resolved to show himself and his pretensions more openly, believing that if he reposed confidence in the general—who was a man of honor—he should gain more than by working on the prisoner's sense of fear and apprehension of disgrace. At least, this was the ostensible motive, but in reality, though unconsciously, he was in a considerable degree influenced by horror and disgust at being taken, even for a few minutes, for one of Daru's gang. Acting under this impression, he loosened the cords, though without giving the general entire liberty; the lantern was so placed that each party might read the countenance of the other.

"I wait your reply to my terms, General Gombaud," said the youth, after narrating the strange incidents which brought them together under the robber's roof. Achille Gombaud was a long while silent.

"I deserve this!" he said at length, in a bitter tone, speaking to himself rather than to Adolphe. "I deserve this!—fool! fool! to venture unguarded through the cursed streets—in a quarter, too, where——but, *mille diables!* I will not submit to any one but my royal master. I yielded not an inch, young man, to Daru, himself, nor will I make myself ridiculous by negotiating with a notary's clerk. Marie Lambert, you say, loves you—let me have the confession from her lips, alone—and—I love her too well to behave ungenerously—let her approach now, she has naught to fear."

Adolphe's pride was much hurt by the austerity of the general's remarks, yet he submitted, and was successful in prevailing on Marie to approach the couch; there was no danger, as he whispered, for the general was still bound, and he should remain within call. In the dismal lumber-room, De Regnier waited the result of the conference between his young bride and her elderly lover—waited, not without some pang of jealousy, for which he felt there was no just

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cause; nor without a sense of humiliation, for which there might exist better ground in the assumption and overbearing deportment of the intendant of police. But Adolphe wisely reflected that the happiness of Marie was risked, even to extremity, by their sudden, unprepared union and uncertain plans of future life; smothering a disposition to quarrel with the general's haughtiness, he eagerly snatched at the hinted prospect of reconciliation. He was soon recalled to the presence of Gombaud.

"Marie and I," said the intendant, "have made up our quarrel, Monsieur De Regnier; and I am certain mademoiselle now loves me better than ever she did"—here an exclamation and start from Adolphe caused the speaker to pause, but he continued—"since I have listened to her pleadings in your favor."

Adolphe at these joyful words flew to cut the ropes which still held fast the prisoner, proposing that they should instantly escape through the sliding panel, and down his staircase to the street.

"Not so fast, young man! not so fast!" cried Gombaud, "one of my conditions with Marie was, that you should have the twenty-five thousand crowns. But we have not yet caught Daru, and you must win the reward ere you wear it."

Gombaud's scheme was as follows. Adolphe should conduct Marie to a place of safety—the hôtel of the intendancy of police, if she disliked meeting her father at present—and that De Regnier, being furnished with the general's signet-ring, would have no difficulty in procuring the aid of a military police force sufficient for the purpose required. That the suspicions of Daru or his confederates might not be awakened, should they think fit to visit their prisoner, he determined to remain partially bound, though furnished with all Adolphe's armory for use, if occasion required.

It was a torturing, unpleasant half hour which followed the departure of Marie and her spouse; and the general lay ill at ease, listening on one side for the chance visit of his jailers, and on the other for the approach of succor. But the old man braved the risk to ensure the capture of Daru—any success short of capture was as naught in his eyes.

A noise was now heard—it was the step of one approaching, but from which quarter he could not tell. Ah! joyful event! It is in the lumber-room, light shines through the partition—the door opens, and Adolphe appears alone, armed to the teeth. The guard, he said, was set at both stations—one division hidden near the entrance into which Gombaud was deluded; the other lining the staircase which conducted to De Regnier's apartment.

"But you have not exposed my awkward predicament?" asked Gombaud.

"Nay, general," replied the youth, "in my story to the lieutenants, I gave you the credit of tracking the robber to his den, and holding watch till you procured assistance."

Monsieur nodded complacently, and as he followed the youth, cried—"Now mark! The gang understand the trick of the panel, and will use it as a *dernier resort*—my hopes of success are founded on this belief." In Adolphe's room, the old man staid a few moments to adjust his apparel in fitting order to be seen by subordinates—the panel was carefully shut, the chamber-door closed, and the strategy functionary, having disposed his men throughout the winding staircase, at the points he deemed best, sent an orderly with command to the officer of the other division to commence the attack.

Soon the heavy din of beating down doors, removing obstacles, was heard intermingled with the discharge of fire-arms. The strife each minute grew louder—the tramp of feet and clash of arms were heard overhead—Adolphe's chamber-door flew open, and a disorderly gang of ruffians threw themselves down the staircase. Nearly all were caught, as in a net, by the wily Gombaud—a few retreated through the panel aperture, but were finally captured by the advancing party of assailants. Many of the gang, at that hour abroad on their nefarious duties, escaped, but amongst the captured was—to the extreme joy of Gombaud, who soon recognized the stranger who had misdirected him—the notorious chief, Daru. They were led to prison—and next morning, by order of Gombaud, sent to the galley service at Toulon, lest by their staying longer in Paris the secret of the intendant's ignominious adventure might transpire.

It was a late hour at night, for one of the notary's quiet habits, when he was summoned by royal messenger to repair without delay to the palace. Monsieur Lambert, who was waiting impatiently the long expected return of Gombaud and Josephine with his wilful-headed daughter, obeyed the mandate in astonishment. He was much surprised to find closeted with the monarch, the general, young De Regnier and the truant Marie.

Louis, in his accustomed style of mingled condescension and dignity, acquainted the notary that General Gombaud, in capturing Daru and his gang, had been mainly assisted by the coolness and address of the youth, De Regnier, and that the little heroine, Marie, being also present at the scene of danger, had exhibited courage which won the monarch's admiration. It was no secret to royalty that his majesty's intendant of police was on the eve of marriage with mademoiselle; nor should it be kept longer secret from Monsieur Lambert that General Gombaud, discovering that affection existed between Marie and the youth, had magnanimously relinquished his claim to her hand, and besought the king to intercede with the father in favor of De Regnier.

"Now we can no more refuse the petition of Monsieur Gombaud," continued the monarch, "than could the general avoid yielding to generous impules, by which he sacrifices his own affection."

The notary, though not pleased with the substitution, gave assent with the best grace he could assume. Louis, as one used to command rather than entreat, then, and not before, hinted to Lambert that the match was not an unequal one, as he had provided a post for Monsieur De Regnier, who being also entitled to the reward of twenty-five thousand crowns,

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would have wherewithal to surround his young bride with a becoming *appanage*. The notary replied with show of deep humility, that he was grateful for his majesty's favors, and he valued his son-in-law yet more, inasmuch as he was of good though impoverished family. The latent scorn which animated this declaration, conveying intimation from the man to the monarch, that he valued not his son-in-law for what the king had made him, but for prior advantages which royalty had no share in bestowing, implied a smothered resentment against the interference of Louis, which the latter, a quick-witted prince, was at no loss to perceive; but he was in good humor, through recent events, and suffered the covert impertinence to pass unrebuked. When the notary returned home he found Josephine, who had been carried to St. Denis and confined in a lonely house in that town, but report coming from Paris that Daru was taken and the game up, she was set at liberty, and hastened to her old quarters. In her faithful ear the notary failed not to stigmatize Gombaud as a fool, Marie an ungrateful daughter, Adolphe a scheming villain, and the king a busy meddler in matters he ought to refrain from. There followed this confidence, a declaration of more tender character, and the housekeeper shortly became Madame Lambert.

The other personages of our history were dismissed the royal presence in far better humor. Gombaud, by the capture, gained several steps in the military profession and enjoyed high credit with Louis. He was secretly much ruffled and vexed to lose the pretty Marie, but wisely judged he had escaped handsomely from peril even at that sacrifice. Adolphe De Regnier and his young wife had no reason to repent their hasty courtship and marriage. Both kept secret the true version of the aid afforded Gombaud holding to the compact with fidelity.

LAMENT OF THE FAITHLESS SHEPHERDESS.

The morning smiles, the Spring beguiles,
The flowers are fresh, the grass is green,
The birds disport in wanton wiles,
The sun is bright, the air serene.

Yes, all I see, and all I hear,
Invites to peace, and hope, and joy,
But naught can now my bosom cheer,
Or the sharp canker-worm destroy.

Remorse is festering in my side,
I think of him whose heart I won,
Whose heart I broke with scorn and pride,
And strive in vain the thought to shun.

I hate all that is blithe and fair,
The flowers, the meads and warbling birds,
The wild woods and the whispering air,
The bleating flocks and lowing herds.

I hail them not, I feel them not,
Nor all their bland seductions heed;
My heart is dead but to one thought,
A thought that ever makes it bleed.

The shepherd's pipe, like screech-owl's dun,
But heralds forth the silent dead,
And conjures up that fatal sin
Which wrings my heart and mads my head.

And when I see a shepherdess,
With blooming cheek and laughing eye,
Lighted with sunny happiness,
With envy I could almost die.

She never trifled with a swain;
She ne'er deceived with lips and eyes;
Nor did she e'er love's transports feign,
Or snare, to kill the fluttering prize.

Nor will she ever live like me
By day and night to pine and mourn;
To nurse the babe of misery,
And know no other eldest born.

THE SOUL'S EXPRESSION.

BY ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

With stammering lips and insufficient sound
I strive and struggle to deliver right
That music of my nature, day and night
Both dream, and thought, and feeling interwound,
And only answering all the senses round
With octaves of a mystic depth and height,
Which step out grandly to the infinite
From the dark edges of the sensual ground!
This song of Soul I struggle to outbear
Through portals of the sense, sublime and whole,
And utter all myself into the air—
But if I did it—as the thunder-roll
Breaks its own cloud—my flesh would perish there,
Before that dread apocalypse of soul!

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THE ADVANTAGES OF COMING DOWN THE WRONG CHIMNEY.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

> What I have been
> It skills not; what I will be, is reserved for. *Fletcher.*
>
> "'Tis better to be a tale
> Be Agamemnon, than himself indeed."

Mabel Wynne was the topmost sparkle on the crest of the first wave of luxury that swept over New York. Up to her time, the aristocratic houses were furnished with high bullets, high-backed and hair-bottomed mahogany chairs, one or two family portraits and a silver tray on the side-board, containing cordials and brandy for morning callers. In the centre of the room hung a chandelier of colored lamps, and the lighting of this and the hiring of three negroes (to "fatigue," as the French say, a clarionet, a bass viol and a violin) were the only preparations necessary for the most distinguished ball. About the time that Mabel left school, however, some adventurous pioneer of the Dutch *haut ton* ventured upon lamp-stands for the corners of the room, stuffed red benches along the walls and chalked floors; and upon this a French family of great beauty, residing in the lower part of Broadway, ventured upon a fancy ball with wax candles instead of lamps, French dishes and sweetmeats instead of pickled oysters and pink champaign; and, the door thus opened, luxury came in like a flood. Houses were built on a new plan of sumptuous arrangement, the ceilings stained in fresco and the columns of the doors within painted in imitation of bronze and marble; and at last the climax was topped by Mr. Wynne, who sent the dimensions of every room in his new house to an upholsterer in Paris, with *carte blanche* as to costliness and style, and the *journisseur* to come out himself and see to the arrangement and decoration.

It was Manhattan tea-time, old style, and while Mr. Wynne, who had the luxury of a little plain furniture in the basement, was comfortably taking his toast and hyson below stairs, Miss Wynne was just announced as "at home," by the black footman, and two of her admirers made their highly-scented *entrée*. They were led through a suite of superb rooms, lighted with lamps hid in alabaster vases, and ushered in at a mirror-door beyond, where, in a tent of fluted silk, with ottomans and draperies of the same stuff, exquisitely arranged, the imperious Mabel held her court of 'teens.

Mabel Wynne was one of those accidents of sovereign beauty which nature seems to take delight in misplacing in the world—like the superb lobelia flashing among sedges, or the golden oriole pluming his dazzling wings in the depth of a wilderness. She was no less than royal in all her belongings. Her features expressed consciousness of sway—a sway whose dictates had been from infancy anticipated. Never a surprise had startled those languishing eyelids from their deliberateness—never a suffusion other than the humid cloud of a tender and pensive hour had dimmed those adorable dark eyes. Or, so at least it seemed!

She was a fine creature, nevertheless—Mabel Wynne! But she looked to others like a specimen of such fragile and costly workmanship that nothing beneath a palace would be a becoming home for her.

"For the present," said Mr. Bellallure, one of the gentlemen who entered, "the bird has a fitting cage."

Miss Wynne only smiled in reply, and the other gentleman took upon himself to be the interpreter of her unexpressed thought.

"The cage is the accessory—not the bird," said Mr. Blythe, "and, for my part, I think Miss Wynne would show better the humbler her surroundings. As a Perdita upon the greensward, and open to a shepherd's wooing, I should inevitably sling my heart upon a crook—"

"And forswear that formidable, impregnable vow of celibacy?" interrupted Miss Wynne.

"I am only supposing a case, and you are not likely to be a shepherdess on the green." But Mr. Blythe's smile ended in a look of clouded reverie, and, after a few minutes' conversation, ill sustained by the gentlemen, who seemed each in the other's way, they rose and took their leave—Mr. Bellallure lingering last, for he was a lover avowed.

As the door closed upon her admirer, Miss Wynne drew a letter from her portfolio, and turning it over and over with a smile of abstracted curiosity, opened and read it for the second time. She had received it that morning from an unknown source, and as it was rather a striking communication, perhaps the reader had better know something of it before we go on.

It commenced without preface, thus:

"On a summer morning, twelve years ago, a chimney-sweep, after doing his work and singing his song, commenced his descent. It was the chimney of a large house, and becoming embarrassed among the flues, he lost his way and found himself on the hearth of a sleeping chamber occupied by a child. The sun was just breaking through the curtains of the room, a vacated bed showed that some one had risen lately, probably the nurse, and the sweep, with an irresistible impulse, approached the unconscious little sleeper. She lay with her head upon a round

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arm buried in flaxen curls, and the smile of a dream on her rosy and parted lips. It was a picture of singular loveliness, and something in the heart of that boy-sweep, as he stood and looked upon the child, knelt to it with an agony of worship. The tears gushed to his eyes. He stripped the sooty blanket from his breast, and looked at the skin white upon his side. The contrast between his condition and that of the fair child sleeping before him brought the blood to his blackened brow with the hot rush of lava. He knelt beside the bed on which she slept, took her hand in his sooty grasp, and with a kiss upon the white and dewy fingers poured his whole soul with passionate earnestness into a resolve.

"Hereafter you may learn, if you wish, the first struggles of that boy in the attempt to diminish the distance between yourself and him—for you will have understood that you were the beautiful child he saw asleep. I repeat that it is twelve years since he stood in your chamber. He has seen you almost daily since then—watched your going out and coming in—fed his eyes and heart on your expanding beauty, and informed himself of every change and development in your mind and character. With this intimate knowledge of you, and with the expansion of his own intellect, his passion has deepened and strengthened. It possesses him now as life does his heart, and will endure as long. But his views with regard to you have changed nevertheless.

"You will pardon the presumption of my first feeling—that to attain my wishes I had only to become your equal. It was a natural error—for my agony at realizing the difference of our conditions in life was enough to absorb me at the time—but it is surprising to me how long that delusion lasted. I am rich now. I have lately added to my fortune the last acquisition I thought desirable. But with the thought of the next thing to be done, came like a thunderbolt upon me the fear that after all my efforts you might be destined for another! The thought is simple enough. You would think that it would have haunted me from the beginning. But I have either unconsciously shut my eyes to it, or I have been so absorbed in educating and enriching myself that *that* goal only was visible to me. It was perhaps fortunate for my perseverance that I was so blinded. Of my midnight studies, of my labors, of all my plans, self-denials and anxieties, you have seemed the reward! I have never gained a thought, never learned a refinement, never turned over gold and silver, that it was not a step nearer to Mabel Wynne. And now, that in worldly advantages, after twelve years of effort and trial, I stand by your side at last, a thousand men who never thought of you till yesterday, are equal competitors with me for your hand!

"But, as I said, my views with regard to you have changed. I have, with bitter effort, conquered the selfishness of this one life-time ambition. I am devoted to you, as I have been from the moment I first saw you—life and fortune. These are still yours—but without the price at which you might spurn them. My person is plain and unattractive. You have seen me, and shown me no preference. There are others whom you receive with favor. And with your glorious beauty and sweet, admirably sweet, qualities of character, it would be an outrage to nature that you should not choose freely, and be mated with something of your kind. Of those who now surround you I see no one worthy of you—but he may come! Jealousy shall not blind me to his merits. The first mark of your favor (and I shall be aware of it) will turn upon him my closest, yet most candid scrutiny. He must love you well—for I shall measure his love by my own. He must have manly beauty, and delicacy, and honor—he must be worthy of you, in short—but he need not be rich. He who steps between me and you takes the fortune I had amassed for you. I tell you this that you may have no limit in your choice—for the worthiest of a woman's lovers is oftenest barred from her by poverty.

"Of course I have made no vow against seeking your favor. On the contrary, I shall lose no opportunity of making myself agreeable to you. It is against my nature to abandon hope, though I am painfully conscious of my inferiority to other men in the qualities which please a woman. All I have done is to deprive my pursuit of its selfishness—to make it subservient to your happiness purely—as it still would be were I the object of your preference. You will hear from me at any crisis of your feelings. Pardon my being a spy upon you. I know you well enough to be sure that this letter will be a secret—since I wish it. Adieu!"

Mabel laid her cheek in the hollow of her hand and mused long on this singular communication. It stirred her romance, but it wakened still more her curiosity. Who was he? She had "seen him and shown him no preference!" Which could it be of the hundred of her chance-made acquaintances? She conjectured at some disadvantage, for she had "come out" within the past year only, and her mother having long been dead, the visiters to the house were all but recently made known to her. She could set aside two thirds of them, as sons of families well known, but there were at least a score of others, any one of whom might, twelve years before, have been as obscure as her anonymous lover. Whoever he might be, Mabel thought he could hardly come into her presence again without betraying himself, and, with a pleased smile at the thought of the discovery, she again locked up the letter.

Those were days (to be regretted or not, as you please, dear reader!) when the notable society of New York revolved in one self-complacent and clearly defined circle. Call it a wheel, and say that the centre was a belle and the radii were beaux—(the periphery of course composed of those who could "down with the dust.") And on the fifteenth of July, regularly and imperatively, this fashionable wheel rolled off to Saratoga.

"Mabel! my daughter!" said old Wynne, as he bade her good night the evening before starting for the springs, "it is useless to be blind to the fact that among your many admirers you have several very pressing lovers—suitors for your hand I may safely say. Now, I do not wish to put any unnecessary re-

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straint upon your choice, but as you are going to a gay place, where you are likely to decide the matter in your own mind, I wish to express an opinion. You may give it what weight you think a father's judgment should have in such matters. I do *not* like Mr. Bellallure—for, beside my prejudice against the man, we know nothing of his previous life, and he may be a swindler or any thing else. I *do* like Mr. Blythe—for I have known him many years, he comes of a most respectable family, and he is wealthy and worthy. These two seem to me the most in earnest, and you apparently give them the most of your time. If the decision is to be between them, you have *my* choice. Good night, my love!"

Some people think it is owing to the Saratoga water. I venture to differ from them. The water is an "alterative," it is true—but I think people do not so much alter as develop at Saratoga. The fact is clear enough—that at the Springs we change our opinions of almost every body—but (though it seems a bold supposition at first glance) I am inclined to believe it is because we see so much more of them! Knowing people in the city and knowing them at the Springs is very much in the same line of proof as tasting wine and drinking a bottle. Why, what is a week's history of a city acquaintance? A morning call thrice a week, a diurnal bow in Broadway, and perhaps a quadrille or two in the party season. What chance in that to ruffle a temper or try a weakness? At the Springs, now, dear lady, you wear a man all day like a shoe. Down at the platform with him to drink the waters before breakfast—strolls on the portico with him till ten—drives with him to Barkydt's till dinner—lounges in the drawing-room with him till tea—dancing and promenading with him till midnight—very little short altogether of absolute matrimony. And, like matrimony, it is a very severe trial. Your "best fellow" is sure to be found out, and so is your plausible fellow, your egotist, and your "spoon."

Mr. Beverly Bellallure had cultivated the male attractions with marked success. At times he probably thought himself a plain man, and an artist who should only paint what could be measured with a rule, would have made a plain portrait of Mr. Bellallure. But—the atmosphere of the man! There is a physiognomy in movement—there is aspect in the harmonious link between mood and posture—there is expression in the face of which the features are as much a portrait as a bagpipe is a copy of a Scotch song. Beauty, my dear artist, cannot always be translated by canvas and oils. You must paint "the magnetic fluid" to get a portrait of some men. Sir Thomas Lawrence seldom painted any thing else—as you may see by his picture of Lady Blessington, which is like her without having copied a single feature of her face. Yet an artist would be very much surprised if you should offer to sit to him for your magnetic atmosphere—though it expresses (does it not?) exactly what you want when you order a picture! You wish to be painted as you appear to those who love you—a picture altogether unrecognizable by those who love you not.

Mr. Bellallure, then, was magnetically handsome—positively plain. He dressed with an art beyond detection. He spent his money as if he could dip it at will out of Pactolus. He was intimate with nobody, and so nobody knew his history; but he wrote himself on the register of Congress Hall as "from New York," and he threw all his forces into one unmistakable demonstration—the pursuit of Miss Mabel Wynne.

But Mr. Bellallure had a formidable rival. Mr. Blythe was as much in earnest as he, though he played his game with a touch-and-go freedom, as if he was prepared to lose it. And Mr. Blythe had very much surprised those people at Saratoga who did not know that between a very plain man and a very elegant man there is often but the adding of the rose-leaf to the brimming jar. He was perhaps a little gayer than in New York, certainly a little more dressed, certainly a little more prominent in general conversation—but without any difference that you could swear to, Mr. Blythe, the plain and reliable business man, whom every body esteemed without particularly admiring, had become Mr. Blythe the model of elegance and ease, the gentleman and conversationist *par excellence*. And nobody could tell how the statue could have lain so long unsuspected in the marble.

The race for Miss Wynne's hand and fortune was a general sweepstakes, and there were a hundred men at the Springs ready to take advantage of any falling back on the part of the two on the lead; but with Blythe and Bellallure Miss Wynne herself seemed fully occupied. The latter had a "friend at court"—the belief, kept secret in the fair Mabel's heart, that he was the romantic lover of whose life and fortune she had been the inspiration. She was an eminently romantic girl with all her strong sense; and the devotion which had proved itself so deep and controlling was in reality the dominant spell upon her heart. She felt that she must love that man, whatever his outside might be, and she construed the impenetrable silence with which Bellallure received her occasional hints as to his identity, into a magnanimous determination to win her without any advantage from the romance of his position.

Yet she sometimes wished it had been Mr. Blythe! The opinion of her father had great weight with her, but, more than that, she felt instinctively that he was the safer man to be entrusted with a woman's happiness. If there had been a doubt—if her father had not assured her that "Mr. Blythe came of a most respectable family"—if the secret had wavered between them—she would have given up Bellallure without a sigh. Blythe was every thing she admired and wished for *in* a husband—but the man who had *made himself for her*, by a devotion unparalleled even in her reading of fiction, held captive her dazzled imagination if not her grateful heart. She made constant efforts to think only of Bellallure, but the efforts were preceded ominously with a sigh.

And now Bellallure's star seemed in the ascendant—for urgent business called Mr. Wynne to the city, and on the succeeding day Mr. Blythe followed him,

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though with an assurance of speedy return. Mabel was left under the care of an indulgent chaperon who took a pleasure in promoting the happiness of the supposed lovers, and driving, lounging, waltzing and promenading, Bellallure pushed his suit with ardor unremitted. He was a skillful master of the art of wooing, and it would have been a difficult woman indeed who would not have been pleased with his society—but the secret in Mabel's breast was the spell by which he held her.

A week elapsed and Bellallure pleaded the receipt of unexpected news, and left suddenly for New York—to Mabel's surprise exacting no promise at parting, though she felt that she should have given it with reluctance. The mail of the second day following brought her a brief letter from her father, requesting her immediate return; and, more important still, a note from her incognito lover. It ran thus:

"You will recognize my handwriting again. I have little to say—for I abandon the intention I had formed to comment on your apparent preference. Your happiness is in your own hands. Circumstances which will be explained to you, and which will excuse this abrupt forwardness, compel me to urge you to an immediate choice. On your arrival at home, you will meet me in your father's house, where I shall call to await you. I confess, tremblingly, that I still cherish a hope. If I am not deceived—if you can consent to love me—if my long devotion is to be rewarded—take my hand when you meet me. That moment will decide the value of my life. But be prepared also to name another if you love him—for there is a necessity, which I cannot explain to you till you have chosen your husband, that this choice should be made on your arrival. Trust and forgive one who has so long loved you!"

Mabel pondered long on this strange letter. Her spirit at moments revolted against its apparent dictation, but there was the assurance, which she could not resist trusting, that it could be explained and forgiven. At all events, she was at liberty to fulfill its requisitions or not—and she would decide when the time came. Happy was Mabel—unconsciously happy—in the generosity and delicacy of her unnamed lover! Her father, by one of the sudden reverses of mercantile fortune, had been stripped of his wealth in a day! Stunned and heart-broken, he knew not how to break it to his daughter, but he had written for her to return. His sumptuous house had been sold over his head, yet the purchaser, whom he did not know, had liberally offered the use of it till his affairs were settled. And, meantime, his ruin was made public. The news of it, indeed, had reached Saratoga before the departure of Mabel—but there were none willing to wound her by speaking of it.

The day was one of the sweetest of Summer, and as the boat ploughed her way down the Hudson Mabel sat on the deck lost in thought. Her father's opinion of Bellallure, and his probable displeasure at her choice, weighed uncomfortably on her mind. She turned her thoughts upon Mr. Blythe, and felt surprised at the pleasure with which she remembered his kind manners and his trust-inspiring look. She began to reason with herself more calmly than she had power to do with her lovers around her. She confessed to herself that Bellallure might have the romantic perseverance shown in the career of the chimney-sweep and still be deficient in qualities necessary to domestic happiness. There seemed to her something false about Bellallure. She could not say in what—but he had so impressed her. A long day's silent reflection deepened this impression, and Mabel arrived at the city with changed feelings. She prepared herself to meet him at her father's house, and show him by her manner that she could accept neither his hand nor his fortune.

Mr. Wynne was at the door to receive his daughter, and Mabel felt relieved, for she thought that his presence would bar all explanation between herself and Bellallure. The old man embraced her with an effusion of tears which she did not quite understand, but he led her to the drawing-room and closed the door. Mr. Blythe stood before her!

Forgetting the letter—dissociated wholly as it was, in her mind, with Mr. Blythe—Mabel ran to him with frank cordiality and gave him her hand! Blythe stood a moment—his hand trembling in hers—and as a suspicion of the truth flashed suddenly on Mabel's mind, the generous lover drew her to his bosom and folded her passionately in his embrace. Mabel's struggles were slight, and her happiness unexpectedly complete.

The marriage was like other marriages.

Mr. Wynne had drawn a little on his imagination in recommending Mr. Blythe to his daughter as "a young man of most respectable family."

Mr. Blythe was the purchaser of Mr. Wynne's superb house, and the old man ended his days under its roof—happy to the last in the society of the Blythes, large and little.

Mr. Bellallure turned out to be a clever adventurer, and had Mabel married him she would have been Mrs. Bellallure No. 2—possibly No. 3. He thought himself too nice a man for a monopoly.

I think my story is told—if your imagination has filled up the interstices, that is to say.

THE MOTHER—A SONNET.

Beautiful bride of old historic race,
Beautiful mother of the noblest boy,
That e'er sweet hope rapid with sweeter joy,
Canst lift the veil from that sweet sunny face?
Canst read the virtues of each warlike peer,
That left his fame in trust to after days,
Kindling his future sons to deeds of praise,
Rivals of Hastings, Cressy, and Poictier?
If noblest steeds their sires' high strain partake,
If soars the eagle's nestling to the sun,
If staunchest hounds the staunchest whelps do make,
Fear not—thy child as clear a course shall run
As hers—who ne'er the haughty boast did rue
That all her sons were brave, and all her daughters true.

N. W. E.

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THE SONS OF THE WILDERNESS.

REFLECTIONS BESIDE AN INDIAN MOUND.

BY JUDGE CONRAD.

Nos patriæ fines, et dulcia linquimus arva;
Nos patriam fugimus. Virgil.

I.

The cotter's window throws no cheerful light;
Toil sweetly sleeps; and o'er the fragrant plain,
As infant's slumber, all is calm. The night
Hath not a voice, save that the nodding grain
Rustles with every breath; and the sad strain
Of the far whip-po-wil melts on the ear,
Now hushed, and now, o'er the still'd stream again
Mournfully wafted. Might not fancy here,
Beside this death-fill'd mound, in shadows trace,
Flitting and pale, the forms of an extinguished race?

II.

By whom, and how, extinguished? Who dare say?
Yet Nature, ever just,—(from every hill
Where their bones whiten to th' unpitying day;
From every loved and lovely dell where still
Their mounds arise; from river and from rill,
Which, blushing, told their slaughter to the sea)—
With the low voice that never slumbers, will
Ask how a race of God's thus ceased to be:
And ocean, crimsoned earth and shriek-torn air
Echo—(what can we say?)—where is thy brother? where?

III.

We will be dumb. But history will say,
That we were exiles, feeble, full of wo;
And our red brethren, in an evil day,
Sheltered, and fed, and saved us: we, to show
How warm in Christian breast the grateful glow,
Robb'd them of home, and drove them to the wild,
Further, and further yet; till, blow on blow—
(Alas! we spared nor warrior, wife, nor child!)—
Left every nook of desperate refuge red;
And all that bore their name were numbered with the dead.

IV.

The cheek will flush, and start the pitying tear,
When the page tells, how, by Potomac's tide,
That bandit band, convict and cavalier,
On fire for gold—which from the Indian's side
They would have dug, and laugh'd with demon pride—
Scoff'd at all friendship, faith and gratitude;
And Murder wooed, as lover woos his bride.
With jest and song, they merrily embrued
Their hands in blood; and the dark game began,
Grenville, accursed! with thee, at flaming Secotan.(1)

V.

Their title we inherit. 'T was the right,
The robber-right of conquest—one but known
In the dark chancery of fiends.(2) The white,
Ev'n while the Indian's sheltering arms were thrown
Around him, gashed the breast on which his own
Was pillow'd. Kindness fell upon his heart
Like dew upon the rock; and shriek and groan
To him were harmony. Why did not start
That warrior race to arms, their homes to save,
And fling their feeble foes back on th' Atlantic wave?

VI.

This might have been; this should have been. But they
Deemed the white man Manitto's son, and spared;
And, when the dream was o'er, the fateful day
Had fled—and they were doomed! They vainly dared
The hopeless fight, and fell: yet, falling, bared
Their iron bosoms to their foes; and died,
As heroes love to live. Each peril shared,
The warrior, smiling in his stoic pride,
Sang his death song, and joy'd. They struck too late;
Their star had set; yet they nor bowed to force nor fate.

VII.

Ev'n he whose daring mocked romance, but knew
The Indian as a victim.(3) Not a wrong
He left unwreaked, as Opecancanough,
The iron forest Lear, remembered long.
For his loved land that chieftain struggled strong;
And when a century closed his eyes, still beat
His heart th' alarum of his tribe. The song
Of war arose: the Indian, fierce and fleet,
Rushed to the sacrifice. No dark-eyed maid
Availed, in that dread hour, the trembling white to aid!

VIII.

Vain was thy love, fond Pocahontas!(4) Thou
Dreamed not so false the race which thou had'st saved:
Yet—though with fainting heart—thy flashing brow,
Queenly and cold, that scene of torture braved.
Loving and lost, thy grief and scorn were graved
Where no one turned the leaf. Didst thou not think,
Fawn of the Desert! of the day when waved
The war club o'er his head, and thou didst sink
Between him and the death? Alas! that love,
Young, yearning, truthful, hath no home save that above!

IX.

So at the North, where e'en Religion drew
From the red breast of War its daily food;
Where Virtue was a frailty, if there grew
Upon its rocky breast a flower that wooed
With its soft blush the day. Like ice embrued
With blood, their temper froze into the hue
Of murder; and, with saintly phrase and good,
They hunted down, his native forests through,
The red man to the death; and ere could cease
His last throes, thanked, with eyes upraised, the Prince of Peace!

X.

"Welcome the white man!" When with smiles they met
The weary pilgrim on the pebbly shore,
Little they dreamed how soon their hearts would wet
His blade. Yet long their wrongs they meekly bore;
Till the dead rose their warriors to implore
Against the spoilers of their graves:(5) the cry
Rang from the mountain forest to the shore.
Alas! the Indians only struck to die—
To die with tortures deadlier than their own!
And so they perished all—without a grave or groan!

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XI.

The white men knew no friends; no faith knew they;
Treaties, oath-sealed, were bonds of straw; their hate,
Deadly and deep, was proved in many a fray:
But deadlier far their smile. Behold the fate
Of all who loved and trusted! Not a state
Remains to boast their friendship—all have gone!
As well the Indian with the panther mate
As with the white man, with his heart of stone.
Better, with arms in hand, die, foe, and free,
Than sink betrayed and spurned, as sank the Cherokee!

XII.

War-worn and faint returned that hapless band:(6)
They had been struggling for the white men's right;
And turned—a remnant—to their native land.
But the scalp-broker watched, with fell delight,
Their way. What recked he that, in many a fight,
Those wasted warriors bared unto the foe
Their breasts for him and those who by the light
Of his glad fireside sported? 'T was enow,
They Indians were—had scalps? Their price to gain,
That hero band, betrayed, were by the white man slain!

XIII.

"Let us not," Atakullakulla said—
"Like our false foes, our hands in blood embrue
Of friends. The whites, who now our forests tread,
Be sacred: then—the hatchet dug—we 'll do
Deeds that will make the treacherous pale-face rue
The hour he wronged us." So they did. But vain
Their forest valor; and, at length, they sue
For peace. What terms are given? Alas! they stain
The page that tells them! Blood must still be shed:
Four quivering scalps were asked—new-torn, fresh, reeking, red!

XIV.

Who has not heard of Logan?(7) He was known
As the Peacemaker—generous, gentle, brave:
Alas! the seeds of mercy he had sown
Saved not his loved ones from a bloody grave!
Loud rang the war-whoop. By Ohio's wave,
Ev'n from the rising to the setting day,
They battled; and "*Be strong! be strong! and save!*"
Rose sternly o'er the din of that affray.
O'ercome; lone Logan sought the setting sun:
For who was left to shed a tear for him? Not one.

XV.

But these were heathens: why not strike them down?
Alas! the cross has no protection been!(8)
As witnessed Lichtenau, the Christian's own.
The Hurons burst, with hearts for carnage keen,
Upon it; but were met with love: the scene
Our history shames. The savage chieftain spoke:
"I came, with fire, to spoil the valleys green
Of the false white man's friends. Your words awoke
My better soul. Be safe"—the warrior said—
"We are your friends: love God: and be of none afraid."

XVI.

The savage foe thus: how the Christian friend?
The white men came, proposing peace—good will:
Each heart was glad; they dreamed not of the end
Of that dark plot! The plenteous viands fill
The welcome board, and all is blythe; until,
Sudden encompassed, that meek race were driven—
Old men, pale matrons, and babes shrieking shrill—
Before the sword, into the house of Heaven:
The church was made their prison and their grave;
As if, in God's own fane, the avenging God to brave.

XVII.

They knelt to Him—their only friend—on high,
And hymn'd His praise. Ev'n then, the white man rush'd
Upon them—as they kneh! with hideous cry,
Knife, club and axe—the fiends, with fury flushed,
Their task commenced. All perished! Mingling, gushed
The veins of sire and wife; the white-hair'd sage
And sucking-babe, beneath the war club crushed,
Their brains together plashed the wall; and age
And youth weltered in one red heap. 'T was done!
Ev'n hell howled o'er the deed, and shuddered Phlegethon!

XVIII.

If God's guilt-blasting justice be not stayed;
If murder hath a voice, ev'n from the ground
Which it hath fatten'd—*are not we afraid?*
Realms have their judgment day; as Spain hath found:
And now, a hissing to the nations round,
She standeth, stricken by th' Eternal hand;
Her voice a wail, and her torn breast one wound.
Before the dower of a virgin world
Was hers, how bright, how bold Iberia's brow!(9)
She won with blood that world: Alas! what is she now?

XIX.

With her own blood-hound's eager thirst, she rush'd
To Murder's banquet; till her victim's vein
Murmured, to her, a music, as it gushed,
Sweeter than rills on Andalusia's plain.
And then, with dripping hands and reeling brain,
Drunken with blood, she gathered up the gold
Of her new India; and amid her slain,
She sat, a Moloch! But, unheard, untold,
Did those shrieks rise to Heaven? Or, unseen, fell
That guiltless blood to earth? Let her dark annals tell.

XX.

Her wealth hath turned, within her crimson'd hand,
To withered leaves; her glory set in blood;
And foreign swords have reaped her guilty land,
Sluicing her veins, and leaving Spain athood
In her own gore. A foreign king hath stood
Upon her trampled honor; and her name
Is a scorned byword with the just and good.
Thus, gored and guilty; lost to freedom, fame;
A haggard, hated ruin; she hath now
Nought of the boasted Past, but her blood-spotted brow!

XXI.

Our country's father was the red man's friend.(10)
Were not his glorious life one stream of light,
A moral milky-way, where brightly blend
A thousand stellar virtues o'er the night
Of human wrong, still would the truth and right,
For this alone, his memory consecrate.
Alas! our councils since have been their blight;
And still, with wolfy steadiness, our hate
Their fainting race pursues: the spirit dread
That dyed the Atlantic surf sull makes the prairie red.

XXII.

Wrong upon wrong; homes fired, and towns laid low;
Still by the Sire of Waters, where the grave
Of his tribe rose, the Indian lingered slow;
Willing to die, but impotent to save:
The white man struck—and then what could the brave,
To madness gored, but meet him? 'T is the tale
Of old; fraud first, then force: for they who crave
The red man's fields pause not to fat the vale
With his tribe's blood. They fought; they failed; they fled—
A further wild to seek, and mourn their distant dead.

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XXIII.

In vain, in vain! through forest and o'er stream,
A nation—famished, faint, heart-stricken—fled;
Father, wife, child! They did not, could not, deem
The whites would come the last red drop to shed.
By Mississippi's side, their blankets spread,
The mother clasped unto her throbbing breast
Her shrivel'd infant, wond'ring if 't was dead;
And the stern warrior's trembling lip confest
A father's agony.—He starts! His ear
Catches the measured tread. "My arms! the whites are near!"

XXIV.

O, what a field for hearts which, 'neath the blaze
Of our gemm'd flag, would court an equal foe;
And pluck, from bristling perils, noble bays!
Each volley lays wife, warrior, infant low:
For, harmless, falls the famished warrior's blow.
Environed; flight cut off; submission vain—
For the white flag was scorned—(O scene of wo!)
They madly plunged—beneath the leaden rain—
Into the torrent stream, and mixed their blood,
The Christian's rage to shun, with Mississippi's flood!

XXV.

On a young mother's breast an infant slept,
When broke the foe upon their forest ground;
She sunk; her heart its purple tear-drops wept
Upon her child, which, in her death-clasp bound,
Beneath her fell. Thus was the infant found,
When battle ceased to fright that distant dell.
Cold was the mother: but her neck around
Was one arm of her child; the other fell
Shattered and torn. They had not heard its moan:
Murder held there its court; its revel reigned alone!

XXVI.

The scene of blood and crime was left alone;
The battle-smoke roll'd slowly o'er the hill;
The forest only heard some gurgled groan;
And, in the vale, the slaughter-shout was still.
The stealthy wolf was left to gorge at will
O'er his red carnival. The hush was broke
But by the eager vulture: screaming shrill,
He watch'd, impatient, from the blasted oak,
Then swoop'd to join the feast. And thus, alone,
They tore the quivering flesh, and stripp'd the whiten'd bone.

XXVII.

Soon was all trace of murder gone: the rain—
The tears of Heaven, shed o'er that scene of wo—
Wash'd from the leaves and grass the guilty stain;
And the warm blood which mingled with the flow
Of Mississippi—drops which fired the glow
Of stern and patriot hearts—was swept away
Forever, with its wave. *Forever?* No!
The rain that fell on Sodom could not save
That witness of our sin. On to the main
It flows, red, red with blood, of victims we have slain!

XXVIII.

And later yet, the Seminole bled.
It was no war for peace, no war for right:
Our Country to the desolate red man said:
"Go! Go! for you have land and we have might.
Go join your wretched brethren, in their flight
Unto the West!" "What, leave our people's graves?"
The Seminole wept, "Alas! the night
Is o'er our race. Shall we say to the braves,
Whose bones here moulder, 'Rise and with us go!'
Ye 're rich: leave us to die here in our want and wo!

XXIX.

"Leave us the wet morass and sterile heath!
Soon will we wither 'neath the white-man's sun;
Add not another pang unto the death
Of a sad tribe, whose race is almost run!
Wait! we will die; for wrong has nearly done
Its worst upon us. Wait! So dark a crime
Will wake the anger of the Mighty One!"
How did we answer? Tell it not to Time!
Hear it not, Heaven! 'Twas in the cannon's roar,
Mingling with shriek and groan, on Withlacooche's shore!

XXX.

The record lives. A nation's burning blush
Cannot consume, its tears wash out, the stain!
Yet boldly did the fore-doomed victims rush
Upon their foe. The gallant Dade was slain
With all his host; and year on year, in vain,
Our thousands died: till Osceola came,
Beneath the sacred flag, a peace to gain
For his thinn'd tribe. He deemed our faith and fame
A shield: Alas, that e'er that faith was tried!
Deceived, betrayed, in bonds, he, broken hearted, died!

XXXI.

Blame not the soldier. He struck not the blow.
Not his the fault—not his the warrior's pride.
Weeping, with generous sorrow, for his foe,
He fought reluctant, and inglorious died.
He left his love-lit hearth, his shrieking bride,
Mother and sister, all that gives life worth,
To perish by the Withlacooche's side:
His warm corpse hurried 'neath the reddened earth;
Left—with no prayer his half-dug grave to bless—
To the lean, prowling wolf, of that dark wilderness.

XXXII.

The red-man changed but once. He was our friend;
Trusted, and was betrayed; became our foe.
Since, life has had to him no other end:
Freedom, revenge! He could not, would not know
Submission. Dearer to him than the flow
Of his heart's blood, was freedom; and he met
The contest on the shore. Nor did he go
From his sire's graves till they with blood were wet.
He died; but left the white-man's howls to tell,
That man was ne'er so wrong'd, and ne'er aveng'd so well!

XXXIII.

No inch of ground was tamely lost. Each hill
Was made a barrier, and each vale a grave,
Ere it was left: when, tearless, stern and still,
Those Spartans of the forest sadly gave
A last look to the homes they could not save;
And turned, with heavy step and heaving breast,
Unto the West—the West—new wrongs to brave;
For, like the sun, the Indian, to the West,
Hastes to his setting. But, returning, they
Oft met, like midnight storm, and burst upon their prey.

XXXIV.

Wo! then, to those who slept where theirs had slept!
Wo! to the wife and child that, from the plain
Which they had planted, gather'd food! They swept,
Like fire, the land. They laughed, with fierce disdain,
At mercy. For, had not the white-man slain
Their cherish'd? Ay, he was the spoiler, he
Had pour'd forth Indian blood like summer rain!
Race against race! why spare? for one must fall!
Why spare? They smote; smote fiercely, and smote all!

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XXXV.

They were not saints. But were they cowards? slaves?
When did the Indian bow, when he could bleed?
When did he leave his people's forest graves
Untracked in blood? Thus did the plot proceed;
With many a cruel, many a noble deed:
A plot, whose acts were ages, actors kings.
Those Cains of the desert sought no meed
Of fame: no pen records, no patriot sings
Their praise. Enough, they never shed a tear;
They never knew a shame, a shackle, nor a fear.

XXXVI.

But, save a feeble few, they are no more!
Their many tribes passed, one by one, away.
Some, like a sapless oak, moss-grown and hoar,
Fell piece-meal; others, 'neath the angry sway
Of the tornado wild, uprooted lay.
In the earth's palmistry, 'tis said, the sea
Works, with a halcyon surge, its secret way
Upon the shore; or, in its stormy glee,
Bursts inland: thus, by fraud or force, the wave
Of the vast sea of wrong has swept the red-man's grave!

XXXVII.

Shall that few perish? From the East, the cloud,
Which o'er their path its fatal shadow threw,
Has wester'd. They in vain have bled, have bow'd:
From vale to vale their feeble bands withdrew;
Still haunted, hunted still. What can they do
But die? It is their doom. Their tribes will join
Their sires, who, in the hunting ground, pursue
Their game, where still the Indian's sun can shine.
Our altars raised above a race undone,
Who will be left to mourn for Logan, then? Not one!

NOTES.

(1) The outrage at Secoun was one of the first and worst committed by the English. The earliest colonists of that section of the country appear to have been, for the most part, a band of reckless adventurers. They were not impelled to the daring enterprise by religious zeal, a hatred of oppression, or a desire to seek a refuge and home in America; but came to patch up the fortunes which their prodigality had wasted, by seizing the golden treasures of the new world. They contemplated no permanent abode in the country, and came, not to win by their labor the wilderness into smiles, but by deeds of desperate and unholy emprize to throttle fortune, as it were, and compel her favors. Impatient, heady and unscrupulous, they respected no right and paused at no outrage. Perhaps it may be harsh to denominate them a band of robbers and murderers; but if rifling and destroying the natives be robbery and murder, the epithets would not be misapplied. The sole object of the first colonists under Sir Richard Grenville was *gold*; and, lashing in this, their disappointment was wreaked upon the unoffensive natives. The latter relieved their wants and even saved them from starvation; and, in return, the colonists fired one of their towns, to revenge a supposed and trifling theft; and attacked a concourse of 1500 natives when in attendance upon the funeral of their king, killing all who did not escape into the woods. This colony perished from its own vices; and every attempt to settle Virginia failed until 1607, when the energy of the celebrated Smith secured success.

(2) Some observations on the pretexts used by the early settlers, and by their eulogists since, to justify their aggressions, may not be inappropriate; but the limits of a note will not admit even a cursory view of the general character of the policy of the whites to the injured and almost obliterated people from whom was stolen the land upon which our household altars have been reared. Had we space it would be gratifying to do justice to them, and justice, however harsh, to their oppressors. But why, it may be asked, should such an investigation be made? Why should we toil to remove the superincumbent errors which conceal our origin, when our labor must be rewarded only with regret and humiliation? Let the invidious task be left to foreign hands; and be it our more grateful duty to cherish national pride instead of self-reproach. The task is one of peril; but it is not the less attractive. There is nothing more elevated than a well-founded national pride; there is nothing more abject than national vanity, founded in falsehood and prejudice. We, as a nation, are too rich in *just* glory, to borrow the flickering glare of fable. The truth can detract nothing from a national history whose career has been sun-like; and his patriotism must be sickly indeed who can regard a country like ours with less of pride, because, though most of the nations of old claimed to derive their origin from gods, history proves that we have sprung from mere mortals. The national egotism which can be thus wounded, is not more wholesome or commendable than the same infirmity in individuals; in both cases it averts the eye of introspection from faults to be amended, and induces an unmanly self-worship destructive of every better and nobler characteristic. Besides, if we conclude that the acquisition of this country *by* the whites was wrongful, we learn nothing more of ourselves than history tells us of every other people. From the chosen people in their sanguinary conquest of the promised land, down to the latest appropriation of the soil of another race, the story has been the same. Force is the only fixed law of nations; and, though the code may not be justified, it has always been admitted. If the settlers of this country *did* attain it by injustice, they did no more—though far be it from us to plume it on that ground—than the Indians themselves boast of having done to an earlier race of inhabitants. But an inquiry like this should have a higher object than to irritate or soothe our national pride; that object is truth—and truth is never a treason; that object is justice—justice to the dead, to the race which has passed away without the ability to leave the story of their wrongs to posterity; justice to the living—to those who, though degraded in character and broken in spirit and resources, still exist, to yield when we demand, or resisting to add to the white-man's victims. There are still upward of 300,000 Indians within the territory of the United States. They are at our mercy. It will be well if the contemplation of the *crimes* (we will use no gentler word) of the past can avert those of the future. The aborigines have been regarded as out of the pale of human right—by some, because they are not Christians, though the most enlightened of the Greeks and Romans could not boast a religion so pure and lofty as theirs—by others, because their maxims of morality and policy do not accord with those received in Europe. The candid inquirer will venture to treat them *as men*. In the intercourse between them and the Europeans, each should be regarded as bound by their own laws—the European by the international code, the Indian by the universal principles of natural justice. The subject of the controversy between the two races—a controversy of ages and empires—is *the right to the soil. What constitutes that right?* The European originally pleaded the right of discovery, and, under the provisions thus derived, the charter of the crown. It is unnecessary now seriously to argue that such a claim cannot affect the aboriginal inhabitants. About the close of the fifteenth century, the elder Cabot and his son sailed along the coast of this country, in search of a northwest passage; and, though they neither landed nor went through the farce of taking possession, this voyage ascertained the right of Great Britain to half a continent! This is certainly an easy and comfortable mode of acquisition. The munificence of his holiness, the Pope, secured his Catholic Majesty still further privileges—the entire land and people were bestowed upon him; and, thus fortified, the right to rob, murder and roast the natives became indisputable. But with other nations, not so fortunate, the right of discovery was set up, not against the natives, but against European governments, and amounted to nothing more than a right to exclude other settlers. Thus far, as a means of preventing collision between the different European governments that hastened, upon the wings of the wind, to batten upon poor America, it was most wise and prudent; but, used to justify the appropriation of the land of the natives, it is so absurdity too gross for refutation. But another, and even a worse claim was more frequently insisted upon. I refer to the *right of conquest*. This title—a title which is recorded in blood—is the original tenure of much of the land which we now occupy. Evil is good, if that title be justifiable, and rapine and murder pure and praiseworthy.

The only universal and unchanging right to territory on the part of a nation, is a *long-continued occupancy*. That right is based in the necessity of things, in the order of Providence, in justice and in reason; treaties and titles are not its source, but its evidence; and it exists as fully without as with them. But *what constitutes such occupancy?* It is urged that the *best* occupancy—that which will sustain, in a certain territory, the largest number of inhabitants—

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is the most rightful. If that be the case, England has a rightful claim to any sparsely-settled portion of Russia which she may select, and China to any part of England more thinly occupied than her own territory. The better portion of our own country may be appropriated under this claim, and we will have no right to remonstrate against the invasion. This absurdity cannot be received, or the settled condition of nations would be lost, and the world would become the theatre of an universal and eternal war.

It is only necessary that the occupancy, for whatever purpose, should be actual. Whether possessed for agriculture, for grazing, or for hunting, if the possession be not a constructive, but a real one, it is sufficient to constitute a right to the soil. That our Indians were thus in possession of all sections of the country will not be denied. From the mounds and other evidences discovered, there is reason to believe that the population was, at one time, even crowded. Shortly previous to the Plymouth settlement, a plague prevailed which carried off large numbers of the inhabitants, and which was charitably characterized, by the pious colonists, as a great providence, inasmuch as it destroyed "multitudes of the barbarous heathen to make way for the chosen people of God." Notwithstanding the ravages of this pestilence, the Pilgrims found the land still populous. Nor were the inhabitants wholly, nor even mainly, dependent on the chase; they were an agricultural people, however rude their tillage. The New England immigrants made their first settlements on the very cornfields of the natives; the Virginians were sustained by levying contributions in maize from the aborigines; and the settlements on the Delaware were relieved, in their extremity, by the agricultural productions voluntarily tendered by the benevolent Indians. Those of the original settlers who affected a regard for justice, did not deny the rightful and exclusive possession of the land by the natives; on the contrary, they acknowledged their title by purchase, and their jurisdiction by treaty. The very necessity of such a course—and nothing but necessity induced it—is the strongest evidence that the original inhabitants not only possessed the country, but possessed it in sufficient power to repel a forceful invasion. It may be maintained, therefore, that, at the period of the European migrations to this country, the Indians were the exclusive lords of the soil; and that all acts in derogation of their right were violations of national law and natural justice.

It is better perhaps that this country should be crowded with a civilized population, than left to a possession disputed between savage beasts and men but little less savage. But though we may rejoice in our rich heritage, a blameless one to us and to our forefathers for many generations, still we should know that it is a heritage of blood. Nor should we be betrayed into the awful error that the eternal principles of justice can yield to a blood-bolstered expediency. Though it was desirable that the Europeans should settle America, it was more desirable that the rights of the inhabitants should be observed. The settlers should have come in the name of peace and justice; they should have extorted nothing by force, and won nothing by indirection. Their policy should have been such that, for the advantages received from the natives, the natives should have been proportionably and permanently benefitted.

(3) The character of that extraordinary adventurer is too well known to justify its portraiture here; but we may remark that, romantic as was his courage and love of adventure, he appears to have known no higher rule of action than expediency, and to have shrunk from no treachery nor outrage to effect his purpose. At the head of the Virginia colonists he appears, in his conduct to the Indians, to have acted wholly in the character of a chief of banditti. One of the first of his exploits was to head a marauding expedition against the unoffending natives, to attack their towns, fire upon their people and rob their granaries. These outrages were constantly resorted to when stratagem failed; and the colonists were actually fed and sustained by systematic robbery. The forbearance of the natives under these wrongs seems incredible. But it seems thus, in all the European colonies, the audacity of the whites at first stunned the Indians into a bewildered stupor. Superstition, also, spread its dark and protecting wings over the strangers, and, though the Indian warrior lusted, he dared not strike. After a time, the delusion passed away, and they combined to redeem their land; but the invaders had grown strong while they hesitated, and their efforts were fruitless.

Smith's adventures in Virginia are so interwoven with the romance of our country, that even our children are familiar with them. The depredations of the whites were, at intervals, continued. They seized the land of the natives, as if it had been their own; and when fraud was inadequate to obtain as much corn as was required, there was an unhesitating recourse to violence. Upon one occasion, when the supply of provisions was low, Smith proceeded to Pumunkey, the residence of Opecancanough, and, when the chief refused to supply him, Smith seized him by the hair of his head, in the midst of his men, "with his pistol readie bent against his breast. Thus he held the trembling king, near dead with fear, and led him amongst his people. They, fearing for the life of their chief, came in laden with presents to redeem him, and soon freighted the boats of the English with provisions." These and other outrages excited in Opecancanough the utmost abhorrence of the whites; and he made it the business of a long life to extirpate them.

Lord De La War, who succeeded Smith in Virginia, pursued a course, in comparison with which the outrages of Smith were benevolent and praiseworthy. In order to strike terror in Powhattan, the Indian emperor, he directed that an Indian should be caught, then caused his right hand to be chopped off, and sent him, thus maimed and bleeding, to Powhattan, with instructions that, unless the monarch humbled himself, such should be the fate of all the Indians. The same policy induced the capture of Pocahontas. She had been the guardian angel of the colony; and, in addition to the rescue of Smith, had, on several occasions, with great exertion, and at fearful peril, saved the settlement from destruction by the Indians. In *grateful* return for all these services, the English bribed an Indian to betray the devoted princess into their hands, and made her a prisoner. The stern old chief staggered beneath this unexpected blow; he was not prepared for the fell anatomy by which the white-man probed the paternal weakness of his heart; and to save his child from the white-man's gratitude and mercy, he, after a severe mental conflict, submitted to a peace: the father triumphed, the monarch yielded, and Powhattan became, in effect, the vassal of the strangers.

Opecancanough, the second in succession from Powhattan, seemed chosen by nature as the scourge of the white-men. He had early distrusted their character and purposes; and, after the outrage upon his own personal dignity, he swore, against the invaders of his country, a hostility as settled and more sacred than that of Hannibal against Rome. He determined to adopt some wide and sweeping scheme of destruction; and, as the measure of his people's wrongs was overflowing, they readily united in his plan of vengeance. A day was fixed for an universal rising, and the secret, though deposited with a whole people, was undivulged. The day arrived; the Indians arose from their ambush like so many avenging spirits, and, in one hour, 347 whites perished. Out of eighty plantations only six were saved. This was the first united effort of the Indians against the invaders of their country.

Next season, the settlers of Virginia, determined not to be outdone in barbarity by the Indians, devised a scheme of vengeance, by which they might attain the height of perfidy and inhumanity. They invited the Indians to treat with them; they extended the most solemn assurance of forgiveness for past offences, and gave them the most sacred promises of security for their persons. The Indians believed them. They trusted, were betrayed, and murdered in great numbers. The deliberate falsehood, treachery and barbarity of this policy would have elicited universal horror had the massacre been committed by *red* savages; perpetrated by the whites, it was passed without even a frown from the complaisant genius of History.

Opecancanough escaped the slaughter to strike another blow for his country. Years passed over; the chief grew old and feeble; still he labored unweariedly to unite his countrymen against the whites, and he succeeded. In 1644, he had coalesced the Indian tribes over an extent of 500 miles, and prepared to wreak his vengeance upon the foes of his race. The character of this chief and the incidents of his conspiracy may be referred to as equal, in tragic interest, to any thing in history. Opecancanough was at this time an hundred years old. Age and suffering had bowed his frame to the earth, and so feeble was he that he was unable, without aid, even to lift his eye-lids. But, thus wasted and worn out, he determined to lead his warriors to this final and desperate conflict for the possession of the graves of their ancestors. Historians have exhausted eulogy in describing the heroism of Muley Moluc, who flung himself from his litter and sacrificed his life for the cause in which he struggled; but the devotion of the Indian chieftain surpasses that of the Moor. Like him, he was borne into the conflict on a litter. He had determined to sweep the country from the frontier to the sea; and five hundred whites fell beneath the tomahawks of his warriors, before his career of desolation was stayed. He was met, defeated and taken prisoner. The time-burthened chief was unable to struggle against his captors, or even to see the hand that struck him, for some coward arm inflicted upon him a mortal wound. The historian informs us that

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just before Opecancanough expired, he ordered an attendant to lift his eye-lids, when he discovered a multitude pressing around him to gratify an untimely curiosity, and see the dying moments of an unsubdued Indian king. Aroused and indignant, he deigned not to observe the crowd around him, but, raising himself from the ground, demanded, with the expiring breath of authority, that the governor should be called to him. When he came, Opecancanough said to him, indignantly, "Had it been my fortune to have taken Sir William Berkly prisoner, I would not meanly have exposed him as a show to my people;" and, uttering the unfinished rebuke, he sunk back and expired.

The death of Opecanennough fixed the superiority of the whites in Virginia so decisively, that thereafter there was nothing left to the Indian but submission. The volcano of Indian vengeance was exhausted; and, though its suppressed anger was occasionally manifested in a muttered menace, or in the cloud which hung upon its brow, the terrible power which poured its eruptions of death upon the foe had departed. The red-men of Virginia were pushed gradually beyond the mountains. Their inheritance became the undisputed possession of the spoiler. But they carried the remembrance of their wrongs into the wilderness: they treasured up their wrath for the day of wrath, as was tragically proved by the banks of the Monongahela, on the memorable day of Braddock's defeat.

(4) After the marriage of Pocahontas and Rolfe, she visited London.

"King James' queen and court paid her the same honors that were due to a European lady of the same quality, after they were informed by Captain Smith what services she had done the English nation, and particularly how she had saved the captain's life, when his head was upon the block. But it seems before this princess married Rolfe, she had been given to understand that Captain Smith was dead; for he was the first man she had set her affections upon, and I make no doubt he had promised to marry her when he was in her father's court; for when he came to wait upon her, on her arrival in England, she appeared surprised, turned away from him with the utmost scorn and resentment, and it was some hours before she would be prevailed with to speak to him. She could not believe any man would have deceived her, for whom she had done so much, and run so many hazards; and when she did vouchsafe to hear his excuses, she still reproached him with ingratitude. In all her behavior, 'tis said, she behaved herself with great decency and suitable to her quality".—*Salmon.*

(5) The first offence given to the natives in New England, was by the robbery of a grave. The Indians cherish a superstitious and affectionate reverence for the remains of their departed, and an insult to the burial-place of the mother of their chief was seriously resented. The sachem, in an address to his warriors, said, "When last the glorious light of all the sky was underneath this globe, and birds grew silent, I began to settle to repose: but, before mine eyes were closed, methought I saw a vision, and my spirit was much troubled. A spirit cried aloud, Behold, my son, whom I have cherished, the breast that nourished thee, the hands that fed thee warm and fed thee oft; canst thou forget to take revenge on these wild people that have my monument defaced in despiteful manner, disdaining our ancient antiquities and honorable customs! See, now the sachem's grave lies, like unto the common people of ignoble race, defaced. Thy mother doth complain, implores thy aid against this thievish people now come hither. If this be suffered, I shall not rest in quiet within my everlasting habitation." This said, the spirit vanished. Having thus appealed to the superstitious feelings of the people, he led them against the whites, but a few discharges from the muskets of the English terrified them into submission, and they gave in their allegiance to the King of England.

An encounter took place with the natives in the infancy of the colony, which reflects no credit upon the English. One of their settlements, being in want of corn, supplied itself by depredations upon the Indians. The sufferers required that the English law should be enforced against the offender; and, as the colony was too weak to risk a war, the English promised satisfaction. But the real offender was a stout and valuable member of the colony, and they were reluctant to part with him. In this extremity, they sagely determined upon the following course. There was an old weaver in the settlement who was sick, bed-rid, and of course useless: they spared the real offender, as an useful citizen, and hanged the weaver in his place. This ludicrous incident has been immortalized by Hudibras.

> "This precious brother having slain,
> In times of peace, an Indian,
> (Not out of malice, but were zeal,
> Because he was an infidel)
>
> The natives craved the noble to render
> Unto their hands, or hang, the offender.
> But they, maturely having weighed
> They had to incur but half the trade,
> (A hero that served them on a double
> Occasion, to reach at two birds)
> Resolved to save him; yet to do
> The Indians, Hogan Mogan, too,
> Impartial justice, in his stead, did
> Hang an old weaver that was bed-rid."

But, though this matter commenced in comedy—at least to all but the principal actor, the scape-goat weaver—it ended in a deep and bloody tragedy. The Plymouth colony, having heard of the extremities to which the settlement first referred to had been brought, despatched Capt. Miles Standish and a party to punish the Indians for what does not appear, though it is alleged that they were insolent and had evil *intentions*. Standish, on his arrival, won the confidence of their chief and invited them to partake a feast. When they were assembled, Standish and his men closed the doors, snatched the Indians' knives which hung upon their necks, and with them slew their guests. Mr. Winslow, in his account of this murder, says, "It is incredible how many wounds these chiefs received before they died—not making any fearful noise, but catching at their weapons and striving to the last." At the same time, all the Massachusetts Indians who had placed themselves in the hands of the English were slaughtered. This was the first blow struck; it was struck by the Pilgrims, and was as wicked a murder as was ever committed by scarlet hypocrisy in the name of God! And such was the opinion even at the time. When Mr. Robinson, the father of the Plymouth colony, and one of the ablest, purest and most liberal men of his day, heard how his people had conducted in this affair with the Indians, he wrote to them to consider of the disposition of Capt. Standish, "who was of warm temper." "He doubted," he said, "whether there was not wanting that tenderness of the life of man, made after God's image, which was so necessary; and, above all, that it would have been happy if they had converted some before they had killed any."

The Pequot war was the first which enabled the colonists to show their powers against the Indians in any general engagement. It was the deliberate purpose of the English to exterminate the Pequots—to destroy man, woman and child, so that none might remain to cumber the soil which the white-man coveted. The Pequots had sought refuge in a fort situated in a swamp. They were surprised and beset in the night, and, after an ineffectual resistance, massacred by hundreds. They attempted to escape, but were hunted from wigwam to wigwam and killed in every secret place. No quarter was given by the puritans—no age nor sex was spared. Women and children were cut to pieces while endeavoring to hide themselves in and under the beds. At length, the fort was set on fire and the dead and dying consumed together. Morton, the pious author of New England's memorial, who exults over this butchery with peculiar unction, says, "At this time, it was a fearful sight to see them thus frying in the fire, and the streams of blood quenching the same: and horrible was the scent thereof: But the victory seemed a sweet sacrifice, and they gave the praise thereof to God." The equally pious Mr. Mather informs us that "it was supposed that no less than five or six hundred Pequot souls were brought down to hell that day." In this pleasant process of peopling the nether world, the worthy writer no doubt included all the infants whom the merciful puritans slew, or who were burned in the conflagration, and the scent of whose scorching flesh was sweet incense to the Deity. The actors in this fiendish scene flattered themselves that they had done good service in the murder of the infidels; and Mr. Winthrop feelingly says, in a letter describing the slaughter, "Our people are all in health, the Lord be praised; and though they had marched all day, and had been in fight all night, yet they professed they found themselves so as they could willingly have gone to such another business." The desolating consequences of the massacre may be estimated from the facts mentioned by Mr. Morton. "The prisoners were divided, some to those of the river, and the rest to us of these parts. We send the male children to Bermuda by Mr. Wm. Pierce, and the women and maid children are disposed about the towns." Thus was a nation extirpated.

We should not pass over without mention the fate of Miantonimo. He was powerful, and that was a crime not to be forgiven. Although friendly to the whites, he was treated as a foe. Charges were raised against him, and, conscious of his innocence, he repaired to Boston, met and repelled them. At length a war arose between him and Uncas, a neighboring chief. Miantonimo had been furnished by a friend with a heavy suit of armor, which knowledge was his ruin. He was taken prisoner. When brought before Uncas, his foe, he refused to abase himself by pleading for

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his life, and was sent by that subservient chief to the English. The whites had no quarrel with Miantonimo. They wished his death but dared not destroy him. The commissioners of the united colonies determined that there was no sufficient ground to justify his being put to death, but were of opinion that it would not be safe to set him at liberty. The issue was a distinct one—justice demanded his liberation, expediency his murder. They were embarrassed. To remove the difficulty, five of the most judicious elders were called into the council, and with this addition to the number of the assembly, there was not much difficulty in determining in favor of death. As the murder of a friend might, however, look disgracious, it was determined to keep the deed of blood secret; and Uncas was privately directed to take the magnanimous Miantonimo, the friend of the white men, into his own territory and execute him. It was accordingly done, and the act of pious treachery and solemn murder is recorded against its authors forever. When Aristides reported to the Athenian people that a scheme which had been referred to him was eminently expedient, but unjust—that pagan people with one voice rejected it: when the same question was put to the "judicious elders," they regarded the deliberate murder of a friend as a trifling sacrifice of principle to expediency.

The most important feature of Indian history in New England is the first and final stand made against the whites by King Philip. On the death of Massasoit, the early and fast friend of the settlers, his son Alexander became chief of the tribe. Upon a surmise that Alexander was not friendly to the whites, the English sent Mr. Winslow and a band of stout men to seize him. They effected the outrage, and made an independent and friendly king their prisoner. But his proud spirit could not brook his degradation; the ingratitude and unkindness of the English so preyed upon his spirits that he was at once thrown into a fever, and the high-souled Indian died of grief and mortification. Thus was murdered the son of the white man's benefactor, and the chief of a nation for fifty years in alliance with the English.

The hapless Alexander was succeeded by Metamora or Philip, who was made of sterner stuff. He was never born to be a slave. Philip had the genius of a statesman, the zeal of a patriot, and the fortitude of a martyr. Having conceived the glorious idea of rescuing his country and saving his race, he united the various tribes of New England, and prepared to make a last and desperate stand. His plans were anticipated, or they would probably have proved successful. A traitor of his tribe named Sassamon, having justly forfeited his life, was put to death by the Indians. The whites espoused the cause of the traitor, and without jurisdiction or right, tried and executed three Indians charged with being concerned in his death. This outrage upon their natural independence maddened the Indians, and the contest was precipitated when the plans of Philip were yet immature. It is said that this stain of the woods wept when the first blood was shed—he foresaw the struggle that must ensue, and knew that it was a struggle of life and death to him and to his country. It is not necessary to enumerate the accumulated provocations which drove Philip into hostilities. He could not avoid it, except by the most abject submission. Peace was destruction as well as degradation, and war, though it might be more sudden, could not be more certainly fatal. The details of the contest that ensued are familiar to every reader. On the part of the English, the sanguinary spirit which characterized the former Indian wars distinguished this. No mercy was given. Premiums were paid for Indian scalps; and those of the natives that were not slain nor burned alive were only spared to be shipped and sold for slaves. The result of the war was decisive of the fate of the Indians in New England. The Pokanokets were exterminated. The Narragansetts lost 1000 of their number in a single battle. The Indians on the Connecticut river were driven off, and the country fell into the hands of the whites by the right of conquest. Philip never smiled after the first blow. Despairing and gloomy, but undaunted and active, he performed prodigies which induced the pilgrims to believe that he possessed supernatural power. He endured his reverses unshrinkingly, and so far was he from dreaming of submission, that he slew with his own hand, upon the spot, the only Indian that ever dared to propose it. After witnessing the destruction not only of his family but of his entire people, the gloomy chief was himself slain by the whites, and saved the misery of surviving his country. His body was quartered and his remains treated with signal indignity. His only son, a boy of nine years, fell into the hands of the conquerors, and was shipped to Bermuda and sold as a slave. The Plymouth court had some struggles of conscience in adopting this ungenerous and cruel measure, and applied to the clergymen of the colony. These reverend gentlemen, instead of interposing to avert the crime, recommended the murder of the poor boy. The measure originally contemplated was, however, preferred; and this wretched relic of a wretched race was sold, by Christians, into slavery. A distinguished writer has given the following sketch of Philip: "He was a patriot, attached to his native soil—a prince, true to his subjects, and indignant of their wrongs—a soldier, daring in battle, firm in adversity, patient of fatigue, of hunger, and of every variety of bodily suffering, and ready to perish in the cause he had espoused. Proud of heart, and with an untamed love of liberty, he preferred to enjoy it among the beasts of the forest, or in the dismal and fastished recesses of swamps and morasses, rather than bow his haughty spirit to submission, and live dependent and despised in the ease and luxury of the settlements. With heroic qualities and bold achievements that would have graced a civilized warrior, and rendered him the theme of the poet and historian, he lived a wanderer and a fugitive in his native land, and went down, like a lonely bark foundering amid darkness and tempest, without a pitying eye to weep his fall, or a friendly hand to record his struggle."

(6) The incident referred to is strikingly illustrative of the aggressions by which the whites have so often driven the natives to war. The Legislature of Virginia had offered a premium for Indian scalps—a bounty for murder (one of the settled points of European policy toward the Indians.) A body of Cherokees from the South had served in the campaign with the English, and proceeded on their way homeward, *under the command of British officers*. The land was watched with lurking eyes by the dealers in scalps, as they returned through Virginia. They waylaid them as they passed on, war-worn and wasted, and murdered them without mercy. Forty innocent men—the friends and champions of their murderers—were thus slaughtered for their scalps. At one place, a monster entertained a party of Indians, and treated them kindly, while at the same time he caused a gang of his kindred ruffians to lie in ambush where they were to pass, and when they arrived they were shot down to a man! Of the entire band one fugitive escaped, and bore the tale of treachery and blood to the Cherokees. And what did these savages? Did they rush to their weapons and precipitate themselves upon the frontiers like a torrent? They had not yet caught the white man's love of blood. Attakullakulla, their chief, secured the white men then in the Indian country, to protect them from the first burst of rage. He then assembled his warriors, inveighed with great bitterness against the murderous English, and swore that never should the hatchet be buried until the blood of their slaughtered countrymen was atoned for. "But," said he, "let us not violate our faith or the laws of hospitality by imbruing our hands in the blood of those now in our power. They came to us in the confidence of friendship, with belts of wampum to cement a perpetual alliance with us. Let us carry them back to their own settlements, and then take up the hatchet like warriors." Not only was this noble course pursued; but the Cherokees, before they dug up the hatchet and lighted their war-fires, sent deputies to entreat that justice might be done them. It was denied; and they rushed in thousands upon the frontier. In such a contest who were the savages; and with which side did the God of justice take part?

We will add a word in relation to the progress and character of the war thus commenced. After the first burst of indignation, the Cherokees became tired of the contest, and sent a deputation of thirty chiefs to sue for peace. Governor Lyttleton refused to hear them, and ordered them into close and cruel confinement. Enraged at this treatment of their ambassadors, the Indians again flew to arms, and defeated the numerous and well-appointed armies sent against them. Again the Indians solicited peace, and again it was denied them. A powerful force was raised, and a fearful struggle ensued, which resulted in the defeat of the Indians. The victors were guilty of every species of treachery and barbarity. In order to whet to the keenest edge the appetite for blood, the Assembly raised the premium on Cherokee scalps from £25 to £35. Again, and now in the humblest manner, the Indians sued for peace; and the whites, sated with slaughter, consented. The Cherokees submitted to every condition imposed but one. Of that one it is impossible to speak without a thrill of horror. It was required that the humbled Cherokees should, in the face of the English army, and for their entertainment, butcher four Cherokees—four of their own brethren; or, if preferred, present to the English four green Cherokee scalps, fresh from the heads of the victims. This was the demand of Christians: the savages shrunk from it with horror. By an earnest appeal, they succeeded in procuring the remission of the infernal homage; and returned to their desolate wigwams to ponder, with grateful admiration, on the white man's mercy.

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(7) A braver warrior or a better man than Logan perhaps never existed in a race of unconverted savages. During the French war Logan refused to take part, and was active only in deeds of mercy, doing all in his power to soften the horrors of his contest. In 1774, some white land-jobbers, to whom an Indian war is as profitable as a battle to carrion-birds, determined that blood should be spilled. Led by a monster named Colonel Cressap, they fell in with a party of friendly Indians; and, under the guise of unsuspected friendship, fell upon and slaughtered them. Among the victims were several of the family of the white man's friend—Logan. Shortly after, another party, men, women and children, were betrayed and destroyed. Col. Cressap secreted a band of whites in the vicinity of a body of Indians, and invited the latter to leave their encampment and drink with him. Those who did so were murdered; and as their companions, who heard the firing, crossed the river they were deliberately fired upon and killed. Among the murdered was a brother of Logan and his sister, whose delicate situation greatly aggravated the horrid crime.

> "And what man knowing this,
> And having human feelings, does not blush
> And hang his head to think himself a man."

These outrages were without provocation or pretext. It is not pretended that the Indians had given offence. It was unprovoked, deliberate, cold-blooded murder. In the war which ensued, for Logan immediately sounded the war-whoop, the Indians performed prodigies of valor. The final battle took place on the Ohio. Never was a battle better fought. The Indians had erected a breastwork, and there, under Logan, Cornstalk, Elenipsico, Red Eagle and other mighty chiefs of the combined tribes, they maintained the contest from the rising to the setting of the sun. The whites displayed equal gallantry, and the fire was never remitted. The officers manifested the most chivalric courage, cheering on their men even with their last breath. Within the breastwork, Cornstalk, one of the boldest warriors that ever met a foe, raged like a wounded lion; and amid and above the din of battle, his voice of thunder was heard crying to his men, "Be strong! Be strong!" In the most appalling moment of the fight, a faint-hearted Indian attempted to desert; the eagle eye of the chief marked him, and striding up to him he sunk his tomahawk in the front of the coward and traitor, and pointed his warriors furiously to the terrible example. But valor was vain against discipline; and the Indians, after a noble contest, were forced to retire over the Ohio. A peace was shortly after negociated; but Logan refused to attend the council. He desired peace, but would not meet in amity those who had made his old age desolate, and sullenly remained at home—the home which rang no more with the wild glee of his innocent little ones. The white man had swept *all!*

> "All his pretty chickens and their dam
> At one fell swoop."

And he sat there in his desolation and pondered on the Christian's humanity. But so important was his presence deemed that Lord Dunmore refused to conclude the treaty without him. They sent for him: and the reply of the injured chief is considered one of the noblest specimens of eloquence on record. A paraphrase of it has been attempted by Campbell, but its simple pathos defies imitation. The conclusion of this speech is unequaled: "For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one!"

The peace was concluded—and what became of Logan? The heart-broken chief wandered from the scene of his sorrows to the west; where, to complete the tragedy, he was himself murdered by a white man.

(8) It is alleged by high authority (see the articles in the North American Review, ascribed to Cass,) that the Indians cannot be converted: the readiest answer to the impious and profane absurdity is, that they have been converted. A large body of Indians had been converted by the Moravian missionaries, and settled in the west; where their simplicity, harmlessness and happiness seemed a renewal of the better days of Christianity. During the Revolutionary war these settlements, named Liebtemu and Gnaudenhutten, being located in the seat of the frontier Indian contests, were exposed to outrage from both parties. Being, however, under the tuition and influence of the whites, and having adopted their religion and the virtuous portion of their habits, they naturally apprehended that the hostile Indians, sweeping down upon the American frontier, would take advantage of their helplessness and destroy them as allies of the whites. Subsequent events enable us to compare the red and white man and determine which is the savage. A party of 200 hostile Hurons fiercely approached the Moravian Indians' towns. The Christian Indians conducted themselves, in this trying extremity, with meekness and firmness. They sent a deputation with refreshments to their approaching foes; and told them that, by the word of God, they were taught to be at peace with all men, and entreated for themselves and their white teachers peace and protection. And what replied the savage, fresh from the wilds and panting for blood? Did he mock to scorn the meek and Christian appeal? Did he answer with the war-whoop and lead on his men to the easy slaughter of his foes? What else could be expected from an Indian? Yet such was *not* the response of the red warrior. He said that he was on a war party, and his heart had been evil, and his aim had been blood; but the words of his brethren had opened his eyes. He would do them no harm. "Obey your teachers," said he, "worship your God, and be not afraid. No creature shall harm you."

Such was the treatment of hostile Indians—let us now examine the conduct of friendly whites. One would think the inquiry unnecessary. They were the white man's friends, of course he cherished them: his allies, of course he protected them; his Christian brethren, of course he loved them. We will see how these duties were fulfilled. In the winter of 1782, a body of 80 or 90 whites were gathered on the frontier, determined to shed Indian blood. There were, however, no Indians within their reach, except their innocent and Christian friends at the Moravian towns. They were not, however, to be disappointed of their feast of blood. They proceeded to the towns of the Christian Indians—not in hot blood, for it was distant two days' march—but prepared, coolly and with Epicurean deliberation, to enjoy the luxury of murder. Messengers were despatched by Col. Gibson to warn the victims of their danger; but strong in their innocence and in their confidence of the white man's justice (the white man's justice, indeed!) they refused to fly. The whites arrived at the village on the second day. The historian informs us that on their arrival at the town, they professed peace and good will to the Moravians, and informed them that they had come to take them to Fort Pitt for their safety. The Indians surrendered, delivered up their arms, and appeared highly delighted with the prospect of their removal: and began with all speed to prepare food for the white men and for themselves on their journey. A party of white men and Indians was immediately despatched to Salem, a short distance from Gnauddenhutten, where the Indians were gathering in their corn, to bring them in to Gnauddenhutten. The party soon arrived with the whole number of Indians from Salem. In the mean time the Indians at Gnauddenhutten were confined in two houses, some distance apart, and placed under guards; and when those from Salem arrived they were divided, and placed in the same houses with their brethren of Gnauddenhutten. The prisoners being thus secured, a council of war was held to decide on their fate. The officers, unwilling to take on themselves the whole responsibility of the decision, agreed to refer the question to the whole number of the party. The men were accordingly drawn up in a line. The commandant of the party, Col. David Williamson, then put the question to them, in form, whether the Moravian Indians should be taken prisoners to Pittsburg, or put to death? requesting all who were in favor of saving their lives to step out of the line and form a second rank. On this, sixteen, some say eighteen, stepped out of the rank: but, alas! this line of mercy was far too short for that of vengeance. The prisoners were ordered to prepare for death. From the time they were placed in the guard-houses they foresaw their fate, and began their devotions, singing hymns, praying and exhorting each other to place a firm reliance in the Savior of men. That was, alas! their only reliance! The whites commenced the butchery; and, without distinction of age or sex, destroyed them all. The hyenas that thus lapped up the blood of infants went unpunished: indeed, had the Indian Pension Bill of 1836 passed, they would have been entitled to a rich annuity for a deed which has, perhaps, no parallel in the annals of crime. For, dark as were the cruelties of Spain, she never sacrificed her Christian friends. And yet, with this record before us, we *dare* to talk of the cruelty of the Indians!

The massacre at Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, was scarcely less atrocious. A number of Christian Indians lived inoffensively in the neighborhood of Lancaster. Their only offence was that they were Indians. The whites possessed themselves of the land of these Indians, saying that it was against the laws of God that it should remain in the hands of heathens when Christians wanted it. They were Christian professors, used Bible phrases, talked of God's commanded vengeance on the heathen, and said the saints should inherit the earth. Accordingly, these saints commenced by the murder of fourteen Christian Indians. The other Christian Indians, terrified at the out-

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rage, fled to Lancaster, and, for protection, were placed in prison. But the Paxtang boys—so were the miscreants called—followed them, entered Lancaster, and at mid-day broke open the prison and murdered the unresisting and unoffending men, women and children who had there sought refuge. Other Indians in amity with us, hearing of this massacre, fled for protection to Philadelphia. They were received with great coldness, (except by the Quakers, the steady friends of the afflicted Indian,) and after several removals were sent to New York. In the mean time, however, the Paxtang boys, to the number of several hundred, marched to Philadelphia, not only to destroy the wretched Indians, but to punish their protectors. They arrived at Germantown where they were met by a deputation of citizens headed by Benjamin Franklin, who succeeded in appeasing them; and those white savages returned to their homes. I will only add that they went unpunished. Who ever heard of white men being punished for the murder of Indians?

(9) Art thou, too, fallen, Iberia! Do we see
The robber and the murderer weak as we?
Thy pomp is in the grave; thy glory laid
Low in the pit thine avarice hath made! *Cowper.*

(10) General Washington's policy during the war, and after it as President of the United States, was one of strict probity and Christian benevolence to the Indian; and its success proved his wisdom as well as his justice. The Indians regarded him with the utmost confidence and affection. Indeed the organization of the government heralded a milder and better era for the red man. Since that time, we have no doubt that the government has cherished a sincere desire to bind up the wounds of that persecuted and injured people. But the same wolfish spirit in our border population, which has heretofore followed the red man from forest to forest, marking each recession with outrage and bloodshed, is as fierce and unsparing now as at first. Their aggressions have induced wars; and the same perfidious and sanguinary temper has characterized those wars. The Black Hawk contest is fresh in the remembrance of all. Like every Indian war, it arose in a quarrel for their lands. The first blow was struck by the whites. The Indians sent a deputation with a white flag to the whites—they were made prisoners. They sent another deputation—they were fired upon and killed. The whites, 270 in number, hastened to attack Black Hawk with a wretched band of 40 warriors. What could they do but fight! And they did fight, like lions at bay, and defeated the aggressors. Thus commenced the war—how did it end! Indian wars in this country have for centuries had but one history. They are commenced in aggression by the whites, prosecuted in suffering to both parties, characterized by mutual cruelties, and consummated by a grand massacre of Indians, men, women and children. Black Hawk attempted to flee with his tribe from the evil genius of his race, to a remoter wilderness. They were followed by the whites, with the steadiness of blood-hounds. Parties of them sought to make submission, displaying the white flag and appearing without arms: the white man's answer to their moving appeal for mercy was sent in a volley of bullets, showered among their women and children. After a weary pursuit, the American army, 1600 strong, overtook the wretched band of fugitive men, women and children. The Indians were few, famished, helpless, surrounded by women and children: they endeavored, so says Black Hawk, to surrender; but the whites refused their submission; they were to be slaughtered—to be offered to

"The fire-eyed maid of smoky war
All hot and reeking."

The soldiers poured a deadly fire upon the starved and fainting fugitives. There was no escape for them. They could not yield, for the whites rejected their submission—they could not fly, for they were environed—there was but one desperate resource—it was a milder death from the waters of the Mississippi than could be expected at the hands of the Christians. Accordingly, men, women and children plunged into the river, where they either drowned or were shot by the whites. And this took place within a few years. Did not an universal shudder shake the bosom of the whole republic? No; it was published one day and forgotten the next.

The following incident, which occurred in this battle, will illustrate the character of the war. A young Indian mother, only nineteen years old, stood among the other females, with a daughter four years old in her arms. The whites fired upon these females, and as the child clung around her mother's neck, a ball struck its right arm above the elbow, and, shattering the bone, passed into the breast of its mother, who fell dead to the ground. She fell upon the child and confined it to the ground also. During the whole battle this babe groaned and called for relief, but who would leave the banquet of blood to aid a dying infant? After the battle, however, the child was taken from the bleeding breast of its dead mother and carried to the surgeon. The amputation of the arm was necessary; but the child, fearful as was the wound, forgot it in the agony of famine. A piece of raw meat was thrown to the little sufferer, which she continued ravenously to devour during the operation. The sufferings of the famished infant may be imagined from the fact that neither the knife nor the saw of the surgeon interrupted her feast, or extorted a tear or a groan. We derived this fact from an eye witness, an officer in the army, who has since been sacrificed in Florida; and find it recorded, with an unimportant variation, in Drake's Indian Biography.

TIME.

BY HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN.

Let those lament thy flight
Who find a new delight
In every hour that o'er them swiftly flies;
Whose hearts are free and strong
As some well-caroled song
That charms the ear with ever fresh surprise.

To Wealth's stern devotee
Too fast the moments flee,
That guileful schemes to golden issues bring;
And Fame's deluded child
By Glory's dream beguiled,
To twine his laurel wreath would stay thy wing.

They who have learned to bind
The warm and restless mind
In soft content to Pleasure's rosy car,
May sigh to hold thee back,
And linger on the track
That sends no lofty promise from afar.

But by the heart that turns
To those celestial urns
That with Love's dew forever overflow,
Uncherished are the years
No sympathy endears,
When all thy flowers droop beneath the snow.

What holy spell is thine
To bless a lonely shrine
Or wake glad echoes where no music flows?
Why to a barren thing
With senseless ardor cling,
Or gardens till that never yield a rose?

Yet when devotion pure
Breeds courage to endure,
And grace to hallow the career of time,
When for another's joy
Thy moments we employ,
Like clouds by sunbeams lit, they grow sublime.

The tender, true and brave
Disdain a gift to save
In which self only claims a weary part;
Nor would thy course delay
To pamper their frail clay,
And life consume in tricks of soulless art.

Haste, then, till thou hast brought
The good so fondly sought,
And Love's bright harvest richly waves at last!
Then will I call thee mine,
And hail thee as divine,
The present cherish, nor lament the past.

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THE SACRIFICE.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

> These lips are mute, these eyes are dry,
> But in my breast and in my brain
> Awake the pangs that pass not by,
> The thirst that from the soul doth rise.
> My wish, nor hope, nor aught else can slake,
> The agony that must not speak,
> The heart that must endure to break,
> I only feel—Farewell!—Farewell! *Byron.*

In the Spring I love to walk along the alleys of Laurel Hill, to mark the first expanding of the tree buds; and to see the flowers spring timidly up in the uncertain sun, and trembling at the breeze that sweeps across the Schuylkill. Summer, too, has its delights in this place; flowers mature, and fruits and vegetation strengthen, the trees stand out proud in their thickened foliage, and the scythe of the mower cuts down the accumulation of grass that pours its rich odors upon the senses in delightful luxuriance, like the blessed memory of those whom death hath laid beneath the teeming soil.

The Autumn has double charms: the scared leaf sweeps widely round in the eddying between the tombs; and the grass has sobered down its hue. Standing amid these things, one thinks of the decaying forms of men ready to be shaken into the receptacles below, and this life loses a portion of the undue attraction that keeps us from a profitable contemplation of *that* which is to come.

Nor is Winter destitute of delights in such a place. Thick masses of snow lie here and there in grave-shapes, as if the spirit of the storm had fanned and winnowed the purest production of the clouds to make a monument for some air spirit that had ceased to do the errand of love.

Here and there the rose-bush extends its thorny branches without a leaf, and the shriveled stems of flowers stretch up from beneath their snowy covering, monuments of kindly affections, and evidences that all is not lost. An open grave at such a time has not all the repulsive looks that it possesses in other seasons; the fresh earth comes up with comparative warmth, and the deep pit seems a hiding place to which we may retreat from the chills of the world, until the storms of life shall have passed away, "and one unbounded Spring encircles all."

Leaning, some weeks since, over the post that forms the landmark of some lot holder in that populous abode of the dead, and looking down into a grave reopened to receive a new tenant, I discovered, through the thin layer of gravel below, the coffin plate of the first occupant of the place; and on inquiry learned that the husband's grave had been opened to receive the body of the wife.

The chilly air of a February day, and the coldness increased by a layer of snow upon the ground, induced me to retreat into the house, where I found a person awaiting the funeral. It is natural to discourse of the dead when we lay them in the earth, and as neither my associate nor I had direct interest in the fate of the deceased, the freedom of gossip was not destroyed by any delicacy of feeling on the part of my companion, who seemed to have an intimate acquaintance with all the circumstances of the deceased.

Few young women of our city were deemed more attractive than Amelia Wilberson. Her beauty, her cultivated mind, and the respectable position of her family, gave her consequence in the eyes of young men; more than one of whom made an offer of name and hand, including of course, for the present at least, a heart also. And it was evident that one of the many found his hopes strengthened by the good wishes of the parents, and not repressed by any particular coldness of the object of devotion.

Mr. Tudor, of respectable connection in the east, and fair standing in this city, demanded of the mother of Amelia permission to address the daughter; and having received the sanction which he claimed, it was expected by the parents that Amelia would communicate to them the proposition which she should receive. She was silent, and when subsequently addressed evaded the subject, and yet continued to treat Mr. Tudor with as much courtesy, at least, as the most favored visiters at the house could boast.

"My daughter," said Mrs. Wilberson to Amelia, one day as they sat in the chamber of the former, "not only do you appear to treat Mr. Tudor with reserve unbecoming the position in which he has placed himself in our family, but I am fearful that you are acquiring with him and with others a name not desirable to one so frank and candid as you have generally been."

"But, mother, I respectfully but promptly declined the offer of Mr. Tudor."

"Promptly, my child, but not decidedly—too promptly to give the appearance of having well considered the offer, and yet not with the circumstances and decision that forbid a hope from perseverance."

"Shall I to-day, mother, give him the answer verbally, or by letter?"

"Not by any means, my child, unless he has to-day renewed his offer to you."

"He has not. I hope he will not."

"You don't like him, then?"

"It is impossible to dislike Mr. Tudor for any

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qualities which he possesses," said Amelia, somewhat hesitatingly.

"Is it then, Amelia, as I have reason to suspect—to *believe* rather let me say, for suspicion is not the word to use toward you—is it that you cannot like Mr. Tudor on account of qualities in another person?"

Amelia made no reply.

"Then, my child, you love Henry Wilder."

"Mother, could I love him without his avowal of affection for me?"

"Your own heart will tell you that, Amelia. Has Mr. Wilder offered himself to you?"

"Never, never, mother."

"It is strange," said Mrs. Wilberson, "that neither your father nor I have seen this."

But it was not strange, neither father nor mother looked on to see what was going forward in the active scene, where the young and innocent heart of their child was open to every impression. They heard her narrative of the day's conversation and evening's amusement; but where there is neither coquetry nor artifice, the young female has no conference with even a mother upon that strange confusion with which her heart is agitated as it begins to love.

"Does Mr. Wilder love you, Amelia?"

"I think he does."

"Why then has he not avowed it?"

"Perhaps the difference between his position and that of father's is the cause."

"But, Amelia, his position is as good now as was your father's at his age."

"That may be true, mother, but he is very proud you know—and very, very bashful," added Amelia, blushing deeply.

"Amelia," said Mrs. Wilberson, "I have received from Mr. Tudor a direct offer for your hand. He thinks he is acceptable, and he knows, so he says, that he can make you happy. He has been constantly in company with Wilder, and seems never to have suspected an attachment between you two; nay, he has even made a confidant in part of Mr. Wilder. He presses his suit with great earnestness, and will look for a reply from me this afternoon."

Amelia turned pale at the proposition, and yet was not wholly regretful. No woman ever received such an offer from a respectable man without a sense of pleasure—of gratitude, indeed—self love is gratified, even though the love for another is for a moment disturbed.

Mrs. Wilberson pressed the suit of her client with the earnestness of a patron, and yet without the authority of a parent. She set forth the advantages of the match, and the probable comforts which it would ensure; while she gently hinted, to alarm the pride of her daughter, that it would be a source of mortification to her to find that she had refused so desirable an offer for the sake of constancy to a man who had never announced his intentions, or even his wishes to her, and might, for aught she knew, fulfill a marriage engagement with some other lady before the month was out.

Amelia was distressed, and having made some reply to her mother, asked time to consider the proposition. "Let me," said she, "have one week in which to make up my mind."

"And at the end of that time," said Mrs. Wilberson, "Mr. Tudor may depend upon an answer?"

"He may."

Almost every evening during this important week Tudor and Wilder were, with others, at the house of Mr. Wilberson; and poor Amelia, with an aching heart, weighed the merits of the two young men, hoping that Wilder would relieve her from the position in which she was placed.

On the evening before the answer was to be given, the two young men left the house together, and Tudor in the fullness of his heart told Wilder what he awaited on the coming morning.

Wilder passed a sleepless night. The next morning he addressed a note to Amelia, in which only the following lines were penned.

"*Miss Wilberson:* I ask only two days; postpone your answer until Monday evening, and if I do not prove that I deserve you, I relinquish all to Tudor.

"HENRY WILDER."

Mrs. Wilberson was astonished to hear, at the end of the week, her daughter desirous again to postpone her answer; but the letter of Mr. Wilder seemed to warrant the request, and she excused her daughter to Tudor.

Mr. Wilder did not present himself at the house of Mr. Wilberson until Monday evening. There was company in the room during the whole evening, and it was observed that Wilder was so agitated that he scarcely uttered a coherent sentence. He evidently sought an opportunity to speak to Amelia. He asked for Mrs. Wilberson; she had retired.

The next morning, as Wilder was on his way to Mr. Wilberson's he met Tudor, who, in a vain attempt to talk of some commonplace subject, revealed his secret that he had that morning been accepted at Mr. Wilberson's; "at least," said he, "I am placed on probation."

"But you are not well, Wilder."

"No, a sudden affection of the heart. I will leave you."

The marriage of Tudor and Amelia was, at the request of the latter, once or twice postponed, but at length took place. The manly virtues of the husband inspired respect; his kindness insured gratitude, and the shrinking away from society by Amelia was construed by Tudor into special affection for himself; who could tell that it was not so? The constant attentions which a virtuous wife bestows on a worthy, a loving husband, must to him at least seem to be the evidence of love.

But the health of Amelia gave way, and her husband found it necessary to convey her to one of the West India Islands, to avoid the rigors and changes of the winter months in the Middle States.

"Put into my trunk," said she to her servant, "that work-box; a Christmas present," said she to her husband, "from Mr. Wilder, and I have not used it since the night before the day you troubled my mother so early for an answer."

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"Poor Wilder," said Tudor, "I hope he finds himself well and easy where he is; if he stands ever in need I trust he will remember that he has friends who are able and willing to serve him."

A tear glistened in the eye of Amelia; her husband kissed the cheek which it wet, and advised haste in further packing.

When Tudor and his wife reached Havana, they made preparations for a winter's residence in the interior of the island, and found themselves comfortable among those who derived benefit from their expenditures, and were anxious to prolong the advantages of the visit by multiplying its comforts.

One day, when alone in her chamber, Amelia opened her trunk and discovered the small box, the present of Wilder, which she had brought from home, and she determined to dispose therein her housewife accompaniments. On opening the box she discovered a neatly folded letter, sealed and addressed to Miss Amelia Wilberson; she hastily broke the seal and read

"*Philadelphia, Jan.* 16, 1841.

"*Miss Wilberson:* I have for months sought to express to you in words the feelings and the wishes with which your charms have inspired me. I am sensible of my unworthiness—but I cannot answer to my own heart for the lasting misery I should inflict upon myself, were I at this moment, and under existing circumstances, to allow my fears and my consciousness of undeservedness to prevent me from addressing you by letter. I am unable at the present moment to find an opportunity to address you orally. How much and how long I have ventured to love you I will not attempt to describe; but I know that my proposition *may* come too late to-morrow. May I hope—may I venture to approach your parents with the assurance that you have not forbidden me—give me at least a few weeks to hope in—I know where the danger lies—and who is my rival—I do him no wrong—I only ask that I may win your affections—if *he* has them, then God bless him—nay, he is blessed—and he is worthy the blessing—I will call at your door to-morrow morning; if you will not see me, a single word by letter, through your servant, will inform me of my fate and my duty.

"Most respectfully,

"HENRY WILDER."

When Tudor returned to the room, his wife was sitting apparently abstracted, with the letter of Wilder crushed in her hands. She seemed the very picture of despair.

"Are you well?" asked he.

"I am faint, very faint."

While Tudor hastened to procure some aid, Amelia thrust the letter into her trunk, and awaited her husband's return.

From that day Tudor marked a change in the conduct of his wife: a severer discharge of duties, and more fixed attention to religious concerns. The Spring arrived, and Tudor and his wife returned to Havana and took passage for the United States.

Whether Tudor had imbibed disease in Havana, or whether other causes operated, it was not known; but he had scarcely reached his house in Philadelphia before he found himself so unwell that he was compelled to call in medical advice. The disease gained strength, and Amelia, laying aside all other duties, or merging them in those of the wife, devoted herself night and day to the care of her husband. No application was made to him, no medicine administered without her direct aid. She hovered over his bed like a guardian angel, and seemed to lose all thoughts of self in her devotion to the sick. It was noticed by some, as remarkable, that the care and attention, nay, the language of Amelia to her husband had less of the tender, wife-like solicitude, than of the thorough devotion, the all sacrificing attention of the careful nurse. It is difficult to describe in words the difference between these two kinds of attention, and yet the difference is obvious to *some*. Religious devotion, a solemn sense of duty to our kind, a deep and abiding sympathy for the suffering, and a familiarity with the office, will make the sick bed labors of one most efficient, most useful. If to these be added a deep, undisturbed, *particular* affection, then there is a longer resting of the eyes upon the patient after the attention bestowed, the hand lingers yet more upon the temple it bathes, and a closer breathing is observed as some new symptom is developed. It is not the duty performed, but that which is to be discharged, something of a slight jealousy of all that would share in, lest they should monopolize the labors.

Amelia did her duty faithfully—and when the gleam of reason returned to her husband, he thanked her for all her wife-like cares, her patience with him under all trials, and especially for the unceasing attention with which she had solaced him in sickness, and smoothed his bed of death: "All these," he added, as he turned his bright eye upon his wife, full of grateful affection, "all these, Amelia, all these are fruits of your undivided love; may Heaven bless you for such kindness of heart to one who could only *try* to deserve it. How happy have I been even on this bed, from which I felt I could not rise; how proud, indeed, to be thus attended, to be the single object of the love of one so pure."

The lip of Tudor trembled convulsively—the spirit fled while it was breathing out its love and gratitude.

Amelia was unable to attend the funeral of her husband, and it was not until some months after his death, that she rode to Laurel Hill.

Leaving the carriage, she was conducted to the grave of Tudor, and, hanging over the hillock, she thought of all the virtues which had adorned his character, and most of those that commended his memory to her constant gratitude.

Strange it may seem to some—and perhaps unfaithful to the duties of one lately widowed—but, as she thus mused over the grave of Tudor, she thought of Wilder, of his love for her, of her feelings for him, of all that had passed, all that both had suffered, and then the new freedom of her own position passed her mind. She might in time be his.

Let us not smile at such thoughts, under such circumstances; if the thoughts of every man or wo-

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man were blazoned forth, those of Amelia would seem natural and pure. They were pure; they were visitants, not tenants of the mind; they came, but she entertained them not; and when she thought of her *freedom*, she chastened the mind, and, kneeling upon the new laid sod, she vowed solemnly, dutifully, sternly, to live and die the widow of him below. She would make a sacrifice of more than the Indian widow makes. The great suttee which should distinguish her mourning should be her heart. To cherish constant love for the dead, and to preserve herself from other love, is a sacrifice which any woman might make; but to sacrifice a love of the living to the memory of the deceased; to live day by day through a cheerless life, chained to the memory of the departed, and consumed by love of the living, that should be the offering expiatory of the wrong which she had committed; a wrong unfelt by the object, but still inflicted.

Amelia rose from the grave of her husband, strong in her new formed resolution. She turned to depart, and her eye rested upon the care-worn features of Wilder. He was leaning against a large tree, and seemed absorbed in the scene before him. No sooner did he discover that he was seen by Amelia, than he turned suddenly and left the place. Amelia was conveyed to the carriage, and thence to her chamber. Several months after that scene, a servant entered the chamber of Amelia, and said that a gentleman, wrapped closely in a cloak, had requested that a note should be given to her, and he would wait an answer.

The note bore only the words,

"Shall I meet you once more, and when?

"February 2, 1843. H. W."

Amelia raised herself slowly from her pillow, and with much emphasis said:

"Tell the gentleman *he may meet me next week where he saw me last.*"

. . . . . .

The heavy tramp of horses upon the frozen gravel walks denoted the approach of the funeral train. We went forth to the grave. The coffin was born forward and lowered into its resting place. A short service was read, and the company turned to depart. I lingered to see the closing of the grave, and to think over the vicissitudes of her who had now come to rest in the earth with her husband, and to think of what might have been her fate had her affections been allowed to minister to her comfort.

As the grave-digger took his shovel to conclude his labors, a hand was laid upon his arm.

"You will, my friend, pause a little—give me only a moment."

He looked down and sighed, "And here at length we meet."

The grave-digger thrust his shovel into the earth and beckoned me away.

When we returned, the stranger had drawn his hat over his brow, and was wiping some sand from his knees.

He departed.

"Do you know that gentleman?" said I to the grave-digger.

"He visits us often," he said, "and I think he will soon take up his rest among us here."

"What is his name?" I asked.

He pointed to a stake—a land mark between Tudor's burying-place and the adjoining lot—it was marked

"H. Wilder's lot."

And, before the grass grew green upon the resting-place of Tudor and his wife—before the birds had formed their new alliances of love and care—before even affection had planted a rose between these tenements, Wilder was carried forth to occupy the nearest place to Amelia which propriety would allow.

GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.

ADDRESSED TO MY FRIEND G——.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

Dispute it as a man—
I shall do so,
But I must also feel it as a man;
I cannot but remember such things were
That were most pleasant to me. *Macbeth.*

Gone by, but ne'er forgotten—this is truth,
And who would wish it to be otherwise,
And who would seal the fountain of our youth,
And who would bid us to close up our eyes
And look no more upon the buried past?
None but the weak and wayward, and to them
Life's morn is gone forever. Hope! thou hast
Many a glorious flower on thy stem,
But there are those by fading Memory strown
Down the dark vistas of receding time
That e'en for thee we would not all disown
Nor deem their sad remembrance to be crime.

And thou and I, dear friend, thus having paid
The tribute due to grief from all mankind,
Will pray Oblivion from his dusky shade
To leave our by-gone pleasant hours behind.
The hands of those who love us now shall dry
The tears for those who loved us and passed on.
Brightly has shone the long departed eye,
And rung the voice whose music is by-gone:
Sadly, but sweetly, will our memories flow
For those who died or fled from us; we yet
Forgive our wrongs, endure our griefs, but know
That we have never promised to forget.

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COMING TO GET MARRIED.

BY ERNEST HELFENSTEIN.

"Come to get married!" Dorothea was just on the point of lifting up the tea-urn, but she only held up both hands with such a queer smile, and looked at the pair as she would have done at a brace of nice ducks to be picked for her master's dinner.

Dear soul! Matrimony was a *terra incognita* to her, about which she had the most vague and grotesque ideas, as one might be supposed to have of the Fegee Islands. She had a just and conscientious sense of what was due to "creature comforts," presenting them in the best and most appropriate shape, and in this way she was of immense value to the worthy rector and his benign sister.

Indeed, so alive was she to all temporal concernments, that the good man at one time took occasion, when she was spreading the table for dinner, to read her an extra homily upon the interests of her soul. Poor Dorothea began to cry first, which still more inspired the eloquence of the good man, and then she hung down her head and blushed, and then, to his utter amazement, went off into such a fit of laughter as really to endanger suffocation in the paroxysm. Upon recovering from this, she exclaimed,

"It 's of no sort o' use. Soon 's ever a man talks to me alone, I always think of Jacob Flanders, and that sets me to laughing."

At this moment Aunt Jane looked grave, and directed some article to be carried to the kitchen, and then explained, with spinster-like propriety, how Jacob had even attempted the unseemly language of love to Dorothea, going so far as to kiss her hand, at the relation of which enormity, Aunt Jane slightly blushed, and the pastor's face departed very considerably from clerical gravity.

It is astonishing how much more complacently women regard the matrimonial intentions of others than do the other sex. Their sympathies are all alive upon the occasion, and they feel an interest and tenderness, perfect for the time being. Aunt Jane had not one particle of vanity or selfishness in the world. She had never thought of a man, except when she thought of her brother, and never seemed to imagine that she existed otherwise than as an appendage to him.

When the pair determined upon the desperate measure of matrimony appeared at the parsonage, she fixed her benign regards upon them, mechanically placed her finger upon the side of her smooth cheek, as she was wont to do when the pranks of the poodle arrested her attention from the intricacies of "reed stich" or "tent," and happening to be nearest Dorothea, she leaned one hand upon her shoulder, as much as to say, "Dear souls, how nicely they look together," and then she had a confused image of the tenderness of a pair of birds she once kept in a cage, and that used to look so lovingly upon the same perch all night side by side, each with its head behind its wing.

"So you have come to get married?" said the pastor, half rising from his chair, and speaking much more severely than the occasion would seem to justify.

Ralph assented, looking a little blank at the sternness of the good man, and half began to think, as a man is pretty apt to do, that he was doing a very foolish thing. Sybil's pretty face grew crimson, and her eyes dropped, but then she looked as if she thought it all quite natural, and she was content.

Ralph had come to Pennsylvania four years before, and settled in the village of ———, and, of course, became one of the parishioners of my friend. He had been betrothed to Sybil before leaving "fader land," and now that his enterprise and patient labor had met its reward of easy competence, he had sent for Sybil and her widowed mother to share it with him.

"Come to get married!" there was a long pause, and the minister compressed his lips, and cast his eyes onward almost with an expression of scorn. It was unnoted by the inmates of that little room, the simple-hearted women and that brave, loving pair whose hearts were unchanged by time, labor and separation, and soon the good man arose, and with even more than his wonted impressiveness, united two who should from henceforth be eternally one.

Those who have never known deep suffering are slow to detect its indications in others. Aunt Jane knew that her brother had in early life passed through a period of severe mental anguish, but he was now entirely calm, had been so for years, and she never imagined him to be otherwise than perfectly happy. Busied with the little genialities of every-day life, blessed with simple and ordinary desires, undisturbed by those ideal tendencies which so often embitter, at the same time that they ennoble the more imaginative, her life was placid as a heart full of content could make it. She saw fearful lines stamped upon the face of her brother, and supposed that study and the sanctities of religion were making their busy impress—she never dreamed that the sorrow of early life had been seared by the lapse of years into his very soul.

We have said he looked sternly upon the young people who stood before him. He did so, and yet Herman Vortenberg was a kind-hearted, genial man, who regarded the infirmities of others with the eye of true charity, while his own life was a perpetual reaching for that ideal standard recognized by the Great Master when he said, "Be ye, therefore, perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect."

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A Commencement.

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Marriage to him was a solemn and beautiful mystery, by which was typified that angelic existence in which the two were no longer twain, but one forever and forever in the Paradise of God.

A marriage, to his high and spiritual mind, must be a marriage of hearts; a union of soul with soul; a high and holy communion, by which the faculties of the soul were fully to be developed, its repose secured, and the whole nature with all its manifold attributes brought into harmonious action. He was no dreamer, but a deep spiritual thinker, basing his life upon his insight of the Ideal. The revealments of great truths, brought out by the fervency of prayer, by fidelity to the good, by meek obedience to the indications of all spiritual discernments, all these were combined into great principles of action, earnest and unwavering.

He was now the meek, self-sacrificing apostle of truth, moving in a sphere of limited usefulness, yet content therein, inasmuch as it left him free from the stormier passions of his early youth. To most persons he seemed a man of calm, agreeable temperament, constitutionally incapable of strong emotion of any kind; but a close observer of the human face, or studier of human character, might detect the smouldering ashes of fierce and latent fires, once burning with terrific violence, though now extinct it may be forever.

He was exact, almost stern in the discharge of his parochial duties, discoursing much upon the sanctity of all human affections, the care, the earnestness and devotion with which they should be fostered—the hazard of mistakes, the danger of abuse, and the fearful lethargy induced by worldliness and all ungenial influences. Upon subjects like these a strange eloquence grew upon him, a solemn majesty that went forth infusing itself amid his hearers, like the waving shadow of a great banner, moving to and fro, and giving boldness to the outlines of all things upon which the light falleth.

Herman Vortenberg was now a solitary man, waiting with patient faith for the good yet in store for him, and firmly and resolutely casting aside the shadows which the evils of early experience might rest upon his soul. He had once gathered the household gods about him; once, in the impetuosity of early passion, when the strong physical man is so apt to be misled by the seductions of beauty, it was then that beneath the green tree, like the idolaters of old, he set him up an altar and bowed in worship. Alas! for the highest divinity came not to the feast, and he quenched, even with his heart's blood and the soul's tears, the fires of his altar. Calmly, solemnly did he take it away, and alone in the sanctuary of his own soul bow down to the worship of the good and the true.

He had just left the University, high in honor, and full of that aimless enthusiasm that so often bewilders and disturbs the soul of early genius, as yet unrelieved by action or expression. The seclusion, too, of a student's life, while it afforded no opportunity for the exercise of early emotion, left ample room for the dreams of the imagination, and thus fostered the germ as yet dormant. Relieved from the routine of a collegiate life, he was conscious of a wild sense of freedom, an exulting power, a longing for action, a confused and aimless grandeur of existence, equal to all things, but undetermined as to what. He was like the steed of the desert, for awhile a captive, but now rejoicing in freedom, tossing its mane to the winds of heaven, with dilating nostril and spurning hoof "snuffing the battle afar off," and ready for the fierce encounter. Thus the study that had filled him with thought had left him unready for action. Knowledge had become his own, but wisdom was to be the growth of painful experience, of soul-sickening, soul-withering contact and grapple with the hardness of human destiny.

What wonder, then, that the fascinations of Bertha C—— should fire the brain of the youthful and romantic student? At the time of his departure for the University she was a gay, beautiful girl, abounding in intellect, and holding as by a spell all who approached her. A mere boy, he had regarded her then with a sort of wonder, a something in which he had no concernment, beautiful, but remote. A few years his senior, she scarcely bestowed a glance upon the studious boy, who had never directed a stray regard to her face. In the short vacations he had been equally indifferent. Absorbed in his studies, he heard of her seductions just as he read of those of Helen or Cleopatra, beings who hitherto raised no emotion of sympathy.

The day of his return from the University, a small party were invited to his father's house; Bertha was of the guests. Nothing but ordinary civilities passed between them, and yet, when the youth retired to his pillow, he found the low tones of her voice lingering upon his ear, like a stray chord of music.

For the first time in his life, he felt that the soul had other desires than that for knowledge, other pursuits than that of glory. He tried to arrest this unwonted current of thought, to compose himself to slumber, but in vain. At this moment, the faint notes of a song came to his ear. He listened with a tumultuous thrill. He hardly breathed. He felt as if his soul had suddenly been dissolved, and mingled and became a part of that sweet melody.

Trust it not, the idle story,
Love hath no abiding here—
Bubbles all are fame and glory,
Nothing real but the tear.

Smiles are false, and still deluding,
Hiding withered hearts and sear;
Fleet are they, for sighs intruding
Usher in the coming tear.

The words were sung to a listless air, and so low as to be almost undistinguished, but the melody thrilled the very soul of the young student, while the words were graven upon the memory unconsciously at the time, but to become the material for after years of bitter reflection. He listened till the words died away, and then, overcome by emotion, he stepped out upon the terrace.

The moon was calm and clear, and the night wind, fresh from the sweet south, gave another drop of in-

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toxication to his bewildered senses. The building was a low one of stone, covered with vines, and sheltered by trees of a primitive growth, which the taste of his forefathers had preserved in making the "clearing." The long sweep of these gigantic trees, in the dim light, gave a cathedral-like grandeur to the scene, and inspired emotions of love and religion.

The old vines that draped the building had been suffered to grow almost without pruning, and, in some parts, the terrace was nearly encumbered by their growth. Lifting up these, at an angle of the building, the songster was revealed to him, half reclining upon a low form, her eyes lifted to the moon, and bathed in tears. Obeying the first wild impulse of his heart, Herman rushed forward and knelt at her feet. She moved not, but her lustrous eyes fell slowly to the face of the youth, and their calm light entered his very soul.

"Bertha!"

She smiled faintly; there was more of sadness than of tenderness in that faint smile, and yet it was a blending of both. Who does not know of the fearful power that lurks in the self-possessed gentleness, the half-dreamy tenderness of a beautiful and mature woman, when acting upon the young and inexperienced!

He seized her hand—he covered it with kisses. She did not repel him, and yet the smile died from her lips—a deep sigh escaped her, and she burst into tears.

The youth sprung to his feet. "Oh, God! I have offended you—you are unhappy, and I have added a new pang, I who would have died to serve you."

She took his hand in hers, and drew him to the seat beside her. Her tears dried away, and there, by that still light, her low, gentle tones of voice blended with the calm night, and "lapped him in Elysium." She spake of the fickleness of human hearts, of the mockery of life, of its weariness, soul-sickening vapidness. It was a new theme to the student, with his fresh and untried nature. It stirred the deep fountains of his sympathy. He looked into her tearful eyes, listened to her low voice, and drunk in a strange and wild bewilderment.

When, at length, she arose to leave him, and her long curls, shading her cheek, revealed yet her pure spiritual brow and deep eyes; the youth seemed to awake to a sense of life and bereavement.

"Go, Herman," she whispered, "forget this night, forget that you have seen me, and may God bless you."

The student slept none that night. A new life had been revealed to him. He wondered at his former existence, so cold and unreal, and hour after hour did he pace his lonely room, thinking of Bertha.

Bertha would have left the farm-house the next day, but the good mother of Herman saw that he desired her stay, and she playfully commanded her to abide. Week after week the youth yielded to her fascinations. A new meaning was revealed to him in the aspect of nature, and the language of poetry, and Bertha seemed to hold the key that unlocked beautiful mysteries. At length their vows were plighted.

Herman was an only son, the heir to wealth. Bertha had more than a competence. Worldly calculations were unthought of. He lavished upon her the fullness and freshness of a heart whose fountains she only had stirred, and Bertha——

As yet, Herman had no plan for life. To live that he might elucidate great truths, that he might be as a city set upon a hill in the highway of goodness, had hitherto been his ideal. Now, why should he not live to impart happiness to a human soul. Why would not the vast destiny of life be accomplished with him by devoting himself to one human being; to foster the true and ennobling, to develop the hidden mysteries of his and her heart; to go out into the beautiful in nature and art, and thus build up the temple of God in their own souls.

Bertha's clear intellect and imaginative character seemed to have acquired a new strength by association with the impassioned youth. Yet that strange calmness, that touching sadness was ever the same. New *thought* had been elicited, but the foundations of emotion were unmoved. Her lustrous eyes met his with the same look of dreamy tenderness, the faint smile yet played upon her lips, and that self-possessed gentleness was all unchanged. Yet there, even these, that might have aroused the suspicions of one versed in the hidden language of the heart, wrought with stupendous power upon the unsophisticated student. The elements of her character were unlike his own, but it was the contrast that results in harmony. Her repose was refreshing to him. It supplied what was wanting in his own nature. It was like the dew imparting life and vigor to the plant scorched by the meridian sun.

They were wed. No change grew upon the youth. Bertha's affluence of thought was a never failing source of interest. Her gentle manners, her sweet playfulness of fancy, supplied an unfailing source of delight. Yet, in the midst of all this, a strange yearning grew upon the heart of the youth. A sense of chill even in the presence of his beautiful wife; a void unfilled even by her tenderness.

Prone to metaphysical subtleties, he began to question the nature of his emotions. He believed that perfect human love would result in entire content—in soul-fullness. More than once had Bertha hinted at a former attachment, which he, with mistaken magnanimity, had forborne to listen to, as a subject most painful to herself. He remembered, too, that he had more than once found her in tears, which she instantly suppressed, and met him with a smile such as could dwell on no other lips.

It was now his turn to smile sadly, to meet the gaze of Bertha with an aching tenderness; to feel how awful, even here, are the mysteries and revealments of the soul.

One evening he found Bertha in the library, bending over an old Lutheran Bible, discolored by time, yet its velvet covering and silver clasps betokened the care with which it had been preserved. It had belonged to one of the early reformers, and was re-

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garded with great reverence by the family. She did not look up when Herman entered, and he thought her lost in pleasant reverie over the interesting relic.

When, however, he approached her, he saw her face was bathed in tears, and she was engaged in reading the answer of Jesus to the materialists of those days. Placing her finger upon the text, she raised her eyes slowly to his face, and repeated, in a voice scarcely above a whisper,

"Whose wife shall she be in the resurrection?"

Herman turned ghastly pale; a cold sweat started upon his brow, he staggered to a seat, and covered his face with his hands.

Bertha shuddered; she knelt down, and laid her head upon his knee, looking upward with that mysterious, sad face, now pale and passionless as marble. At length, she heaved a deep sigh, and fell senseless to the floor.

Herman placed her upon a couch and bathed her cold face, till the sad eyes opened and met his agonized expression.

"Oh, Herman, Herman! I have committed a deadly sin, in that I swore, before God, to love and honor you, while my love, aye the deep love of a strong woman's strong nature, had been that of another. I have never dared to call you husband. I have entreated you to call me Bertha, for the name wife has been too holy for me to respond to."

A fierce light grew in the eyes of the wronged man, as he listened to these fearful words. He grasped her wrist convulsively, and looked sternly into her pale face.

"Woman, tell me solemnly, before God, if you felt all this at the time you consented to be mine."

"No, on my soul, dear Herman, I did not even then know the whole extent of my love for another—another, with all his worth and manhood, now in his grave;" and she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

"Bertha, you have mocked me; you have perjured your own soul, and plunged me into everlasting misery. You have bound us with cords that death only can sever, while we must from henceforth be as strangers to each other."

A shriek, wild and piercing, burst from the lips of the wretched woman, and she once more relapsed into insensibility. Herman again bathed her brow, unconsciously murmuring, "Oh, God, so beautiful, and yet so wretched—so noble, and yet so weak!"

"Weak, most weak!" responded Bertha, without unclosing her eyes. "But, Herman, even truth must be gradually unfolded to the mind. The blessed Savior recognized the weakness of human understanding when he said, 'I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now,' and he fulfilled his great mission, leaving these things unsaid. Is not the mystery of marriage one of these things? Is the human mind, even after the lapse of centuries, prepared to receive the true doctrine?"

Again, Herman found himself listening to the eloquence of those sweet lips, content to live upon the honey of words so purely framed, and again he forgot the mysterious sadness and the tranquilness of manner that revealed a soul whose destiny had been sealed.

"Dear Herman, those truths have been growing upon me; slowly but surely unfolding themselves to my mind. At the time of our contract, I was a solitary being, yearning for sympathy. I would have been content as your friend, your sister, but your vehemence forbade that. I was fearful of losing you altogether. I thought love was a thing to be conquered, to be transferred even."

"Bertha—"

"Herman, I must say all now, it is better for both."

"Go on, go on."

Again she shuddered, and clasped her hands upon her breast, as if to keep back her emotion.

"I thought, Herman, that old things would pass away, forgetting that material things only perish in the using, while love is indestructible and eternal, growing brighter and brighter unto the perfect day."

"Bertha, you drive me mad. You, who love me not, can talk in this wise, while I, I who have expended my whole soul upon you—" And he paced the room with clenched hands.

Most gently did Bertha exercise her powerful ministry. "No, Herman, yours is not love. It is an intellectual admiration, a content in thought, a gratified imagination, but love is more than this. It is too intangible for definement, yet the soul knoweth its presence by its fullness of content in the beloved. Herman, let me say all. I had not been able to detect its tokens, till I found I would sooner lose you, Herman, than lose the memory even of my buried love."

"Oh, God! oh, God! is this life!" exclaimed the unhappy man.

"It is fearful, Herman, the weakness, not the vice, of our nature that has brought this upon us. I have endured this, dear Herman, and even more."

Both were, for a long time, silent.

"Then, this doctrine of the true marriage has been a gradual revealment," said Herman; "you did not, could not, understand these things in their present light, and yet consent to take such fearful vows upon yourself."

"Never, never. Oh, God! Herman, to souls like ours, made to discern the truth, such vows, where the two are not one in spirit, truly and entirely one before God, are a fearful desecration. It is mockery of that holiest of all Divine appointments."

"True, most true." He grasped her arm with a strong grasp, and replied, huskily, "yet we are bound in the light of human institutions—bound till death, death, shall sever the bonds. Bound by human ties, though from henceforth strangers upon earth," and he fell headlong to the floor.

Long and fearful was the malady that followed this terrible explanation. Bertha watched over his couch with sister-like assiduity, preserving her calm gentleness of demeanor, even while others were blanched with fear. Often and often, in the silence of his slumber, did she kneel down and pray that the bitterness of his cup might be assuaged. Often, in the wildness of his delirium, did she respond with some

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seasonable word of sympathy, that brought comfort to the inner soul.

Was there no strife in the soul of that strong woman, think ye? Had she no need of human sympathy under her load of suffering? Alas! no; she suffered but as she had brought suffering upon others; suffered for the infirmity of her woman-nature, but hers were divine ministrations, comfort from the Beloved, help from God.

Most beautiful grew she in her spiritual loveliness. Worn and stricken as she was, the true soul draped even mortality with angelic garments.

Herman slowly recovered from that long fever, and again listened to the soothing and elevating language of Bertha.

"Whose wife shall she be in the resurrection? Not mine, not mine, Bertha. I can think calmly of it now. But oh, God! the agony I have suffered; surely, surely there is a fearful retribution here! no, not retribution, for mistakes are followed often by more severe and protracted misery than even vice. But then they do their office of discipline to the soul, while sin brandeth thereon a perpetual stain."

"Yes, dear Herman, we must be 'made perfect through suffering,' and the dismay of darkness causeth us to turn in search of the light." She took his hand, and the tears slowly gathered in her eyes, for she had that to say that was most painful to be uttered. Herman closed his eyes, divining what was the nature of that mute, yet eloquent appeal.

"Speak, dear Bertha, I understand what you would say."

There was one wild gush of agony, and she buried her face in the pillow and sobbed aloud. Herman laid his hand gently upon her head, and thus, in silent and holy communion, each praying that comfort might come to the heart of the other, without the utterance of a single word, was the external bond reverently recognized between them, yet as reverently spurned by the spirit as no bond of union. Herman pressed his lips to her cold hand, and she arose from her kneeling posture, and imprinted one last kiss upon his brow.

And thus they parted, she to cherish the image of the heavenly; he to wrestle in spirit, to strive as striveth the strong man for the mastery of self—to go out into high and holy pathways searching forevermore for the good promised to the faithful.

Here died out in his soul all the promptings of ambition. Here arose a noble desire to impress worthily some few minds in the great mass of humanity.

Herman traveled many years; he sought the society of the gifted and the learned. Alas! he found a sorrow lurking in every heart. He found that love alone is its own exceeding great reward; but that few, very few, are equal to the gift.

SONNETS TO ——.

I.

Now tripping forth, the fairy-footed Spring
Awakens bud and bloom, and, liberal, fills
The air with balm, mantling the sunny hills
With living green. The purple martens wing
Their wheeling course, and, twittering sharply, sing
In treble notes a strange and keen delight,
And as they upward soar in airy flight,
Shrill through the sapphire arch their pæans ring.
Oh sweetheart mine! shall I unfold the theme
Bird, bud and blossom teach our swelling hearts?
Thy tell-tale blush replies! Nor idle deem
Nor slight the lesson Nature thus imparts,
While even Zephyr from his flight above,
Stooping to kiss thy cheek, sighs tenderly of Love!

II.

Nay, chide me not that I am jealous, love,
For in my doting fondness I am grown
A very miser of the beauties thrown
Profusely round thee from the gods above:
I'm even jealous of the pliant glove
Embracing oft thy slight and fairy hand,
And of sly Zephyr, with his whisper bland,
Who steals a-wooing from the budding grove
And dallies o'er thy cheek with soft caress,
And of the ray that trembles as it glows
Upon thy fresh lips' rosy loveliness—
For that dear hand I would with mine enclose,
And lip and cheek I would were mine alone,
And mine the only heart that thou wouldst wish to own.

III.

Come, dear one, smile consent! Thy fair young brow
Was never arched for stern Denial's frown—
Could angels glance like April sunbeams down
From their high thrones, where burning splendors glow,
To this cold sphere, cloud-mantled, far below,
As April's suns awake the budding flower
And from its sweet cup quaff the dropping shower,
Warmed by their breath would young Love's roses glow,
From Feeling's flushing cheek they'd kiss the tear,
And words of comfort to the worn heart tell—
And art not thou, my life, their sister dear!
Then in thy soul let kindred kindness dwell—
Unfold the wings stretched o'er thy bosom fair
And let my wearied spirit nestle there!
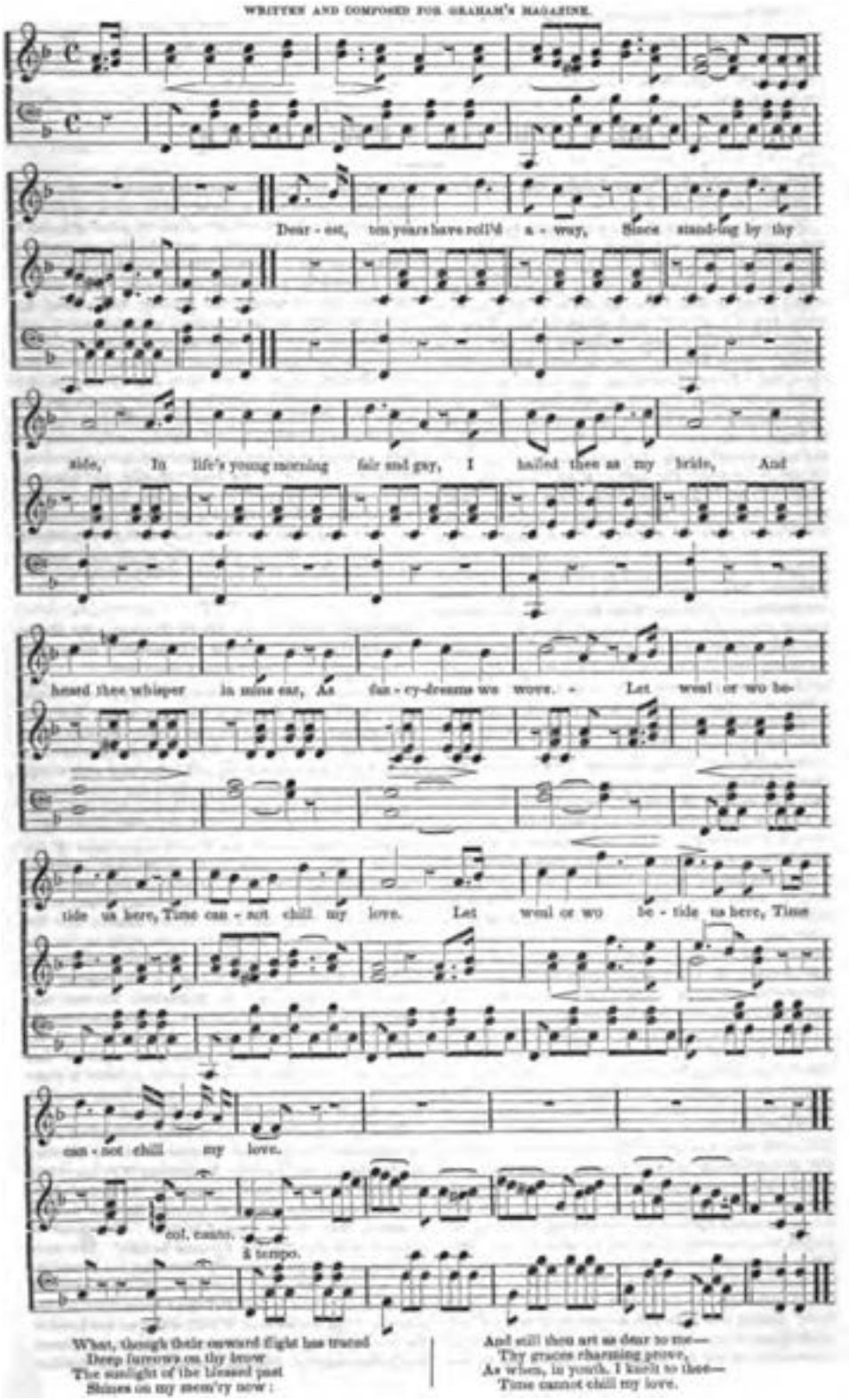
IV.

Come, dearest, to my heart. My soul and thine
A strange, ethereal, soft attraction feel:
Where'er I rove, my thoughts to thee incline,
Whate'er my purpose, still to thee I steal;
If in the temple to my God I kneel
My prayers for pardon blend with prayers for thee;
If on my senses slumber sets her seal
My dreaming spirit seeks thee, wild and free;
If in each other's presence blessed we stand,
Nearer and nearer still with smiles we move,
Soul melts with soul, as hand is joined in hand,
And throb and thrill attest the loadstar Love—
Bright, burning mystery! unknown to art,
But ever gently thus attracting heart to heart. E.

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TIME CANNOT CHILL MY LOVE.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED FOR GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.



What, though their onward flight has traced
Deep furrows on thy brow
The sunlight of the blessed past
Shines on my mem'ry now:

And still thou art as dear to me—
Thy graces charming grove,
As when, in youth, I knelt to thee—
Time cannot chill my love.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Past and Present: By Thomas Carlyle. One volume duodecimo. Boston, Little & Brown.

We read every thing Carlyle writes with deep interest and careful attention, and though we are not wont to exclaim with the multitude against his vagueness and mysticism, we feel for him little of that profound reverence which seems to force his worshipers upon their knees at every new "utterance" with which he may favor the world. "Past and Present," lacks the lofty and sublime spirit of "Sartor Resartus," and the vivid, masterly painting of the "French Revolution," but to a good degree it combines the minor beauties of both these works. It is upon a subject of deep interest: the condition and prospects of England: and the views it expresses are philosophical and unquestionably true. The book consists of three parts: the first is entitled "The Ancient Monk," and aims, by an allegory, to set forth the superiority of the twelfth century over the nineteenth in this particular—a clear-sighted appreciation of manhood, a spirit to discover and welcome greatness and moral power wherever exhibited, and an ability to get a true aristocracy of talent to act the parts of governor. The present age, the author thinks, is under the dominion of Humbug, Sham, Pretension: the twelfth century trampled these under foot, and gave the sceptre to worth and genius; and we must learn to do the same if we would have in us any real life and truth, and substantial and permanent prosperity. The second part is called the "Modern Worker," and sets forth powerfully and truly the sad condition of the working classes, the uselessness of idlers, and the sad condition into which the misery and growing despair of the one class, and the luxury and inhumanity of the other, are fast hurrying modern society. The third part—called "Horoscope"—seeks to read the future, or rather to point to the sources whence deliverance must come, if it come at all. In the reorganization of labor, the establishment of a system whereby the laborer shall obtain a permanent interest in the work upon which he is engaged, and perchance a direct interest in the land he tills or the fruits he cultivates, Mr. Carlyle sees the beginning of the better day. The soul of the nation, too, must awake to manhood and strength; higher views of the aims of life must prevail; the gifted must acquire new power; and Mammonism must lose somewhat of its supremacy before health and perfect peace will be restored.

Now we do not complain that this is not practical—that it is visionary and vague—though doubtless it will thus strike the popular apprehension. It is the work of a philosopher, and is therefore necessarily theoretical: it goes back beyond the rules and shallow inductions of expediency to the first principles of national strength and social health. This is just what is needed and what should most be prized. The speculations of political economists, the devices of skillful slight-of-hand statesmen, are plentiful enough, perhaps somewhat too plentiful for the public good. It is well to turn thoughtful minds to a higher ground, to excite true-hearted men to a nobler effort, and to infuse into the atmosphere of political and social speculation a purer spirit, a higher and more nourishing life. Without this all state reform is quackery, and will show itself to be that by its fruits. Carlyle thus does high service to the cause of Humanity when he writes such books as this: and no true-hearted man can fail to thank him for them. But we are sure he does not do all he might, and that he does far more incidental mischief than he ought. Were this work written in the style of "Schiller's Life" or the "Review of Burns,"—were all its eccentricities and affectations carefully avoided, and had the author uttered the thoughts he has here so fantastically expressed, in the pure, strong style of his early days—a style which ordinary Englishmen, for whom he ought to have written, can understand, and which carries with it a convincing power—it would have aroused the intelligent throughout the nation to serious and sad reflection. Now, it will have this effect with the coterie, and remain a sealed book to the great mass, for whom it should have been prepared. The author seems to us thus completely to defeat his own aim, and to render his book, which is really one of the most able and powerful recently written, one of the least influence and practical effect. We are firmly of the opinion, too, that Mr. Carlyle is doing more than any other ten writers of the day to corrupt the language in which he writes—to destroy its beauty and despoil it of its chief glory. But we have no room to pursue this subject, or to say more of the book itself.

Marmaduke Wyvil, or the Maid's Revenge: By Henry William Herbert. Author of "Cromwell," "The Brothers," etc., etc. New York and London, 1843.

Mr. Herbert understands, as well as any of our cotemporaries, the art of writing a historical novel. His previous works of this class have been greatly and deservedly praised, and in Marmaduke Wyvil he has surpassed them all, both in character-painting and in the skill with which he has woven the story. The period is that of the close of the civil wars of the English revolution—the action beginning on the day following the battle of Worcester—and the earlier campaigns of the French commotions of the Fronde. The scene lies partly in England, partly in France, varying from the quiet English park and homestead, the country maypole and the village green, to the gay saloons of Paris, the Tuileries, the Louvre, and the gray towers of Notre Dame—from the study of the secluded scholar and the bower of ladies, to the camp and battle-field beside the Seine and Ilyere. Among the real characters introduced are the Marechals Turenne and Condé and the Duke of York, afterward James the Second; Louis Quatorze, Anne of Austria, the Cardinal de Retz, and many other of the magnificent personages of that strange and picturesque era, more prolific probably in great men and great events than any from the Norman conquest to the days of George the Fourth of England.

The story is briefly told. Alice Selby the daughter of an old abstracted scholar—wise in books and utterly ignorant of men and the world—saves Marmaduke Wyvil, a young and noble cavalier, from the pursuit of the Roundheads, and secretes him in a crypt of Woolverton Hall, her father's residence, with the old man's consent. The house is searched that night by the Puritans in vain. The next morning, at a village inn hard by, three men are breakfasting: a pedlar, Bartrum, a warrener in the employment of Selby, and a forester of Lord Fairfaix: when there arrives a farmer riding the horse of Wyvil, which he has found in the woods. They are all arrested by a party of Roundheads who come up; Despard, a cornet, ill-treats the shot

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boy of the innkeeper, and, maddened by the opposition of Frank Norman, the forester, orders his men to shoot him, when in the nick of time arrives Henry Chaloner, cousin of Alice Selby, and Major General of the District, who stops the execution and dismisses Despard, who is afterward cashiered. Chaloner, after an interview at the inn with Alice—who has come out to see her poor pensioners—rides to the hall and acquaints her father that he is ordered to search it thoroughly the next day—with his regrets at the necessity, and his his determination to do his duty. He subsequently rescues Alice when attacked by disbanded soldiers in the park—is wounded—and in the evening proposes to her, but is tenderly and tearfully rejected. The hall is once more searched, and unsuccessfully. Chaloner departs—Alice continues for months to minister to Wyvil in concealment, and both fall mutually in love. Despard, in disguise, hangs about the premises, satisfied of Wyvil's presence, and leagued with the disbanded soldiers to seize him for the reward by the government. The cavalier's escape from England is planned by the pedlar, Bartram—at the last moment he confesses his passion—is accepted by Alice—their love is sanctioned by her father, and he arrives in France after a desperate conflict in which Despard is killed by the idiot boy.

In France, Wyvil enters the royal army engaged in suppressing the civil war of the Fronde, and on various occasions greatly distinguishes himself. Rescuing Sir Henry Oswald and his daughter from the troops of the Prince of Lorraine, he wavers in his faith, gradually forgets Alice Selby, and loves and is loved by Isabella Oswald. Meantime, the pedlar, Bartram, or rather Colonel Penruddock, the royalist, is taken with letters on his person from Wyvil to Alice, which are read by the Parliament; Selby and his daughter are forced to fly to France, and their estates are sequestered and given by Cromwell's connivance to Chaloner, who pays the rents to Selby.

The French court returns to Paris, and Alice and her father go to stay with their relative, Madame de Gondi, a high court lady of English descent, married to a kinsman of Cardinal de Retz. Alice, walking in the Tuileries, overhears Wyvil deny her, and propose to Isabella Oswald. She is seen by Louis the Fourteenth, invited to a court ball, dances with the king, and is admired and honored by all the nobles. Wyvil sees her, his old love revives, he endeavors to regain his position with her; she detects him in falsehood both to herself and Isabella, and utterly rejects him. He returns to Isabella, who becomes acquainted with Alice Selby, and her friend. Alice, still attached to Wyvil, believing him to be really in love with Isabella, and that his temporary return to her was the effect of honorable feeling, sacrifices herself to Marmaduke's happiness, finds herself gradually falling into consumption, and endeavors to bring about their union. Her father discovers Wyvil's treachery, and in a violent altercation with him breaks a blood vessel and dies. She, ignorant of Wyvil's implication with his death, makes over part of her property—which has just been restored to her by Cromwell, who has sent her a free pardon by Chaloner, visiting Paris on his way to the Hague as envoy—to her false lover, who thus gains Sir Henry's consent to marry Isabella. This is the Maid's Revenge!

The marriage ceremony begins in Notre Dame. Alice is present, veiled, with Chaloner—she faints—Chaloner reveals Wyvil's baseness, who shrinks away discarded by all who know him. Alice dies, happy and forgiving. Upon her death-bed she conjures Chaloner to marry Isabella, who is also by her side, at some future day, and leaves him all her property. Chaloner, possessed by a fanatical idea that God has appointed him an avenger to slay Wyvil, visits him at night, and, in spite of his reluctance, forces him to accept his challenge to a mortal duel on the morrow. Wyvil, alone, half mad with remorse and despair, drinks deeply to recover his courage, fancies he sees the ghost of Alice beckoning him, pursues it, and rushing through the open window falls into the open street, and dies miserably; so Chaloner, coming in the morning to lead Wyvil to the field, finds the dead body, and perceives and confesses the falsity and wickedness of his previous fancy. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord!" Years afterward, Chaloner marries Isabella Oswald, and they live and die happily at Woolverton Hall.

The novel might as well have been called Principle and Passion, as the interest turns on the struggle between the two, and the victory of the former. Wyvil is not naturally nor thoroughly bad, but wavering, vacillating, impulsive, lacking fixed principle and resolution, and falling step by step into vice. Chaloner is a perfectly consistent, noble, calm, upright character. Although there is no lack of exciting action, and much more colloquy than in Mr. Herbert's other romances, there is, perhaps, too much of quietly elaborated still life in the work—yet, when scenes are painted with such Claude-like skill, the reader who has taste will not be likely to complain. The tone of Marmaduke Wyvil is throughout decidedly moral, and the author has the rare faculty of not making his morality so obtrusive as to be offensive.

Hoboken; A Romance of New York: By Theodore S. Fay. New York, Harper & Brothers; Philadelphia, Zieber & Co.

As in the "Countess Ida" and "Norman Leslie," Mr. Fay has endeavored in this novel to awaken the feelings of the heart and to array the convictions of the judgement against the crime of dueling. Henry and Franklin Lenox are sons of a popular lawyer in New York, and lovers of Fanny Elton, by whom both of them are rejected. Subsequently the younger Lenox resents an insult offered to Miss Lenox by a Captain Glendenning, of the British army, by knocking him down in the theatre, and a duel at Hoboken is the consequence. The bullet of Lenox passes through the hat of his adversary, who fires into the air and apologizes for the acknowledged insult. The parties become friends, and Glendenning returns to Montreal, where he is taunted by Colonel Nicholson, his commanding officer, with having too precipitately adjusted his quarrel. He revisits New York, and in a second meeting with Lenox kills him. The elder brother on being rejected by Miss Elton goes abroad, and while traveling on the continent with the Earl of Middleton—previously introduced to the reader as Colonel Nicholson—encounters Glendenning, whose life has been embittered by his unhappy affair in New York, and who now in his presence accuses the Earl of having forced him to the fatal duel with Franklin Lenox. He ascertains that the charge is true, challenges Middleton, and kills him. On returning to America he learns that his rejection by Fanny Elton was caused by the slanders of an enemy, and is married to her. Such, in brief, is the outline of the tale, inwoven with which is a history of the gradual conversion of Henry Lenox from deism to a true faith and holy life. The characters are skillfully and boldly drawn, the incidents are generally natural and dramatic, and some of the scenes are painted with remarkable power. Yet the novel is far from being faultless, in many ways. The mother of the heroes is said to be a religious woman, but in her life are exhibited few of the graces of the Christain character, and she fails to exert that heavenly influence upon her sons which ever makes the pious mother the guardian angel. Captain Glen-

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denning is absurdly represented as choosing to fight with the rifle, a weapon never used by Europeans in the duel. We might point out many trivial defects and errors in the work, but its excellence in the main is so great that we feel little inclination so to do. Very few more pure and elevating or more interesting fictions have been written by Americans. The author well deserves our gratitude for his earnest and long-continued efforts to induce the abandonment of a custom which here, if not more frequent, is certainly more sanguinary than in any other country, by the only effective means of reform, appeals to the understanding and the heart.

The History of the Inquisition of Spain, from the Time of its Establishment to the Reign of Ferdinand VII. By Don Juan Antonio Llorente. Philada.: J. M. Campbell & Co.

The author of this work was Secretary of the Tribunal of Madrid, from 1790 to 1792, and compiled from its official records the only authentic account of that celebrated court ever published. Mr. Prescott, in his admirable History of Ferdinand and Isabella, says it deserves to be studied as the record of the most humiliating triumph which fanaticism has been able to obtain over human reason, and that, too, during the most critical periods, and in the most civilized portion of the world. Messrs. Campbell & Co. have issued it as a part of their Select Library of Religious Literature.

Wild Scenes in the Forest and the Prairie, with Sketches of American Life: By C. F. Hoffman, author of "Greyslaer," "A Winter in the West," Etc. New York, W. H. Colliyer.

These "Wild Scenes" were published originally in London some three or four years ago, and were greatly praised by the appreciating critics of that metropolis. They are decidedly the most easy yet spirited, off-hand yet elaborate sketches of American life that have been written. In the edition before us the author has added "Ben Blower's Story," and "The Enchanted Gun," which our readers will remember is among the richest contributions lately made to our own magazine. They are characteristic, though some of the scenes and sketches are as much distinguished for quiet beauty and pathos as these for provincial drollery and humor. Mr. Hoffman's style is easy, graphic, vigorous, and his language pure, idiomatic, uncorrupt. In these hot days nothing but a sight of the forests and the prairies themselves can be more grateful than these pictures of them and of the life led among them.

Critical and Miscellaneous Essays: By James Stephen. One volume, duodecimo. Philadelphia, Cary & Hart.

This volume contains eight articles from the Edinburgh Review, on William Wilberforce, Whitfield and Froude, D'Aubigne's History of the Great Reformation, the Life and Times of Richard Baxter, the Physical Theory of Another Life, the Port Royalists, Ignatius Loyola and his associates, and Taylor's Edwin the Fair. As they severally appeared they were very generally attributed to Macaulay, who was supposed to be the only periodical writer of the day capable of producing papers at the same time so brilliant and so profound.

The Lawyer: His Character and Rule of Holy Life: By Edward O'Brien. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.

A work written with simplicity and thoughtful earnestness: resembling somewhat the "Country Parson" of pious George Herbert. Its main principle is the duty of governing legal practice by the *law of Conscience*.

The American Book Circular: With Notes and Statistics. Pamphlet. London, 1843.

Messrs. Wiley and Putnam are publishers and importers of foreign books in New York, and importers of American books in London, where the junior partner and writer of this clever pamphlet has his residence. The few preliminary notes and statistics appended to a classified list of some of the most important and recent American publications, are in reply to a passage in the tenth volume of the History of Europe, in which Mr. Alison declares that literature and intellectual ability of the highest order meet with little encouragement in this country, and that though the names of Cooper, Channing and Irving amply prove that our soil is not wanting in genius of the most fascinating character, yet that the fact that their works are nearly all published in London is a decisive proof of the necessity of European habits and ideas to its due development. Mr. Putnam most clearly demonstrates the falsity of the historian's premises and conclusions, by an array of facts. He shows that the best works of our own authors are in nearly every instance published first at home, and that the best literature of England is as much read here as in Great Britain. He also points out numerous instances of literary piracy by the English quite as flagrant as any of which the Americans themselves have been accused: such as the publication of the writings of Dr. Bird, Dr. Ware, Joseph C. Neal, "Mary Clavers" and others, as original works by English authors, etc. Cases of this kind are most abundant.

The History of the Christian Religion and Church, during the First Three Centuries: By Dr. Augustus Neander. Translated from the German by Henry John Rose, B. D. One volume, octavo. Philadelphia, J. M. Campbell & Co.

Neander's History of the Christian Religion has been regarded from its first appearance at Berlin in 1825, as one of the most profound and impartial works of the kind ever written. The version by Mr. Rose is the only one that has been published in the English language, and the present is the first edition of it that has been printed in America, where the book has long been greatly needed, especially by the whole body of theological students. The author united deep scholarship and extensive views of human nature with warm feelings for the higher parts of the Christian scheme; and rich as is the theological literature of Germany we doubt whether it embraces a single work that will be more read than this in the after ages.

Travels in Egypt, Arabia, and the Holy Land: By the Rev. Stephen Olin, D. D., President of the Wesleyan University. With twelve illustrations on steel. Two volumes, duodecimo. New York, Harper & Brothers.

Dr. Olin is one of the most able and popular clergymen of the Methodist Church in the United States. He went abroad in 1839—visited the most interesting scenes of Europe, Africa and Asia, and returned in the early months of 1842. Though less elaborate and learned than Robinson, and somewhat less spirited than Stephens, the record of his travels is inferior in interest and value to the general reader to no work of the kind that has ever appeared in this country. His style is simple, pure and earnest, and his descriptions of manners, antiquities, etc., remarkably graphic.

The Portion of the Soul: By the Rev. Herman Hooker, author of "Popular Infidelity," etc. Third Edition, enlarged. Philadelphia, H. Hooker.

One of the most profound and beautiful religious essays in our language—equal, in thought and diction, to the best works of the "great masters" of practical theology, the fathers of the English church.

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The Attack

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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THE POSTOFFICE.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

The family of James O'Moore was a reputable branch of the old and broad-spreading tree of the O'Moores in Ireland. James had married young, in spite of the wise counsel of the sage and rich, who can themselves indulge in the luxury of wives and children, and think it very fitting the poor should do without them. Neither would Jemmy O'Moore be guided by others' experience, which has been well called the "stern-light of the ship." So, at five-and-thirty, he was a husband and the father of nine children; "five," as his wife expressed it, "gone to the Blessed Virgin, in Heaven—three boys o'er-topping their father and stouter than he, and our Rosy, dear, the beauty o' County Cork, tho' her mother should be ashamed to say it, but her mother it was alone that knew she was the truest and best that ever mother leaned upon, God bless her!"

Those who, unreasonably, or, if they will, reasonably, dislike the Irish, cannot deny that, in the glowing fervor of their affections, in generosity to their kindred and people, and in gratitude to any member of the human family, Jew, Greek, or barbarian, who, *in a kind manner*, renders them a service, they are unequaled. O'Moore had a judicious and generous landlord, and he would have thriven well in his own country, with only his four surviving children to bury or bring up; but there was a cousin, with three sickly girls and a boy, to whom his kind heart bade him extend protection and support. The boy, Dennis Rooney, was, to be sure, no charge to him, or to his mother. Dennis was a stout, brave and manful boy, and, when but twelve years old, he had saved the life of the heir, and only son, of the lord of the domain on which they lived. This unfortunate only son of Sir Philip Morriti and his wife, Lady Ellen, was born with a deformity that made him incurably lame. He was beside sickly, and of a nervous temperament, and retiring disposition. He loved solitude; and, when possible, would escape from his mother and nurse and wander about the woodlands of the estate. His ruling passion was a love of wild flowers, and in trying to obtain some violets that grew on the brink of a stream that bounded the estate, he fell in, and, unable to resist the swift channel, he was carried down into an artificial pond, where he would inevitably have been drowned but for the timely intervention of Dennis Rooney. Dennis came near being dragged under by the convulsive grasp of the drowning child, but his stout arm and stouter heart prevailed; and he not only took the boy from the water, but carried him, half a mile, to the castle, and laid him in his mother's arms. Dennis was at once taken to the castle, was taught, by Master Edward's tutor, reading, writing and ciphering, and, what to Dennis was as important, he was put under the head gardener for instruction in his art. Master Edward now transferred his love for solitary places to the garden. His only pleasure, beyond the reach of his mother's loved and tender voice, was working beside Dennis in the flower-beds. Time did not lighten the burden of life to the poor child; as he grew older, his mind became dimmer, and his body feebler. He was always leaning on Dennis, or limping after him, and seemed to love the presence of the bright, strong, cheerful boy as a plant loves the sunshine.

At the period when our history of the O'Moores and Rooneys begins, the three sisters of Dennis had married and gone to America, loaded with favors and presents from Sir Philip and Lady Ellen. Den-

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nis had manifested no disposition to join them. He was quite contented with the service he was in, and never left the castle but to visit the O'Moores. "And why do you always go there, and never to faire, or wakes, or merry-makings of any kind?" asked Lady Ellen. Dennis looked straight up, and straight down—he looked one side, and the other—he looked sheepish, in short, he looked every way but in his mistress' face, as he replied, "Sure my lady has seen Rosy O'Moore." Sure my lady had, and, with a woman's quick wit, she read the whole history of Dennis' heart. After a little consideration, she told him so—drew from him a full disclosure of his wishes and dawning plans, and promised to forward them, by giving Rosy an eligible place at the castle. That Dennis should ever leave it, while Master Edward lived, was out of the question, Lady Ellen said, and Dennis assented, for he felt himself bound there not only by Edward's dependence upon him, but by his gratitude for the multiplied favors heaped on him and his family by Sir Philip and Lady Ellen.

A week had passed since he had seen Rosy. In the next half hour after his communication with Lady Ellen he was on his way to the cottage. Rosy, who always knew when it was Dennis that knocked, opened the door for him. The flush of welcome, or the blush that overspread her cheek when Dennis kissed it, soon passed away, and he observed that she was paler and less cheerful than usual.

"Sure, Dennis," said the mother, "these have been the longest days of the year that you have been staying away from us."

"Indeed and that 's true," replied Dennis, glancing at Rose, "hours are minutes here, and minutes are hours away from you."

"Oh, it 's getting darker than ever we saw it yet, Dennis." Dennis stared. "Is it O'Moore that 's been at the castle to-day?" continued the old woman.

"No."

"Nor Dan, nor Pat, nor Tommy?"

"Not one of them."

"Then the news—bad luck to it—is yet to tell."

Dennis was confounded. He fancied he only had news to tell, and, resolving not to have that interfered with, he turned from the mother and asked Rosy to walk down the green lane with him. Rose tied on a snow-white apron, threw her little cloak over her shoulders, and they went out together. The sentiment of the humble, like the diseases of childhood, is simple, uncomplicated, and little varying in its symptoms. "Thanks to you, Rosy, dear," said Dennis, "it is not now to ask 'do you love me?'" Rose only sighed in reply. "Sure that question was asked as long ago as we can remember?"

"And answered just as long ago—was it not Dennis?"

"Sure, sure it was, Rosy, and we have been as good as one ever since, having but one heart between us—troth plighted and all, and so Rosy, dear—but why are you so dark?—you send chills to the very soul of me." Rosy burst into tears. "Oh, speak, Rosy; if trouble has come to you have not I a right to the better half of it?" Dennis' arm was round Rosy's waist, and Rosy pressed the hand that was on her heart, but she could not utter a word. Dennis wiped off the tears with Rosy's apron, saying, "there, my life, do n't send any more after them! I have news to tell you that will drive away all sorrow—sunshine to melt away all the clouds, Rosy; if one door is shut another is opened." And he proceeded to communicate the sure and near prospect that Lady Ellen's kindness had opened to them. Poor Rosy's sadness deepened at every word, and, when he had finished, she covered her face and sobbed out, "It cannot be—it cannot be—Dennis, it can never be." Dennis, alarmed and confounded, was rather relieved when he found out the real lion in the way; and, after a little soothing and cheering, Rosy began to feel that there was still twilight above her horizon. She had communicated the following facts:

It seemed that James O'Moore had been long vainly struggling against the current of hard times. With all the indulgence of his landlord, it was hard for him to pay his rent; and his boys, now grown to be capable and industrious, had no work to do. Emigration is the great national resource for Ireland. O'Moore's relations and friends, on every side, were going to America, and sending home letters with accounts of success, and remittances, for those left behind. A few days before, O'Moore had received letters from the husbands of Dennis' sisters. They were still in Canada, where they had heard the most tempting accounts of the facilities for settlers on the new lands in the United States, and they vehemently urged O'Moore to come out, with his sons, and join them. O'Moore was an impulsive and determined man—qualities that do not often go together. Foreseeing opposition from the women, he imparted his plan to the boys, only. They joyfully concurred with him. He made fortunate arrangements for the sale of such effects as must be left behind him, and, on the morning of that day, he told his wife and daughter that, in one week, they must be riding on the salt water.

Rosy listened as she would have listened to a sentence of death, and, turning from her father, she sunk down on a chair, pale and motionless. Her mother understood her child's feelings, and, after her own surprise and shock had a little subsided, she said "Sure, Jemmy O'Moore, it 's for the good of your boys, I have not a word to say again it——I shall not long bide it—I cannot learn to stand alone in my old age."

"Alone! will not we be on every side of you?"

"Not she that I most lane on. I have always had something to lane upon since first I lay upon my mother's bosom; when she was taken, then it was my poor father, then it was you, Jemmy, and now is it not Rosy that 's my prop—my rest and comfort by night and by day?"

"And, God helping me, will still be, mother," said Rosy, dropping on to the floor at her mother's feet, and laying her head on her lap.

"Ah, my darling, is it not you that 're promised, and, as I left all for your father, so must you leave

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all for Dennis—this is the thorny way of life that Providence has marked with his own finger."

"Now, this is just women's way," interposed Jemmy, "flying off into the clouds, instead of walking in the beaten road before you. What the divil signifies blurring your eyes, Rosy?—can't Dennis come with us?"

"Never, never, father; he is duty-bound to Master Edward. *It's the nearest duty we must do.* I'll go with you, mother—I will, and I'll say never a word against Dennis doing God's bidding, and that is all his possible to serve poor Master Edward. Should I, that love him before all things, stand between him and his duty?"

And to this noble resolution Rose adhered, at first with struggling sighs and bitter tears, and afterward with a stronger and more cheerful resignation.

How wisely and how beautifully Providence has interwoven the reciprocal relations of the rich and poor! Money could not buy, but it might reward such service as Dennis'. The sickly child of fortune was his dependent, and he was bound to the generous benefactors of his family by ties far stronger than any chains ever forged. Lady Ellen was sure her son would pine away and die, if Dennis left him; and so he probably would have done; and a man less true and constant to duty than Dennis might have questioned whether a life so feeble and profitless were worth preserving at such a cost. But there was no such question in Dennis' clear mind. He threw his love, and longings to go with Rose, into one scale, and his duty into the other, and that preponderating the thing was settled.

The lovers parted. Rose came with her family to America, and Dennis remained in the service of Master Edward, at the castle. They were too young, and too strong of heart, to part without hope. "Be sure, Rosy, be sure," were almost Dennis' last words, "that poor Master Edward's shattered frame cannot stand it long, and, when it pleases God to take him to His peace, I will be after you, as fast as winds and sails can bring me."

Flowers have bloomed on our prairies, and passed away, from age to age, unseen by man, and multitudes of virtues have been acted out in obscure places, without note or admiration. The sweetness of both has gone up to Heaven.

The O'Moores joined the Kellys—Dennis' brothers-in-law—at Montreal. The limit assigned to this slight sketch of their fortunes, does not permit our detailing, step by step, their progress; led on—as such wanderers are—by chance advice, and chance acquaintance, and the hope of casting off old burdens, and gaining new advantages, they reached Illinois, and there squatted on some new land, about six miles from the thriving little town of Clifton. To reach this point, all the O'Moores' convertible property had been turned into money, and the money was nearly expended. The golden cloud that, to the poor emigrant's eye, rests over this western world, had, till now, gone before them, and now, at the very point where they hoped it would stand still, it melted away. The fate of "the best laid schemes o' mice and men" hung over our Irish friends. The first season, James O'Moore took the fever of the country, and died. His eldest son, finding that harder work than he had done at home met with smaller present returns, was disheartened and disgusted, and he quitted the land, and went to work on a railroad. Patrick, left to labor alone—for Thomas, the youngest, had remained in Ireland, to fulfill a year's engagement—was discouraged, and was soon laid by with "the fever," whose first victims the disheartened are. The Rooneys extended all the kindness in their power to our friends—they had difficulties of their own. The life of a settler is, at best, a life of hardship and endurance—emphatically a struggling life. The second spring opened gloomily on the O'Moores. Patrick could just crawl from his bed to the fire, his days being varied only by chills and no chills. His poor mother was like an old tree dying of transplantation, an unwise movement for an old subject. Rosy did her best with kind words, hopeful suggestions, smiles and ends of songs—her tears she kept to herself. Many a tear she shed, when there was no light in the hut but that of the smouldering log. They were all, in truth, pining with home-sickness. The Irish are often ridiculed, or contemned, for vaunting the comfortable homes they have left behind them. "The Almighty knows," they say, "what we've come here for, we were a dale better off at home!" This is false in word, but true in feeling. Their earnest affections take possession of their memories, and efface all but that which made the happiness of their birth-place, and childhood's home. There, in perpetual freshness, are the joys of youth; the associations of song and story are there—there, in golden light, all the bright passages of life—its pleasant acquaintanceships, and sparkling incidents. And there, those ministers of suffering, trial, superstition, even death itself, have their root of sorrow plucked out, and become ministering angels—messengers from another world. Who ever looked back upon home, through the vista of time, or the wide spaces of distance, and saw any thing but light and beauty there? Surely, then, the poor Irish may be pardoned the hallucinations of their filial love.

Dame O'Moore's widowed and sinking heart turned to Thomas. Many a weary month had come and gone since any tidings had reached them from Ireland. At last came a newspaper, forwarded by a friend in Montreal, giving an account of the wreck of a packet that had left Liverpool, on a certain day, with an unusual number of emigrants. The paper contained an imperfect list of the passengers, and among them was the name of Thomas O'Moore. "And sure it's Tommy;" said the old woman, "as I look at it I see it's Tommy's own name, and no other."

"But, mother, dear," said Rosy, who could find a ray of light gleaming where all was darkness to her mother's dulled vision, "all County Cork is full of O'Moores, and are there not six Thomas O'Moores, cousins to us, or something that way, besides our own Tommy?"

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"Ah, yes—but this is my own—I feel it to be the very marrow of my bones—now look," she said, pointing to the printed name, "it 's as like him as his own face. Oh, Rosy, it is he, and none other—my heart is broke!"

Rosy, in spite of having a weight of sorrow, of which her mother was ignorant, in the intervals of adjusting the old woman's pillows, and administering a cup of hot, fresh tea, contrived to let a ray of hope into her drooping spirit. The day was bright, and, when the little cabin began to have the air of comfort that neatness and order give, even where there is poverty and sickness, Rosy proposed walking in to Clifton, to see if there were not a letter in the postoffice.

"That 's my own darling," said her mother; "it was the night I was dreaming of roasted potatoes, and that 's a sign of letters coming—old blind Barry 'twas told me the sign, when Pat, his son, was away to the Indies. But, Rosy, dear, where 's the money to pay for the same?"

"Is there not a shilling, mother, left of the last pound of tea?"

"Ah! no, Rosy, that same went to Clifton for the last vial of my mixture. I would not rob you, darling, but sure a letter would be better to us all than gold. There 's the gold-piece Dennis—God ever bless him—gave you at parting."

"Mother, what for would I tell you in that dark hour and you sick, but sure it was the gold-piece I paid for father's coffin, to quiet his dear soul. Could he rest easy, the thing not paid for, and his own dear child having gold in her purse?"

"It 's all right, Rosy, love; the blessing of the dead and the living on you! If there should be a letter! Pat, boy, is there ne'er a shilling at the bottom of your empty purse?"

"Na, na, mother," groaned Pat from the chair, where he sat cowering over the coals; "my last shilling went to the pedlar—bad luck to him—for the fever-pills."

"Oh, mother, dear," interposed Rosy, "it 's a lucky thought, the same I have." She pulled from her bosom a shilling, suspended by a thread-bare ribbon, from which its original rose-color had been long washed out. "Sure I never thought of its being money—it was *a love-token* we called it. It was when you and I and Dennis went to the fair—he bought this ribbon and tied round my neck, you remember, mother—it was my seventh birth-day—I 'll scarce know myself without it—but I 'll not scruple parting with it to bring you the comfort of a letter—so kiss it for luck's sake, mother, dear."

Her mother kissed the love-token, and kissed her good child, and poured out a shower of tears, as she said "God Almighty's blessing rest on you, as it does, and ever will, for you 've kept all His laws, and crowned them all with honoring father and mother—so you 've His sure word that these black days shall lighten up, and be long and bright to the last, in the land that the Lord thy God giveth to thee—God speed ye, my darling!"

These blessings, the very effluence of well-performed duties, fell, like dews from Heaven, on Rosy's spirit, and filled it with cheerful expectation. She changed her working-dress for a holiday suit, and, having arranged becomingly her fine dark hair, she looked at herself with pardonable complacency, for no drawing-room mirror ever reflected a sweeter face than was given back by the little bit of broken, triangular glass, by which she tied on a pretty, straw hat. "Rosy," said her mother, "your mourning bonnet, child!" A crape bonnet, of her own fashioning, was the only badge of mourning Rosy had been able to obtain. "There 's no luck under a black bonnet, mother dear," said Rosy, "so this once I 'll leave it behind—the weed is on my heart all the same." So, again kissing her mother, and giving Patrick a farewell pat on the shoulder, she set forth on her six miles walk, to the Clifton postoffice.

She called at the shanties of the sisters of Dennis, to ask if they had any money to send for letters. No, they had no money, and no expectation of letters. They expected their husbands from Buffalo, in a fortnight's time, and, if Rosy would wait, they would then give her enough to pay for the letters that all Ireland would send her. Wait a fortnight! thought Rosy, as she definitively shook her head to their proposition. It was an affair in which the waiting of a "thousandth part of a minute" could not be voluntarily brooked.

But our readers are not yet acquainted with all the reasons of poor Rosy's eagerness for a letter. It was not only that she might know her brother's fate, but she had learned, by her last despatch from Dennis, that Master Edward's health was rapidly declining, and Dennis said, if the poor young man died—"God forgive him for writing the same"—before Thomas sailed, he—Dennis—should go out in the ship with him. Rosy had no doubt that the Thomas O'Moore mentioned among the passengers in the wrecked ship, from Liverpool, was really her brother. It had sailed sooner than Dennis had anticipated, and her reason told her there was scarcely a chance that he was in her, but on that chance hung all her happiness. A longer interval than had before elapsed between his letters had now passed, and, if he were not in the fated ship, she felt sure of finding a letter, from him, in the Clifton postoffice. Sure, when a great good is at stake, with what fearful rapidity the mind calculates chances! how rapidly the pendulum vibrates!

Rosy pursued her walk for three miles, without passing a human habitation. She then passed near the comfortable farm-house of an eastern settler. The wife of the proprietor was a city-bred lady, from one of the Atlantic states, but, in common with her poorer neighbors, she had to suffer the inconveniences of a new country residence. Her husband was absent, and she too expected letters, and now called Rosy in, to ask *her* to inquire for her. "I will give you half-a-dollar," she said, "for it may be a double letter." Rosy took the half dollar, and promised to execute the commission. As she left house, the possibility that she too might have a double letter occurred to her, and, though the poor

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little love-token—the English shilling*—was of inestimable value, it would not be so rated by the postmaster. Rosy paused. "I will ask Mrs. Johnston to lend me the money—how can I, she a stranger?—yes I will." She retraced her steps, and proposed to the lady the possible contingency of there being a double letter for herself, and none for Mrs. Johnston. "In that case, ma'am," asked Rosy, hesitatingly, "might I just borrow a bit of your money?"

"Certainly—yes—but stop a moment"—it can't be, she said to herself, poor people never write double letters—my purse is very low—there is no saying when Mr. Johnston will be home—every penny counts—"no, my girl," she concluded aloud, "you will have no occasion for my money, I am sure; I am sorry I can't oblige you, but, if you find no letter for me, I had rather you would bring my half dollar back;" and when Rosy turned away, her face dyed with disappointment and mortification at having made the request, the mistaken lady thought, "it was well I refused her. *She'll* have no double letter, and then the money would have been taken for something else and I should not have been the wiser. The Irish have always a lie ready."

> "Man's inhumanity to man
> Makes countless thousands mourn."

Oh what a pity that life should be marked by wasted opportunities of small kindnesses! Striking occasions and great deeds fall to the lot of few, but the humblest has every day an opportunity to do some little favor—to speak a kind word, or forbear a harsh one—to cheer with a smile, or withhold a frown; to do something in virtual obedience to the blessed command, "bear ye one another's burdens."

If recording angels do wait on men's deeds, it is over the blank pages, we fancy, that most tears are dropped. Mrs. Johnston turned to her affairs quite unconscious of the wrong she had done, for the Irish were out of the pale of her sympathies; and our little friend pursued her way, stopping only once to rest by the road side, where she took Dennis' last letter from her bosom and read it over, for the hundred thousandth time, with smiles and tears. She arrived at Clifton, a half an hour after the eastern mail had come in. The arrival of the mail, in a country town, is the great event of the day; but no where does it produce such a sensation as in one of our western settlements, for there are members of families newly sent out from their birth-places, their fibres still trembling with the disruption from the parent stock—there are exiles from the old world, too, their pulses still answering to every beat of the old heart, at home—there are the most anxious speculators, and there—if there be any graduations on this scale—the greediest politicians. The Clifton postoffice was in one extremity of a large "store," whose proprietor was postmaster. There were two entrances to this semi-civilized establishment, one large door from the main street—"Broadway"—and the other a narrow door, from a narrow side street, little used; the great flux and reflux being through the main door. Rosy fell into the tide entering here. Her heart beat quick with fear and hope, and she began, as she afterwards said, to feel a choking, as if there were a whole loaf of bread in her throat. She was unconscious that she was stared at on the right hand and the left, and quite indifferent to the audible exclamations which her beauty called forth. The "store" was already full of people, all men; for our chary womankind do not reckon it a feminine service to go to the postoffice, being afraid, as one of their witty punsters once said, of seeming to "run after the *males*!"

The great men of Clifton (Clifton has its great men) were gathered round a table, on which Peter Smith, the postmaster, was depositing the newspapers, letters and parcels as he drew them from the deep abyss of the great leathern bag. The postmaster was a man of short stature and spare body, with a weasle-face and eyes glowing like a rat's. He felt the importance of holding the wheel of destiny for the community of Clifton—of being the oracle to announce the voice of the divinities at Washington—the herald of all news, foreign and domestic, and the medium of all the good and evil tidings that came to Clifton. Some people are said to have the *gift* to see into a mill-stone. This was nothing to Peter Smith's gift to see into a letter—to read it by managing the key of its superscription. But this required time. Champolion could not read hieroglyphics at a glance. The letters to the chief dignitaries of Clifton were thrown down on the table and caught up at once, but missives to humbler persons were fingered, viewed and reviewed, while Peter Smith thought to himself, or murmured to a village gossip, as he threw one after another down, "Sam has got his answer from the land office, at last—short and *not* sweet, I can tell him! Ah, news from the scamp Laffin!" and then a chuckle; "the widow will have another chance!"

By this time, a little boy had made his way to the table and asked bashfully, "if there was any letter for grandf'er?"

"Grandfather! who's your grandfather? Oh, I know—Anson Vulet—wait a minute—yes—where is your money for the postage?"

The little fellow drew nearer, and, frightened by being observed, he dropped his head and hesitated—

"Speak out; have you got the money or not, shaver?—a cash article, a letter at this postoffice."

"Grandf'er is sick, sir, and he has not got any money left; but we expect there's some in that letter from father, sir."

"You and grandf'er must take it out in expectations, my lad, this is a single letter—marked so, and I'm sure of it—they can't cheat me," he continued, fingering the letter, "if they do the down-easters. It will keep till called for, my boy; there are fifty others there to keep it company; waiting till their owners can get money to pay for them."

The poor child's tears dropped on to the floor, and, losing his bashfulness in stronger feeling, he said, "I *know* there 's a bank-bill in it, for father promised to send it."

* All our readers may not know that an English shilling is about twenty-five cents.

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A gentleman who had taken half a dozen franked letters from the table, with a score of newspapers, was awaiting the change of a half dollar; his attention was arrested by the little boy's tremulous voice, and compassionating his hard case, he said to Peter Smith, "Give the poor child his letter, and let the balance of my half dollar pay for it."

"Oh, thank you, sir," said the boy, as he took the letter. "But I *know* the bill is in it—wont you please to open the letter, sir, and see?"

The gentleman broke open the letter, and, to the infallible Peter's infinite mortification, the bank-note was there.

"I knew father would send it," said the boy in a tone of irrepressible exultation. "Wont you please to take the money out of it, sir, that you paid for the letter?"

"No, my little fellow, carry the note home unbroken to your 'grandf'er;' I have got my money's worth."

Could one pierce into the sacred treasury in the heart, one might see how much richer the gentleman was by his spent money than Mrs. Johnston by the same sum saved!

All this while our poor little friend Rosy was an impatient and most attentive observer. While she modestly waited for an opportunity to approach the postmaster, without pushing her way through the crowd that surrounded him, she looked with fear and dismay at the masses of newspapers, fearing that her poor little letter, if she had one among them, would share the fate of the needle in the hay-mow. It so happened that the member from Clifton county had been making a speech in Congress on the Bankrupt Law, and that he had forwarded to his constituents not less than fifty newspapers containing this precious effusion, and half as many letters to his particular friends, filled with the gossip of Washington. There were a few papers of the best order, and any number of Atlasses, Transcripts, Suns and Heralds, beside some roods of Brother Jonathans and New Worlds. After these had been, for the most part, delivered, and the crowd ebbed, Rosy approached the table and modestly inquired if there were any letter for the O'Moores, but now the postmaster was lost in the politician. A hot discussion was begun on the bankrupt law, in which all were interested as parties, or creditors of parties—and Rosy repeated her inquiry thrice, before she was listened to, and then Peter Smith replied crabbedly, "Can't you wait a minute, child?" and grumbled, "pests!—these Irish!" Rosy did wait five minutes at least, endless minutes they seemed to her, for she had the weight of her own anxieties and the burden of her poor mother and sick brother on her spirit. She then said "It's my mother, sir, would thank ye to look if there's e'er a letter for Rosy O'Moore, or any of her people?"

Smith either did not, or affected not to hear, till a person who stood near interposed, saying, "It is too bad, Smith; I'll look over the letters myself for the poor girl if you don't." Peter turned pettishly round, and shuffling over a parcel of letters he paused at one—

"That's mine!" exclaimed Rosy involuntarily, as she recognized the hand at the first glance at the superscription. She blushed at the sound of her own raised voice, and extended her English shilling, her 'love-token,' her hand trembling with eagerness—

"Not so fast, sweetheart," said Peter, "this is a double letter, and so you must double your money to get it."

"Double my money!" said poor Rosy, "indeed, sir, I cannot—I have not another penny—and it's six miles I have walked for this same, sir."

"And you must walk six miles back without it if you can't pay the price of it. No cash, no letter, is the rule here, every body knows," and he was turning to replace the letter in the grave of a pigeon-hole when Rosy laid hold of his arm.

"For the love of Heaven, sir," said she, "give me the letter; my old mother at home is perishing for news from Thomas, her youngest, that was wrecked in the Nancy."

"And this letter comes from Tommy, from the bottom of the sea, does it?"

"It comes from one who may give us news of him," said Rose with dignity, the color again mounting into her cheek, which had become deadly pale at the thought of losing the letter. "Oh, please, sir, let me look at the outside of it."

Peter Smith vouchsafed to permit her to take the letter into her hands. The superscription was in Dennis' well known hand—a fine legible character—

"Miss Rose O'Moore—Clifton Postoffice—Illinois—United States of America."

"Can't you read it?—it's plain as print," said Peter Smith. Rosy's eye did not read, it devoured every letter, and tear after tear dropped upon it. The good-natured man who had interposed to procure the letter was now fumbling in every pocket, and turning his purse inside out, to make up her deficit, but in vain—there is many a man of substance in our western states who has not money to pay a letter's postage. "It is too bad," he said, "I see this going on here every day. Here comes this cavern of a mail-bag filled with all manner of trash; speeches not worth a groat, and letters worth less, brought all the way from Washington with the frank of some poor devil of a congressman, who had better be planting potatoes at home—why should his letters be free, and these poor emigrants pay a quarter of a dollar for a single sheet? who are thirsting for a word of news from their old homes—who, in their hard toil and hard fare, look forward to a letter to cheer and sustain them, who think of it by day and dream of it by night, and when it comes—their manna in the wilderness—it is loaded with a postage they cannot pay; an unrighteous, infamous tax it is."

"Well! is that my business?" asked Peter.

"No—but it is the fault of our congressmen, who spend their time in party squabbles, in doing harm and undoing good, instead of working for the benefit of the people who pay them. Year after year we have a report in favor of the reduction of postage, and there is the end of it—not a finger is stirred to re-

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move the burthen. It makes my blood boil to see these newspapers brought here for three cents each from New York and Boston, big enough, some of them, to cover a prairie, and in multitudes like the plagues of frogs, and here this poor child cannot get a letter her heart is breaking for without paying fifty cents—tell your friends to print their letters, my girl! Ah, these politicians shall answer for these heart-wrenches, man by man—there are no accounts with double consciences—no open books with congressmen—they must answer as fathers, brothers and sons for this permitted wrong."

Rosy, who had but half heard and half understood this philippic, started forward, saying, "Oh, pray, sir, let me have the letter with me; I 'll leave my cloak and my bonnet for a pledge." She untied them both, and threw them on the table. "Sure, to you, they are worth more than the letter."

"It 's against the rule," replied Peter, somewhat softened, "to take any thing but cash."

"But I 'll bring the cash—indeed I will—the Kellys are coming in one fortnight, and then surely I 'll bring it."

"Oh, yes, no doubt—the *Kellys* are always coming—I 'll keep the letter safe for you, child, till their arrival—hand it over."

We have noticed that there was a small door, which entered the shop from a narrow street on one side the building. At the moment Rosy threw down her hat and cloak, there appeared, at that door, a traveler just arrived in Clifton. His dress had that air of comfort and adaptation which is rather characteristic of the old country, and he had the robust frame and high colored cheek that marks the recent comer from a healthier land than our new countries. He had paused on the door step, and was regarding the scene within with an interest very unlike that of a careless stranger. Rosy's back was toward him, but at every word she spoke his color heightened, and his eye flashed fire at Peter Smith's command to her to "hand the letter over." And, when to this Rosy replied vehemently, "That will I never—ye may keep the hat and cloak forever, but the letter ye shall never touch again!" She turned to escape with her treasure—her eye met the stranger's—she shrieked—he sprung forward and caught her in his arms. With both her arms clasped around his neck, (this was not a moment for any consciousness but the blissful one of the presence of her lover,) Rosy held her head back, as if to assure herself of the reality of the vision, and then murmuring "It *is* you, Dennis—it *is!* her head fell back on his bosom, and there she laughed and cried irrepressibly. There was not a dry eye on one of the hard faces about her, and it was afterward averred that even Peter Smith was betrayed into a little snuffling sympathy.

The zealous advocate of the postage reform seemed the first to recover his self-possession. He gallantly threw Rosy's cloak around her, and, offering her hat, he said, in a low tone of voice, "Perhaps, my child, now you have the living letter, you 'll leave the written one."

"Sure, I 'd like to keep it," she replied, "and yet," she added, in a lower voice to Dennis, "I would better like to get back my love-token—'t is the English shilling you gave me, Dennis, that I paid him." Dennis comprehended, and redeemed the love-token with a crown, desiring the postmaster to reserve the balance for the first poor Irish emigrant who had not wherewith to pay for a letter.

We part with our friends at the dawning of a bright day. Dennis had brought news of Thomas' safety. He was already in New York, whither Dennis proposed to convey Rosy and her family. Master Edward's tribulations were over. He had left Dennis a legacy which would enable him to establish himself in the art and craft of Gardening, in the neighborhood of New York, where, with Rosy to keep his house, Patrick and Thomas to dig for him, and good old Dame O'Moore to sort his seeds, Dennis felt that he had taken for happiness

"A bond of fate,
And made assurance doubly sure."

TO ——.

BY ERNEST HELFENSTEIN.

This crystal gem I send to thee
Is cold, and hard, and bright—
And valueless the gift may be
If pondered not aright.

It changeth not, the cold, bright stone,
Though all may change beside—
It beams with radiance all its own,
Though darkness round it bide.

For hidden in its secret core
A crystal drop is sleeping—
One uncongealed and hallowed store
The gem is sacred keeping.

And thus my love for thee I keep
Apart from all beside—
Sealed up where holiest visions sleep,
The fond, the true, the tried.

Though thou may'st test, severely test
Its fervor and its trust—
Though hope be exiled from my breast—
Faith trembling in the dust—

Yet will it live, undimm'd, unchanged—
The fountain deep concealed—
Live, though thy love be all estranged—
All else, though cold, congealed.

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JACK SPANKER AND THE MERMAID.

BY ELIZABETH OKES SMITH, AUTHOR OF "THE SINLESS CHILD," ETC.

It was a warm, still afternoon in Summer, the waters of Portland harbor were as quiet as if never ploughed by keel or tossed by tempest; the idle flag hung to the mast, and sails, half-hoisted to dry, lay in loose heavy folds. Every object was as palpable below as above the water. Old Zeke was seated on the bench under the ferry-house sign, and nothing was more natural than that we school children should gather about him and ask for a story. It was evident Zeke was in a sentimental mood, for his eye wandered far off upon the waters, and he heaved a deep sigh as we approached and claimed his attention. Then he glanced at the little, low window, where Mrs. Stanford was making pastry, a tumbler half filled with flies standing beside her, the top covered by a piece of bread with a hole in the centre.

"Do you see there?" said he. We all followed the direction of his eyes, and rested ours upon the fatal fly-trap.

"That, accordin' to my way of thinkin', is a picter of the sea. Every shaver with free limbs and a bold heart is crowdin' to it, and ten to one his first cruise is his last one. For, some how, an old salt a'int no man at all, but a kind of part of the ship; and he can't be washed off into Davy's locker unless the ship goes too. But 't is the young ones that a'int got the right cut of the jib that get washed overboard. But as I was sayin', they will go to sea, jest as them are flies crawl into that tumbler, and so fall off, flounder about for a little while, and then it 's all over with 'em. But that 's all nat'ral like, for some how I dont see how a right down tar could sleep in one of them graves, (and he pointed toward the churchyard,) with the arth and stones crowded down over him, and people walkin' about and tellin' all sorts o' yarns right within hail of him. Oh, 't is hard to think upon;" and he breathed heavily, giving his duck trowsers an uneasy hitch. "But, now, 't is nothin' to be drowned in comparison. No boxin' up, no cold arth crowdin' down, but the free water all about, and the wind pipin', and sailors hailin' one another, and singin' the 'Bay o' Biscay,' which, accordin' to my notion, is one of the greatest songs ever sung, always exceptin' the 'Constitution and Gurrier.' But, as I was sayin', it must do a sailor's bones good to hear sich things about them. They 'd be kind o' oneasy on the land, and miss the roll they 'd always been used to."

Here Zeke arose from his seat and paced back and forth upon the small patch of green, as if suffering from some painful emotion. At length he stopped before our little group, and fixing a tremendous quid within one jaw, he said very solemnly, as one who had become nearly desperate—

"I tell you what, children, 't aint no fault o' mine that I 'm keeled up here like a useless old hulk; I never wanted sich moorings, I can tell you. Why it does seem as if the sea would n't take me in; I 've been shipwrecked something like twenty times, off and on. I 've been on short allowance nigh about as many times as there 's ropes in a ship, till I was about the leanest dog you ever see; I 've been washed overboard, have been taken by privateers, have been scuttled, capsized, and, somehow, I 've always got off. There 's the good ship Morgiany, I loved the wheel o' that ship as if it had been my own child, and every cable, rib and spar in her. How prettily she 'd answer to her helm! how sort o' nice she 'd come round to the wind; no yawing, no creaking, but sarcy like, and easy, jest as little Kate used to turn her head one side and sail to the leeward when I told her I shouldn't object to tryin' the flavor of them lips of hern. Well, the Morgiany went down one night in about the ugliest gale I ever weathered; and the poor thing cried and moaned jest as if it could feel for poor Zeke that could n't go with her. Well, she threw up a spar, and I clung to it for twenty-four hours, and then a ship picked me up, but not till I had chopped off a piece from one end to make a tobacco box of."

Here he took a wooden box from his pocket and held it up before us. It was curiously carved with nautical devices, exhibiting no small skill in the graver. Anchors, cables, hearts and ships were everywhere intermingled.

"That 's all my work. I took comfort in doin' it, for 't was all I could do to show my respect for the poor Morgiany, and little Kate into the bargain."

"Wont you tell us about Kate?" I whispered, drawing quite near him.

"Not now, child, not now," and he drew his hard, red hand across his eyes. We were all hushed.

"Well, well, you see I was n't to go down with the Morgiany, much as I loved her, so here I am, keeled up like a great lubberly land turtle that 's lost his reckoning. But come, that 's nothin' here nor there. I 'll tell you the story of Jack Spanker and the Mermaid, which was, take it for all in all, about the strangest story I ever heerd tell. Jack was a real sailor, and *would* tell about the toughest yarns of any sailor I ever heerd. Many 's the time I 've heerd him tell this story over in the long watches,

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slow and airnest as if every word was true as the four gospels. Jack had a Christian mother, who taught him the truth, and made him promise never to swear to the day of his death. This came mighty hard upon Jack, for he was up to all kind of fun, and had a free, easy way of speakin'. I don't know how he managed it, for swearin' is as nat'ral to a sailor as grog or salt water; and, somehow, I never felt anywise oneasy about it, considerin' it a part of the profession, a kind of edication that a tar can't do without, and meenin' jest nothin' more than that he is wide awake, and knows which way the wind sets; and then, in case of a flaw, it sarves to cool off with, for when the blast is once blown out there's nothing more to be said about it. Well, Jack always told the story in the same words, and though it did sound sort of oncredible at first, yet we got to believin' it, cause we'd got used to hearin' it. That mermaid must have been a putty nice gal, and as to Jack, he was about the trimmest splice I ever see; not too tall, for that's awkward aboard ship, nor yet short, and when he walked he brought his foot down square, and moved jest as the ship did, as if he'd grown up out of her. Then he'd a regular swab of brown curly hair, and a dimple in each cheek, and one in the chin. He laughed with his eyes and mouth too, and had teeth as white and even as a shark. Then, you should a heerd him roar out the songs, some of them of his own makin' too. He had a sweetheart named Nelly Spaulding, and 't was surprisin' the way he used to praise her. Venus and Dinny, and Neptin's wife herself, was jest nothin' at all 'long side of her. I don't believe Jack ever cared to look at any other gal, and couldn't a loved any thing else, savin' his mother, the ship, or a mermaid. When he was out on the yards splicin' a rope, or reefin' a sail, you'd hear his voice, clear as a trumpet, singin' as if nothing was to pay. He used to make up songs about the mermaids that set us all laughin'.

"'O, mermaids, is it cold and wet
Adown beneath the sea?
It seems to me that rather chill
Must Davy's locker be.'"

Old Zeke sang the foregoing with a comical mixture of sentiment and jovial reminiscence, bringing out the words full and round in true nautical style. We all gave a shout, and begged for more.

"No, no, I was only showin' how Jack did it; but then you know he was young and handsome, and had a voice to be heard a mile. Well, you see, 't was these same songs that had like to bin the ruin of poor Jack. Had Old Nick come in any other shape he couldn't have made any thing out of Jack, but how was he to know he'd covered his cloven foot and black ugliness in the shape of a pretty mermaid? 'T was n't in his log that sich a thing could be.

"Well, the winds had been light, and every little while there came a dead calm. We had n't much to do but tell long yarns, sing songs, and other fair weather work not worth tellin'. Jack had bin two hours out on the jib-boom, doin' something he might have donevin half the time, and we'd been laughin' at his songs, and then forgot all about him; so I must tell the story jest as he told it to me."

"I'd been singin'," said Jack,

"'My mermaid's eyes are diamonds bright,
Her cheek like the blushing shell,
And were it not for Nelly's self
I might have loved her well—'

when I heerd an amazin' soft-like sound, right under me, and I stopped workin' to see what it meant. I heerd a little voice singin'

'I have come from under the sea,
For thy voice beneath it rang,
And I would see the sailor boy
That hath so sweet a tongue.'

"That you shall, said I, lookin' over into the water, and I must say, I don't object lookin' at you. But never mind singin', I only sing myself on very particular occasions.

"With that I heerd a kind o' ticklin', and my faith, I never did see jest sich a pair of eyes. They wa'nt black, nor blue, nor green, nor—I can't tell what, but they was wonderful bright, and went through and through, that sort of a thing that always has a skewer or arrow run through it.

"I won't deny, says I, you're a nice lookin' gal, but what colors do you sail under, how do you hail? I've no notion bein' fool'd by any heathenish critter, bred a Christian as I've been.

"You should a seen her laugh. 'You may call me what plenses you best. Won't you give me a name, Jack?'

"No, faith, I mean to do that for Nelly. Howsomever, I do n't object to call you Nelly jest one v'yge.

"The critter laughed agin, and I do n't know how it was, she did look like Nelly Spaulding. I rubbed my eyes over and over agin, but there she was growin' more and more like her every minit. After awhile, says I,

"Do n't you find your berth down there rayther cold and wet?

"'O, not in the least. We breathe the water as you do air. I wish you would come and see the way we live under the water.'

"'Get thee behind me Satan,' said I, remembering my mother. No, no, I've no notion drownin' myself. You must try that trick upon the marines.'

"And I went to work, takin' no notice of all her singin'. But 'twas no use, I couldn't help lookin' down agin, and there she was, lookin' more like Nelly than she did before. Faith, says I, I do n't see how 'tis you contrive to look so much like Nelly Spaulding.

"'Do I?' says she, 'well I dare say I do, though Nelly is called the prettiest girl along shore.'

"You may well say that, says I, and none of your fish-ending and 'yster kind of critters neither, for you must know I had n't hardly got over her asking me to take a trip to Davy's locker. I had n't well nigh got the words out of my mouth, before there the critter was a sittin' on the jib-boom, right before me, and two the funniest little feet just peeping out from under her petticoats. I jest took my fore-finger and touched her little white arm, same as I used to do to

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the dough, when my mother's back was turned. And sure enough 'twas soft and warm, and nothing like clam or fish about it. But she didn't mean to stay, for she jumped down again, laughin' in great fun. Then the mate called out, 'Jack, a'int you done that jib yet?'

"Aye, aye, mostly, sir, but there's been a confounded mermaid here plaguin' me. Then the men all laughed, as if they thought it a good joke, but I knew it was airnest. But what's the use tryin' to teach poor ignorant critters what wont believe what a man tells them he has seen with his own eyes?"

Here Old Zeke gave a decided yawn and arose from the bench. "O, is that all? is there no more? what became of Jack?" we all cried out.

"No, there's enough more, but that will do for to-day. I can't stop to tell you how poor Jack did rayly go down with that mermaid, for the yarn was always a putty long one."

CHAPTER II.

"The water roll'd, the water swell'd,
This short suspense is over,
Half drew she him, half dropp'd he in,
And sank to rise no more."

A real mermaid story—a live mermaid—and that from the lips of one who had the story only second-hand—one who had seen and heard the man who had seen the mermaid. Old Zeke became invested with a strange and mysterious awe—an ancient mariner, speaking words of solemn and deep import. Did he not have the story from the very lips of Jack?—from Jack, who had put his finger upon the mermaid's arm, even as he would have punched into a real doughnut. The next day, we were all standing beside him, with hushed breath, awaiting his revealments.

"One night after this," continued Old Zeke, "giving the story in the words of Jack, I was standing at the wheel, lookin' at the long wake of silver the moon left upon the water, and then up at the stars, for they had a cunning sort of twinkle that made me think of Nelly's eyes. Hap'ning to cast my eyes est under the lee, I see somethin' leap out of the water two or three times—some flounderin' porpoise, says I, or one of them are flyin'-fish. Then there was a little spout of water risin' up and showerin' down, and lookin' like a heap of all kinds of pearls and precious stones. I rubbed my eyes and looked agin' and there right before me, laughin' out of the corner of her eyes, stood that mermaid.

"I held out my hand, encouragin' like, and says I, now, gal, come along side, for you see I can't leave the wheel without loosin' two or three pints, which would bring the captain up in no time. Faith you're so like Nell, that I can't help it, says I, and I gave her a kiss, as natral as if I'd known her a long cruise.

"'I wish, Jack, you'd go down and see how nice we live under the water,' says she, 'you'd never miss Nelly Spaulding.'

"Nell would miss me though, I'm thinkin', and 'tisn't hardly fair for one gal to try to cut another out. Besides, I'm plaguey suspicious that, if you once got me down there, you'd be for turnin' me into a great lubberly whale, to be harpooned sometime or other, and then Jack Spanker will be used for ile to light the binnicle. No, no, gal, you don't catch me that way, and I turned my back square round, and look'd as savage as a shark.

"Arter awhile I jest tip'd a look over my shoulder, and, sure enough, there she stood with the great tears dropping out of her eyes, and falling in a considerable puddle on the deck. Now, the jig is always up with a tar when a woman cries. Avast, there, Nell, says I, let me wipe this drippin' with this splice of a sail hangin' to your flipper, and I said some pretty nice things to stop her cryin'. Did you ever see an apple when a boy drives it into a puddle of water, how it goes down and then comes smilin' like up agin?—well, the mermaid look'd somethin' so, when she looked coaxingly into my face.

"'Jack,' says she, 'let one of my men hold the wheel, there, I want you to see something over the side of the ship.'

"I chuck'd her under the chin; your men, Nell, I should like to see one. Presently a little, old man, that look'd as if he'd been dryin' since the time of that old sailor, Noah, pop'd over the tafrail; as much as to say, here's your man, sir.

"Can you box the compass, gray beard? says I.

"'Aye, aye, sir,' says he, takin' the helm.

"Steady, now, steady, says I, and mind, none of your cantrips, or I'll knock you into foul weather, in less than no time.

"We looked over into the water, and the mermaid began to sing,

'Mist of earth away, away—
Veil of waters, deep and blue,
Open to the moonlight ray,
Bring our palaces to view.'

"Presently, the dim outline of things began to appear; and then the pavement of a world beneath the waters, inlaid with gems and gold and silver, and walls of crystal, and gates of emerald, towers of pearl, and bowers of coral.

"That's a nice country of yourn, says I, only a leetle too dazzlin'-like, and nothin' like potatoes and inyons growin'.

"The mermaid laugh'd; and then I saw some steps of ivory, and long walks with flowers on both sides, and all sorts of fruit and green things growin', and everything amazinly clean, and not a speck like dust anywhere. Then I heard folks talkin', and singin' old songs, and some of them I knew. Presently, long come Bill Marlin, with a mermaid tucked under his right flipper. Now, we'd lost Bill overboard on the last v'yge, and a whole soul'd sailor he was.

"Ship ahoy, says I, how do you like your berth? and before he could speak, and I never could tell how, but there I was down alongside. I looked up, and there was the ship right over head, with her canvas all set, and now and then a fish darting past, and two or three piratical sharks ready for everything that fell overboard. I pinch'd my arm to see if 't was real flesh and blood, and hallooed and ran about to see if I was dreaming; but the truth was, I was under the sea, and no mistake. How the little mermen and the mermaids laughed.

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"Do you think your man will steer the ship right?' says I.

"'O yes, he'll be here directly to give the reckoning.'

"In that case, says I, it's time for me to go up again, she would n't go well without a helmsman.

"'But you do n't mean to leave me, Jack,' says the mermaid, putting her face close to mine.

"To be sure I do; did you think I was goin' to forsake Nelly Spaulding for a fish-woman?

"Mermaids are just like other women; you abuse their beauty and they are right up about it, and that too when they're no better lookin' than a jury-mast. The mermaid's eyes looked lightning. She stood a minit, looking fire out of her eyes, and then she burst out a cryin'. Jest then, down came the little gray-beard, and I saw the ship going ahead as if a tight breeze had just took her sails. I was in a terrible fix—there was that gal cryin' tears by the quart, the ship about to leave me, and I down schooling about in Davy Jones' locker. I looked at the mermaid and began to feel wrathy.

"Now, says I, you've got me into this botheration, gal, and you must get me out of it. I've no notion stayin' down here you see, so you may as well contrive to get me up, or I shall kick up such a rumpus down here that Davy Jones will be glad to get me out of his kingdom.

"Then I see how the poor thing was a cryin', and I felt kind of bad. Nelly, says I, you're a nice gal for them what likes such a nice gal, but you don't have Jack Spanker jest yet. Howsomever, should I ever get adrift, I should be glad to have you pick me up. Davy Jones' locker aint so bad after all.

"Ship ahoy, says I, throw us a rope, I say.

"They got me on board, where everything was jest as I left it. They all said I must have got to sleep, and so rolled overboard, but I knew better."

THE ATTACK.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

["A band of Mohawks, while the Iroquois forces were investing Montreal, attacked the country mansion of the Sieur de M——. That gallant gentleman, wounded in a recent Indian conflict, was confined to his bed by fever. Madame de M—— and her sister Claire were at evening prayers in the hall when the attack was made. An arrow which, entering through the window, nearly killed her little son, so excited the maternal feelings of the former that she was incapable of exertion; but the latter catching a musquetoon from the wall, as she heard the strokes of the Indian tomahawks against the door, had the remarkable presence of mind to select the chief of the band, who stood at a distance, for her aim. He fell, and his followers instantly dispersed in confusion."—*Wars of Canada, MS.*]

The Indian whoop is heard without,
Within the Indian arrow flies;
There 's horror in that fiendish shout,
There 's death where'er that arrow flies!

Two trembling women there alone,
Alone to guard a feeble child;
What shield, oh, God! is round them thrown
Amid that scene of peril wild?

The Book upon the table there
Reveals at once from whence could flow
The strength to dash aside despair,
The meekness to abide the blow.

Already, half resigned, she kneels,
And half imploring, kneels the mother,
Awhile angelic courage steels
The gentle nature of the other.

They thunder on the oaken door,
They pierce the air with furious yell,
And soon that plume upon the floor
May grace some painted warrior well.

Oh, why cannot one stalwart arm
But wield the brand that hangeth by?
And snatch the noble girl from harm
Who heedeth not the hellish cry?

A shot! the savage leader falls—
'T was Clara's eye which aimed the gun—
That eye whose deadly aim appals
In tearful when its task is done.

He falls—and straight, with baffled cries,
His tribesmen fly in wild dismay;
And now, beneath the evening skies,
Those women may in safety pray.

SERAPH AND POET.

BY ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

The seraph sings before the manifest
God-one, and in the burning of the Seven;
And with the full life of consummate Heaven
Heaving beneath him, like a mother's breast,
Warm with her first-born's slumber in that nest:
The poet sings upon the Earth, grave-riven,
Before the naughty world, soon self-forgiven
For wronging him, and in the darkness prest
From his own soul by worldly weights. Even so,
Sing, seraph, with the glory! Heaven is high!
Sing, poet, with the sorrow! Earth is low!
The Universe's inward voices cry
"Amen" to either voice of joy and wo.
Sing, poet, seraph—sing on equally.

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VERSES WRITTEN IN JUNE,

WHILE LEAVING THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

BY J. S. KIDNEY.

FAREWELL, ye blessed hills! my ling'ring look
O'er the bright water and the brighter fields
Floats restlessly, and fixes on your tops,
Where in one luminous line ye touch the sky.
Ye dear, dear mountains, how I love to gaze!
O, well I know that ye are holier things
To look upon than all the woods and fields,
Though they be beautiful with darkest green
And tender tints that smile so nearer by;
For ye are clad with purer hues than they,
Mingling your earthly with the hue of heaven.
The rose of dawn blooms first upon your tops;
And the last flushes of the dying day
Yet linger there when all the vale is dark.
Ye rest in golden light on many a morn
When all the homes of men are wrapt in mist:
And on your summits spendeth many a night
All of its beauty and its purity,
When the bright moon and all the starry world
Become the gems of your unshaded crown.
Then well ye may so proudly curve along!
Ye seem to me so like a breathing thing,
Forever dwelling between earth and sky,
Whose beautiful repose so oft I've watched
And felt a living sympathy, that now
Vast is the vacancy your absence leaves;
And greater for the tear that needs will start
On many a morn because ye shall not be
To give your holy welcome to mine eye.
Methinks that I can boast of deeper joy
And grander thoughts since I have known to live
And look upon you; that a louder strain
Swells in my heart, caught from the ceaseless song,
The loud, glad song of your bright waterfalls.
Fair as a poet's brow, serene ye look—
Calmer and softer than the lesser hills:
Yet O, like him, what music do ye keep,
What endless store of beauty in your breast!
The tiny moth beside the torrent sings,
And the slight harebell gleams upon the crags;
Blithe birds are there, with notes that pierce the shade;
And flowers, that flush in many a glade alone;
And groves, as solemn as a place of prayer;
And rocks, that speak the chaos of their birth;
And lakes, that image perfectly the stars;
And springs, that ever from the deepmost heart
Of all the mountains gush, and glide in veins
To pools and lakes to keep their mirror pure;
And streams, that wind through lonely dells below
A veil of green, and over greener moss;
Ravines, that plunge in horrid beauty down,
All guarded by a wild array of cliffs;
And cataracts, that fall in gilded spray
And foam and rainbows—full to be reborn.
The winds are holiest music when they come
And nestle in your everlasting robe:
And when the great birds scream, or tempest-winds
Sweep down the tottering trees and loosened rocks,
Or when the thunder rages through the chasms,
Echoes resurge from all the wooded sides,
And ring, and multiply, in chorus grand.
And O, as earth-born images, that come
And rest within the poet's heart, do take
A shape more heav'nly and a purer hue,
So, too, the mists that from the spreading vales
Steal up unseen, attracted to your brow,
Reposing there within the light from heav'n,
Become more beautiful than words can tell.
O, who shall speak the treasures that ye bear,
In the blue distance, silent as ye are!
Full well I know ye are a poet's home—
An image of his being—he of yours.
And I am thankful it is given to me
To linger thus about you, and to fill
My soul with all the beauty of your own.
Ah, many a time with friends who know aright
To love you have I gazed entrapt, what time
The crimson sunsets or the clearer dawn
Had softened all the terror of your look,
And made you more majestic, dark and grand;
And many a day through glens and aged chasms,
And o'er the solemn fir-begirded peaks,
By icy brooks, and in the cooling shade,
And everywhere about your loveliness,
Have wandered careless, happy as the light;
And many a night have cheered your gloom with fires
And gleeful voices—hallowed you with prayer—
Blessing each other—deeply blest by you.
Dear blessed days and nights! thus consecrate
To friendship, and the love of nature's soul,
And worship at the altars she has made
For love to rest on, mounting to her God.
But now away I wander; yet again
I hope to come, to love you better still.
So for a season will I hush the lays
That move within my breast, and long to burst
To life and being in the world of song.
A thousand thronging memories do make
Your beauty yet more beautiful to me:
And they will hallow every spot, and bathe
You in their floods of tenderness and joy.
Then hear the word, ye wondrous hills! may He
Who filled you with so deep a bliss attend
My simple prayer, that never may the time
So sad'ning reach me, that it may not be
Unutterable joy to sing of you.

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JOHN PAUL JONES.

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER, AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY," ETC.

(Concluded from page 28.)

THE orders under which Jones sailed on his next and most remarkable cruise, directed him to go to the westward of Scilly, and to pass the west coast of Ireland, doubling the extremity of Scotland, and remaining some time on the Dogger Bank. By returning to his port of departure, this would have been making the complete circuit of Great Britain and Ireland, most of the time keeping the land aboard. The instructions, however, ordered him to put into the Texel for further orders. It was understood that this last destination was pointed out in the hope of putting the Indien under Jones, that ship still remaining in Holland, in a species of political durance. She was not released until England declared war against Holland, when the arrangement was made with South Carolina, as already mentioned.

The squadron left the roads of Groix, the second time, early on the morning of August 15th, 1779. One day out, it re-captured a large Dutch ship, laden with French property. In consequence of some misunderstanding with the commander of the Monsieur, which grew out of the disposition of this prize, that ship separated from the other vessels, which saw her no more. The Monsieur was subsequently captured by the enemy, and, as is believed, on this cruise. On the 20th, a brig from Limerick to London was taken, and ordered in.

The 23d, the squadron was off Cape Clear, having doubled Scilly, and passed up the west coast of England, in the intervening time. Here it fell calm, and Jones sent several of the Richard's boats to seize a brig that was lying some distance to the northwest. As evening approached, he found it necessary to place his own barge in the water, containing a cockswain and six men, to keep the ship's head off shore. The brig was captured, and towed toward the squadron. Just at this moment, the men in the barge cut the tow-line, and pulled for the shore. Several shots were fired at the fugitives, but without effect. Seeing this, Mr. Cutting Lunt, who appears to have been with the prize, took four soldiers in a boat and pursued the deserters, becoming lost in a fog. The Richard fired guns as signals to the master, but he never returned. Including himself, there were seventeen persons in his boat, making a total loss to the Richard, including the fugitives, of twenty-four men. It is now known that, on the morning of the 23d, (civil time) the seven men landed at Ballinskellix, in the county of Kerry, and that the other boat landed at the same place, the same day, about one, in pursuit. Mr. Lunt and his people were arrested, and sent to Mill prison. Jones intimates that he understood his master died in that place of confinement, but, in this, he was misinformed. Mr. Lunt was liberated in the course of a year or two, and was subsequently lost at sea. This was Cutting Lunt, it will be remembered; his kinsman, Henry Lunt, still remaining in the ship, as her second lieutenant. Through the reports of the deserters and prisoners, the character of the squadron, which was plainly visible, as soon as the fog dispersed, became known on shore, and its presence created great uneasiness. The linen ships were supposed to be Jones' object, and precautions were taken accordingly. It is worthy of remark, that Jones states, the master saw the Cerf inshore, whither she had been sent to reconnoitre, and to look for the missing boats, but the cutter showed English colors and fired at the boat, which induced Mr. Lunt to land, as a last resort. To add to the misfortune, the cutter got separated in the fog, and did not rejoin the squadron.

It was at this time that Jones had a serious quarrel with his second in command, M. Landais. Insubordination soon began seriously to show itself; the conduct of the Cerf being very unaccountable. She went back to France. It is probable that the loss of so many men induced the French officers to distrust the fidelity of the Richard's crew, and it is known that this distrust influenced the conduct of the Pallas on a most trying occasion, a few weeks later. On the 26th, the Granville was sent in, with a prize. This reduced the force of the squadron to four vessels; viz., the Richard, Alliance, Pallas and Vengeance.

It was the intention of Jones to remain a week longer off Cape Clear, but Capt. Landais seemed so apprehensive of the approach of a superior force, that he yielded to the opinion of his subordinate. On the 26th, it blowed fresh; the commodore accordingly made the signal to stand to the northward, the Alliance parting company the same night. On the 31st, the Richard, Pallas and Vengeance were off Cape Wrath, the northwestern extremity of the island of Great Britain, where the former captured a heavy Letter of Marque, of twenty-two guns, laden with naval stores for the enemy's vessels on the American lakes. While this ship was chasing, the Alliance hove in sight, and joined in the chase, having another Letter of Marque in company, a prize. These two ships were manned from the Alliance, at Landais' request; and the latter sent them into Norway, contrary to orders, where both were restored to the English by the Danish government. On the

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night of the 8th, the Alliance again parted company, in a gale of wind.

Jones kept well off the land, the weather being thick, and the wind foul. On the 13th, however, the Cheviot Hills, in the southeastern part of Scotland, became visible, and the commodore now seriously set about the execution of some of his larger plans. His intention was to land at Leith, the port of Edinburgh itself, and, not only to lay the place under contribution, but to seize the shipping he might find in the Forth. He had hopes that even the Scottish capital might be frightened into a temporary submission. This was a highly characteristic project, and one worthy of the military audacity of the man. Its great merit, in addition to its boldness, and importance, was the strong probability of success. The late Com. Dale, who was to act a most important part in the enterprise, and who was a man of singular simplicity and moderation of character and temperament, assured the writer that he never could see any reason why the attack should have been defeated, beyond the obstacle that actually arose. Jones himself intimates that his two *colleagues*, present, (for so he bitterly styled his captains, in consequence of the terms of the *concordat*,) threw cold water on his views, until he pointed out to them the probable amount of the contributions of two such places as Leith and Edinburgh. A delay occurred, moreover, in consequence of the momentary absence of the Pallas and Vengeance, which vessels had given chase to the southward, a circumstance that compelled the Richard to quit the Forth, after she had entered it alone, and this at a moment when she might have secured a twenty-gun ship, and two cutters, all of which were lying in Leith roads, unsuspicious of danger; though it would have compelled him to abandon the other and principal objects of the attempt. In order to join his consorts, and consult his captains, therefore, Jones was compelled to quit the Forth, after having once entered it. It appears he had found a man ready to give him information, but the golden opportunity was lost, in consequence of the doubts and misgivings of his subordinates.

Still Jones determined to make the attempt. On the 15th, the Richard, Pallas and Vengeance entered the Forth in company, turning up with the tide, against a head wind. By this time, the alarm had been given on the shore, and guns were mounted at Leith to receive the strangers. A cutter had been watching the squadron for several hours, also; but Jones deemed all this immaterial. The ships had got up as high as Inchkeath, the island which shelters the roads seaward, and the boats were in the water, and manned. Mr. Dale, who was to superintend and command the maritime part of the debarkation, had received his instructions, and was on the point of descending into his boat, when a squall struck the ships, and induced an order to take the people from the boats, to clew up and clew down. Jones held on against the wind as long as he found it possible, but, the squall turning to a gale, he was compelled to bear up before it, and was driven out of the Frith again, at a much faster rate than he had entered it. The gale was short, but so severe that one of the prizes in company foundered. It moderated in the afternoon, but Jones, having plainly seen the cutter watching him, conceived it too late to hope for a surprise, his only rational grounds for expecting success.

It is a proof how much doubt existed concerning the true character of Jones' vessels, among the people on shore, that a member of parliament sent off, to the Richard, a messenger to ask for powder and shot; stating that he had heard Paul Jones was on the coast, and that he wished to be ready for him. A barrel of powder was sent in answer, but the "honorable gentleman" was told the vessel had no shot of the size he requested. On this occasion, the ships were seen turning up the Forth, as they stood in quite near to the north shore, and, it being Sunday, thousands were out viewing the scene, which caused a great clamor, and made a deep impression.*

Jones had now fresh projects to annoy the enemy; designs on Hull or New Castle, as is thought. His captains, however, refused to sustain him, and he was reluctantly obliged to abandon his plans. His object was glory; theirs appear to have been profit. It ought to be mentioned that all the young officers sustained the commodore, and professed a readiness to follow wherever he would lead. Jones had a respect for the opinion of Capt. Cottineau, of the Pallas, and it is believed he yielded more to his persuasions than to those of all the rest of his commanders. This officer seemed to think any delay of moment would bring a superior force against them. The commodore viewed the matter more coolly, well knowing that the transmission of intelligence, and the collection of three or four vessels, was a matter that required some little time.

Between the 17th and 21st, many colliers and coasters were captured. Most of them were sunk, though one or two were released, and a sloop was ransomed by the Pallas, contrary to orders. On the latter day, the ships were off Flamborough Head, where the Pallas chased to the northeast, leaving the Richard and Vengeance in pursuit of vessels in a directly opposite quarter. Jones overtook and sunk a collier, late in the afternoon. Several craft then hove in sight, and one was chased ashore. Soon after, a brig from Holland was captured, and, at daylight next morning, a considerable fleet was seen in shore, which kept aloof, on account of the appearance of the Bon Homme Richard. Finding it impossible to decoy them out, Jones used some artifices to decoy a pilot, and two boats came alongside. The pilots were deceived, and gave Jones all the information they possessed.

As it was now impracticable to bring the shipping out of the Humber, on account of the state of the

* The Edinburgh Review, in an article on Cooper's History of the Navy, which has been pretty effectually answered, gives its readers reason to suppose that Jones' appearance on the coast produced no uneasiness. Sir Walter Scott told the writer he well remembered the feeling excited by this event, and that it was wide spread and general. As Scott was born in 1769, his recollection might be relied on.

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wind and tide, and the Pallas not being in sight, the commodore turned his attention to looking for his consorts. He hauled off the land, therefore, making the best of his way back to Flamborough Head, after passing several hours in endeavoring to entice the ships out of the Humber.

In the course of the night of the 22d, two ships were seen, and chased for several hours, when, finding himself near them, Jones hove-to, about three in the morning, waiting for light. When the day returned, the strangers were found to be the Pallas and the Alliance; the latter of which had not been seen since she parted company off Cape Wrath.

After communicating with his consorts, Jones chased a brig that was lying-to to windward. About meridian, however, a large ship was observed coming round Flamborough Head, when Mr. Henry Lunt, the second lieutenant of the Richard, was thrown into one of the pilot boats, with fifteen men, and ordered to seize the brig, while the Richard made sail toward the strange ship. Soon after, a fleet of forty-one sail was seen stretching out from behind the Head, bearing N. N. E. from the Richard. The wind was light at the southward, and these vessels were a convoy from the Baltic, turning down the North Sea, toward the Straits of Dover, bound to London. This placed Jones to windward and a little in-shore, if the projection of the headland be excepted.

As soon as the commodore ascertained that he was in the vicinity of this fleet, he made a signal of recall to the pilot boat, and another of a general chase to his squadron. The first was probably unseen, or disregarded, for it was not obeyed; and the officer and men in the pilot boat remained out of their vessel during most of the trying scenes of that eventful day. As twenty-four officers and men had been captured, or had deserted, off Cape Clear, these sixteen increased the number of absentees to forty; if to these we add some who had been sent away in prizes, the crew of the Richard, which consisted of but three hundred and eighty, all told, the day she sailed, was now diminished to little more than three hundred souls, of whom a large proportion were the *quasi* marines, or soldiers, who had entered for the cruise.

Jones now crossed royal yards and made sail for the convoy. He had intelligence of this fleet, and knew that it was under the charge of Capt. Pearson, of the Serapis 44, who had the Countess of Scarborough 20, Capt. Piercy, in company. As the scene we are about to relate is one memorable in naval annals, it may be well to mention the force of the vessels engaged.

That of the Richard has been already given. The Pallas mounted thirty guns, of light calibre, and was perhaps more than a third heavier than the Scarborough, the vessel she subsequently engaged. The Alliance was a large thirty-two, mounting forty guns, mostly twelve pounders. She had a full, but indifferent crew of about 300 souls, when she left the Roads of Groix, of which near, if not quite, fifty were absent in prizes. Of the Vengeance, who had no part in the events of the day, it is unnecessary to speak.

On the part of the enemy, many of the convoy were armed, and, by acting in concert, they might have given a good deal of occupation to the Pallas and Vengeance, while the two men of war fought the Richard and Alliance. As it was, however, all of these ships sought safety in flight. The Serapis was a new vessel, that both sailed and worked well, of a class that was then a good deal used in the North Sea, Baltic, and the narrow waters generally; and which was sometimes brought into the line, in battles between the short ships that were much preferred, in that day, in all the seas mentioned. She was a 44, on two decks; having an armament below of 20 eighteens; one of 20 nines, on the upper gun-deck; and one of 10 sixes, on her quarter-deck and forecastle. This is believed to have been her real force, though Jones speaks of her, in one place, as having been pierced for 56 instead of 50 guns. The former was the usual force of what was called a fifty-gun ship, or a vessel like the Leander, which assailed the Chesapeake in 1807. Sands, the most original writer of authority on the subject of Paul Jones, or of any reasoning powers of much weight, infers from some of his calculations and information that the Serapis had 400 souls on board her at the commencement of the action which is now to be related. The English accounts state her crew to have been 320; a number that is quite sufficient for her metal and spars, and which is more in conformity with the practice of the English marine. The India men, stated by Sands to have been obtained by Capt. Pearson, in Copenhagen, may have been 15 Lascars, who are known to have been on board, and to have been included in the 320 souls. It is not probable that the crews of the Richard and Serapis differed a dozen in number. The Countess of Scarborough was a hired ship in the British navy, differing in no respect from a regular man-of-war, except in the circumstance that she belonged to a private owner instead of the king. This was not unusual in that marine, the circumstance being rather in favor of the qualities of the vessel, since the admiralty, on the coast of England, would not be likely to hire any but a good ship. Her officers and people belonged to the navy, as a matter of course. There is a trifling discrepancy as to the force of the Scarborough, though the point is of no great moment, under the circumstances. Jones states that she was a ship mounting 24 guns on *one* deck, while other accounts give her armament as 22 guns, in all. She probably had a crew of from 120 to 150 men.

As soon as the leading English vessels saw that strangers, and probably enemies, were to the southward, and to windward, they gave the alarm by firing guns, letting fly their top-gallant sheets, tacking together, and making the best of their way in toward the land again. At this moment the men-of-war were astern, with a view to keep the convoy in its place, and being near the shore, the authorities of Scarborough had sent a boat off to the Serapis, to apprise her commander of the presence of Paul Jones' fleet. By these means, the two senior officers were fully aware with whom they had to contend.

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Capt. Pearson fired two guns, and showed the proper signals, in order to call in his leading ships, but, as is very customary with merchant vessels, the warning and orders were unattended to, until the danger was seen to be pressing. While the merchantmen were gathered in behind the Head, or ran off to leeward, the Serapis signaled the Scarborough to follow, and stood gallantly out to sea, on the starboard tack, hugging the wind.

Jones now threw out a signal to his own vessels to form the line of battle. The Alliance, which ought to have dropped in astern of the Richard, paid no attention to this order, though she approached the enemy to reconnoitre. In passing the Pallas, Capt. Landais remarked that if the larger of the enemy's ships proved to be a fifty-gun ship, all they had to do was to endeavor to escape! This was not the best possible disposition with which to commence the action. Soon after the Pallas spoke the Richard, and asked for orders. Jones directed her to lead toward the enemy, but the order was not obeyed, as will be seen by what followed.

The wind being light, several hours passed before the different evolutions mentioned could be carried into execution. As soon as Capt. Pearson found himself outside of all his convoy, and the latter out of danger, he tacked in shore, with a view to cover the merchantmen. This change of course induced Jones to wore and carry sail, with a view to cut him off from the land. By this time it was evening, and this sudden change of course on the part of the Serapis seems to have given rise to a distrust on the part of Capt. Cottineau, of the Pallas, concerning the direction she was under. There were so many disaffected men in the Richard, English and other Europeans, that the security of the ship appears to have been a matter of doubt among all the other vessels. When those on board the Pallas, therefore, perceived the Richard crowding sail in shore, they believed Jones was killed by his own people, and that the mutineers had run away with the ship, intending to carry her into a British port. With this impression, Capt. Cottineau hauled his wind, tacked, and laid the Pallas' head off shore. In consequence of this manœuvre, and the Vengeance being far astern, nothing like a line was formed on this occasion.

Jones' object was to cut his enemy off from the land. Keeping this in view, he pressed down in the Richard, regardless of his consorts, passing the Alliance, lying-to, out of gun-shot, on the weather quarter of the principal English ship. It was now dark, but Jones watched his enemy with a night glass, and perceiving that he could cut off the Serapis from getting under the guns of Scarborough Castle, he continued to approach the Englishman under a press of sail. Soon after the Pallas wore round and followed. The Vengeance had directions to order the pilot boat back, and then to pick off the convoy, but as these last were in shore, and tolerably safe, she seems to have done little, or nothing. In the action that ensued she took no part whatever.

It was half past seven, or eight o'clock, when the Richard and Serapis drew near to each other. The former was to windward, both vessels being on the larboard tack. The Serapis now hailed, demanding "What ship is that?" "I can't hear what you say," was returned from the Richard. "What ship is that?" repeated the Englishman—"answer immediately, or I shall be under the necessity of firing into you." The Richard now delivered her broadside, which was returned from the Serapis so promptly as to render the two discharges nearly simultaneous. In an instant the two ships were enveloped in smoke and darkness. The Richard backed her topsails, in order to deaden her way and keep her station, firing several times to windward. She then filled and passed ahead of the Serapis, crossing her bows, becalming the Serapis partially. The latter was a short ship, and worked quick. She was, moreover, a good sailer, and Capt. Pearson keeping his luff, as soon as his canvas filled again, he came up on the weather quarter of Jones, taking the wind out of his sails; both vessels fighting the other broadsides, or using the starboard guns of the Serapis, and the larboard of the Richard. It will be remembered that the Richard had six eighteens mounted in her gun-room. As the water was smooth, Jones relied greatly on the service of this battery, which, in fact, was his principal dependence with an adversary like the Serapis. Unfortunately two of these old, defective pieces burst at the first discharge, blowing up the main-deck above them, beside killing and wounding many men. The alarm was so great as to destroy all confidence in these guns, which made but eight discharges, in all, when their crews abandoned them. This, in addition to the actual damage done, was a most serious disadvantage. It reduced the Richard's armament, at once, to 32 guns, or, as some authorities say, to 34; leaving her with the metal of a 32 gun frigate, to contend with a full manned and full armed 44. The combat, now, was in fact between an eighteen-pounder and a twelve-pounder ship; an inequality of metal, to say nothing of that in guns, that seemed to render the chance of the Richard nearly hopeless.

Half an hour was consumed in these preliminary evolutions, the wind being light, and the vessels nearly stationary a part of the time. When the Richard first approached her adversary, it will be remembered she was quite alone, the Vengeance having been left leagues behind, the Alliance lying-to, out of gun shot, to windward, and the Pallas not bearing up until her commander had ascertained there was no mutiny on board the Commodore, by seeing him commence the action. All this time the Countess of Scarborough was coming up, and she now closed so near as to be able to assist her consort. The Americans affirm that this ship did fire at least one raking broadside at the Richard, doing her some injury. On the other hand, Capt. Piercy, her commander, states that he was afraid to engage, as the smoke and obscurity rendered it impossible for him to tell friend from enemy. It is possible that both accounts are true, Capt. Piercy meaning merely to

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excuse his subsequent course after having fired once or twice at the Richard. At all events, the connection of this vessel with the battle between the two principal ships, must have been very trifling, as she soon edged away to a distance, and, after exchanging a distant broadside or two with the Alliance, she was brought to close action by the Pallas, which ship compelled her to strike after a creditable resistance of an hour's duration. This vessel fully occupied the Pallas, first in engaging her, then in securing the prisoners until after the conflict terminated.

When the Serapis came up on the weather quarter of the Richard, as has been mentioned, she kept her luff passing slowly by, until she found herself so far ahead, and to windward, as to induce Capt. Pearson to think he could fall broad off, cross the Richard's fore foot and rake her. This manœuvre was attempted, but finding there was not room to effect her purpose, the Serapis came to the wind, again, as fast as she could, in order to prevent going foul. This uncertain movement brought the two ships in a line, the Serapis leading. It so far deadened the way of the English ship, that the Richard ran into her on her weather quarter. In this situation neither vessel could fire, nor could either crew board, the collision being necessarily gentle, and nothing touching but the jib-boom of the American. In this state the two vessels remained a minute or two.

While in this singular position, the firing having entirely ceased, and it being quite dark, a voice from the Serapis demanded of the Richard, if she had struck. Jones answered promptly, "I have not yet begun to fight." As the ships had now been engaged nearly, or quite, an hour, this was not very encouraging certainly to the Englishman's hope of victory, though he immediately set about endeavoring to secure it. The yards of the Serapis were trimmed on the larboard tack, and her sails were full as the Richard touched her; the latter ship bracing all aback, the two vessels soon parted. As soon as Jones thought he had room, he filled on the other tack and drew ahead again. The Serapis, however, most probably with a view of passing close athwart, either the Richard's fore foot or stern, luffed into the wind, laid all aback forward, and keeping her helm down while she shivered her after sails, she attempted to break round off on her heel. At this moment, Jones seeing his enemy coming down, thought he might lay him athwart hawse, and drew ahead with that object. In the smoke and obscurity, the moon not having yet risen, each party miscalculated his distance, and just before the Serapis had begun to come up on the other tack, her jib-boom passed in over the Richard's poop, getting foul of the mizen rigging. Jones was perfectly satisfied, by this time, that he had no chance in a cannonade, and gladly seized the opportunity of grappling. He had sent the acting master for a hawser as soon as he perceived what was likely to occur, but it not arriving in time, with his own hands he lashed the enemy's bowsprit to the Richard's mizen-mast by means of the Serapis' rigging that had been shot away, and which was hanging loose beneath the spar. Other fastenings soon made all secure.*

The wind being light, the movements of the two vessels were slow in proportion. It was owing to this circumstance, and to the fact that the Serapis was just beginning to gather way as she came foul, that the collision itself did little damage. As soon as Capt. Pearson perceived he was foul, he dropped an anchor under foot, in the hope that the Richard would drift clear of him. The fastenings having been already made, this aid was not obtained, and the ships tending to the tide, which was now in the same direction with the wind, the latter brought the stern of the Serapis close in, alongside of the bows of the Richard. In this position the ships became so interlocked, by means of their spars, spare-anchors and other protruding objects, for the moment, as to become inseparable.

As the stern of the Serapis swung round, her lower deck ports were lowered in order to prevent boarding. The ships' sides touching, or at least being so close as to prevent the ports from being opened

* Capt. Mackenzie, in his Life of Paul Jones, has the following in a note, p. 153, vol. I, viz: "As considerable difference will be observable between the account of this battle, given in Mr. Cooper's 'Naval History,' and the above, (meaning his own account of the action,) it is proper to state that Mr. Cooper has followed Mr. Dale's description of the manœuvres antecedent to the ship's being grappled; whilst in the present account more reliance has been placed on those of the two commanders who directed the evolutions. Mr. Dale was stationed on the Richard's main deck in a comparatively unfavorable position for observing the manœuvres. The evolution of box-hauling his ship, ascribed by Mr. Cooper to Capt. Pearson, would, under the circumstances, have been highly unseamanlike."

In answer to this the writer has to say that he nowhere finds any reason for thinking that either of the commanders contradicts his account, and as the late Com. Dale, in a long personal interview, minutely described all the manœuvres of the two vessels, as he has here given them, he feels bound to believe him. The argument that Mr. Dale could not see what he described, is fallacious, since an officer in command of a gun deck, finding no enemy on either beam, would naturally look for him, and by putting his head out of a forward port, Mr Dale might have got a better view of the Serapis than any above him. But Com. Dale states a thing *distinctly and affirmatively*, and with such a witness, the writer feels bound much more to respect his direct assertions than any of the very extraordinary theories in history, of which Capt. Mackenzie has been the propagator. The manœuvres were probably discussed, too, between the younger officers after the surrender of the Serapis. The writer dissents, also, to Capt. Mackenzie's views of seamanship. Bringing ships round *before the wind*, in the manner described, was far more practiced in 1779 than it is to-day; it was more practiced with the short ships of the narrow seas than with any other. The *river vessels*, in particular, frequently did it twenty or thirty times in a single trip up the Thames, or into the Nore. The writer has seen it done himself a hundred times in those waters. Many reasons may have induced Capt. Pearson to practice what, with a Baltic and London ship, must have been a common manœuvre, especially with a master on board who was doubtless a channel pilot. He might have wished, at first, to preserve the weather gage; he might not have desired to take the room necessary to wear with his helm hard a-weather, or might have attempted to tack, and failing on account of the lightness of the wind, or the want of sufficient headway, brought his ship round as described. For the writer, it is sufficient that a seaman and a moralist like Richard Dale has deliberately told him in detail, that this manœuvre was practiced, to upset the vague conjectures of a historian of the calibre of Capt. Mackenzie. A published statement from Com. Dale is given by another writer, in which that truth-loving and truth-telling old officer is made to say, "The Serapis wore short round on *her heel*, and her jib-boom ran into the mizen rigging of the Bon Homme Richard." This is giving in brief what he gave to the writer in detail.

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again, the guns were fired inboard, blowing away the lids. This was renewing the action, under circumstances which, in ordinary cases, would have soon brought it to a termination. Wherever a gun bore, it necessarily cleared all before it, and in reloading, the rammers were frequently passed into a hostile port in order to be entered into the muzzles of their proper guns. It is evident that such a conflict could be maintained only under very extraordinary circumstances.

The eighteens of the Serapis soon destroyed every thing within their range, nor was it long before the main deck guns of the Richard were, in a great measure, silenced. A considerable number of the men who had been at the eighteens of the Richard's gun room had remained below after their pieces were abandoned, but the heavy fire of the Serapis' lower guns soon started them up, and joining some of those who had been driven away from the twelves, they got upon the forecastle. As the Richard was a longer ship than the Serapis, this point was comparatively safe, and thence a fire of musketry was kept up on the enemy's tops and decks. These men, also, threw grenades. The tops, too, were not idle, but kept up a smart fire of muskets, and the men began to resort to grenades also.

In this stage of the action, the Serapis had the cannonading nearly to herself. All her guns, with the exception of those on the quarter-deck and forecastle, appear to have been worked, while, on the part of the Richard, the fire was reduced to two nines on the quarter-deck, two or three of the twelves, and the musketry. The consequences were that the Richard was nearly torn to pieces below, while the upper part of the Serapis was deserted, with the exception of a few officers. Capt. Pearson himself appears to have sent his people from the quarter-deck guns. An advantage of this sort, once gained, was easily maintained; rendering it virtually impossible for the losing party to recover the ground it had lost.

The moon rose about the time the ships came foul. Until this occurred, the Alliance had not been near the principal combatants. She now passed some distance to leeward, and crossed the bows of the Richard and the stern of the Serapis, firing at such a distance as rendered it impossible for her to make sure of her enemy, even if she knew which was which. As soon as her guns ceased to bear, she up helm and ran a considerable distance farther to leeward, hovering about until the Scarborough submitted. Capt. Landais now spoke the Pallas, when Capt. Cottineau begged him to go to the assistance of the Richard, offering, at the same time, to go himself if the Alliance would take charge of his prize. All these facts appear under oath in the course of the controversy which grew out of the events of this memorable night.

Ashamed to remain idle at such a moment, and in the face of such remonstrances, Capt. Landais hauled up, under very easy canvas, however, for the two combatants, and making a couple of stretches under his topsails, he passed the bows of the Serapis and stern of the Richard, opening with *grape*, the last shot to be used under such circumstances; then keeping away a little, he actually fired into the Richard' larboard quarter, or that most distant from the enemy. Some of the witnesses even affirm that this fire was maintained until the Alliance had actually passed the Richard's beam, on her way to leeward.

These movements of the Alliance induced Sands aptly to term that frigate the comet of this bloody system. It is difficult to account for her evolutions without supposing treachery, or insanity, on the part of her commander. For the latter supposition there are some grounds, his subsequent deportment inducing the government to put him out of employment, as a man at least partially deranged. Still it is difficult to suppose the officers would allow their men to fire into the Richard's quarter, as mentioned, unless they mistook the ship. On the other hand, it is affirmed by the witnesses that three lanterns were shown on the off side of the Richard, the regular signal of reconnoisance, that fifty voices called out, begging their friends to cease firing, and this, too, when so near that the remonstrances must have been heard. By direction from Jones, an officer hailed, too, and ordered Landais to lay the enemy aboard; a question was then put to ascertain whether the order was understood, and an answer was given in the affirmative.

The effect of this transit of the Alliance was very disastrous to the Richard. Her fire dismounted a gun or two on board the latter ship, extinguished several lanterns, did a good deal of mischief aloft, and induced many of the people to desert their quarters, under the impression that the English on board the Alliance had got possession of the ship, and were aiding the enemy. It is, indeed, an important feature in the peculiarities of this remarkable cruise, and one that greatly enhances the merit of the man who used such discordant materials, that the two principal vessels distrusted each other's ability to look down revolt, and were distrusted by all the rest, on account of the same supposed insecurity. It may be added as one of the difficulties in explaining Capt. Landais' conduct, that the moon had now been up some time, and that it was very easy to distinguish the ships by their off sides; that of the Serapis having two yellow streaks, dotted as usual with ports, while the Richard was all black.

Not satisfied with what he had done, Capt. Landais shortly after made his re-appearance, approaching the Richard on her off side, running athwart her bows this time, and crossing the stern of her antagonist. On this occasion, it is affirmed, her fire commenced when there was no possibility of reaching the Serapis unless it were through the Richard, and her fire, of grape especially, was particularly destructive to the men collected on the Richard's forecastle. At this spot alone ten or twelve men appear to have been killed or wounded, at a moment when the fire of the Serapis could not possibly injure them. Among those slain was a midshipman of the name of Caswell, who affirmed with his dying breath that he had been hit by the shot of the Alliance. After this last exploit, Capt. Landais seemed satisfied with his own efforts and appeared no more.

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While these erratic movements were in course of execution by the Alliance and her eccentric, if not insane, commander, the two ships engaged lay canopied by smoke, a scene of fierce contention, and of accumulated dangers. The alarm of fire was succeeded by reports that the Richard was sinking. To these sources of apprehension, soon followed that of the dread of a rising within. The accession of water in the hold, induced the master-at-arms to release the English prisoners on board, who were more than a hundred in number. As if this were not enough, the ships began to take fire from the explosions of the guns and grenades, and the combatants were frequently called from their quarters, in order to extinguish the flames. Capt. Pearson states, that the Serapis was on fire no less than twelve times, while the ships lay grappled; and, as to the Richard, in addition to several accidents of this nature that were promptly suppressed, for the last hour she was burning the whole time, the flames having got within her ceilings.

Jones was not a little astonished to see more than a hundred English mariners rushing up from below, at a moment when a heavy ship of their country was lashed alongside, and deliberately pouring her fire into his own vessel. Such a circumstance might have proved fatal, with a man less resolute and self-possessed. Lieut. Dale had been below, in person, to ascertain the state of the hold, and it was found that several heavy shot had struck beneath the water line, and that the danger from that source was in truth serious. Profiting by the alarm that prevailed among the prisoners, the commodore set the Englishmen at work at the pumps, where they toiled with commendable zeal near an hour! Had they been disposed, or cool, most of them might have escaped on board the Serapis.

The precise situations of the two vessels, and of the Richard in particular, are worthy of a passing remark. As for the Serapis, her injuries were far from great. She had suffered from the fire of her opponent at the commencement of the fight, it is true, but the bursting of the Richard's eighteens, and her own superior working and better sailing had given her such essential advantages as, added to her heavier fire, must have long before decided the affair in her favor, but for the circumstance of the two vessels getting foul of each other. The quiet determination of Jones not to give up, might have protracted the engagement longer than usual, but it could hardly have averted the result. The vessels were no sooner square alongside, however, than the English ship's heavy guns swept away every thing in their front. This superiority in the way of artillery could not be overcome, and continued to the close of the engagement. Under any thing like ordinary circumstances, this ascendancy must have given the victory to the English, but Jones was a man calculated by nature, and his habits of thinking, to take refuge against a defeat in extraordinary circumstances. He had succeeded in driving the enemy from above board, and was, in this stage of the action, diligently working two nine-pounders, in the hope of cutting away the Serapis' main-mast. Had he succeeded in this effort, no doubt he would have cut the lashings, and, obtaining a more favorable position on the bow or quarter of his enemy, settled the matter with his main-deck battery. Still, it required many shot, of the weight of his, to bring down so large a spar, with most of its rigging standing, and in smooth water. No one knows what would have been the result, but for the coolness and judgment of a seaman, who belonged to the main-top. As the English had been cleared out of their tops by the greater fire of the Richard's musketry, this man lay out on the main-yard, until he found himself at the sheet-block. Here he placed a bucket of grenades, and began deliberately to throw them upon the Serapis' decks, wherever he saw two or three men collected. Finding no one on the quarter-deck, or forecastle, to annoy, he tossed his grenades into the hatches, where they produced considerable confusion and injury. At length, he succeeded in getting one or two down upon the lower gun-deck, where one of them set fire to some loose powder. It appears that the powder boys had laid a row of cartridges on the off side of this deck, in readiness for use, no shot entering from the Richard to molest. To this act of gross negligence, Capt. Pearson probably owed the loss of his ship. The lower gun-deck of the Serapis had been perfectly safe from all annoyance, from the moment the ships got foul, no gun of the Richard's bearing on it, while the deck above protected it effectually from musketry. To this security, it is probable, the dire catastrophe which succeeded was owing. The powder that ignited set fire to all these uncovered cartridges, and the explosion extended from the main-mast aft. It silenced every gun in that part of the ship, and, indeed, nearly stripped them of their crews. More than twenty men were killed outright, leaving on many of them nothing but the waist-bands of their duck trowsers, and the collars and wrist-bands of their shirts. Quite sixty of the Serapis' people must have been placed *hors de combat*, in a moment, by this fell assault. The reader may imagine its effects on a lower gun-deck, choked with smoke, with the ship on fire, amid the shrieks and groans of the living sufferers.

It is now known that the English would have struck, soon after this accident occurred, had not the master of the London Letter of Marque, captured off Cape Wrath, passed out of a port of the Richard into one of the Serapis' and announced that the American ship was in a still worse situation, having actually released her prisoners, as she was on the point of sinking. About this time, too, another incident occurred, that aided in sustaining the hopes of Capt. Pearson. Two or three of the warrant officers of the Richard, when they found the ship in danger of sinking, had looked in vain for Jones, and Mr. Dale being below, himself, at that moment, examining into the state of the pumps, they determined that it was their duty to strike the colors, in order to save the lives of the survivors. Luckily, the ensign had been shot away, and the gunner, who had run up on

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the poop to lower it, called out for quarter. Hearing this, Capt. Pearson demanded if the Richard had struck. Jones answered for himself in the negative, but in such a way that he was not either heard or understood, and the English actually mustered a party of boarders to take possession of their prize. As this was giving Jones' men a better chance with their muskets, the English were soon driven below again, with loss. Some of the latter, however, appeared on the sides of the Richard.

These reverses turned the tide of battle in favor of the Americans. The latter got a gun or two more at work, and, while the fire of their adversaries was sensibly diminishing, their own began to increase. The spirit of the Englishman drooped, and he finally hauled down his colors with his own hands, after the ships had been lashed together nearly, if not quite, two hours and a half. The main-yard of the Serapis was hanging a-cock-bill, the brace being shot away, and the brace pendant within reach. Lieut. Dale seized the latter and swung himself over upon the quarter-deck of the Serapis. Here he found Capt. Pearson quite alone, and received his submission. At this instant, the first lieutenant of the English ship came up from below, and inquired if the Richard had struck, her fire having now entirely ceased. Mr. Dale explained to this officer how the case stood, when, finding his own commander confirmed it, the lieutenant offered to go below, and to stop the guns that were still at work in the Serapis. Mr. Dale objected, however, and these two officers were immediately passed over to the quarter-deck of the Richard. A party of officers and men had followed Mr. Dale from his own ship, and one of them, a Mr. Mayrant, of South Carolina, one of the Richard's midshipmen, was actually run through the thigh by a boarding spike; the blow coming from a party of boarders stationed on the main-deck. This was the last blood spilt on the occasion, the firing being stopped immediately afterward.

Thus ended the renowned conflict between the Serapis and the Bon Homme Richard; one of the most remarkable of naval annals, in some of its features, though far from being as comparatively bloody, or as well fought in others, as many that may be cited. Com. Dale, who served in both actions, always placed the combat between the Trumbull and Watt, before that between these two ships, in the way of a cannonade; nor was there much difference in the comparative loss of the English vessels, the Watt having about half her crew killed and wounded, which was not far from the casualties of the Serapis. Still, this battle must ever stand alone, in a few of its leading incidents. There is no other instance on record of two vessels, carrying such batteries, remaining foul of each other for so long a period. It could have happened in this case, only, through the circumstances that the Richard had the combat nearly all to herself above board, while the Serapis was tearing her to pieces below decks. The respective combatants were, in truth, out of the range of each others' fire, in a great degree; else would the struggle have been brought to a termination in a very few minutes. The party that was first silenced must have soon submitted; and, as that was virtually the American ship, the victory would have belonged to the English, in any other circumstances than those which actually occurred. As for the cannonading that Jones kept up for more than an hour on the main-mast of the Serapis, it could have had no material influence on the result, since the mast stood until the ship had struck, coming down just as the two vessels separated.

An examination into the injuries sustained by the respective combatants, proves the truth of the foregoing theory. As for the Richard, she had suffered a good deal during the first hour, or before the vessels closed, receiving several heavy shot between wind and water. Some shot, too, it would seem to be certain, were received in the same awkward places, from the fire of the Alliance, after the ships had grappled. But, the most extraordinary part of her injuries were those which were found from the main-mast aft, below the quarter deck. Perhaps no vessel ever suffered in a degree approaching that in which the Richard suffered in this part of her. Her side was almost destroyed by the guns of the Serapis, and nothing prevented the quarter-deck, main-deck and poop from literally falling down upon the lower-deck, but a few top-timbers and upper-futtocks that had fortunately escaped. This left Jones and his companions fighting on a sort of stage, upheld by stanchions that were liable at any moment to be carried away. Nothing, indeed, saved these supports, or the men on the deck above them, but the fact that they were all so near the enemy's guns, that the latter could not be trained, or elevated sufficiently high to hit them. It was the opinion of Com. Dale that the shot of the Serapis, for the last hour of the action, must have passed in at one side of the Richard, in this part of the ship, and out at the other, without touching any thing, the previous fire having so effectually cleared the road!

The loss of men, in each ship, was fearfully great, and singularly equal. A muster-roll of the Richard has been preserved which shows that, out of 227 souls on board, when the ship sailed, exclusively of the soldiers, or marines, 83 were killed, or wounded. As many of these 227 persons were not in the action, while a few do not appear on this roll, who were on board, by placing the whole number of this portion of the crew at 200, we shall not be far out of the way. About 120 of the soldiers were in the combat, and this proportion would make such an additional loss, as to raise the whole number to 132. These soldiers, however, suffered in the commencement of the action more than the rest of the people, more especially a party of them that had been stationed on the poop; and, the reports of the day making the loss of the Richard 150 altogether, we are inclined to believe it was not far from the truth. This was very near one half of all the men she had engaged.

On the part of the English, Capt. Pearson reported 117 casualties, admitting, however, that there were many more. Jones thought his own loss less than

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that of the Serapis, and there is reason to think it may have been so, in a trifling degree. It is probable that something like one half of all the combatants suffered in this bloody affair, which is a very unusual number for any battle, whether by sea or land. Many of those who suffered by the two explosions—that of the Richard's eighteens, and that of the Serapis' cartridges—died of their injuries.

To return to the state of the two vessels, and the events of the night: Jones no sooner found himself in possession of his prize, than he ordered the lashings cut, in order to separate the vessels. This was done without much difficulty, the wind and tide, in a few minutes, carrying the Richard clear of her late antagonist. The Serapis was hailed, and ordered to follow the commodore. In order to do this, her head-yards were braced sharp aback, to cause the vessel to pay off, her main-mast having come down, nearly by the board, bringing with it the mizzen top-mast. The wreck was cleared, but the ship still refused to answer her helm. Excited by this singular state of things, Mr. Dale sprung from a seat he had taken and fell his length upon deck. He had been wounded in the foot, and now ascertained for the first time that he was unable to walk. Luckily, Mr. Lunt, with the pilot boat, had come alongside, as soon as the firing ceased, and was ready to take his place. The fact being communicated to this officer that the Serapis was anchored, the cable was cut, and Jones' orders obeyed. It is proper to add that the party in the pilot boat were of great service, as soon as they got on board again.

The vessels of the squadron now collected together, and fresh men were obtained from her consorts, to attend to the critical wants of the Richard. That ship, it will be remembered, was not only on fire, but sinking. Gangs of hands were obtained from the other vessels to work the pumps, as well as to assist in extinguishing the flames, and the night passed in strenuous efforts to effect their purposes. So critical was the condition of the vessel, however, that many men threw themselves into the water and swam to the nearest ship, under an apprehension that the Richard might, at any moment, be blown up. In the course of this eventful night, too, eight or ten Englishmen, who had formed a part of Jones' own crew, stole a boat from the Serapis, and deserted, anding at Scarborough. Despair of ever being able o escape into a neutral, or friendly port, was doubtess their motive; and, in the circumstances, the eader can see the vast disadvantages under which ones had achieved his success. A careful attention all the difficulties, as well as dangers, that surnded him, is necessary to a just appreciation of e character of our subject, whose exploits would ve been deemed illustrious if accomplished with eans as perfect as those usually at the disposal of mmanders in well established and regular marines. is not to be forgotten, moreover, that Jones was rsonally so obnoxious to the anger of the English, to render it certain that his treatment would be of severest nature, in the event of his capture, if, ed, he were allowed to escape with life. It was surely enough to meet an equal force of English seamen, on the high seas, favored by all the aids of perfect equipments and good vessels; but, here, a desperate battle had been fought in sight of the English coast, against an enemy of means to render success doubtful, and with a reasonable probability that even victory might be the agent of destroying the conqueror.

Many a man will face death manfully, when he presents himself in the form of a declared enemy, in open fight, who will manifest a want of the highest moral qualities which distinguish true courage, when driven to a just appreciation of the risks of an unseen source of alarm. It is this cool discrimination between real and imaginary difficulties and dangers, which distinguishes the truly great commander from him who is suited only to the emergencies of every-day service; and when, as in the case of Jones, this ability to discriminate, and to resist unnecessary alarms is blended with the high military quality of knowing when to attempt more than the calculations of a severe prudence will justify, we find the characteristics of the great land or sea captain.

Daylight afforded an opportunity of making a full survey of the miserable plight in which the Richard had been left by the battle. A survey was held, and it was soon decided that any attempt to carry the ship in was hopeless. It may be questioned if she could have been kept from sinking in smooth water, so many and serious were the shot-holes; though, after getting the powder on deck, by way of security, and contending against them until ten next morning, the flames were got under. The fire had been working insidiously within the ceiling, or this advantage, immaterial as it proved in the end, could not have been gained. It was determined, after a consultation, to remove the wounded, and to abandon the ship. Jones came to this decision with the greatest reluctance, for he had a strong and natural desire to carry into port all the evidence of the struggle in which he had been engaged; but his own judgment confirmed the opinions of his officers, and he reluctantly gave the order to commence the necessary duty.

The morning of the 24th, or that of the day which succeeded the battle, was foggy, and no view of the sea was had until near noon. Then it cleared away, and the eye could command a long range of the English coast, as well as of the waters of the offing. Not a sail of any sort was visible, with the exception of those of the squadron, and its prizes. So completely had the *audace* of Jones, to use an expressive French term that has no precise English translation, daunted the enemy, that his whole coast appeared to be temporarily under a blockade.

The two pilot boats were very serviceable in receiving the wounded. After toiling at the pumps all the 24th and the succeeding night, the Richard was left in the forenoon of the 25th, the water being then as high as the lower deck. About ten she settled slowly into the water, the poop and mizzen-mast being the last that was ever seen of the old Duc de Duras, a ship whose reputation will probably live in

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naval annals as long as books are written and men continue to read.

Jones now erected jury-masts in the Serapis, and endeavored to get into the Texel, his port of destination. So helpless was the principal prize, however, that she was blown about until the 6th October, before this object could be effected. With a presentiment of what would have been best, Jones himself strongly desired to go into Dunkirk, for which port the wind was fair, where he would have been under French protection; but the *concordat* emboldened his captains to remonstrate, and they proceeded to Holland.

The arrival of the *soi-disant* American squadron in a neutral country, accompanied by two British men-of-war as prizes, gave rise to a great political commotion. The people of the Dutch nation were opposed to the English and in favor of America, but the government, or its executive at least, and the aristocracy, as a matter of course, felt differently. We shall not weary the reader with the details of all that occurred. It will be sufficient to say, that it was found necessary to hoist French flags in most of the ships, and to put the prizes even under the protection of the *Grand Monarque*. Jones, for a time, got rid of Landais, who was sent for to Paris, and he transferred himself and favorite officers to the Alliance. This vessel, the only real American ship in the squadron, continued to keep the stars and stripes flying. At one time matters proceeded so far, however, that ships of the line menaced the frigate, with forcing her out to sea, where thirty or forty English cruisers were in waiting for her, if she did not lower the as yet unacknowledged ensign. All this Jones withstood, and he actually braved the authorities of Holland, under these critical circumstances, rather than discredit the flag of the country he legitimately served. A French commission was offered to himself, but he declined receiving it, always affirming that he was the senior American sea-captain in Europe, and he claimed all the honors and rights of his rank. His prizes and prisoners were taken from him, in virtue of the *concordat*, and through orders from Dr. Franklin, but the Alliance was an American ship, and American she should continue as long as she remained under his orders!

At length, after two months of wrangling and mortification, Jones prepared to sail. He had been joined by the celebrated Capt. Conyngham, who went passenger in his ship for France. He left the Texel on the 27th December, and a letter written by himself, just as he discharged the pilot, stated that he was fairly outside, with a fair wind, and his *best American ensign flying*. The last was a triumph, indeed, and one of which he was justly proud.

The run of the Alliance from the Texel, *through the British Channel*, while so closely watched, has been much vaunted in certain publications, and Jones himself seemed proud of it. It is probable that its *merits* were the judgment and boldness with which the passage was planned and executed. Com. Dale, a man totally without exaggeration, spoke of it as a bold experiment, that succeeded perfectly because it was unexpected. The enemy, no doubt, looked for the ship to the northward, never dreaming that she would run the gantlet at the Straits of Dover.

Jones hugged the shoals as he came out, and kept well to windward of all the blockading English vessels. In passing Dover he had to go in sight of the shipping in the Downs. As the wind held to the eastward, this he did at little risk. He was equally successful at the Isle of Wight, a fleet lying at Spithead; and several times he eluded heavy cruisers, by going well to the eastward of them. The Alliance went into Corunna to avoid a gale. Thence she sailed for France, arriving in the Roads of Groix on the 10th of February. This was the only cruise Jones ever made in the Alliance. Capt. Landais had injured the sailing of the ship, by the manner in which he stowed the ballast, and this it was that induced her present commander to go in so early, else might he have made a cruise as brilliant as any that had preceded it. It is matter of great regret that Jones never could get to sea in a vessel worthy of his qualities as a commander. The Ranger was dull and crank; the Alfred was no better; the Providence was of no force, and the reader has just seen what might be expected from the Richard. The Alliance *was* an excellent ship of her class, though not very heavy; but, just as accident threw her in Jones' way, he was compelled to carry her into port, where she was taken from him.

The history of Jones' life, after he joined the navy, with the exception of the short intervals he was at sea, is a continued narrative of solicitations for commands, or service, and of as continual disappointments. During the whole war, and he sailed in the first squadron, Jones was actually at sea a little short of a year. The remainder of his seven years of service were employed in struggling for employment, or in preparing the imperfect equipments with which he sailed. Could such a man have passed even half of his time on board efficient and fast cruisers, on the high seas, we may form some estimate of what he would have effected, by the exploits he actually achieved. By the capture of the Serapis, and the character of his last cruise generally, Jones acquired a great reputation, though it did little for him, in the way of obtaining commands suitable to his rank and services.

Our hero had obtained some little circulation in Parisian society by his capture of the Drake, though there is surprisingly little sympathy with any nautical exploits, in general, in the brilliant capital of France. But the exploits of the Bon Homme Richard overcame this apathy toward the things of the sea, and Jones became a lion, at once, in the great centre of European civilization. It would be idle to deny that this flattery and these attentions had an influence on his character. New habits and tastes were created, habits and tastes totally in opposition to those he had formed in youth, and these are changes that rarely come late in life altogether free from exaggeration. The correspondence of Jones, which was very active, and in the end became quite voluminous, proves,

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while his mind, manners and opinions were in several respects improved by this change of situation, that they suffered in others. He appears to have had an early predilection for poetry, and he seems to have now indulged it with some freedom, in making indifferent rhymes on various ladies. Some of his biographers have placed his effusions on a level with those of the ordinary *vers de société*, then so much in vogue; but they seem to forget that these were very indifferent rhymes also. In that gay and profligate society to which he was admitted, it was scarcely possible that a bachelor of Jones' temperament should altogether escape the darts of love. His name has been connected with that of a certain Delia, supposed to be a Madame T——, and also with that of a lady of the name of Lavendahl. The attachment to the last, however, has been thought a mere platonic friendship. Some pains have been taken to show that these were ladies of high rank, but a mere title is not now, nor was it in 1779, any proof of a high social condition in France, unless the rank were as high as that of a *duchesse*. That Jones was a lion in Paris is a fact beyond question, but much exaggeration has accompanied the accounts of his reception. His return occurred in the midst of an exciting war, and it is scarcely possible that his exploits should be overlooked by the government, or the *beau monde*, but they were far from occupying either, in the manner that has been mentioned by certain of his panegyrists.

After a visit to Paris, he returned to the coast, where new difficulties arose with Landais. By a decision of one of the commissioners, that officer was restored to the command of the Alliance, and the quarrel was renewed. But the brevity of this sketch will not permit us to give an account of all the discussions in which Jones was engaged, either with his superiors or with his subordinates. It is difficult to believe that there was not some fault in the temperament of the man, although it must be admitted that he served under great disadvantages, and never had justice done to his talents or his deeds in the commands he received. The end of this new source of contempt was Landais putting Jones' own officers, Dale and others, ashore, and sailing for America, where he was laid on the shelf himself, and his ship was given to Barry.

The immediate nautical service on hand was to get several hundred tons of military stores to America. With this duty Jones had been entrusted, and he now begged hard that his prize, the Serapis, might be borrowed for that purpose. He doubtless wished to show the ship in this country, as his plan was to arm her *en flute* merely, and to give her convoy by a twenty-gun ship, called the Ariel, which the French government had consented to lend the Americans. On reaching America, he hoped to get up a new expedition, with the Serapis for his own pennant.

This arrangement could not be made, however, and Jones was compelled to receive smaller favors. As a little consolation, and one to which he was far from being indifferent, the King of France sent him about this time, (June, 1780,) the cross of military merit, which he was to carry to the French minister in America, who had instructions to confer it on him on some suitable occasion. At the same time, he was informed that Louis XVI. had directed a handsome sword to be made, with suitable inscriptions, which should be forwarded to him as soon as possible. This was grateful intelligence to a man so sensitive on the subject of the opinions of others, and doubtless was received as some atonement for his many disappointments.

By the beginning of September, Jones was ready to sail for America in the Ariel. He had got together as many of his old Richard's as possible for a crew, and had crammed the vessel in every practicable place with stores. He lay a month in the roads of Groix, however, with a foul wind. On the 8th October he went to sea, but met a gale that very night, in which his ship was nearly lost. He was obliged to anchor at no great distance to windward of the Penmarks, where the Ariel rolled her lower yard-arms into the water. She could not be kept head to sea with the anchors down, but fell off with a constant drift. Cutting away the fore-mast relieved her, but now she pitched the heel of the main-mast out of the step, and it became necessary to cut away that spar to save the ship. This brought down the mizzen-mast, as a matter of course, when the vessel became easier. For two days and near three nights did the Ariel continue in her crazy berth, anchored in the open ocean, with one of the most dangerous ledges of rock known, a short distance under her lee, when she was relieved by a shift of wind. Jury masts were erected, and the vessel got back to the roads from which she had sailed.

In speaking of this gale, in a letter to one of his female friends, Jones quaintly remarks, "I know not why Neptune was in such anger, unless he thought it *an affront in me to appear on his ocean with so insignificant a force*." It is in this same letter that he makes the manly and high-toned remark, apropos of some imputed dislike of a certain English lady, "The English nation may *hate* me, but *I will force them to esteem me too*."

In the gale Jones was supported by his officers. Dale and Henry Lunt were with him, as indeed were most of the officers of the Richard who survived the action, and the risks of this gale were thought to equal those of their bloody encounter with the Serapis. Dale spoke of this time as one of the most, if not the most, serious he had met with in the course of his service, and extolled the coolness and seamanship of Jones as being of the highest order. The latter indeed was a quick, ready seaman, never hesitating with doubts or ignorance.

It is worthy of being mentioned, that while lying at Groix, repairing damages, a difficulty occurred between Jones and Truxtun, about the right of the latter to wear a pennant in his ship; he being then in command of a private armed vessel. It appears Truxton hoisted a *broad* pennant, and this at a time when he had no right to wear a narrow one, Congress having passed a law denying this privilege to private vessels. These fiery spirits were just suited to meet in such a conflict, and it is only surprising Jones did

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not send a force to lower Truxtun's emblem for him. His desire to prevent scandalous scenes in a French port alone prevented it.

Jones did not get out again until the 18th December, when he made the best of his way to America. The Ariel appears to have made the southern passage. In lat. 26, N. and long. 59 she made an English frigate-built ship, that had greatly the superiority over her in sailing. Jones, according to his own account of the matter, rather wished to avoid this vessel, his own ship being deep and much burdened, his crew a good deal disaffected, and the stranger seeming the heaviest. After passing a night in a vain attempt to elude him, he was found so near the next day as to render an action inevitable, should the stranger, now known to be an enemy, see fit to seek it. Under the circumstances, therefore, Jones thought it prudent to clear ship. The stranger chased, the Ariel keeping him astern, in a way to prevent him from closing until after nightfall. As the day declined the Ariel occasionally fired a light gun at the ship astern, crowding sail as if anxious to escape. By this time, however, Jones was satisfied he should have to contend with a vessel not much, if any, heavier than his own, and he shortened sail to allow the stranger to close. Both ships set English colors, and as they drew near, the Ariel hauled up, compelling the stranger to pass under her lee, both vessels at quarters, with the batteries lighted up. In this situation, each evidently afraid of the other, a conversation commenced that lasted an hour. Jones asked for news from America, which the stranger freely communicated. He said his ship was American built, and had been lately captured from the Americans and put into the English service. Her name was stated to be the Triumph, and that of her commander Pindar. Jones now ordered this Mr. Pindar to lower a boat and come on board. A refusal brought on an action which lasted a few minutes, when the stranger struck. The fire of the Ariel was very animated, that of the *soi-disant* Triumph very feeble. The latter called out for quarter, saying half his people were killed. The Ariel ceased firing, and as she had passed to leeward before she commenced firing, the stranger drew ahead and tacked, passing to windward in spite of the chasing fire of her enemy.

Jones was greatly indignant at this escape. He always considered, or affected to consider, the Triumph a king's ship of equal force, though she was probably nothing more than a light armed, and weakly manned Letter of Marque. By some it has even been imagined the Triumph was an American, who supposed he was actually engaged with an English vessel of war. Different writers have spoken of this rencontre as a handsome victory; but Com. Dale, a man whose nature seemed invulnerable to the attempt of any exaggerated feelings, believed the Ariel's foe was an English Letter of Marque, and attributed her escape to the cleverness of her manœuvres. That her commander violated the laws of war, and those of morality, is beyond a question.

Shortly after this affair, Jones discovered a plot among the English of his crew to seize the ship, and twenty of the most dangerous of the mutineers were confined. It was not found necessary, however, to execute any of them at sea, and the ship reached Philadelphia on February 18th, 1781, making Jones' absence from the country a little exceeding three years and three months.

Notwithstanding certain unpleasant embarrassments awaited Jones, on his return to America, after the brilliant scenes in which he had been an actor, he had no reason to complain of his reception. Landais had actually been dismissed as insane, and this, too, principally on the testimony of Mr. Lee, the commissioner who had reinstated him in the command of the Alliance; a circumstance that, of itself, settled several of the unpleasant points that had been in dispute. But the delay in shipping the stores had produced much inconvenience to the army, and Congress appointed a Committee formally to inquire into the cause. The result was favorable to Jones, and the Committee reported resolutions, that were adopted, expressive of the sense Congress entertained of Jones' service, and of the gratification it afforded that body to know the King of France intended to confer on him the order of military merit. In consequence of this resolution, the French minister gave a fête, and in presence of all the principal persons of the place, conferred on Jones the cross of the order. In the course of the examinations that were made by Congress, forty-seven interrogatories were put to Jones, and it is worthy of remark, that his answers were of a nature to do credit to both his principles and head. This affair disposed of, nothing but the grateful respect which followed success awaited our hero, who justly filled a high place in the public estimation. The thanks of Congress were solemnly voted to him as his due.

A question now seriously arose in Congress, on the subject of making Jones a rear-admiral. He had earnestly remonstrated about the rank given him when the regulated list of captains was made out, and there was an *éclat* about his renown that gave a weight to his representations. Remonstrances from the older captains, however, prevented any resolution from passing on this question, and Jones was finally rewarded by an unanimous election, *by ballot*, in Congress, appointing him to the command of the America 74, a ship then on the stocks. As this was much the most considerable trust of the sort within the gift of the government, it speaks in clear language the estimation in which he was held.

The America was far from being ready to launch, however. Still Jones was greatly gratified with the compliment. He even inferred that it placed him highest in rank in the navy, the law regulating comparative rank with the army, saying that a captain of a ship of more than forty guns should rank with a colonel, while those of forty guns ranked only with lieutenants colonel; and the America being the only ship that carried or rated more than forty guns, he jumped to the conclusion that he out-ranked the eight or ten captains above him, whose commissions had higher numbers than his own. It is probable this reasoning would have given way before inquiry

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A captain in command of a squadron, now, ranks temporarily with a brigadier general. The youngest captain on the list may hold this trust, yet, when he lowers his pennant, or even when he meets his senior in service, though in command of a single ship, the date or number of the commission determines the relative rank of the parties.

It is worthy of remark that Jones, before he quitted Philadelphia, exhibited his personal accounts, by which it appeared that he had not yet received one dollar of pay, and this for nearly five years' service; proof of itself that he was not without private funds, and did not enter the navy a mere adventurer On the contrary, he is said to have advanced considerable sums to government, and in the end to have been a loser by his advances. But who was not, that had money to lose, and who sustained the cause that triumphed in that arduous struggle?

It would be useless here to follow Jones, step by step, in connection with his new command. He joined the ship in the strong hope of having her at sea in a few months; but this far exceeded the means of the country. As he traveled toward Portsmouth, in New Hampshire, where the America was on the stocks, he wore his cross of the order of Military Merit, which did well enough at Head Quarters, when he paid a visit to Washington. There, however, it was hinted to him he had better lay it aside on entering the New England states, a portion of the country in which personal distinctions were, and are peculiarly offensive to the people. One cannot object to this particular instance of the feeling, for the citizen of a nation that rejects such rewards in its own political system, ought to have too much self-respect to accept them from a foreign state; but an affectation of humility, rather than its reality, forms a part of the social faith of this section of the republic. Thus it is that we see the manly practice of self-nomination frowned on, while nowhere else are lower arts practiced to obtain nominations by others than among these fastidious observers of a proud political modesty. Exaggerations, whether in religion, morals, manners, speech, or appearance, always result in this; the simplicity of truth being as far removed from the acting they induce, as virtue is remote from vice. Nothing in nature can be violated with impunity, her laws never failing to vindicate their ascendancy in some shape or other.

Jones reached Portsmouth at the close of August, 1781. The duty of superintending a vessel on the stocks, in the height of a war, was particularly irksome to a man of his temperament, and Portsmouth was a place very different from Paris. He was more than a year thus engaged, during most of which time he did not quit his post. In the course of the summer of 1782, however, the French lost a ship, called the *Magnifique*, in the harbor of Boston, and Congress determined to present the America to the King of France as a substitute. This deprived Jones of his command, just as he was about to realize something from all his labors. Fortune had ordered that he was never to get a good ship under the American flag, and that all his exploits were to derive their lustre more from his own military qualities than from the means employed.

Nov. 5th, 1781, the America was launched; the same day Jones transferred her to the French officer who was directed to receive her. At the time he did this, he believed he was to be employed on a second expedition. He expected, indeed, to get his old flame, the *Indien*, which was called the South Carolina, and was lying at Philadelphia. Her arrangement with South Carolina was nearly up, and Congress had claims, by means of which it was hoped she might yet be transferred to her original owners. Matters went so far that Com. Gillan, who commanded the ship, was arrested; but the vessel got to sea under Capt. Joyner, and was captured by three English frigates, a few hours out; not without suspicions of collusion with the enemy.

There were now no means of employing Jones afloat, and he got permission to make a cruise in the French fleet, for the purpose of acquiring some knowledge of a fleet. He sailed in the *Triomphante*, the flag-ship of M. de Vandreuil. M. de Viomenil, with a large military suite, was on board; and sixty officers dined together every day. It is characteristic of Jones that he should mention the French general was put into the *larboard* state-room, while he himself occupied the *starboard!* This might have been done on account of his being a stranger, and strictly a guest; or it might have been done because M. de Viomenil knew nothing of naval etiquette on such points, while Jones attached great importance to it.

This cruise doubtless furnished many new ideas to a man like Jones, but its military incidents were not worthy of being recorded. Peace was made in April, 1783, and Jones left the fleet at Cape François, reaching Philadelphia, May 18th. His health was not good, and he passed the summer at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, for the benefit of a cold bath. He now had a project of retiring to a farm, but, it is probable, the quiet, dull condition of the country, under the reaction of peace, did not suit him; for he applied to Congress for a commission as agent to look after the prizes made on his great cruise, particularly those which had been given up to the English by the Danes. Armed with such authority, he sailed for France, November 10th, in the Washington, late General Monk, the ship Barney had so gallantly taken in the Hyder Ally, and which he then commanded. This vessel was the last relic of the navy of the revolution, being the only vessel then owned by the government, or, at least, employed. Jones landed in England, at some risk, as he thought, of being massacred. He went from Plymouth to London, and thence to Paris, making the whole journey in five days; tolerable proof he did not relish the country, though despatches were the professed object of so much haste. Had he been known, it is by no means probable that he would have escaped without injury; for no man had ever alarmed the English coast so thoroughly in these later times.

Jones was two years engaged in settling his prize questions in France. This was done after a great

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deal of vexation, and his active mind then turned to a voyage of commercial enterprise, that included the Northwest Coast, Japan, the Sandwich Islands and the ends of the earth, in its plans. The celebrated Ledyard was to be his supercargo, and Jones commander-in-chief. Discovery, science and honor were to be united with profit, and the whole was to have a character of high motives. Like so many others of our hero's projects, this failed for want of means.

In 1789, Jones determined to go to Denmark, to push his demands on that government, in person. He had actually got as far as Brussels, when he was unexpectedly called to America, in consequence of some new difficulty connected with his compensation. The new constitution was not yet framed, and the affairs of the confederation presented embarrassments at every turn to all the public servants. This visit to America was made in the spring, and Jones remained in this country until autumn. October 18, 1787, Congress voted him a gold medal, in honor of his services while at the head of the squadron of the *concordat*. A letter to the King of France, in his favor, was also written by that body; one of the highest honors it ever paid a citizen. It is singular that Jones, on his return to Europe, manifested an apprehension of being seized by some of the English ships, though a general peace prevailed, and it is not easy to see under what pretence such an outrage could have been committed. It would have been just as legal to arrest Washington, had *he* been found on the high seas. There was certainly no love between the parties, and England, in that day, did many lawless things; but, it may be questioned if she would have presumed to go as far as this. Jones did not quit America until November 11th, 1787, which was the last day he ever had his foot on the western continent.

In January, Jones received some new credentials for Denmark, and shortly after he proceeded to Copenhagen. He is known to have been in that capital early in March. Previously to quitting Paris, some proposals had been made to Jones to enter into the service of Russia, which were now renewed through Baron Kreudener, Catherine's minister in Denmark. In April, our hero, in consequence of the negociations which had commenced on this subject, determined to go to St. Petersburg. As regards his application to the Danish Court, it resulted in fair promises. The demand amounted to £50,000, sterling, and Jones was put off with fine speeches and personal compliments, and had a patent sent after him entitling him to a pension of 1500 Danish crowns, in consideration of "the respect he had shown to the Danish flag, while he had commanded in the North Seas." It seems to us impossible to understand this as any other than a direct bribe, ingeniously covered up, to induce Jones not to press his demands. The agent who is sent to recover claims, in which others are interested, cannot accept compensation for himself, unless it include the interests of all the parties concerned. Jones himself did not, at first, seem to know in what light he was to view this pension, and for several years he did not ask for the money. When in want of funds, at a later day, however, he was more willing to profit by this patent, though it appears nothing was ever paid on it. Nothing was ever received, either, for the prizes. It must be confessed, Denmark paid her debts at a cheap rate.

Jones had been well received at all the courts where he presented himself. Immediately on his arrival at St. Petersburg, Catherine made him a rear-admiral. His passage across the Gulf of Finland had been perilous and romantic, and threw an *éclat* around his approach that was not unsuited to his established character. He reached St. Petersburg April 23d, (old style.) and he left it to join Prince Potemkin, in the Black Sea, on the 7th May, with his new commission in his pocket. His reception by Potemkin was flattering, but our admiral did not conceal from himself that his brother flag-officers felt any thing but joy at seeing him. The cabals against him commenced the first hour of his arrival, nor do they appear to have ceased until the day of his departure. The motley force assembled under the Imperial flag, included officers of many different nations, some of whom much affected superiority over one whom the English, in particular, took every occasion to malign.

The history of Jones' service under the Russian flag is a revolting account of intrigues, bad management and disappointment. The operations were far from trifling in their extent, and there were several engagements, in all of which the Turks suffered, but nothing was effected of the brilliant and decisive character that marked the proper exploits of Paul Jones. Such a man ought not to have served under a chief like Potemkin, for nothing is more certain that in any glory, the favorite would seize the lion's share. Still Jones distinguished himself on more than one occasion, though our limits will not admit of entering into details. In one or two actions he was much exposed, and manifested high personal resolution; perhaps as much so as in any other occasions of his life.

It has been seen that Jones left St. Petersburg May 1788; in December he had returned, virtually in disgrace. This event has often been ascribed to the enmity of the English officers in the Russian marine; never to any official act of Jones himself. It was, in truth, owing to the personal displeasure of Potemkin, one with whom a man of our rear-admiral's disposition would not be likely long to agree. Catherine received Jones favorably, as to appearance at least, and, for a short time, he had hopes of being again employed.

But the enemies of Jones had determined to get rid of him, and it is believed they resorted to an infamous expedient to effect his ruin, in the estimation of the empress. A girl who entered his apartment to sell some light articles, charged him with an attempt to violate her person. Inquiry subsequently gave reason to believe the whole thing a trick, and Jones always protested his entire innocence; but sufficient clamor was made to render his further sojourn in Russia, for the moment at least, unpleasant. Catherine was evidently satisfied that injustice had been done him,

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but she did not care to offend Potemkin. Jones was permitted to travel, retaining his rank and appointments. His furlough, which Jones himself, oddly enough, more than once calls his "parole," extended to two years; but was doubtless meant to be unlimited in its effect. Catherine had previously conferred on him the ribbon of St. Anne.

Jones left St. Petersburg in July, 1789, after a residence of about fifteen months in Russia. He traveled south, by Warsaw, where he remained some time, after which he visited Holland. About this time his constitution began sensibly to give way. It is probable that the disappointment he had met with in the north, preyed upon his feelings, his enemies being as active as ever in circulating stories to his disadvantage. His finances were impaired too, and he appears to think that his pecuniary compensation from Russia had been light. Now it was that he would gladly have received the arrears of his pension from Denmark, a pension that certainly he ought never to have seemed to accept. In his justification, however, he says that both Jefferson and Morris advised him to profit by the liberality of the Danish court; but, in all cases, a man should decide for himself in a matter touching his own honor.

In 1790, Jones was at Paris, well received by his friends; but no longer a lion, or a subject of public attention. He manifested more interest in his Scottish relations this season than he had lately done, and speaks of the education of his nephews and nieces. It was a blank year to him, however, his time being mostly occupied in endeavoring so to settle his affairs as to procure funds. In March, 1791, he addressed the empress, stating that his "parole" had nearly expired, and desiring to be ordered to return. All his letters and communications show that his spirit was a good deal broken, and the elasticity of his mind partially gone. He still thought of and reasoned about ships, but it was no longer with the fire and earnestness of his youth. The events in progress at Paris may have had some influence on him, though nowhere does he speak of them in his letters. His silence, in this respect, is even remarkable.

The new American Constitution went into operation in 1789; and Jones rightly enough predicted that this event would produce a regular and permanent marine. His hopes, however, outstripped the facts, the results which he hoped would affect himself, and that soon, occurring several years later. He expected, and with reason, so far as his claims were concerned, to be commissioned an admiral in the new marine, but he did not live to see the marine itself established. One ray of satisfaction, however, gleamed on his last days, the government of Washington giving him reason to expect a diplomatic appointment to arrange certain difficulties with some of the Barbary powers. The appointment came shortly after Jones was laid in his grave; proving beyond a question that he possessed the confidence of some of the wisest and best men of America, as long as he lived.

Jones' health had been impaired for some years. The form which his disease assumed—jaundice—renders it probable that the state of his mind affected his health. Dropsy supervened, and, in July, 1792, he was thought so ill as to send for Mr. Morris, and other friends, in order to make his will. For two days he was so much swollen as not to be able to button his vest; this it was that induced him to make his will. It was signed about eight o'clock in the evening of the 18th, and he was then left, seated in his chair, by the friends who had witnessed it. Shortly after he walked into his bed-room, by himself. It was not long before his physician came to see him. The bed-room was entered, and Jones was found lying on his face, on the bed, with his feet on the floor, quite dead.

The death of Jones was honorably noticed in France. The National Assembly sent a deputation of twelve of its members to attend the funeral, and other honors were shown his remains. He was interred at Père la Chaise, July 20th, or two days after his death.

The estate left by Jones was respectable, though far from large. Still, he could not be said to have died in poverty; though so much of his estate was in claims that he often wanted money. Among other assets mentioned in his will were $9000 of stock in the Bank of North America, with sundry unclaimed dividends. On the supposition that two years of dividends were due, this item alone must have amounted, with the premium, to something like £2000, sterling. He bequeathed all he owned to his two sisters, and their children.

There can be no question that Paul Jones was a great man. By this we mean far more than an enterprising and dashing seaman. The success which attended exploits effected by very insufficent means, forms the least portion of his claims to the character. His mind aimed at high objects, and kept an even pace with his elevated views. We have only to fancy such a man at the head of a force like that with which Nelson achieved the victory of the Nile—twelve as perfect and well commanded two-decked ships as probably ever sailed in company—in order to get some idea what he would have done with them, with a peerage or Westminster Abbey in the perspective. No sea captain, of whom the world possesses any well authenticated account, ever attempted projects as bold as those of Jones, or which discovered more of the distinctive qualities of a great mind, if the quality of his enemy be kept in view, as well as his own limited and imperfect means. The battle between the Serapis and Richard had some extraordinary peculiarities, beyond a question, and yet, as a victory, it has been often surpassed. The peculiarities belong strictly to Jones; but we think his offering battle to the Drake, alone in his sloop, in the centre of the Irish channel, with enemies before, behind and on each side of him, an act of higher naval courage than the attack on the Serapis. Landais' extraordinary conduct could not have been foreseen, and it is only when Jones found himself reduced to an emergency, in this affair, that he came out in his character of indomitable resolution. But all the cruises of the man indicated fore-

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thought, intrepidity and intelligence. Certainly, no sea captain, under the American flag, has ever yet equaled him, in these particulars.

That Jones had many defects of character is certain. They arose in part from temperament, and in part from education. His constant declarations of the delicacy of his sentiments, and of the disinterestedness of his services, though true in the main, were in a taste that higher associations in youth would probably have corrected. There was ever a loftiness of feeling about him, that disinclined him equally to meanness and vulgarity; and as for the coarseness of language and deportment that too much characterized the habits of the sea, in his time, he appears never to have yielded to them. All this was well in itself, and did him credit; but it would have been better had he spoken less frequently of his exemption from such failings, and not have alluded to them so often in his remarks on others.

There was something in the personal character of Jones that weakened his hold on his cotemporaries, though it does not appear to have ever produced a want of confidence in his services or probity. Com. Dale used to mention him with respect, and even with attachment; often calling him Paul, with a degree of affection that spoke well for both parties. Still, it is not to be concealed that a species of indefinite distrust clouded his reputation even in America, until the industry of his biographers, by means of indisputable documents and his own voluminous correspondence, succeeded in placing him before the public in a light too unequivocally respectable to leave any reasonable doubts that public sentiment had silently done him injustice. The power of England, in the way of opinion, has always been great in this country, and it is probable the discredit that nation threw on the reputation of Jones produced an influence, more visible in its results than in its workings, on his standing even with those he had so well served.

In person, Jones was of the middle stature, with a complexion that was colorless, and with a skin that showed the exposure of the seas. He was well formed and active. His cotemporaries have described him as quiet and unpresuming in his manners, and of rather retiring deportment. The enthusiasm which ran in so deep a current in his heart was not of the obtrusive sort; nor was it apt to appear until circumstances arose to call it into action; then, it seemed to absorb all the other properties of his being. Glory, he constantly avowed, was his aim, and there is reason to think he did not mistake his own motives in this particular. It is perhaps to be regretted that his love of glory was so closely connected with his personal vanity; but even this is better than the glory which is sought as an instrument of ruthless power.

If an author may be permitted to quote from himself, we shall conclude this sketch by adding what we have already said, by way of summary, of this remarkable man, in a note to the first edition of the History of the United States Navy—viz: "In battle, Paul Jones was brave; in enterprise hardy and original; in victory, mild and generous; in motives, much disposed to disinterestedness, though ambitious of renown and covetous of distinction; in his pecuniary relations, liberal; in his affections, natural and sincere; and in his temper, except in those cases which assailed his reputation, just and forgiving." That these good qualities were without alloy it would be presumptuous to assert; but, it appears certain that his defects were relieved by high proofs of greatness, and that his deeds were no more than the proper results of the impulses, talents and intrepidity of the man.

"I STRIKE MY FLAG."*

BY REV. WALTER COLTON, U. S. N.

I STRIKE, not to a sceptered king—
A man of mortal breath—
A weak, imperious, guilty thing,
I strike to thee, O Death!

I strike that fling, which in the fight
The hopes of millions hailed,
The flag, which threw its meteor light
Where England's lion quailed.

I strike to thee, whose mandates fall
Alike on king and slave,
Whose livery is the shroud and pall,
And palace-court the grave.

Thy captives crowd the caverned earth,
They fill the rolling sea,
From court and camp, the wave and hearth,
All, all have bowed to thee.

But thou, stern Death, must yet resign
Thy sceptre o'er this dust;
The Power that makes the mortal thine
Will yet remand his trust.

That mighty voice shall reach this ear,
Beneath the grave's cold clod,
This form, these features reappear
In life before their God.

* Last words of the late Commodore Hull.

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NI-MAH-MIN.

BY LOUIS L. NOBLE.

(Continued from page 12.)

THE HUNT.

Mish-qua-gen wandereth alone;
He wanders by the witch's stone,
That lies before the witch's cell:
He knows the strange old woman well:
And she hath seen, he doubeth not,
The lonely path, the secret spot,
Where lurks the elfin beast at noon,
All in the full of a snowy moon.

O-SA-WAH, IN THE CAVE.

'T was not, Mish-qua-gen, thou alone
Didst think of the witch's mystic stone—
Didst think where old O-sa-wah dwelt,
When King Wah-se-ga pledged the belt.
No path comes out of O-sa-wah's door
To the bottomless spring that boils before;
No path goes in; one stealthy track
Leads close around from the hazels back;
And through the entrance, muttering low,
Me-nak's and the witch's voice, I trow.
Mish-qua-gen turneth away in haste—
A little he hears—it was the last:
He hath, in sooth, his own good bow,
But never a word from Man-i-to:
The fairy elk he cannot kill:
But Me-nak, favored Me-nak, will.

Mish-qua-gen thrids the snowy brake—
He cracks the glass of the frozen lake—
The crackling brush, as the wild buck springs,
His heart well out of his bosom flings.
Hunter, be thy mind at rest:
'T is not the elk of the starry breast:
The elfin game thou canst not kill;
But Me-nak, favored Me-nak, will.

The heart of Me-nak beats for fame:
He asks no less, a father's name:
And the deep passion of his soul
Is more than he can well control.
In truth, the elk hath charmed life;
But chieftain's arrow and prophet's knife
Can cleave the star and cut the spell;
Why seek, young chief, O-sa-wah's cell?
Ah! Me-nak, well thou dost opine
That ancient woman is divine;
Full well thou knowst that both were born,
Thy sire and she, one blessed morn;
And that she hath a shadowy sight
Of things before they come to light.
From her did not thy father know
Ere Wah-koos came for Huron's wo,
That fire would burn him on the rock
Of foamy Wa-ca-mut-qui-ock?
Did not the chieftain speak her name
Before the bright Pe-cah-qua came—
The damsel of his heart—his bride?
Was not foretold the day she died?
And doth Ni-mah-min lightly love?
And hath he seen the beauteous dove
Of whom O-sa-wah sang, the night
He heard the shriek and chased the light
That plunged him in the poison stream?
Hath he not many a blessed dream
Of eyes that pour into his own,
Smiles to his waking hours unknown?
And may not, in O-sa-wah's cell,
Me-nak the future learn as well?

THE PROPHECY.

Mish-qua-gen starts at the frighten'd doe—
He recks not whither his footsteps go—
He makes too much of the simple word
Which out of the witch's house he heard,
Muttered within the wolf-skin door:
His lips go fast, and he thinks it o'er—
"A spirit-band, in spirit-land,
Hunt upon the silver sand.
To mortal man full many a year
Has rolled since they have hunted here;
Full many a year to mortal men
Will roll ere they will hunt again.
I see them from my magic cave—
The ancient are they, and the brave.
And shall I tell, my son, to thee
What more in spirit-land I see?
Few tears hath old O-sa-wah shed,
Few tears for living or for dead;
And When hath human joy or grief
Brought to this haggard brow relief?
But now, in spite of death and wo,
I smile at what I see and know;
In spite of joys that touch me deep,
Alas! my child, I can but weep:
The weakness, well-a-day! is mine;
But yet, 't is all for thee and thine;
And I am glad one mortal eye
Can witness, ere O-sa-wah die,
That Huron's house—Wah-se-ga's name—
My last brief smile and tear doth claim.
But stay—I will not hide from thee
The vision of the silver sea—
The spirit-barks of spirit-land
Touch lightly on the shining strand:
A shadowy elk they chase afar—
Gleams brightly on his breast a star—
Lo! bearing in from earthly shore
A dim canoe with a single oar—
The shadowy spearman whoops the while
He bears away for the blessed isle.
Now in the dreamy woods hath rest
The ghostly elk of starry breast;
And the hunter-band of happy-land
Beckoneth on with earnest hand—

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Now, I ween, the dim canoe—
And now, I see them faintly, two—
A bowman one, and fleet as wind—
The other a hoary chief behind.
An age will pass, to dying men,
Ere they will hunt the like again.
Nay, start not! ere thy soul depart
Thou hast the longing of thy heart—
A fame that only shall expire
With the last gleam of Tuwa's fire:
To-night the moon is bright and round:
Afar will ring the whistle-sound:
What time the snow-gem purely gleams,
What time to panther panther screams,
Go thou alone to the panther-streams,
And whistle away the witch's cult;
Whistle it loud, and whistle it all.
The sacred arrow, the holy knife
I charm to meet a charmed life,
Or thou wouldst wish Ne-mah-mis's speed,
When comes the moment of a deed,
Which done, for aye, will end on earth
All I have strangely loved from birth,
And cherished as an only child—
The goblin elk of Huron wild.

Mish-qua-gen, whither, by Man-i-to!
Whither, a-wandering?
A man of dreams thou art, I trow—
Look to thy good bow-string.
Now sorrow betide the feast, if thou
Dost hunt the deer and bear;
A buck—nor thrice his length—but now
There stood to stamp and stare:
Hark! hark the crash of the Wa-was-cash!*
Through brittle thickets away they dash—
Come in, Mish-qua-gen, come!
Thou wouldst not hunt in the northern light?
Thou wilt not sleep in the snow to-night?
Come in, Mish-qua-gen, come.

Well done, my friends, well done!—I see
That fancy, feeling, all are free:
No marvel—older heads than thine
Might listen longer, I opine;
Aye, claim to hear the romance through,
E'en while a smile would fall to you
For faith in the fantastic thought
That I have been, or can be, aught
Than what I am: with you and me
Repose our green philosophy:
It may be, or may not be, true:
To him that asks, one thing is due—
Be it harmless, be it well—
The pleasant liberty to tell
In any shape, by any art,
The weavings of the mind and heart
To vivid motions waked by all
That we romantic please to call.

Not for any special reason,
At this dewy balmy season,
Need we light, unless it be
In each other's face to see.
A stick of ash—no more at present—
Blazes brighter be less pleasant;
And Mish-qua-gen o'er my soul
Holds in dimness full control.

* Wa-was-cash—Deer.

V.—*The story-teller, as Mish-qua-gen, continues the tale through the first act.*

THE RETURN.

List the icy fountain tinkling!
Look! Mish-qua-gen, newly twinkling,
O'er Wah-se-ga's height afar
See the early evening star.
Hunter, thou art weary, weary—
Lonely walking—wandering dreary;
Buck or doe hast thou not killed;
But Me-nak more, if so he willed.

I see them on the summit high,
Darkly they move against the sky,
More than forty surely now,
Waiting mutely on the brow.
See, they gather—see, how fast!
Hark! Mish-qua-gen—"ho-ho-hoh!"—
Can Mish-qua-gen he the last,
That they chide and jeer him so?
Courage, huntsman—never mind—
Two are lingering yet behind.

But why are they belated? Who
Behind Mish-qua-gen are the two?
One himself will speak his name:
Red men, listen! did ye hear it?
In the voiceless eve it came;
Clear, though distant: many fear it
Who a warlike spirit claim.
Me-nak, gentle Me-nak, never
Wakes so shrill, so deep a tone—
Mo-wah's demon whoop, forever!
Mo-wah comes, and comes alone.

THE GAME.

Know ye the blue lake's fairest daughter,
The swan upon the swelling water?
Know ye the foam upon the river,
Where rocks the vivid current shiver?
O, call them white no more!
Mo-wah, The Bold, he brings them in—
A head—a star—a golden skin—
The snow is white no more!

Wah-se-ga, what a look is thine!
And who thine eye will now divine?
He flings them down—he spreads it wide,
Mo-wah, that silvery-breasted hide:
And each one hath his own belief
Of all that works the aged chief;
But will not break, I ween, the spell
That binds each breathless brave to tell.

THE MYSTERY.

Hast thou, Wah-se-ga, seen, till now,
Those antlers tall, that bloody brow?
Is this thy first—thy deep surprise
At those, yea, more than human eyes?
Perchance it is their life-like gleam
Lights up the past—thy last night's dream?
Or thou—what all have done—dost trace
A likeness to O-sa-wah's face?
Thy blackening brow, old warrior, shows
A deeper, mightier cause than these,
For all which wrings thy calm, strong soul
With pain beyond thine own control.
Though lighter hearts have never caught,
Haply, the sober have, the thought—

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It is, that to a mighty name
Is lost a sacred deed of fame—
It is, that from the chosen one,
And from the father in the son,
Hath passed the glory of a deed
Divine, of more than mortal meed,
To one, of whom his sach-em would,
If not dishonor, speak no good,
Nor ask for him of Man-i-to
The blessing of a prosperous bow.
"*Mo-wah!*"—sach-em, thy burning look
Prouder than Mo-wah ill might brook—
"*Mo-wah!*"—sach-em, thy searching tone
Thrills to the soul not him alone—
And yet thine eye, thy voice are met
As Huron never will forget:—
"*Wah-se-ga!*"—breathless, old and young
Recoil beneath the insult flung
With scorn concealed and smothered rage
Upon the majesty of age.
And as their hasty glances run
From chief to brave, from sire to son,
Feel something of the heart-deep fire
Of young Ni-mah-min's quivering ire.
"Mo-wah!"—not in gentler voice
Were he the chieftain of his choice—
"Mo-wah, I deeply do thee wrong,
If this is all a childish song
Which something sings my soul of thee
To murder linked and mystery:
Nay, 'Tawa! for thine own dear life,
Put back that blood-besprinkled knife!
What art thou, where my word is law?
A suckling in the panther's paw—
So peace! and put to flight the thought
With which a moment I have fought:
The brave, I ween, might shrink to die,
Who yet would scorn to breathe a lie,
Although, like earth upon the dead,
Concealment o'er the past it shed:
Warrior, thy word in faith—'t is o'er,
Though *Me-nak* bless these eyes no more."
"Now, by the lightning! hast thou flung
Upon the son of Wash-te-mung,
Wah-se-ga, words of dark portent:
'T is well! the bow of death were bent,
Father of Wa-ca-mut-qui-ock,
On thee, but for the hoary lock.
Me-nak! perish the dastard's tongue
Which says that Mo-wah ever wrung
From victor bold a hard-earned prize!
Were this my parting breath, he lies!
Me-nak! wither the envious heart
Which dreams a murderer's secret dart
E'er leaped from Mo-wah's quiver!—death,
The hour he gives the falsehood breath!
Death, sure and quick, seize on him!—mine
Has been a lonesome, weary way,
Where fountains freeze and briers twine,
And breezes with the snow-drifts play.
The hunter-band of spirit-land
Now speed it on the silver sand:
And blest forever the hand shall be
That set the Elk of Huron free.

THE PRIZE.

"Child of the surf, Wah-se-ga never
His word takes back—the pledge be thine:
'T will mark thee in the dance forever;
'T will make thee in the battle shine."

One moment on the gaudy prize
Doth Mo-wah fix his kindling eyes;
A moment all partake their glare—
One moment—then aloft in air
The bonor far he flings, and turns—
And as he turns, with whoop and bound,
The arrow, like a star that burns
On high, doth bring it to the ground:
But look as long as look they may,
Mo-wah will little heed their stay;
He bounderh on his own wild way.

Halloo! to the wolf, a-howling
Just below the height:
Hungrily a pack is prowling
Round the hunter's light;
So, I trow, 't is every night,
At the deepmost hour:
Years agone, the hunter wight
Felt, as we, its power.

Yonder tombs that time is dying
Tell no steeple-bells:
That we know the night is flying
Think these hollow yells:
List, how softly to their cells
Echoes all are creeping!
Listen ye—Mish-qua-gen tells
What is worth the keeping.

VI.—*As Mish-qua-gen, the story-teller carries the tale through the second act.*

SPRING.

Wah-se-ga's kingly hunt is over;
Gone is every 'Tawa rover:
At will he wanders in the morning,
At the prairie-cock's loud warning,
Where the flowery woodlands ring,
While the young corn-planters sing.
Now the swan from reedy grass
Steals out upon the liquid glass;
Younglings follow in her wake;
The mother spares he for their sake:
And with bow bent sure and tightly,
Through the thicket stepping lightly,
By the hazels where he fed,
Lays the ruddy roe-back dead.
Happy-hearted Indian rover!
Drifting Winter all is over:
Prairie-cock is calling shrill;
He may wander where he will.

THE BANQUET NIGHT.

Ottawa, hear ye, in the east
The king proclaims to-night a feast?
O, who that paint and plume the lock
By fenny Wa-ca-mut-qui-ock
This morning try the dewy brake?
This morning track the misty lake?
By wood and water far away,
Duck and deer have holy-day;
All have heard it—in the east,
Wah-se-ga holds to-night a feast.

Mish-qua-gen builds his fire in sight;
Waters by his wreck-wam wander;
And, look! his birch canoe, so light,
Cometh on the rapids yonder.

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He paddleth slow his birchen bark,
By the balmy border coming;
He loves it there, at early dark,
While the latest bee is humming:
And though he hasteth now so fast,
Mish-qua-gon will be here the last.

The mountain of the king it hath
On every side a winding path;
They meet beneath the battle-tree;
But never a 'Tawa there will see,
Look they long, or dance they late,
The youth they mourn, or the chief they hate.
Of Me-nak mild, or Mo-wah bold,
Oh, who, at festal time, hath told—
Who at the feast, this eve, will say
What makes them from the banquet stay?
Mish-qua-gen hath, he doth confess,
Many a dream and many a guess
Of what the absent braves befell—
Many a chief the same will tell—
That Me-nak with the shadowy hand
Hunts the elk of the shadowy-land;
While Mo-wah, ever a lonely man,
Hunts the woods of Mich-i-gan.

On Huron's hill the wind is still
All at the starry noon;
The cooling dew is in the blue,
And breathing round the moon
The dancer's hum, the singer's drum,
Wake not that silent arch;
And while they dream all hearts do seem
To beat a silent march.
A mournful tone!—one voice alone—
Hark! hark! it stirs them all;
And now a yell!—afar it fell—
Afar the echoes fall.
Now all as one their dreams are done;
Each wildly looks around;
They speak no word—they all have heard
The shrill and dismal sound.
They heard—but then all still again
Are wood and valley dark;
Again to rest down sinks each breast;
But dogs will whine and bark.

On Huron's hill the wind is still
Long ere the break of day:
How sad and pale the moon doth sail
Her still canoe away!
Hark! hark again! it wakes the men
That waked them all before:
They cannot speak—they hear it shriek—
And they will sleep no more.
In mournful tone, one voice alone
Now sings a ghostly song:
Where goblin-hide the snow-drift dyed,
Where Mo-wah laid it out and lied,
It sings the ghostly song.

Up! son of a warrior, up! no more
Come slumber to thine eye!
Away, away to the billowy shore!
Their time have the bold to die.
In cold blue deeps the long-lost sleeps,
The spirit of life hath said;
The water-wolf, the pickerel, keeps
The watch at his silent bed.

Up! son of a sach-em, up! no more
Come song upon thine ear!
Away, away to the sounding shore!
Their time have the bold to fear.
The wave has on his wah-po-wy-on,*
His bosom is cold and bare;
Through the glass of the glistening deep the sun
Sees blood in the water there.

Up! child of a chieftain, up! no more
The venison feast be thine!
Away, away to the desert shore!
There time have the bold to pine.
At shadowy noon of the solemn moon,
As over the dead she swings,
"Death to the living!" the lonely loon
To the spirit of darkness sings.

Who look'd in then at the bear-skin door
With fiery eye and a face of gore?
She mutters now, as she wanders past,
And sings again—it was the last—
A breath it play'd in the rustling oak,
And hearts throb loud at every stroke.
Full well they know the rueful strain
Which deals to every breast its pain;
And never a thunder-whoop will ring
Like that in the ear of the 'Tawa king.

They rise not with the rising chief:
His voice is deep and his word is brief:
But look! a deed of a bloody dye
Is in the deep of his tranquil eye.
"Ni-mah-min, yonder hangs thy quiver—
Yonder hangs thy battle-bow—
Yonder far the billows flow—
Come not to thy native river
Till ye lay the murderer low.
Oh, heard ye not O-se-wah's song—
O-se-wah of the dismal streams?
Child, her word is never wrong;
She talks with Man-i-to in dreams.

Fire flashes out of Ni-mah-min's eyes—
Fire flashes in all—and they all arise,
As with an avenger's scorching glare
He looks around on the warriors there.
"Would Man-i-to curse the king with a son
He could call a false or a feeble one?
Though the quick, hot blood of this hand be mine,
The heart, O my father, that beats it is thine.
The song of O-se-wah I have heard;
And sure as death is the woman's word;
For the Great Spirit, who talks aloud
Upon the crag of the thunder cloud,
Comes, in the hour of the ghostly dreams
Of the old witch of the shadowy streams,
And whispers in her withered ear
The past, the coming deeds of fear.
Take down my bow, take down my quiver,
My bark bind out of the foam of the river—
Bring hither my quiver, come hither my bow—
No food come to me,
No slumber woo me,
Till one or the two lie low."

(To be continued.

* Wah-po-wy-on—Robe.

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GRACE MELVYN.

OR WHICH IS THE BLUE-STOCKING?

BY MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

CHAPTER I.

"'No more of that, an thou lovest me, Hal,'" replied Charles Elliott to his friend Curtis, as they stood together at Mrs. Richmond's soirée; "any thing but a *learned lady*—any thing but a *blue-stocking!* Bah! the very name gives me the blues, already. Besides, in these times, a man wants a wife that can condescend to see to household matters now and then, and I never knew a blue-stocking that could do that."

"But you know your aunt's last words were, 'Be sure you obtain an introduction to that little genius, Miss Melvyn.' The old lady has set her heart upon the match, and, at any rate, there can be no harm in becoming acquainted with her."

"Yes, there can. I would n't know her on any account. I can see her now 'in my mind's eye'—*frowsy*, yellow hair, braided, curled, bewitched with an endeavor to look romantic—sky-blue eyes, upraised to heaven—red nose—thin, sharp mouth—scraggy form—unhealthy complexion—clumsy, slipshod feet—croaking voice—bold expression—dowdy dress—bah! I will never marry a blue-stocking. What are you laughing at?"

"Mr. Elliott," said a gentle voice at his elbow, 'come with me, and be presented to my friend Miss Melvyn. I promised your aunt you should become acquainted with her." There was a pause.

"Do you not hear me, Mr. Elliott?" And the young lady looked surprised at receiving no answer. But Mr. Elliott's silence was soon explained. His eyes and mind were riveted on a young, and brilliantly beautiful girl, about seventeen years of age, who was tripping gaily down the contra-dance, as if her soul were in her feet, little as they were. She was almost, not quite, a brunette, with a pair of melt- black eyes, shaded by long and glossy lashes—bewitching mouth, daintily curved and richly red—a cheek glowing warmly with feeling and ation—soft hair, bright and black as jet, plainly d on her smooth, graceful brow, and twisted, simple taste, behind—delicately formed and exely dressed; she was, indeed, a being formed hant a less susceptible heart than that which harles Elliott now felt to be beating faster than had before.

! my dear Miss Richmond," he exclaimed, as, from his trance by the lap of her fan upon his e turned toward her, "I beg your pardon—I see you. Tell me, who is that beautiful crea- white! there, dancing with that officer? Will roduce me to her?"

s, if you will let me introduce you to Miss n."

"What! to blue-stocking!"

"Those who know of her accomplishments only by report have given her that name, I understand, but I am sure you will forget it when you know her. Come!"

"Well, then, I will do penance for my sins, with the hope of reward for my virtues. You promise me an introduction to the beauty, too?"

"Yes—come!"

The beauty was now seated, and by her side was a lady, almost the very counterpart of Elliott's ideal of a blue-stocking. Miss Richmond led him toward her.

"Miss Melvyn, allow me to present my friend, Mr. Elliott." The stiffest of bows were exchanged.

"Miss Grace Melvyn, Mr. Elliott." And the beauty smiled, and bent her graceful head.

Elliott drew a chair, and, seating himself near them, commenced a conversation. Miss Melvyn was cold, dull and taciturn, but her sister, Grace, was all sweetness and vivacity, though with a certain arch and mischievous expression about her rosy mouth and radiant eyes, which he puzzled his brain in vain to account for, not having noticed that Miss Richmond had whispered a few words in her ear, as he turned for the chair; probably a brief summary of the conversation she had overheard between the two young men. Meanwhile, her frank and gay simplicity of word and manner, her child-like *naïveté*, and the soft, enchanting grace with which she spoke, looked and moved, completed the fascination of our hero; and, ere the hour of parting arrived, he had fairly—no! not quite fairly—lost his very *loseable* heart.

CHAPTER II.

"Where can the child be!" exclaimed the widow Melvyn, glancing through the open window, as she took her seat at the tea-table, with her oldest daughter and Mr. Elliott, who had now become a frequent and welcome visiter at her house.

"Oh! here she comes, as usual," she continued, "with a little ragamuffin in one hand, and a basket of flowers in the other," and, as she finished, Grace showed her earnest, glowing face at the window. "Mamma! Mr. Elliott! please give me that loaf of bread from the table, and a bit of that nice cheese, too! (It was a country tea-table, reader.) This poor child has had nothing to eat since morning! Thank you! that will do. I can put them in the basket." And, throwing the flowers hastily in upon a table that stood near, she placed in the basket the bread and cheese, and, giving them to the boy, bade

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him haste home to his mother, and tell her she would see her the next day.

After tea, Charles watched her as she bent over a beautiful vase, arranging in it the flowers she had brought, and he said, to himself, "She loves flowers better than books—I am glad of that. Any thing but a blue-stocking! I hope she has n't studied Botany." "*Have* you studied Botany, Grace?" said he, approaching her. Grace stopped her ears with a playful shake of the head.

"Now do n't! You know how I hate hard words. You know I had to look out 'Idiosyncrasy' in the dictionary the other day, when you would n't tell me its meaning, and now you are going to frighten me out of my love for these dear little rosebuds by telling me their order and class. Just as if I could enjoy them any the more by knowing that they were of the class Tetro—how is it?—Tetro-dy-namia, or the order Poly-gynia! oh! it positively hurts my mouth to say it. Only be quiet, and you shall have the sweetest I can find—there! is n't that a darling?" And placing in his hand a half-blown rose, with one laughing glance at her mother and sister, she continued her graceful employment so demurely as to set them both laughing.

"I almost wish you *could* read German," said Charles, as he turned over the pages of a volume of Schiller, for then you could enjoy, with me, this glorious poem to the Ideal."

"What a pity, now! is n't it?" replied Grace, drooping her head and turning up her dark eyes to his, with an expression half plaintive, half comical, and altogether bewitching. "But read it, by all means, for I like the *sound* of the German."

And Elliott read, half sighing, as he did so, that the lovely, but simple, little Grace could not share in his delight. As he came to the lines which have been translated as follows—

> And but for one short spring-day breathing,
> Bloomed Love—the beautiful—no more!

He looked up, involuntarily, and caught those dark, deep eyes bent full upon him, and filling fast with tears. She turned away in blushing embarrassment, and Charles began to think he must have a very expressive voice and face, since they alone could have so moved "the child," as her mother called her.

CHAPTER III.

> "Though she looks so bewitchingly simple,
> There is mischief in every dimple."

To HENRY CURTIS, Esq.

Roxbury, Monday Morning.

"She is mine! I have won her!" Congratulate me, my dear fellow! She has consented to be mine, and she is the veriest little ignoramus in the world! She hardly ever reads—she never uses hard words—she never punctuates her notes (that 's rather *too* bad though)—she talks delicious nonsense, with now and then a flash of real genius, which startles, but delights me—she is afraid of sensible people, (so she says, and yet, come to think of it, she never shows much awe of *me*; I must ask her what she means by that.) She is a capital housekeeper—she can sew like a professed sempstress, and sing like a St. Cecilia. If she only understood Italian, now! Her voice would make it more than music! She dances divinely, and, to crown the whole, she loves Charlie Elliott with all her heart and soul! But here she comes—and she insists upon reading my letter, too—she always will have her own way—I must break her of that. It seems to amuse her mightily, this letter! She is laughing and clapping her little hands, in a perfect ecstasy of delight. My aunt still insists, in her long epistles, upon my want of taste in preferring her to her accomplished, intellectual, talented sister—the genius, the learned lady, the *blue-stocking*—bah! Here she is again! If she could only understand Schiller! The witch! I must finish another time; she has made me forget all I was going to say.

Monday Evening.

Oh! Harry! how completely I have been misled, bewitched, deceived, duped, humbugged! She *is* a blue-stocking—*the* blue-stocking, after all! confound her!—bless her, I mean! Yes! "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue." Good heavens! Harry, would you believe it? the little rogue can read Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, Italian, German—and, for all I know, Choctaw and Cherokee, too—as well as I can, almost!

This morning, after laughing, as I told you, at my letter, she suddenly grew very serious. The tears came into her beautiful, earnest eyes; she took my hand in both hers and said, "Charles, I have deceived you. I never realized till now how wrong it was. I did it only in sport, not dreaming that we should ever be so foolish as to fall in love with each other. But I cannot continue the deception. Come with me into the library." I followed her, dreading I knew not what; but half expecting an introduction to some country clown, to whom she had been betrothed in childhood, and whom she was virtually and sublimely determined never to desert!

Had even this fear been realized, I could hardly have been more astounded than I was to see her take from the shelves a volume of Sophocles, and, opening to the Prometheus, read, with a faltering voice and blushing cheek, but with just and graceful emphasis, a portion of that glorious work! Perfectly transported with wonder and delight, I caught her in my arms and stopped her sweet mouth with kisses. "Should you like to read Schiller's Ideal, again?" said she, when I released her, trying to look demure, but smiling in spite of herself. She took from the table, and handed to me, a MS. translation of the verses signed "Grace!" It was charming. I was dumb with astonishment.

"And now, will you have a French song, or shall we discuss a law question?—perhaps you would prefer hearing the Iliad in the original, or a page or two of Dante's Inferno, or a bit of philosophy from Seneca—any thing you choose—I am quite at your service, sir." And she dropped a low courtesy, with a grace so enchanting and a smile so exquisitely saucy, that I was more fascinated than ever.

Then she seated herself at a harp. "If you will

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be very good, and never call me a 'blue-stocking' again, I will sing you a Spanish song, of my own composition, Charles."

And she warbled, with deep and serious feelings, a brief song, of which, as you do not understand the language, I will give you an English version:

My heart is like the trembling flower;
It shrinks, it folds its leaflets warm,
When dark the clouds of coldness lower,
Or evil eyes portend the storm.

But when love's holy sunshine gleams,
From eyes that seem a heaven to mine,
It wakes, it blooms from tearful dreams,
And turns to win the light divine.

At the close of the song, she approached the sofa, where I sat entranced with her beauty, her feeling, her genius, and, seating herself on a low stool, she laid her head on my knee, looked up in my face, and said, in a low and solemn tone, "Good-bye, Charles!"

"Grace! what do you mean?"

"I mean good-bye, Charles! You know, you 'will never marry a blue-stocking.' You 'would n't even know one, on any account.' 'Croaking voice—bold expression—dowdy dress—bah! What are you laughing at?'" Harry, did you tell her that?

"Grace—my angel, Grace! forgive me!"

"Forgive me, Charles, and I will try to forget all I know, just as fast as I can, and, in future, learn only——to love!" The darling!—her own dear heart taught her that long ago.

It seems, Harry, the little gipsy has had a passion for study from infancy, and, as her worthy mother did not choose she should neglect her other duties for it, she has been in the habit for years of rising an hour or two earlier than the rest of the family, in order to prosecute her favorite pursuits. She is almost entirely self-taught, and her mind is as original and brilliant as it is highly cultivated. No wonder my dear aunt wondered at my taste when I told her the *genius* of the family, which, of course, I set down poor Mary to be, was the last person I should choose for a wife. I know my letter has proved an unconsciously long one, but forgive me, and I wont write again these six months.

Yours, faithfully,

CHARLES ELLIOTT.

CHAPTER IV.

A year had elapsed ere Elliott wrote again, as follows:—

Providence, July 18.

Harry, you know what I have lost, within a few months, by my blind confidence in others—"a moderate fortune, and that fortune's friends!"—but you do not know what a treasure, beyond price, I have gained.

As soon as I had ascertained that my losses were irretrievable, I went, with an aching heart, to Grace Melvyn, to take a last farewell. I might have written, but could not leave her without one last look. She had not heard of my misfortunes, and I knew that betrayed to her the cause of my determination to dissolve our engagement, her generous nature would refuse compliance, and I could not bear the thought of her enduring the hardships and struggles of poverty on my account. I thought her pride, once roused, would support her in her disappointment. I was wrong, Harry, cruelly wrong. By a candid statement of facts, I should have spared, both to her and myself, all the heart-rending anguish we have endured.

She flew to me, when I entered, with her accustomed welcoming caress—

"Charlie, dear Charlie! what is the matter? How stern and cold you look!—what have I done? Charles, speak to me, I implore you!"

"Grace, I have come to release you from your engagement, and to bid you—farewell."

She looked at me for a moment, as if doubting the evidence of her senses, and then drew haughtily back, with a flushed cheek and flashing eye.

"Grace!"

"Sir!"

"Will you not say farewell?"

Save that the lip slightly quivered, she stood motionless as a statue—a glorious statue—with her proud young head thrown lightly back, and the dark, drooping lashes wet with tears. I took her hand—with averted face and a cold, calm voice, I bade her farewell and left her. As I passed from the room, she murmured almost inaudibly, "Farewell, Charles, may God forgive and bless you!"

The following lines, which I composed in order to calm, in a degree, my excited feelings, will show you how much I suffered in thus dissembling to her, whom I loved far more than life.

THE PARTING.

I looked not, I sighed not, I dared not betray
The wild storm of feeling that strove to have way!
For I knew that each sign of the sorrow *I* felt,
Her heart to fresh pity and passion would melt,
And calm was my voice, and averted my eyes
As I parted from all I most tenderly prize.

I pined but one moment that form to enfold,
Yet the hand that touched hers like the marble was cold!
I heard her voice falter a timid farewell,
Nor trembled, though soft on my spirit it fell;
And she knew not, she dreamed not, the anguish of soul,
Which only my pity for her could control.

It is over, the loveliest dream of delight
That ever illumined a wanderer's night!
Yet one gleam of comfort will brighten my way,
Though mournful and desolate ever I stray—
It is this, that to her, to my idol, I spared
The pang that her love could have softened and shared!

I left Roxbury immediately, and came, by my aunt's invitation, to Providence. Here excitement of mind soon brought on a fever, which confined me to the house for several weeks. When I was convalescent, my friend D—, who had been constant in his inquiries and attentions during my illness, insisted upon driving me out to his country-seat, to pass a few days.

We arrived just at twilight. As it was a summer's evening, the lamps had not been lighted, and it was

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difficult to distinguish the half dozen people to whom I was introduced in the drawing-room. Among them were my friend's wife and sisters, and a fragile-looking girl, whose name I did not distinctly hear. This lady was entreated to sing, and was led, with apparent reluctance, to the piano-forte by Mrs. D—. The first notes of her rich but tremulous voice startled and affected me strangely. The song was that lovely one of Moore's—"Thy Heart and Lute"—and her sweet tones were just trembling on the words—

"Though Love and Song may fail, alas!
To keep Life's clouds away,"

when suddenly lights were brought in, and revealed to my eager gaze—the pale, inspired countenance of Grace Melvyn! Spiritualized by suffering, it was more divinely beautiful than ever.

I hastily approached the instrument—she gazed upon me with an expression of tenderness indescribably touching, and then playing a short and plaintive prelude, began another song. The words went to my heart. I was sure they were her own; and that she had learned the cause of my apparently cruel conduct was evident from their tenor. They were as follows—

You say you release me from every fond vow,
You think even now it were better we part,
You bid me forget you, ah! wrong me not so!
'T was not to your wealth, love, I plighted my heart!

Ah, no! though misfortune o'ershadow your way,
Though riches and false friends together have fled,
They leave you to one who will never betray!
It was not your fortune I promised to wed.

Then say not forsake me! I die if I do!
I part with all hope, if with you, love, I part:
More dear in your sorrow, I worship but you;
'T was not to your riches I plighted my heart!

I bent over her in deep emotion. Fortunately the family were at the other end of the room, and our backs were toward them. She went on playing unconsciously, almost blinded by her tears, while I poured forth my love, my gratitude, my sorrow, my remorse; but her feelings overpowered her; gradually the notes grew wilder—weaker—ceased; and she fell back into my arms insensible!

While my friends were employing the usual remedies, I informed them, in a few hurried words, of the truth; and the next morning, thanks to their consideration, had a long and uninterrupted interview with Grace, in which, convinced of my unaltered devotion, she generously insisted upon sharing and lightening my lot "through good and ill," "for better and for worse."

We have been married a month. I have commenced the practice of law in Providence, with a fair prospect of emolument, and my noble and true-hearted Grace is teaching music and the languages to a few young ladies, whose parents pay her a high price for her valuable instruction. After all, if I had taken a mere doll, instead of a learned lady, to wife, I should not have been as I am now, in a fair way to retrieve my shattered health and fortunes. Fill your glass, Harry, with pure Croton—pure as her spirit—and drink a bumper to the Blue-Stocking!

CHAPTER V.

To Miss JULIA RICHMOND, Roxbury, Mass.

Providence. September 1st, 18—.

I promised you, dear Julia, that when I had been married two whole years, I would write and tell you if all those fond anticipations of happiness, which you were wicked enough to smile at, had been fully realized. Oh, Julia! my wildest and dearest dream could not equal the reality, "the sober certainty of waking bliss," which I now experience. Let me describe my home to you. You remember that beautiful little brown cottage, on the hill, with green blinds, built in the Elizabethan style of architecture, and surrounded by forest trees, which we both admired so much when we saw it, three years ago. You remember how you laughed as I exclaimed—"Ah! 'love in a cottage' like that could not well help being charming!" Little did I then dream that the charming cottage, with the charming love in it, would one day be mine! But it is, indeed! It was a wedding-gift to me from Charlie's generous aunt; and oh! it is so pleasant!

I am sitting in a little room—which Charlie calls "the Muse's boudoir"—it is adorned and enriched with books, pictures, flowers, birds, bijouterie, most of them bridal presents from my friends. The sun shines softly in through the muslin curtains. My baby, my darling Louise—I have named her for mother—it is a pretty name, is n't it? Louise Elliott, she is playing with the sunbeams on the richly colored carpet. Julia, I have no words to tell you how charming, how lovely she is!—"the softened image of her noble sire," with a slight dash of the mother's saucy expression about the mouth and eyes, and rather more than a dash of her vivacity in manner. Charlie worships her, and well he may! plump, and white, and soft—as—swan's down, gay and graceful as a kitten, with a rosy, cherub mouth, and eyes divinely blue, dark-brown, glossy hair, curling naturally; it is gold now in the sun. Oh, Julia! let me stop one minute just to kiss the precious creature and tell her how much I love her, for the hundredth time this morning!—There! I have turned my back upon the pet, for I cannot write when she is before me; and now let me answer your questions of "How I pass my time," etc.

If I say that the description of one day will serve for the rest, you will call our life monotonous, and it is, in a degree; but, oh! such a soothing, pleasant, musical monotony, that it lulls my heart and does not weary it. Well, then, we will take yesterday. I rose at five, and after taking my cold bath, which you know I deem indispensable to health and comfort, I dressed myself and the baby, and at six gave her an airing in her little carriage, composing on the way a sonnet to her eyelid, beginning with,

The baby on its mother's breast,
A blossom on a wave,—etc.

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Returned, resigned her to the maid, and mended stockings till half past seven—the breakfast hour. After breakfast, superintended household matters till nine; from nine till twelve, received and attended to my pupils; from twelve till two, busied myself in the kitchen and the nursery with my pets, flowers, birds and baby, then dressed for dinner and seated myself at the window with a book, to watch for Charlie's return; flew to the gate to meet him; entertained him at dinner with a rapturous account of all the pretty and winning things Louisa had said and done; after dinner read him my sonnet, sang to him, and then accompanied him to and left him at his office; made a few visits to poor and rich; called again for Charlie, and took a long, delicious sunset walk with him to Slate Rock, where Roger Williams landed, you know; returned, undressed the baby, washed her, and sang her to sleep; Charlie meanwhile enjoying the operation with all his heart and eyes.

Should you like to hear one of my impromptu nursery songs? The one I sang last night Charlie calls a free translation from the Greek of Euripides! Is n't he saucy? Thus it runs—

Good night, little Looy! Good night! go to bed!
Lay on the pillow that dear little head,
Sleep all night, still as a star!
Wake in the morning, and—

here Miss Louise invariably interrupts me with "kiss, mamma!" which she lisps out exultingly, proud of having learned the words from only once hearing me sing them. The evening is employed in reading, music, sewing, or visiting.

Are you weary of Louise and her mamma? Well, I have only one thing more to say, and that is, that Charlie is the best, the noblest, the kindest, the dearest, the handsomest husband that ever lived—except yours that is to be—and the harshest word he ever says to his wilful little wife, be she ever so wild and naughty, is—"Blue-stocking!"

SONNETS TO MADELINE.

I never see thee, fairy Madeline,
But that I find some new, endearing grace,
Some beauty playing o'er thine earnest face,
Some gentle loveliness before unseen!
Thus he who plucks from Flora's gay demesne
The bulbul's flower—the softly blushing rose—
Will find each hour its corolla unclose
Some secret sweet its tinted leaves between—
The flower of Love! an emblem just of thee—
For while it charms the still delighted eye,
Admiring thought doth in its odors see
The type of mind throned on thy forehead high:
I'd call thee, sweet one, "Rose," but that I ween
The sweetest of all names is—Madeline!

Where is the realm by bulwarks stern surrounded,
Adorned with palaces and gardens fair,
With flowers that fling their fragrance on the air,
And by unsleeping hostile nations bounded?
And who the queen that there, enthroned on high,
Smiles at the strain her troubadour has sounded,
And sheds the cheering sunshine of her eye
To warm the love on which her empire 's founded?
Those bulwarks firm are Virtue, Honor, Faith;
That palace-splendor Wisdom's varied lore;
Affection's type those flowers of odorous breath,
While Passion's hosts beleaguer them evermore!
That realm 's *my heart!* and crowned with myrtle green
Upon its throne of roses reigns my Madeline!

Fragrance and freshness fill the balmy air
These silent garden walks and shades around,
And mid their cool retreats a lake is found,
Bright flowers reflecting in its mirror clear,
And see—a blushing rose, low bending here,
Its petals bathing in the dimpling tide
As though it yielded like a trembling bride
To the lake's wooings of its kisses dear!
And thus my soul woos thee, my Madeline—
Thus its deep thoughts reflect thy vernal charms,
And kneeling thus 't would woo thee, beauty's queen,
To bend in grace unto my outstretched arms,
And like the kisses of that garden wave,
Thus let my stainless love thy lip's carnation lave!

I dreamed, Italia!—mid thy ruined fanes
And crumbling columns, where the ivy clung,
I sadly gazed on ancient gods' remains,
By pagans worshiped and by poets sung;
When lo! the moon a crown of glory flung
Upon an image, as divine as fair,
With swelling bust, and step as light as air,
Instinct with life, those marble gods among!
It grew in beauty, on my ravished sight,
Until the faultless Venus stood revealed—
It grew in beauty, like a young delight,
Till gentle ecstasies my bosom sealed,
And still it grew in beauty—for serene
Upon my *awakened* sense my Madeline was seen.

TO THE ROSE—A SONNET.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

Dear flower of heaven and love! Thou glorious thing
That lookest out the garden nooks among:
Rose, that art ever fair and ever young;
Was it some angel on invisible wing
Hovered around thy fragrant sleep, to fling
His glowing mantle of warm sunset hues
O'er thy unfolding petals, wet with dews
Such as the flower-fays to Titania bring?
O flower of thousand memories and dreams,
That take the heart with faintness, while we gaze
On the rich depths of thy inwoven maze;
From the green banks of Eden's blessed streams
I dreamed thee brought, of brighter days to tell,
Long passed, but promised yet with us to dwell.

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AMERICAN BALLADS.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

NO. IV.—MARION'S FEAST.

"Praise the Lord for the mountains old!
For the rocks and dark ravine,
Where the plunging torrent's might,
Heard afar, is never seen!
Where the herbless crags on high,
Crowned for aye with trackless snow,
Castles built by Nature's hand,
Frown defiance on the foe!

"Praise the Lord for the mountains old!"
Thus did the early Christian's hymn
Soar aloft from the icy crags,
Soar aloft from the cataract's brim.
"Praise the Lord! for freedom sits
On their huge and earth-fast throne,
Like the eagle upward gazing,
Proud, invincible, alone!"

But no mountains were the rampart
Of our sunny southern strand;
Precipice nor torrent held us
Safe from Tarlton's bloody brand;
Not a hill nor hoary rock
Fenced the calm and level scene,
Carolina's woodland plain—
Georgia's soft savannahs green.

Yet as stubbornly and well
Did the sons of freedom stand—
Strove as sternly for the rights
Of that fair and gentle land—
As the bravest mountaineer
Ever plied the broad claymore,
Ever plied the Switzer's halbert
By Luzerne, or Leman's shore.

Crag and cliff may tower aloft—
Crag and cliff have oft been taken!
Forts may thunder—strongest forts
By the cannon's breath have been shaken!
Where, if not in mountain passes,
Nor in trenched and rampired ground,
Where shall help in time of trouble,
Where shall a nation's strength be found?

Not—oh, not! i' the highland pass!
Not i' the deep and fordless stream!
Not i' the trenched and rampired rock!
Not i' the serried bayonets' gleam!
But in hands and hearts that rally
At the first alarum's sound,
Matters not in hill or valley,
Where the foe may best be found.

Not a rock or hill was there—
Not a trenched or guarded post—
Yet was every wood a fortress—
Every brake had its armed host—

Dim morass of cypress grey—
Upland waste of stunted pine—
Tangled swamp of densest bay,
Thorny brier, and poisonous vine—

Deep bayou and dark lagoon,
Where the stagnant waters sleep—
Where the cayman waits his prey,
Where the venomed serpents creep—
Where the rivers slow and sad
Filter through their oozy banks
Fenced by walls of verdant gloom,
Matted canes in serried ranks.

There did Marion's bugle muster
Many a friend to the buff and blue;
Oh! but their steeds were swift as wind—
Oh! but their rifles as death were true!
Often, often at dead of night,
When they heard that bugle ring,
The British host in guarded post
To their arms in haste would spring.

Seen no foe, their best lie low—
While the rifle's mortal gleam
Flashes from the nearest covert,
From the marge of the reedy stream!
Every fern-tuft speeds a death-shot,
Every bush a marksman hides!
Through their camps at noon of night
Thus with his men stout Marion rides!

Evening sees a tented plain—
Evening sees a banner fair—
Whitening to the level sun—
Waving to the summer air—
Morning sees a pile of ashes,
Smoking still, though quenched in gore—
Sees a black and shivered staff,
Whence shall wave no banner more—

Sees the Britons muster boldly—
Boldly march i' the forest shade—
Watchful eyes in every leaf,
Ambushed foes in every glade—
March from dawn to the set of sun
Meeting not a living thing,
Save the heron on the marsh,
And the wild deer at the spring.

Not a living thing they met
While the sun was in the sky—
Every lonesome hut forsaken,
Mossgrown every well and dry—
Not a woodman in the glade,
Not a fisher by the lake,
Not a ploughman in the furrow,
Not a hunter in the brake.

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Not a foeman could they meet,
While they mustered in their force,
Though they swept the country over
With their fleet and fearless horse.
But as soon as twilight fell,
Ere to hoot the owls began,
Over upland, thorough swamp,
Fast and far the summons ran.

Fast and far the rifles rallied
To the hollos and the horn,
To the foray and the firing,
As the reapers to the corn—
Fast and far the rifles rallied—
When the early sun came back,
You might trace their wild career
By the havoc in their track.

There was care among the chiefs,
There was doubt among the men—
They were perishing by scores,
In the forest and the fen!
They were perishing by hundreds—
Not a foe there was to see,
Not a foe to bide a buffet,
From the mountains to the sea!

Came the British chiefs to council—
Rawdon's stately earl was there,
And Tarlton with the fiery eye,
And the waving lovelocks fair.
Rawdon's brow was black as night,
And his soul was steeped in gloom,
But Tarlton only dallied
With his sword-knot and his plume.

But no plan they might devise,
From his swamp to lure the foe,
And the council all were mute,
For their hearts were sad and low,
Thinking of the British blood,
Unavenged, and vainly spilt—
But Tarlton only played the more
With his sabre's golden hilt.

Then a mighty oath he swore—
But a mighty oath swore he—
"I will have him to the field,
If a gentleman he be—
I will have him face to face!
I will have him blow to blow!
This Marion and his merrymen—
Come weal of it or woe!"

Then he called his gallant cornet—
Not a braver man than he
In the glorious little isle—
In the empress of the sea!
"Saddle, saddle straight," he said,
"Saddle straight your dappled steed,
For I know you well," he said,
"Tried and true i' the hour of need!

"Tarry not to belt your brand,
But unfurl a flag of white—
We have scoured the country through,
From the dawn of day to night—
Now away and scour it now,
All from sunset unto morn,
Till you find me Marion out,
With his rifles and his horn—

"Tell him Tarlton greets him well,
Bids him fairly to the fight!
To the field and not the wood!
In the day and not the night!
Fit is night for murder foul,
But for gallant deeds the day!
Fit for rapine is the wood,
But the field for open fray!

"If a gentleman he be,
As a gentleman he should,
If a Christian and a soldier,
Let him leave the cursed wood;
And we 'll fight the good fight fairly,
For the country and the crown,
With the sun in heaven to see us,
Until one of us go down!"

Staid he not to belt his brand,
Saddled straight his dappled steed,
Rode away into the wild wood—
Oh! but he was true at need!
Long ago the sun had set,
Blacker grew the cypress shade;
Onward, onward still he rode—
Over upland, thorough glade.

Onward, onward still he rode—
Heard no sound, and saw no sight,
Till the twilight gleams were lost
In the gloom of utter night.
Sounded then that eldritch horn,
North, and south, and east, and west,
Not an echo near or far,
For that bugle blast, had rest.

Sudden from the covert deep
Sprung a hundred forms to life—
Glittered through the murky gloom,
Rifle, sabre, axe and knife—
But he drew his bridle rein,
And displayed his fling of white,
Showed them how he sought their chief
Through the mist of the summer night.

He alighted from his steed,
And he bade them bind his eyes;
But they came not to the camp
Till the sun was in the skies.
In a darksome place it was—
Scarce the blessed morning air
Played among the stirless leaves—
Scarce the blessed light shone there.

Heavy gloomed the boughs above,
Hoary cypress, giant pine;
Solid grew the brake around,
Cane, and briar, and tangled vine—
Stabled there were a hundred steeds,
A hundred steeds of the noblest strain;
From the branches swung on high
Gun and sabre, selle and rein.

On the greensward here and there
Scattered groups of troopers lay,
Burnishing the rusted blade
Featly for the coming fray.
Scouring here the rifle-lock,
Running there the leaden ball,
Dark of aspect, strange of garb,
Stalwart, meagre, gaunt and tall—

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Here a suit of buff and blue—
There a hunting-shirt of green—
Here a horseman's spur and boot—
There an Indian moccasin—
But beneath the soldier's garb,
And beneath the forest gear,
Breathed *one* soul alive to honor—
Throbbed *one* bosom void of fear!

Many a son of proudest sires,
Rich with the old patrician blood,
In that wild and woodland camp,
Clad i' the hunter's raiment, stood,
Mustering round their chief adored;
Gallant partisans as ever
Charged, with patriotic hate,
Through *morass*, ravine and river.

Small was he and slight of limb,
Mild of face and soft of speech,
Yet no fiercer spirit ever
Battled in the deadly breach.
Wild his garb as e'er might deck
Lawless rover of the night,
Crimson trews and jerkin green,
Cap of fur with a crescent bright!

And the rapier on his thigh,
It had ne'er been seen to shine,
Nor had left its scabbard once,
Though he ever led the line—
Though, the foremost in the charge,
And the latest in retreat,
He was still the lucky leader,
Who had never known defeat.

Then the cornet bowed him low,
And his message straight began,
Though he marveled at the camp,
And the raiment, and the man.
"Tarlton greets you well," he said
"Bids you fairly to the fight,
To the field and not the wood,
In the day and not the night!

"Fit the night for murder foul,
But for gallant deeds the day!
Fit for rapine is the wood,
But the field for open fray!
If a gentleman you be,
As a gentleman you should,
If a Christian and a soldier,
You will leave this cursed wood.

"That fight you may the good fight,
For the country and the crown,
With the sun in heaven to see you,
Until one of you go down!
Now my message it is given,
So despatch me on my way,
For my task it must be done,
E'er the closing of the day!"

Marion turned him on his heel,
And he smiled a merry smile,
And his answer made he thus—
Loudly laughed his men the while—
"Hie thee back to gallant Tarlton,
Greet him soldierly for me—
I have seen him do his devoir,
And that fearlessly and free!

"And if I be a gentleman,
As I surely think to be,
Pray him read, for me, this riddle
Which I riddle now to thee:"
Said the lion to the eagle,
As he floated in the sky
With the dundeer in his talons,
'Stoop thy pinion from on high,

"'And come down and fight me here—
Let the dundeer be the prize!'
'Twas the lion ruled the earth,
But the eagle swayed the skies.
As a Christian and a soldier,
I will meet him face to face!
But 't is I will choose the weapons,
And 't is I will name the place.

"Let him seek me, if he will,
When the morning skies are bright,
All as I shall seek for him,
In the shadow of the night!
If he love the lightsome day,
He must meet me in the wood—
He shall find me in the field,
If he hold the night as good.

"I have spoken all my riddle—
Now repose thee on the grass,
Thou must taste a soldier's meal,
Then in safety shalt thou pass—
Let the board be spread, my comrades,
And bring forth our choicest fare,
Worthy is the gallant guest,
Worthy our repast to share."

Then the board was spread, in haste,
But their board it was the sod,
Where the merry men had mustered,
And the chargers' hoofs had trod;
And their fare it was but water,
Muddy water from the lake,
And the roots from the morass,
And the berries from the brake.

When the choice repast was ended,
And the courtesies were done,
He turned him to the camp again,
And reached it e'er the set of sun.
Tarlton waited for him there,
With his hand upon his hilt,
Which he trusted on the morrow
Should with rebel blood be gilt.

But his hopes they failed all,
When the cornet's tale was told,
Of the leader and his riddle,
Of the troopers and their hold.
"Sure their spirits must be hot,
And determined in the cause,
If their drink be muddy water,
And their food be hips and haws.

"If such fools these rebels be
On such filthy fare to pine,
Were I King George I 'd leave them
To their liberty divine!
There is nothing in the land
To be won by so much slaughter,
I would leave the rogues, by Heaven!
To their roots and muddy water!"

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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN OLD MAID.

BY F. E. F., AUTHOR OF "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE."

Man delights me not, nor woman neither. *Hamlet.*

In the spring of the year 18— I returned to my father's house, after an absence of two years at a fashionable boarding school in New York, where I had been sent to receive the last *polish* in what I may fairly say I had never been taught the first elements, viz: the accomplishments. Let that pass, however. It was not likely that in the little village of S——, where my father resided, my French would be put to the test; and as to my music, a naturally good voice, with plenty of pretension on my part, and ignorance on that of my listeners, stood me in the place of science. And so I returned home, at the age of sixteen, full of health, high spirits and high notions. I was the eldest of seven children, five of them daughters; the pride of my father, the belle and *bel esprit* of the family, to whom, unfortunately for me, the rest looked up as to one superior, who was to do great things and make a great figure in the world, in which persuasion I fully participated. And when, at this distance of time, I look back upon myself, as upon a third person, I own I am surprised at the sway I was allowed with so few positive claims to superiority. I was showy, and passed for handsomer than I actually was; without wit or information, I had vivacity and pretension, and was pronounced a *bel esprit*. I was ambitious, had a great opinion of myself, and was determined to be a belle; and the wish is often parent to the power; at least it was so in my case, for I took immediately that stand in our small society, which was not only permitted, but fostered at home, and it succeeded. I was beyond all dispute the star of our little circle. I was called beautiful, talented, accomplished. My languages were taken upon trust, and my music really pleased. Nature had given me a good voice, and when I flourished off a bravura, in a style which even now I blush to think of, I was listened to in reverent ignorance; or if an English melody, as I pronounced distinctly, and sang with some spirit, was rapturously applauded.

How many a time have I been told by my admirers that they would rather hear my "Home, sweet home," or "Red, red rose," than a whole Italian Opera. Good souls! they had about as much idea of an Italian Opera as of the Arabic or the Chinese languages. No matter; they meant it as a compliment, and I, though not quite as ignorant as my audience, was fool enough to be flattered.

My father was not rich; but he had a tolerable income, and a social, hospitable disposition induced him to receive as much company as his means permitted; consequently a gay and pleasant circle was always to be met with at our house, of which of course I was the queen bee. And soon I began to have some particular suitors amid the throng of general admirers. The first was a plain widower of about forty, well to do in the world, who wanted to transplant some portion of the gayety of our house to his own cheerless abode. But I hardly deigned the man a civil refusal. I had too often heard my father say "his Charlotte was fit to grace a court," not to look with disdain upon a plain country gentleman, and visions of ambassadors, members of the cabinet or congress at least, floated in my brain. Where I was to meet with these grandees, or how I was qualified to fill such high stations, were questions I never troubled myself about. Mr. Loyd's addresses however, though deemed by my family much beneath my deserts, flattered their pride and seemed an earnest of the brilliant future which they all anticipated for me so sanguinely.

In one respect I think I differed from the common run of girls—I was neither a coquette nor romantic. I was fond of general attentions, but I never purposely misled an admirer; and to dreams of romantic love I never was given. I meant to marry; but ambition was my ruling passion. The "pride and power of place" dazzled my young imagination.

I had several suitors the first three years after my return home; but none that came at all up to my mark, and one alone that at all interested my feelings. Charles Connover I might have loved, had I permitted myself to have a heart. He was full of the brilliancy of talent, youth and hope; but, alas! he was only a poor young lawyer; and, although I sighed, I refused him positively, and very glad was my father to see him walk out of his house with the half angry, half despondent air with which he made his exit.

I was now twenty-two, and already weary of the small society that I knew by heart, I began to long for a more expanded sphere of action. My vanity, too, received at this time a slight check in the engagement of my second sister. Not that I envied her her happiness, nor would for a moment have thought of the man she had accepted. But I was astonished to find another preferred where I had always considered myself pre-eminent. And Mary, though a gentle and pretty girl, I had never deemed my equal. But it was not that that wounded my vanity so much as the importance that she acquired at once in the family, particularly too with my father, with whom till then I had always been supreme.

Time passed on, and I had attained my twenty-fifth year, and still my "lord out of Spain" had not made his appearance, and my brothers began to look on me as an old maid, and my father's anxiety on the subject was becoming as painful to him as mortifying to me, when, happily as I thought, I was invited to pay a visit to New York. What rapture filled my bosom! With what visions teemed my mind!

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"Now," I thought, "my destiny is about to be fulfilled." The family with which I was to stay were among the most fashionable of that gay city, and I was at last to make my *entrée* into that charmed circle of which I had so often dreamed.

I arrived and was received with the kindest hospitality by the Smithes; soon put at my ease, and introduced to their gay friends. I was still a fine looking girl, and I received attention enough to flatter my vanity, and enable me to write home glowing accounts of my *belleism*. The second week of my visit I was invited to a small party of the very *élite*, and, it being generally understood that I was musical, I was urged to sing. With gratefully affected diffidence, but perfect inward confidence, I consented. I sat down to the instrument, and flourished my pretty little hands in a style that must have excited the smiles of the more regularly taught, and dashed at once into one of my favorite bravuras. As I rose from the piano I received the thanks of my hostess, without a suspicion of the *exposé* I had made, until Miss V. succeeded me at the instrument. And never shall I forget the clear melody of that full voice, the simple but perfect execution of the style, the exquisite brilliancy of the accompaniment. Never shall I forget my shame, my anguish; for then, for the first time, I was sensible of the wretchedness, the ridicule of my music, and consequently of what I then felt to be the enormity I had perpetrated. Earth can inflict few sharper pangs or severer mortifications than I experienced that night. It had one good effect, however. I determined to keep all my music for the good people of S—— alone. And though, at the moment, I would have been glad if the ground could have opened and swallowed me, I so far mastered my agitation as to join in the plaudits that rained round the fair performer.

A few weeks of pleasure, and my visit was drawing to a close; not, however, without exciting in one bosom at least more than passing admiration. Mr. Lewis, a wealthy and respectable merchant, followed me to S——, and made his proposals in form. My father warmly seconded his addresses, which deeply mortified me, as I felt that the time had been when he would have looked upon them as almost as much beneath my merits as I myself. However, I was not to be reasoned, or reproached, or flattered into accepting Mr. Lewis, and he returned to New York disappointed and surprised.

Charles Connover, who had really loved me with all the fervor of a first passion, finding that I had rejected a man of Mr. Lewis' fortune, took courage and again addressed me. If time had taken from my claims, it had added considerably to Charles'; and this circumstance, which materially changed my father's views on the subject, was perhaps one of the strongest inducements to my pride to persist in a refusal of the only man in whom I ever felt the least interest, or whom I believed to be truly attached to me. But what once would have been deemed romance would now be thought necessity; and I could imagine my cousin Augusta Willoughby saying, "So, Charlotte Burns has taken up with Charles Connover at last. Poor thing, it was her last chance I fancy, and a belle upon the wane, etc.," and I would rather have died than have given Augusta Willoughby an opportunity of triumphing over me. Augusta, it must be known, was my rival cousin, who, when a girl, had hated me with all a girl's spite; while I, Heaven only knows why, disdained her as unworthy even of being a rival. She was very pretty, though possessing, I think, an inferior mind of common tone. At any rate she was not too proud to be happy in a common way, but married a respectable and wealthy young man, whom I contemned, while the rest of the village looked upon him as a great match for her. I have said that I had merely despised Augusta; but now my feelings toward her were taking a more angry and bitter tone, as I found that, surrounded by all the consequence of a handsome establishment and carriage, she was beginning to look upon me as an old *forlornity*. And what stung me to the quick was that I saw it was not an affected scorn, but the genuine feeling of contempt which married women (no matter who or what their husbands) indulge themselves in toward their unmarried cotemporaries. How I longed to tell her that her establishment would have been to me no compensation for her husband; that I had *refused* better matches than him. I could, however, but *look* my disgust, and Augusta was too purse-proud and too happy to divine my looks.

The years of my youth had fled. I found myself looking upon the young people who now formed society as "boys and girls," and too old for a young lady and too proud for an old one, I began to retire from a place where I was evidently looked upon as an intruder, when again another vista opened upon me, more brilliant than the former. I was invited to pass a winter in Washington with our member's family. "Ah! in Washington," thought I, "I am destined to close my career brilliantly; and so confound and dazzle friends and enemies. And then Augusta shall find which of us two is the 'old forlornity.'"

I went and joined fully in the dissipation of that oddly compounded society. With such crowds of men, and clever men, too, any woman that is tolerably passable is sure to receive attention, and I still retained enough of my old self to be a belle with the western members. But my taste had not become less fastidious, nor my standard less high, with my waning beauty—my feelings were yet fresh, though my complexion was not. I found the really great men of whom I had heard all my life, most of them old gentlemen with large families, and occupied by their duties. And if by chance there was a widower among them, that was neither bald nor gouty, alas! he was pouring forth his eloquence and heart to a pretty trifler of eighteen. One member of Congress, however, of talents, station and fortune, who resided in the back part of one of our states, was captivated by my old fashioned graces, and old times wit. My friends heard of it at home. They thought the unlooked-for fulfillment of bygone hopes about to be accomplished. "What could I desire more? talents, station, fortune." Alas! they did not *see* the man. He was one to talk *of* but not *to*. I need not dwell

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upon his tobacco and accompaniments, the remnants of early habits, etc., etc. In short, he was an old man, and not an old gentleman, and I could not go it. And, to the violent indignation of my friends, I refused him, to return home as I came.

The first time I went to an evening party, on my return home, Charles Connover introduced me to his pretty, youthful bride. I saw she eyed me curiously, but with a look of mirth I could not account for, as Charles had evidently made his former attachment no secret to her. He greeted me with the cordial, warm interest a man always feels for his first love, and, joyous in his new wed happiness, he talked to me long and animatedly. As he turned afterward, and spoke laughingly to his pretty little wife, I heard her mirthful girlish voice answer, "Oh no fear of my being jealous of *her*. Such a droll, odd looking old affair—no, no; you must flirt with something younger and prettier if you want to make me jealous. Why, Charles, you told me she was handsome. I can hardly keep my countenance as I look at her." I had heard enough, and hastily changed my place. Let my readers imagine my sensations if they can.

Long since, my brothers and sisters have married; and, on my father's death, the family dispersed; and I am living at lodgings, a solitary old maid, happy in having the means so to live; not to be forced to reside with a brother or sister, and expected to take equal interest, and more than equal labor, for my nieces and nephews. As it is, they look upon me as "poor old Aunt Charlotte;" but at least I am not obliged to darn their stockings and sew on their buttons and strings.

And now, reader, you may ask if I repent? I confess myself *punished*, but does that necessarily comprehend reformation of spirit? When I see T., whom in the plenitude of my arrogant gayety and commonplace wit, I used to call "Tommy duck legs," do I repent? No! I only see "two Tommies rolled into one." And so I might go on through the whole list of rejected addresses. The faults I saw then I now see doubled and tripled by Time, and my vision has grown clearer to deficiencies than ever. I now begin to wonder that I ever could have found enough in their admiration to compensate for their prosy ways and weary conversation. Charles Connover stands the test of time better than any of them; but even Charles Connover is growing somewhat of the "earth earthy;" and his eagle eye and brilliant smile have become considerably duller under the combined influence of wealth, good living and years.

No, they may, one and all, look upon me with horror; I suppose they do; though, to confess all my weaknesses, I still catch myself, as I sit knitting, building castles in the air, and peopling them with ambassadors, etc., etc., as of yore. Yet never do I feel that in the main I would not do over what I have done. That Augusta Willouby's taunt of "Charlotte's being on the wane" would have its same old influence: and so I must end by confessing that I am punished, but not corrected.

LINES WRITTEN ON SEEING THORWALDSEN'S BAS-RELIEF REPRESENTING NIGHT.

BY GEORGE W. BETHUNE, D. D.

Yes! bear them to their rest;
The rosy babe, tired with the glare of day,
The prattler fallen asleep e'en in his play,
Clasp them to thy soft breast,
O, Night,
Bless them in dreams with a deep hushed delight.

Yet must they wake again,
Wake soon to all the bitterness of life,
The pang of sorrow, the temptation-strife,
Aye, to the conscience-pain—
O, Night,
Canst thou not take with them a longer flight?

Canst thou not bear them far—
E'en now all innocent—before they know
The taint of sin, its consequence of wo,
The world's distracting jar,
O, Night,
To some ethereal, holier, happier height?

Canst thou not bear them up
Through starlit skies, far from this planet dim
And sorrowful, e'en while they sleep, to Him
Who drank for us the cup,
O, Night,
The cup of wrath for hearts in faith contrite?

To Him, for them who slept
A babe all lowly on His mother's knee,
And from that hour to cross-crown'd Calvary,
In all our sorrows wept,
O, Night,
That on our souls might dawn Heaven's cheering light.

So, lay their little heads
Close to that human breast, with love divine
Deep beating, while his arms immortal twine
Around them as he sheds,
O, Night,
On them a brother's grace of God's own boundless might.

Let them immortal wake
Among the breathless flowers of Paradise,
Where angel-songs of welcome with surprise
This their last sleep may break,
O, Night,
And to celestial joy their kindred souls invite.

There can come no sorrow,
The brow shall know no shade, the eye no tears,
Forever young through heaven's eternal years,
In one unfading morrow,
O, Night,
Nor sin, nor age, nor pain their cherub-beauty blight.

Would we could sleep as they,
So stainless and so calm, at rest with thee,
And only wake in immortality!
Bear us with them away,
O, Night,
To that ethereal, holier, happier height.

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THE FOUNTAIN—A NIGHT RHAPSODY.

BY G. G. FOSTER.

Methinks the novelty of printing metre,
In this rhyme hating prose emitting age,
Should win my muse a welcome. Therefore greet her,
Oh gentle Public! "at this early stage
Of the proceedings," gently. Sweet and sweeter,
While lounging through my labyrinthine page,
Shall breathe each half-hid flower, till all shall seem
The gliding spirits in a happy dream.

Full well I know the poet's dreams no more
Shed, as of old, their light o'er common souls,
To brighten dull reality. The lore
Of thronging shadows whispering, while unfolds
The bard his chart of dream-land, to explore
New realms of fairy beauty, no more holds
Men's wonder and their passion. The dull race
Of man, sweet fancy sick, grow clods apace.

Yet in some green and sunny nook each heart
Holds still within itself one little ray
Of the immortal beauty, far apart
From the rude janglings of the ruder day,
Round which, though deemed forgotten, dimly start
The old neglected dreams, and bear away
The tranced Soul, when sleeps Reality,
Back to her early shrine, where worshiped she

Ever as youth's musical hours fled on,
And Hope had not grown weary. So! a smile,
Half chiding, half forgiving, grows upon
Thy lip, sweet Public! and thy mouth the while
Longs to drink in a fresher air than wan
And wasted Care may feed on, and beguile
The ceaseless irksomeness of life, and play
Amid thy tears, like rainbows in the spray.

White Spirit of the Fountain! leapest thou now
To earth-hid music, where some fairy mocks
The gnomes with dainty pipings? Say, dost low
Thy graceful head and wave thy misty locks
To words unheard of mortals, whispering low
Under the shadows of the sleeping rocks,
Where well thy source-springs, answering the beat
Of the great heart of Nature, calm and sweet?

Oh frolic Fountain! dropping laughter near,
As thou dost wave thy garments—kiss me now
The gallant wind—the wind, my messenger,
Shall blow thy kisses softly to my brow,
And the sick spirit of my brain shall stir
With healthful strength, again to re-endow
My jaded thought with her forgotten lore,
To conjure back the dreams of youth once more.

'T is night. The fair moon stealing to her bower
Of fragrant star-flowers, smileth unto me;
And the coy rose, grown wanton with the hour,
Opens her bosom to the truant bee.
'T is night. The grim ghosts of the daylight cower
Ghastly and pale to slumber. I am free!
And as earth's common noises jar to sleep,
I hear thee, Fountain! whispering low and deep.

What say'st thou, Sprite? For thou canst tell me all
The wondrous movements of the hidden Soul
Whose exhalations pierce this murky pall
Of dust and darkness we call life, and roll
Onward and upward this dark, dreary ball
We name the Universe, to its bright goal—
'Mid stars of light a star of light—a ray
Homeward returning, 'wildered on its way.

Hark! whispers the White Spirit of the glades,
Where, springing to the light through perfumed sward,
Her fountain-home gleams 'mid the rustling blades
Of the spiced forest grass; and in full chord
Nature's deep harmonies to listening shades
Their thrilling symphonies rehearse, unheard,
Save by the birds, who con them in their dreams,
And utter them aloud when morning beams.

Glad Fountain! how thy merry laugh doth ring
Welcome unto the fairy boat who come
Panting 'neath rosy burdens, which they bring,
Plucked in the fragrant wood—the wild bee's home—
Shouting with runny-voiced melody, to fling
Fainting upon thy bosom! From the foam
Impregnated of Venus, fairer dream
Ne'er rose upon the sight than thou dost seem.

Ah, what a dark and dreary path is thine,
From thy sweet fountain-source to light again!
But two brief flashings of the light divine,
And a long, groveling interval of pain;
Like life—oh, lost lone, like thine and mine—
Struggling through irksome seasons to regain
The light but for one gleaming, and then die,
Even like this shivered vapor driving by.

The moon embraces with the stars, and tears—
Bright tears of rapturous light—and rays
Of mingling love from Heaven's immortal spheres,
Fall shimmering unto earth. The faint air lays
Its drooping wings upon the trees, and hears
Midnight call up her voices, and obeys
The sleepy mandate of the hour, and seems
To sink in graceful slumber, lost in dreams.

LAW.

It is the tyrant's death, the freeman's guard;
Or framed around the savage council fire—
Or where the yeoman keepeth watch and ward
In glens and mountains—where the ancient sire
With patriarchal justice rules his halls—
Or where a nation rising up from sleep
Unbinds its chains and bursts the ancient walls
Which shut in wolves among the flying sheep—
Or where meet sages in a deep conclave
O'er Right and Justice. Then when Truth approves
Doth Freedom smile and dig the Tyrant's grave,
While Heaven in man with gentle mercy moves,
And strong and weak in bonds of justice binds,
Perfecting this a brotherhood of minds.

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THE UNION-JACK.

BY HARRY DANFORTH, AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR."

It was a calm and moonless night; but the stars were out on high, shining with a brilliancy only seen in the tropics. The brig lay almost motionless, her sails hanging loosely from the yards, and her bow slowly lifting with the almost imperceptible heave of the long, regular swell. There was not a sound to disturb the silence, except the wash of an occasional ripple against her side, or the impatient whistle of a seaman. On every side the ocean stretched away until lost in the dim obscurity of the horizon; and the blue concave was unbroken by clouds, except toward the west, where a bank of vapor hung on the sea-board, like a thin veil of gauze; but a spicy odor impregnating the air told the practiced seaman that what seemed only a cloud was in reality land. The beauty and stillness of the scene were beyond description, and even the rudest of the crew, as they leaned idly over the brig's side, seemed to feel the dreamy influence of the hour.

There were but three passengers beside myself, a father and his daughters, two of the most beautiful girls I ever saw. One had dark eyes and hair, with a most queenly presence. She was the elder sister; but the other was my favorite. Rarely does nature gift a human being with such transcendant loveliness as that enjoyed by Ellen Benson. Her eyes were of a deep blue, humid, melting and heavenly. Her hair was of that rare golden color of which the poets speak, and each wavy tress glistened with every motion in the sun. Her voice was like running water, clear, silvery and liquid, or like a flute at night heard across a quiet lake. Her form was so light and aerial that it seemed to float along, as if it were that of a goddess, and the movements of her limbs kept time like sisters dancing. Though I had known her scarcely a week, she had already twined herself around my heart, for there was an artless frankness and reliance about her which might have won on one far less imaginative and susceptible than myself.

The day had been excessively sultry, so that when night came on and the air grew cooler, we gathered on the quarter-deck with reviving spirits, and spent a gay and happy evening. Long will those few hours remain stamped on my memory, for, in the course of an eventful life, I have spent few so pleasantly. Ellen had been singing to us, and the soft notes of her voice yet lingered in our thoughts, producing that holy silence which always follows a plaintive song well sung, when suddenly a cry broke from the lips of the performer. It was a cry of alarm, so startling and wild that I turned hastily toward her. Her face was paler than that of death—her lips were parted in terror—her eyes stared fearfully at some object in the distance; and her finger, which pointed in the direction of her look, quivered like an aspen. Instinctively I followed her eye. The cause of her agitation was apparent. Far up to windward, and scarcely discernible amid the thin haze which hung in that direction, appeared a long, heavy oared boat; and, though the distance and the fog bank rendered it nearly undistinguishable, enough could be seen to make us certain that it was crowded with men and pulling directly for us. The size of the boat, its dense crew, and the reputation of the seas we were in, left no doubt as to its character. *It was a pirate.*

In an instant the alarm became general. A dozen eyes, at the same moment, discerned the outlaws. The sisters had heard so much of pirates that they knew immediately the character of the boat. The elder uttered a faint shriek and clung closer to her father's arm; while Ellen, after gazing in horror a moment longer on the barge, turned shudderingly away and buried her face in her parent's bosom. Never shall I forget the look of agony that shot over the sire's countenance. A dark frown gathered on the skipper's face, but to this speedily succeeded an expression of deep anxiety. He looked eagerly around the horizon, then up to the sails, then around the horizon again, and called for a lighted candle. By this time every eye was fixed on him. The crew gathered within a short distance of the quarter-deck, anxiously awaiting his orders; while the father and his daughters stood forming a group by themselves, the parent with one arm wound around either child, each of whom convulsively clung to him, while all gazed wistfully into the skipper's face, as if on his looks hung life or death. He was now calm and collected. He held the candle aloft, and though, for some minutes, it streamed perpendicularly upward, at last it slightly inclined and finally flared almost horizontally outward from the wick. Simultaneously I felt on my cheek a nearly imperceptible puff of air. But our sanguine feelings were of short duration. Again the candle burned up steadily, and as minute after minute passed, during which, though we watched the light anxiously, no perceptible effect was produced on it, our hearts sunk within us.

There is no feeling so agonizing as suspense. As I watched the candle, my anxiety gradually became so intense that I could hear the beating of my heart increasing nervously in rapidity and strength until it smote on my ear like the strokes of a force pump. Soon, too, other sounds reached me—they were those

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of the quick rollicking of oars at a distance. I started, and, seizing a night-glass, gazed at the approaching barge, determined to know the worst at once. Good God! I counted no less than thirty ruffianly negroes. Our own force, all told, did not amount to ten. Sick at soul, I shut the glass and turned to the skipper. We exchanged a look of mutual intelligence, and then again he fixed his eye on the candle. I fancied that it flared slightly. Wetting my hand I held it up and felt, yes! I felt the water evaporating on the palm. I turned to the light. It now bent steadily over. Half a minute passed, during which my heart beat faster and faster with anxiety, and I trembled nervously lest the flame should again resume the perpendicular, but it gradually inclined nearer to the horizon, and finally streamed out nearly at right angles to the wick, in which position it continued a moment, when it suddenly went out. At the same instant I heard a light murmur in the rigging, while a steady though light breeze poured gently by my cheek.

"Thank Heaven! here it comes at last," said the skipper in a cheering tone: then, lifting his voice, he cried with startling energy, "All hands make sail—lay aloft!—out to'gallant sails and royals. Away there—cheerily my lads. It is for life or death."

The men sprung to their duty; the sails were quickly distended, and the glad sound of the water rippling under our bows soon met our ears, telling us that we were in motion. With a sudden feeling of exhilaration I turned astern, and it seemed as if we had already increased our distance from the foe. Unconsciously I uttered an exclamation of joy. At this instant I heard a deep respiration at my side. The sound proceeded from Ellen, who, attracted by my words, had read hope in my face, and thus given utterance to her relief.

"Do you think we shall escape?" she said eagerly.

"I hope so—indeed I am nearly sure we shall," I added quickly, observing the sudden expression of agony on her face at my first doubtful words, "if the wind continues to freshen we shall in an hour run them out of sight."

She clasped her hands and turned her eyes to heaven with a look of mingled hope and gratitude indescribable. That look gave me courage to face a dozen foes. I mentally resolved to lay down my life sooner than suffer her to fall into the hands of the pirates.

The next fifteen minutes were passed in a state of the most agonizing suspense. At first, she fancied that the pirates were dropping astern, and a general feeling of relief passed through the ship, perceptible in the altered and gayer demeanor of the men, but particularly of the passengers. But, when I had watched the barge for several minutes, my heart misgave me, and at most I could only hope that the bucaneers did not gain on us. Anxious to conceal my fears from the sisters—for they studied my face continually, as if it were an index to our peril—I assumed a cheerfulness I did not feel, and endeavored to divert their minds from the contemplation of their dangerous situation. But my efforts were in vain. In spite of my attempts to appear composed, there was an increasing nervousness about me which re-awakened the fears of the sisters, and when Ellen caught a stolen glance, which I directed anxiously from the horizon to our sails, she laid her hand on my arm, and said,

"Do not deceive us. They—the—" she could not utter the word, and said, abruptly, "they are gaining on us!"

She looked up into my face so pleadingly that, for my life, I could not tell her a falsehood. Yet I hesitated to acknowledge the truth. My silence convinced her that her suspicion had not been false. She looked up to heaven again mutely, clasping her hands; but this time her expression was one of agony and supplication. How my heart bled for her!

I strove to encourage her with hope, and, for the few succeeding minutes, there seemed a faint chance of yet escaping from the pirates. The wind coming fitfully and in puffs, forged us ahead one moment, and then, almost dying out, left us comparatively motionless. Sometimes we would gain half a cable's length on our pursuers, but, just as the sisters' eyes began to sparkle with hope, the breeze would decline, and the dark forms on board the barge again perceptibly grow larger. But, during the whole time, we could hear the quick rollicking of their oars, the sounds becoming fainter as the boat dropped astern, but increasing as the pirates gained on us. These fluctuations from hope to despair grew momently more frequent and terrible. Never before in real life had I experienced so fully the horrors of suspense. I remember once, when a boy, dreaming that an enemy pursued me with a drawn sword, and never shall I forget my emotions as I looked back and beheld him, now at some paces behind, and now within a step or two of me. But that had been only a feverish dream—now I felt the horrible reality. Yet, it was not for myself that I cared. Had these lovely sisters been safe at home, I could have met these ruffians, as I had often, in earlier life, met other enemies at as great odds.

At last the breeze died out, or only blew so lightly that it afforded us no hope. For the first time since they had come in sight, the pirates now uttered a wild yell, or rather a howl like that of famished wolves at sight of their prey, and, springing to their oars with increased energy, sent their boat along at a fearful pace, rolling the foam in cataracts under her bows. Ellen gave vent to a stifled shriek, and buried her face on her father's bosom. The other sister's lips parted in mortal terror, and her eyes were fixed on the barge, as if fascinated by some strange spell. Words cannot describe the agony expressed in the parent's look, or in the wild embrace with which he drew his children to his bosom.

The skipper glanced at the now rapidly approaching boat, and, coming close to me, said, in a hoarse voice,

"In ten minutes all will be over. Good God!" and he looked earnestly toward the sisters, "to think of those lovely girls in the hands of brutal violators."

"It shall never be," I said. "Arm the men, and

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let us make a desperate defence. We *may* beat them off."

He shook his head mournfully; and I knew when *he* surrendered hope that the case was indeed desperate.

"We will arm, certainly, and do our best." Again he glanced at the sisters, and something seemed on his mind. After a pause of a second, he said,

"But, if we fail, shall we suffer these angels to fall into the hands of the ruffians?"

"Better death than dishonor," I responded, understanding his meaning. No other word was said, but we pressed each other's hands convulsively. Then he turned away and ordered the arm chest to be opened. His whole demeanor was changed. His voice was calm and energetic, his countenance glowed with high resolution, his form was erect, and his deportment calculated to inspire the crew, as far as the confidence of a leader can inspire his followers, in so desperate a situation as ours. Weapons were soon distributed to the men, and a short address made by the skipper. He did not pretend to conceal our danger; he told them they had no alternative but to conquer or die. No allusion was made to the females, but a single glance of his eye toward them was understood, and each man grasped his cutlass tighter as he comprehended the silent appeal. When the voice of the skipper ceased, there was a hush for a second. The first sound that broke the quiet was the rollicking of the pirates' oars, striking with fearful distinctness on our ears, and telling, by its increased loudness, how the foe had gained on us during the harangue. The measured sound was like the ticking of the clock that counts the criminal's last hour.

I have said that, when the pirates first appeared, they were scarcely distinguishable, on account of the distance and the fog-bank from which they emerged. This bank of vapor had, at that time, seemed scarcely more dense than a thin veil of gauze, or the semi-transparent clouds which the spectator on a mountain side sees streaming upward from a river at sunrise. Gradually, however, this pile of vapor had been creeping down toward us, lying flat on the water like a heap of snowy fleeces, and advancing with an almost imperceptible, but not less certain motion, until, at last, the fog enveloped us on every hand, growing momently denser and more opaque, and moving in a rapid whirl, like smoke when a hand is turned rapidly in it. By this time, the mist had grown so thick that, up to the west, it shut out the horizon from sight, veiling sea and sky alike in a thick, impenetrable shroud, though, as the fog extended only for a few degrees above the seaboard, the stars were still visible higher up toward the zenith. Nearer us the vapor was less dense. Objects were still visible for some distance across the water, and, though the mist had enveloped the pirates, they were only rendered shadowy, and not concealed, by its folds. Besides, they were advancing toward us at a speed that almost rivaled the velocity of the vapor.

"I think I can pick off one of those ruffians," said I to the skipper. "We may disable three or four before they reach us, and every life will increase our chances. We have four muskets on board. I think you are a good shot?"

"Ay!" said my friend. "I will take care of one, if you will hit the other fair. Let us take the two leading oarsmen. What we do had best be done at a distance, for, the instant they touch us, we shall have them pouring in, on our low decks, like a cross wave over the knight heads. Are you ready?"

"Ready!" was my response. There was a death-like pause for a single breath, when we fired.

I had taken deliberate aim, and, simultaneously with the flash of my piece, I saw the bow oarsman fall over. Quick as thought, the skipper followed my example and pulled trigger. The second ruffian leaped up, with a yell, and tumbled across the seat. Both oars caught in the water, and were snapped off at the thwart. For an instant, the negroes seemed paralysed, and then a cry of savage ferocity burst from them, while the oars, which had suddenly stopped, were again seen flashing in the water, and with increased velocity.

The skipper had turned to me, with an exulting smile, but had not spoken, as he saw the two men fall, and now, seizing his second piece, he said, sternly,

"Again!"

We fired so nearly at the same instant, that there was but one crack of our pieces, but our success was not so decided as before. One of the men we aimed at appeared wholly to have escaped, but the other, from a quick start and cry, we judged to be wounded. Both oarsmen kept their places at the oars, and our failure was received by the pirates with a sharp yell of exultation. So near had the ruffians now approached that we could make out the Spanish tongue as that in which they conversed, while the surging of the water under the bows of their barge was plainly distinguishable to the ear.

"Would Heaven we had a carronade here!" I exclaimed. "We might rake them with grape, and, perhaps, sink their boat."

"Ay!" answered the skipper. "But we must do our best with what we have. The muskets are ready again, and now for a last shot."

The boat was now within pistol shot, for a delay had occurred while our muskets were being reloaded. We saw that our all depended on this single discharge.

"Take off that colossal fellow with the red sash," hoarsely whispered the skipper, "I will aim at the helmsman. One of the two must be the leader."

I comprehended at once the reasoning of the skipper. If the pirates could be deprived of their head, they would board us, perhaps, in a state of irresolution, consequent on the want of an acknowledged leader to whom to look. The same idea had already occurred to me, and I had, after scanning the desperadoes, concluded also that the two persons named by the skipper were the most prominent of our foes. I nodded an assent. The seconds that elapsed were, to me, the most intensely absorbing that I ever spent. I felt the mighty stake which hung on the accuracy

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of my aim. Some men grow nervous under such circumstances; but my eye was never keener, nor my hand more firm than at that moment. One might have counted three while I paused; then my piece blazed, and my man sprung forward and fell, struggling convulsively. The skipper fired simultaneously, and the helmsman tumbled headlong forward, falling on the man I had shot. Instantaneously there was a howl of lamentation from the negroes; the rowers stopped, several rushed aft, and all was confusion. The boat shot forward until almost abreast of us, and then lay motionless on the water.

But the hesitation of the pirates was of short duration. We had scarcely begun to congratulate ourselves on our success, when the cries of grief on the part of the negroes became exchanged for shouts of rage, and, repairing again to their oars, the pirates rapidly brought the head of the boat around, and dashed up toward us. Their leader had evidently fallen, but this only inflamed them with the desire for revenge. We had barely time to note the horrible expression of their faces, glaring with revenge and the most savage passions; we had barely time to level the remaining muskets hastily at them and fire, though with what effect the confusion would scarcely allow us to perceive, when the bow of the barge grated against our sides, and immediately a boat-hook was fixed into the low bulwarks. One of the crew, with a blow of an axe, cut the implement in two, but, as he did so, a huge negro, whom we had noticed pointing at us, with violent gestures, after his leader's fall, started up, and, discharging a pistol, sprung, like a tiger, on deck, where the desperado stood, a brawny and gigantic opponent, keeping a charmed circle around him with his cutlass. Instantaneously, like a swarm of bees, the buccaneers clustered on the side of the vessel, and, despite our desperate resistance, eventually gained a footing, crowding around their leader, with ferocious and brutal looks, brandishing their weapons, and seeming to thirst for blood, yet to be afraid to move until he began the onset.

We had, after we found our efforts unavailing to prevent the ruffians from boarding, retreated to the quarter-deck, where we prepared to make our stand. To reach us, the assailants would have to pass the narrow passages on each side of the companion way, and these had been partially blocked up, with such efficiency as time would admit, by the water-casks that usually stood on the quarter-deck. Our whole force was drawn up within this little fortification.

The piratical leader, whose sudden authority appeared to result from that power which great strength and daring give a man in moments of peril, saw our hasty preparations, and the pause we have recorded was spent in scanning our position. Thus both parties remained, for a few seconds, inactive, eyeing each other, however, keenly, as men are apt to do when about to engage in mortal conflict. On the part of the assailants, this scrutiny was carried on with feelings akin to those with which a tiger gloats over the prey he knows cannot escape him; our emotions were those of men doomed to death, and, aware of their fate, but resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible. On one side was fiendish exultation, on the other manly despair.

"Have at them!" shouted the ruffian in Spanish, after this breathless pause had continued for nearly a minute, "revenge! revenge!"

As he spoke, he waved his cutlass and turned to his men, who, answering with a shout or rather a yell, dashed forward.

"Stand fast, my hearts," said the skipper, confronting the foe at the pass on the right of the companion way, while I took the opposite pass on the left, "you strike for life or death."

Of the succeeding minutes I have no distinct recollection. There was a wild clashing of cutlasses, mingled with the reports of pistols and the shouts of angry combatants, while occasionally a shrill cry of agony, from some one desperately wounded, rose over the uproar. Our stock of fire-arms was scanty, so that we had little with which to oppose the foe except cutlasses, while most of the desperadoes were armed with pistols. But our men were nerved with the energy of despair, and our defences, slight as they were, considerably retarded the approach of the foe. In vain the piratical leader, urging on his ruffians by his example, struggled to penetrate into our little circle; the skipper, bravely confronting him and sustained by four sturdy old men-of-war's men, hurled him back on his followers as often as he endeavored to clamber over our defences. So fierce was the contest in this quarter that the cutlasses, crossing each other in strife, formed a bridge over the two leaders, while the blades flashed so rapidly and incessantly as to conceal the real state of the conflict. The few hasty glances which I was able to cast toward my comrades revealed nothing except a wild confusion, from which I could extract only the fact that the skipper, though wounded, desperately maintained his ground. And my attention was soon wholly occupied by my own immediate opponents, for a party of the ruffians, seeing the determined opposition made to their leader, made a diversion in his favor, and the fight on my side of the companion way grew as fierce as that maintained by the two leaders. Standing at the opening between the water casks, and sustained on either side by two of the crew, we beat down successively every man who attempted to pass our defences. In this desperate struggle we were all speedily wounded, but I still continued cheering my men, for the thought of our innocent companions nerved me to the utmost. Again and again our defences were nearly surmounted; again and again, with gigantic efforts, we hurled back the assailants. Three several times was I wounded, one of my little party was shot dead, and all of us were streaming with blood, yet still we maintained the unequal combat. For the rest of the fight all was confusion. Shouts and oaths, the rattle of blades, the crack of pistols, the dull, heavy sound of men falling to the deck; the groans of the wounded and the despairing shrieks of the dying met the ear, mingled in a wild uproar, like the noises in a fevered dream. During this *mêlée* I was conscious only that the gray-haired

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father of Ellen, taking the place of a seaman who had fallen, was fighting at my side, his silvery locks dabbled with blood from a cut in his head; and the spectacle roused all the energy within me. But I felt that our resistance could not much longer be protracted. We had suffered quite as severely as the pirates—for every man they lost there were three to take his place; while it had required, even at first, the whole of our little force to defend our barricade, and our thinned numbers could now scarcely maintain their footing, and with the loss of one or two more would be totally inadequate to it. We had just, for the fourth time, beaten back our assailants, and a momentary breathing space ensued, the first since the pause I have narrated at the opening of the combat. A fifth attempt, I feared, would be successful. As I thought thus, I cast my eyes hastily around to the sisters, who sat, or rather cowered, under the shelter of the companion way. The eyes of the younger were fixed mutely, in tearful agony, on her bleeding sire, but the elder had her gaze fixed to windward, as if earnestly contemplating some object. With sudden hope, I followed the direction of her look.

I have said that the wind had died away before the pirates boarded us, and, since then, every faculty had been so absorbed in the terrible conflict for existence, that I had not been aware of the gradual revival of the breeze. Now, however, when the din of battle momentarily ceased, my ears were greeted with the sighing of the wind among the rigging, and the pleasant murmur of the water as it was parted under our bows, and glided along the sides—gentle and soothing sounds after the maddening uproar of the mortal strife I became conscious also, the instant my eyes turned to windward, that the fog, which I have described as settling around us, was slowly dissipating, and, although it still lay thick and palpable along the surface of the water, higher up it thinned off, and finally disappeared altogether. The object which had attracted the elder sister's attention, was the tall mast of a ship, rising majestically above the fog, not a cable's length distant, and, though the hull was invisible, I saw, with what delight my readers can imagine, that the Union-Jack of my beloved country was floating from the mast head.

"Huzza!" I cried, exhilarated beyond control, "huzza! The day's our own. Succor is at hand. Here comes our gallant flag."

Had a thunderbolt fallen at their feet and torn up the deck beneath them—had a whirlpool opened under the brig and engulfed them, the pirates could not have shown more consternation than at these words. Every man looked round in search of the new comer, and, when the stranger was discovered to windward, no pen can describe the expression of amazement and affright which gathered on the faces of the negroes. If the approaching sail had been a basilisk it could not have riveted their gaze more completely. They stood staring at the tall masts, that rose majestically above the fog, their eyes distending with an astonishment that seemed to have paralysed them. At last, as the ship bore down on us, the mists rolled slowly aside from her; first her bowsprit shoved itself slowly out of the fog, then the white vapor curled along her side, and her forechains became visible, as she approached on the starboard tack; and, finally, like a magic picture emerging from the smoke of an enchanter's tripod, the whole symmetrical hull rose to sight, disclosing a row of teeth, frowning from their open and lighted ports. At this sight, the negroes no longer wavered. A cry of affright broke simultaneously from them, and, regardless of their leader, who strove to inspirit them, they turned to flight, hurrying to their boat, into which they tumbled, pell mell, and pushed off, leaving behind, in their consternation, a third of their number, who were yet on our decks. Availing ourselves of this happy juncture, we sallied from our defence, and, cutting down those who resisted, chased the rest overboard.

The sloop of war was now close on to us, and, in a few hurried words, we acquainted her commander with our situation, and the character of the fugitives, whose boat was rapidly pulling into the fog. Not a second was lost in the pursuit. The sloop glided majestically by, and, just as she passed across our forefoot, a stream of fire gushed from one of her guns. Instantaneously I saw the splinters flying from the boat, which sunk almost immediately, leaving her crew struggling and shrieking in the water. We could see, even at our distance, the wounded wretches fighting for a plank, or squattering a moment on the water, like wounded ducks, ere they sank forever. In a few minutes all was still in the vicinity of the spot where the barge went down. The boats of the sloop were launched as soon as possible, and every effort made to save the drowning wretches, but only a few were rescued, to be reserved for a fate more ignominous.

The sloop proved to be the —— of the United States navy, cruising among the islands in search of pirates. She had heard the sounds of strife, while we were yet hidden in the fog, and, suspecting the cause, for a gang of pirates was known to infest the neighborhood, had come down to us, and arrived thus opportunely.

When we came to examine our crew, we found that three were either dead or mortally wounded, while no one had escaped unhurt. Our injuries, however, were speedily dressed by the sloop's surgeon, and, on the whole, we had cause to be grateful.

How shall I describe the scene that occurred, after the pirates had been driven from our decks, and when the sisters, flinging themselves into their father's arms, wept hysterically, and embraced him by turns! How shall I record the eager anxiety they showed until the surgeon had pronounced their parent's wound a comparatively slight cut, which would be healed in a few weeks! How shall I picture these, and many other tender things which passed between the rescued family! My pen drops from my fingers, incapable of the task. But, if you should ever visit the village of Canandaigua and become acquainted with Ellen, now a matron with daughters only less fair than herself, you will hear the story from lips more eloquent than mine.

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IN SADNESS.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

THERE is not in this life of ours
One bliss unmixed with fears,
The hope that wakes our deepest powers
A face of sadness wears,
And the dew that showers our dearest flowers
Is the bitter dew of tears.

Fame waiteth long, and lingereth
Through weary nights and morns—
And evermore the shadow Death
With mocking finger scorns
That underneath the laurel wreath
Should be a wreath of thorns.

The laurel leaves are cool and green,
But the thorns are hot and sharp,
Lean Hunger grins and stares between
The poet and his harp,
Though of Love's sunny sheen his woof have been
Grim want thrusts in the warp.

And if beyond this darksome clime
Some fair star Hope may see,
That keeps unjarred the blissful chime
Of its golden infancy—
Where the harvest-time of faith sublime
Not always is to be—

Yet would the true soul rather choose
Its home where sorrow is,
Than in a sated peace to lose
Its life's supremest bliss—
The rainbow hues that bend profuse
O'er cloudy spheres like this—

The want, the sorrow and the pain,
That are Love's right to cure—
The sunshine bursting after rain—
The gladness insecure
That makes us fain strong hearts to gain,
To do and to endure.

High natures must be thunder-scarred
With many a searing wrong;
From mother Sorrow's breasts the bard
Sucks gifts of deepest song,
Nor all unmarred with struggles hard
Wax the Soul's sinews strong.

Dear Patience, too, is born of woe,
Patience that opes the gate
Wherethrough the soul of man must go
Up to each nobler state,
Whose voice's flow so meek and low
Smooths the bent brows of Fate.

Though Fame be slow, yet Death is swift,
And, o'er the spirit's eyes,
Life after life doth change and shift
With larger destinies:
As on we drift, some wider rift
Shows us serener skies.

And though naught falleth to us here
But gains the world counts loss,
Though all we hope of wisdom clear
When climbed to seems but dross,
Yet all, though ne'er Christ's faith they wear,
At least may share his cross.

THE HEART'S FOUNT OF STRENGTH.

BY MRS. SARAH JOSEPHA HALE.

"ANOTHER year! and what to me unsealing?
Another page in Sorrow's book of life,
With the dark stamp of Fate impressed, revealing
Another struggle in the world's stern strife;
While the bright hopes that charmed my youthful vision,
Frown like a winter forest, dead and sere,
And fancies, mirage-like, that seemed Elysian,
Fade, and earth's desert sands alone appear.

"Even had I gained, as once I strove to merit,
Some high estate in honor's gilded show,
What, with my failing strength and fainting spirit,
Could fame, or power, or wealth await me now?
The feeble reed, storm-broken, may recover,
But the firm oak, uprooted, must decay;
I'll stir no more—hopes, plans, and dreams are over,
Welcome, despair! aye, night that hath no day!"

"Father!" in love's sweet tone, like doves caressing,
Is heard—a white arm round his neck is twining,
A soft, warm cheek to his is fondly pressing,
A fairy form upon his breast reclining—
His daughter, image of her angel mother—
Her smile how happy as she meets his gaze!
He is her guide, guard, all—she asks no other;
As the bud brightens in the sun's mild rays,

So hath his tender care her being cherished,
So hath her deep'ning love his care repaid—
And now, when every earth-rooted plant hath perished,
This blessed human blossom doth not fade;
And from that father's eyes, like warm rains rushing,
That melt the ice even on the glacier's breast,
The tears of thankful gratitude are gushing,
That he can bless her and by her be blest.

And now the cloud, from o'er life's path receding,
Reveals a lovely vale of calm existence,
Bright with those low sweet flowers we crush unheeding,
When struggling toward the laurel in the distance;
He sees, in such retreat, how man may measure
Pride's high aspirings with that wisdom lowly,
Which finds in wayside springs rich draughts of pleasure,
In daily deeds of kindness beauty holy.

He feels the God-breathed soul should never falter,
When pressing onward duties to fulfill,
And that when truth and virtue rear the altar
How the high purpose can sustain the will—
That to this sacrifice of *self* is given
An energy all human ills above,
Thus witnessing, as by a voice from Heaven,
The heart's pure fount of strength is generous love.

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W. C. Bryant

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—NO. VII.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

There stands William Cullen Bryant—with a head approaching nearly the highest ideal of Spurzheim, and a face that would have charmed the amiable Lavater. That calm, high forehead indicates the severity and dignity of his character, the sunken and piercing eyes his far-reaching sagacity, and the finely moulded and compressed lips his decision and firmness. The insignia of his nobility would at once be recognized and respected the world over. It is altogether an excellent likeness, one of the best which Thompson—who, by the way, is one of the cleverest young artists of the country—has painted, and Parker has seldom copied a head with more fidelity and beauty. Yes, that is Bryant: natural, life-like, just as he appeared when I saw him delivering the admirable address on homœopathy which lies beside you on the table.

Bryant a homœopathist? Pshaw! he is not such a fool.

My dear sir, what do you know of homœopathy?

That it is a humbug.

Did you ever read a line in its explanation or defence?

No: nor do I intend to do so.

Just as I supposed. You regard this new theory of medical science as the masses do all new ideas, and for the same reason—you know nothing about it. Now, *one* of the differences between you and Mr. Bryant is, that he is an earnest, careful and independent examiner of every subject upon which he attempts to form an opinion. In his childlike simplicity he supposes there are truths worth learning that were unthought of by the ancients. He has faith in man's improvability. He would not be surprised to hear of the discovery of new facts or theories in any field of exertion or investigation. His candor, patience and acute perception enable him in both new and old to distinguish the false and transient from the true and permanent. Speaking of homœopathy reminds me of his origin. From his name it might readily be inferred that at least one of his parents admired the great Doctor Cullen. His father, grandfather and great-grandfather were all physicians. His father—of whom you will find a memoir in Knapp's American Biography—was a gentleman of sound scholarship, extensive information, and cultivated taste, excellently qualified to educate the mind and heart of a youth of genius, as Bryant early proved himself to be. Only such a son could do justice to such a father; and he has done it eloquently, in his noble Hymn to Death, and in other poems, as well as in his life. As I have somewhere said before, a remarkable precocity of intellect has been common in America. This has been a land of psychological wonders. Every exhibition of unusual mental power in childhood has not indeed been followed by corresponding eminence in maturity; but while "the wonderful calculating boy," Zerah Colburn, and that young "Roscius" who, thirty years ago, threatened with his own to overshadow the names of Garrick, Talma and Kean, have in middle age sunk into unenviable obscurity, the great Jonathan Edwards, a man at twelve, at fifty had no equal in the world; and Bryant, surpassing Tasso, and Cowley, and Pope, in his early poetical development, is still the first of the poets of his country. A wonderful production was "The Embargo," for a boy of thirteen. No other work, so long, so well sustained, was ever written by so young a person. Still, it is a marvel only on account of the author's youth; it is not a true poem. Thanatopsis, that grand and solemn hymn, was composed at eighteen, and, of all the poets, only Bryant could at that age have produced a work exhibiting such maturity of thought, such mastery of language.

"The Embargo" was a political satire, if I am not mistaken?

Yes; it was directed against the administration of Jefferson. Here is a copy of it, "printed for the author," at Boston, in 1809, one year before he entered college. The volume contains also "The Spanish Revolution," and several very neat translations. I will read you a passage from "The Embargo," which one might fancy had been written in 1840 instead of thirty-five years ago, when, our fathers tell us, demagogueism was unknown:

> "E'en while I sing, see Faction urge her claim,
> Mislead with falsehood, and with zeal inflame;
> Lift her black banner, spread her empire wide,
> And stalk triumphant with a Fury's stride.
> She blows her brazen trump, and, at the sound,
> A motley throng, obedient, flock around;
> A mist of changing hue o'er all she flings,
> And darkness perches on her dragon wings!
> O, might some patriot rise! the gloom dispel,
> Chase Error's mist, and break her magic spell!
> But vain the wish, for, hark! the murmuring meed
> Of hoarse applause from yonder shed proceed;
> Enter, and view the thronging concourse there,
> Intent, with gaping mouth and stupid stare;
> While, in the midst, their supple leader stands,
> Harangues aloud, and flourishes his hands;
> To adulation tunes his servile throat,
> And sues, successful, for each blockhead's vote."

Really that is harmonious and manly verse; but Mr. Bryant has changed his opinions since he wrote "The Embargo."

Aye, and I have seen this boyish pasquinade quoted to prove him an inconsistent politician! the ideas of thirteen gravely arrayed against those of forty-nine! The work attracted considerable attention, and the

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first impression was quickly sold. To the second is prefixed this curious advertisement:

"A doubt having been intimated in the Monthly Anthology of June last, whether a youth of thirteen years could have been the author of this poem—in justice to his merits, the friends of the Writer feel obliged to certify the fact from their personal knowledge of himself and his family, as well as his literary improvement and extraordinary talents. They would premise, that they do not come uncalled before the public to bear this testimony—they would prefer that he should be judged by his works, without favor or affection. As the doubt has been suggested, they deem it merely an act of justice to remove it—after which they leave him a candidate for favor in common with other literary adventurers. They, therefore, assure the public that Mr. BRYANT, the author, is a native of Cummington, in the county of Hampshire, and in the month of November last arrived at the age of fourteen years. The facts can be authenticated by many of the inhabitants of that place, as well as by several of his friends who give this notice; and, if it be deemed worthy of further inquiry, the printer is enabled to disclose their names and places of residence.

"*February*, 1809."

When about fifteen years of age Bryant entered Williams College, where he greatly distinguished himself by his acquisitions in ancient and modern belles-lettres. He solicited and obtained from the faculty an honorable discharge after remaining in the institution two years, and soon afterward commenced the study of the law. He was admitted an attorney and counsellor in 1815, and for ten years followed his profession at Great Barrington, where, in 1821, he was married to Miss Fairchild, a most beautiful and lovely woman—if an opinion may be formed from a portrait of her by Thompson, which I saw not long ago at his rooms in the New York University—worthy to be the wife of a great poet: and William Cullen Bryant *is* a great poet, not so to be regarded by us his countrymen and cotemporaries only, but by the world, and in all future ages. A great poet! there is no nobler title among men than this. If every human soul be, as some contend, a portion of the Eternal and Unseen, how large a portion of the Divine Essence exists in men like Shakspeare, Spenser, Milton, Byron, Wordsworth, Bryant!

A category! and do you compare Bryant with the most famous of the British bards?

I have named the greatest poets who have written in the English language: one, world-renowned and forever unapproachable, another unequaled by any since he sung. Wordsworth alone, of the fixed stars, is living, and he is the only English poet of our time whose name receives not additional lustre from being united with that of William Cullen Bryant. But I will not now discuss his poetical character. The review of his works in the twenty-fourth volume of Graham's Magazine expresses my opinions as they were when that review was published, and as they now are, except that a more careful study of them has increased my admiration.

Mr. Bryant was not unsuccessful as a lawyer, but a quiet New England village was no place for a man of his genius. After twenty terms of intimacy with dockets and briefs, constables, jurors and justices, he wisely determined to abandon the courts, and go to New York—the London, the *world* of America—and there devote his attention to letters. Paulding, Verplanck, Halleck and Sands were then the chief literary characters of the metropolis. Drake was dead, Irving was in Europe, and others, who have since won reputations, and lost them, had not yet written. The Literary Review, the St. Tammany Magazine, and the Atlantic Magazine, had successively failed, yet it was determined to establish a new periodical, the prospectus of the New York Review was issued, and Bryant was engaged to conduct it. He published in that work some of his most admirable poems, and, with Sands and his other confreres, obtained for it great popularity.

In 1826 he became associated with Colman in the editorship of the New York Evening Post, one of the oldest and most influential journals in the country, with which he has ever since been connected. In the summer of 1834 he committed its direction to his partner, Mr. Leggett—an able and ardent politician—and with his family sailed for Europe, intending to remain there three or four years. The sickness of Leggett induced him to return in the spring of 1836, however, and from that period he has labored earnestly, constantly and effectually, to advance the interests of the democratic party. As a writer he has no superior in the editorial fraternity. His reasonings are clear and forcible; his sentences smooth and compact; and his articles are enlivened by the most apposite wit and anecdote. Amos Kendall, Edwin Croswell, or Francis P. Blair, would sooner be acknowledged as leaders; for Bryant is not guided by policy or circumstances, and he often rises above or disregards partisan dictation, and avows opinions, regardless whether they will aid or injure a candidate or his party. Yet he is, unquestionably, the leading journalist of the opposition, and is always, or nearly so, in advance of his colleagues in the avowal and advocacy of doctrines and measures. From the beginning, he has been earnest in his hostility to a United States Bank; he has surpassed John Randolph in enmity to a protective tariff; his fingers have tingled when he has heard of internal improvements by the governments; and he has not a doubt that the golden age would dawn in five years after the thorough establishment of the metal money Sub-Treasury System.

Mr. Bryant governs his life by the rules of a wise philosophy. Doubtless he is as familiar with the best works on health and longevity as with Say or Adam Smith. In all seasons he is the first man of his ward to try the morning air; he remains in his office from his breakfast hour till the Post for the day is ready for the press; dines, takes what Christopher North calls a "pedestrial meditation," and spends the remainder of the day with his family—or writes a poem for our magazine, a leader for the next day's "Post," or sees his friends—

> The chosen few——
> ——with like proportion
> Of amusements, of manners and of spirit.

A model—for the man as well as for the poet.

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OUR AMATEUR POETS.

NO. III.—WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

In speaking of Mr. William Ellery Channing, who has just published a very neat little volume of poems, we feel the necessity of employing the indefinite rather than the definite article. He is *a*, and by no means *the*, William Ellery Channing. He is only *the son* of the great essayist deceased. He is just such a person, in despite of his *clarum et venerabile nomen*, as Pindar would have designated by the significant term τις. It may be said in his favor that nobody ever heard of him. Like an honest woman, he has always succeeded in keeping himself from being made the subject of gossip. His book contains about sixty-three things, which he calls poems, and which he no doubt seriously supposes so to be. They are full of all kinds of mistakes, of which the most important is that of their having been printed at all. They are not precisely English—nor will we insult a great nation by calling them Kickapoo; perhaps they are Channingese. We may convey some general idea of them by two foreign terms not in common use—the Italian *pavoneggiarsi*, "to strut like a peacock," and the German word for "sky-rocketing," *schwarmerei*. They are more preposterous, in a word, than any poems except those of the author of "Sam Patch;" for we presume we are right (are we not?) in taking it for granted that the author of "Sam Patch" is the very worst of all the wretched poets that ever existed upon earth.

In spite, however, of the customary phrase about a man's "making a fool of himself," we doubt if any one was ever a fool of his own free will and accord. A poet, therefore, should not always be taken too strictly to task. He should be treated with leniency, and, even when damned, should be damned with respect. Nobility of descent, too, should be allowed its privileges not more in social life than in letters. The son of a great author cannot be handled too tenderly by the critical Jack Ketch. Mr. Channing must be hung, that's true. He must be hung *in terrorem*—and for this there is no help under the sun; but then we shall do him all manner of justice, and observe every species of decorum, and be especially careful of his feelings, and hang him gingerly and gracefully, with a silken cord, as the Spaniards hang their grandees of the blue blood, their nobles of the *sangre azula*.

To be serious, then; as we always wish to be if possible. Mr. Channing (whom we suppose to be a *very* young man, since we are precluded from supposing him a *very* old one) appears to have been inoculated, at the same moment, with *virus* from Tennyson and from Carlyle. And here we do not wish to be misunderstood. For Tennyson, as for a man imbued with the richest and rarest poetic impulses, we have an admiration—a reverence unbounded. His "Morte D'Arthur," his "Locksley Hall," his "Sleeping Beauty," his "Lady of Shalott," his "Lotos Eaters," his "Œnone," and many other poems, are not surpassed, in all that gives to Poetry its distinctive value, by the compositions of any one living or dead. And his leading error—that error which renders him unpopular—a point, to be sure, of no particular importance—that very error, we say, is founded in truth—in a keen perception of the elements of poetic beauty. We allude to his quaintness—to what the world chooses to term his affectation. No true poet—no critic whose approbation is worth even a copy of the volume we now hold in our hand—will deny that he feels unpressed, sometimes even to tears, by many of those very affectations which he is impelled by the prejudice of his education, or by the cant of his reason, to condemn. He should thus be led to examine the extent of the one, and to be wary of the deductions of the other. In fact, the profound intuition of Lord Bacon has supplied, in one of his immortal apothegms, the whole philosophy of the point at issue. "There is no exquisite beauty," he truly says, "without some *strangeness* in its proportions." We maintain, then, that Tennyson errs, not in his occasional quaintness, but in its continual and obtrusive excess. And, in accusing Mr. Channing of having been inoculated with *virus* from Tennyson, we merely mean to say that he has adopted and exaggerated that noble poet's characteristic defect, having mistaken it for his principal merit.

Mr. Tennyson is quaint only; he is never, as some have supposed him, obscure—except, indeed, to the uneducated, whom he does not address. Mr. Carlyle, on the other hand, is obscure only; he is seldom, as some have imagined him, quaint. So far he is right; for although quaintness, employed by a man of judgment and genius, may be made auxiliary to a *poem*, whose true thesis is beauty, and beauty alone, it is grossly, and even ridiculously, out of place in a work of prose. But in his obscurity it is scarcely necessary to say that he is wrong. Either a man intends to be understood, or he does not. If he write a book which he intends *not* to be understood, we shall be very happy indeed not to understand it,; but if he write a book which he means to be understood, and, in this

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book, be at all possible pains to prevent us from understanding it. we can only say that he is an ass—and this, to be brief, is our private opinion of Mr. Carlyle, which we now take the liberty of making public.

It seems that having deduced, from Tennyson and Carlyle, an opinion of the sublimity of every thing odd, and of the profundity of every thing meaningless, Mr. Channing has conceived the idea of setting up for himself as a poet of *unusual* depth, and *very* remarkable powers of mind. His airs and graces, in consequence, have a highly picturesque effect, and the Boston critics, who have a notion that poets are porpoises, (for they are always talking about their running in "schools,") cannot make up their minds as to what particular school he must belong. *We* say the Bobby Button school, by all means. He clearly belongs to that. And should nobody ever have heard of the Bobby Button school, that is a point of no material importance. We will answer for it, as it is one of our own. Bobby Button is a gentleman with whom, for a long time, we have had the honor of an intimate acquaintance. His personal appearance is striking. He has quite a big head. His eyes protrude and have all the air of saucers. His chin retreats. His mouth is depressed at the corners. He wears a perpetual frown of contemplation. His words are slow, emphatic, few, and oracular. His "thes," "auds," and "buts" have more meaning than other men's polysyllables. His nods would have put Burleigh's to the blush. His whole aspect, indeed, conveys the idea of gentleman modest to a fault, and painfully overburthened with intellect. We insist, however, upon calling Mr. Channing's school of poetry the Bobby Button school, rather because Mr. Channing's poetry is strongly suggestive of Bobby Button, than because Mr. Button himself ever dallied, to any very great extent, with the Muses. With the exception, indeed, of a *very* fine "Sonnet to a Pig"—or rather the fragment of a sonnet, for he proceeded no farther than the words "*O* piggy wiggy," with the *O* italicized for emphasis—with the exception of this, we say, we are not aware of his having produced anything worthy of that stupendous genius which is certainly *in* him, and only wants, like the starling of Sterne, "to get out."

The best passage in the book before us, is to be found at page 121, and we quote it, as a matter of simple justice, in full.

> Dear friend, in this fair atmosphere again,
> Far from the noisy echoes of the main,
> Amid the world-old mountains, and the hills
> From whose strange grouping a fine power distills
> The soothing and the calm, I seek repose,
> The city's noise forgot and hard stern woes.
> As thou once said'st, the rarest sons of earth
> Have in the dust of cities shown their worth,
> Where long collision with the human curse
> Has of great glory been the frequent nurse,
> *And only those who in sad cities dwell*
> *Are of the green trees fully sensible.*
> *To them the silver bells of tinkling streams*
> *Seem brighter than an angel's laugh in dreams.*

The four lines Italicized are highly meritorious, and the whole extract is so far decent and intelligible, that we experienced a feeling of surprise upon meeting it amid the doggerel which surrounds it. Not less was our astonishment upon finding, at page 18, a fine thought so well embodied as the following:

> *Or see the early stars, a mild sweet train,*
> *Come out to bury the diurnal sun.*

But, in the way of commendation, we have now done. We have carefully explored the whole volume, in vain, for a single additional line worth even the most qualified applause.

The utter *abandon*—the charming *negligé*—the perfect looseness (to use a western phrase) of his rhythm, is one of Mr. C's. most noticeable, and certainly one of his most refreshing traits. It would be quite a pleasure to hear him read or scan, or to hear any body else read or scan, such a line as this, at page 3, for example:

> Masculine almost though softly carv'd in grace,

where "masculine" has to be read as a trochee, and "almost" as an iambus; or this, at page 8:

> That compels me on through wood, and fell, and moor,

where "that compels" has to be pronounced as equivalent to the iambus "me on;" or this, at page 18:

> I leave thee, *the* maid spoke to *the* true youth,

where both the "*thes*" demand a strong accent to preserve the iambic rhythm; or this, at page 29:

> So in our steps strides truth and honest trust,

where (to say nothing of the grammar, which *may* be Dutch but is not English) it is quite impossible to get through with the "step strides truth" without dislocating the under jaw; or this, at page 32:

> The *serene* azure *the* keen stars are now;

or this, on the same page:

> Some*time of sorrow*, joy to *thy Future*;

or this, at page 56:

> *Harsh action, even in repose inwardly harsh;*

or this, at page 59:

> Provides am*plest* enjoyment. O my brother;

or this, at page 138:

> *Like the swift petrel, mimicking the wave's measure;*

about all of which the less we say the better.

At page 96 we read thus:

> Where the untrammelled soul on her wind pinions,
> *Fearlessly sweeping, defies my earthly foes,*
> There, there upon that infinitest sea
> *Lady thy hope, so fair a hope, summons me.*

At page 51 we have it thus:

> The river calmly flows
> Through shining banks, thro' lonely glen,
> Where the owl shrieks, tho' ne'er the cheer of men
> Has stirred its mute repose;
> *Still if you should walk there you would go there again.*

At page 136 we read as follows:

> Tune thy clear voice to no funereal song,
> *For O Death stands to welcome thee sure.*

At page 116 he has this:

> —— These graves, you mean;
> Their history who knows better than I!
> For in the busy street strikes on my ear
> *Each sound, even inaudible voices*
> Lengthen the long tale my memory tells.

Just below, on the same page, he has

> I see but little difference truly;

and at page 76 he fairly puts the climax to metrical absurdity in the lines which follow:

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> The spirit builds his house in *the* last flowers—
> A beautiful mansion; how the colors live,
> Intricately delicate!

This is to be read, of course, intrikkitly delikkit, and "intrikkittly delikkit" it is—unless, indeed, we are very especially mistaken.

The affectations—the Tennysonisms of Mr. Channing—pervade his book at all points, and are not easily particularized. He employs, for example, the word "delight," for "delighted;" as at page 2:

> Delight to trace the mountain-brook's descent.

He uses, also, all the prepositions in a different sense from the rabble. If, for instance, he was called upon to say "on," he would n't say it by any means, but he 'd say "off," and endeavor to make it answer the purpose. For "to," in the same manner, he says "from;" for "with," "of," and so on: at page 2, for example:

> Nor less in winter, mid the glittering banks
> Heaped *of* unspotted snow, the maiden roved.

For "serene," he says "*serene*:" as at page 4:

> The influences of this *serene* isle.

For "subdued," he says "*sub*dued:" as at page 16:

> So full of thought, so *sub*dued to bright fears.

By the way, what kind of fears *are* bright?

For "eternal," he says "eterne:" as at page 30:

> Has risen, *and* an eterne sun now paints.

For "friendless," he substitutes "friend*less*:" as at page 31:

> Are drawn in other figures. Not friend*less*.

To "future," he prefers "*future*:" as at page 32:

> Sometime of sorrow. Joy to thy *future*.

To "azure," in the same way, he prefers "*azure*:" as at page 46:

> Ye stand each separate in the *azure*.

In place of "unheard," he writes "*un*heard:" as thus, at page 47:

> Or think, tho' *un*heard, that your sphere is dumb.

In place of "perchance," he writes "*per*chance:" as at page 71:

> When *per*chance sorrow with her icy smile.

Instead of "more infinite," he writes "*infini*ter," with an accent on the "nit," as thus, at page 100:

> Hope's child, I summon *infini*ter powers.

And here we might as well ask Mr. Channing, in passing, what idea he attaches to infinity, and whether he really thinks that he is at liberty to subject the adjective "infinite" to degrees of comparison. Some of these days we shall hear, no doubt, of "eternal, eternaler, and eternalest."

Our author is quite enamored of the word "sumptuous," and talks about "sumptuous trees" and "sumptuous girls," with no other object, we think, than to employ the epithet at all hazards and upon all occasions. He seems unconscious that it means nothing more than expensive, or costly; and we are not quite sure that either trees or girls are, in America, either the one or the other.

For "loved" Mr. C. prefers to say "was loving," and takes great pleasure in the law phrase "the same." Both peculiarities are examplified at page 20, where he says:

> The maid was loving this enamored same.

He is fond, also, of inversions and contractions, and employs them in a very singular manner. At page 15 he has:

> Now may I thee describe a Paradise.

At page 86 he says:

> Thou lazy river, flowing neither way
> Me figurest and yet thy banks seem gay.

At page 143 he writes:

> Men change that Heaven above not more;

meaning that men change so much that Heaven above does not change more. At page 150, he says:

> But so much soul hast thou within thy form
> Than luscious summer days thou art the more;

by which he would imply that the lady has so much soul within her form that she is more luscious than luscious summer days.

Were we to quote specimens under the general head of "utter and irredeemable nonsense," we should quote nine tenths of the book. Such nonsense, we mean, as the following, from page 11:

> I hear thy solemn anthem fall,
> Of richest song, upon my ear,
> That clothes thee in thy golden pall,
> As this wide sun flows on the mere.

Now let us translate this: He hears (Mr. Channing,) a solemn anthem, of richest song, fall upon his ear, and this anthem clothes the individual who sings it in that individual's golden pall, in the same manner that, or at the time when, the wide sun flows on the mere—which is all very delightful, no doubt.

At page 37, he informs us that,

> ——It is not living,
> To a soul believing,
> To change each noble joy,
> Which our strength employs,
> For a state half rotten
> And a life of toys,

And that it is

> Better to be forgotten
> Than lose equipoise.

And we dare say it is, if one could only understand what kind of equipoise is intended. It is better to be forgotten, for instance, than to lose one's equipoise on the top of a shot tower.

Occupying the whole of page 88, he has the six lines which follow, and we will present any one (the author not excepted,) with a copy of the volume, if any one will tell us what they are all about:

> He came and waved a little silver wand,
> He dropped the veil that hid a statue fair,
> He drew a circle with that pearly hand,
> His grace confin'd that beauty in the air,
> Those limbs so gentle now at rest from flight,
> Those quiet eyes now musing on the night.

At page 102, he has the following:

> Dry leaves with yellow ferns, they are
> Fit wreath of Autumn, while a star
> Still, bright, and pure, our frosty air
> Shivers in twinkling points
> Of thin celestial hair
> And thus one side of Heaven anoints.

This we think we can explain. Let us see. Dry leaves, mixed with yellow ferns, are a wreath fit for autumn at the time when our frosty air shivers a still,

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bright, and pure star with twinkling points of thin celestial hair, and with this hair, or hair plaster, anoints one side of the sky. Yes—this is it—no doubt.

At page 123, we have these lines:

> My sweet girl is lying still
> In her lovely atmosphere;
> The gentle hopes her blue veins fill
> With pure silver warm and clear.
>
> O see her hair, O mark her breast!
> Would it not, *O!* comfort thee,
> If, thou couldst nightly go to rest
> By that virgin chastity?

Yes; we think, upon the whole, it would. The eight lines are entitled a "Song," and we should like very much to hear Mr. Channing sing it.

Pages 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, and 41, are filled with short "Thoughts" in what Mr. C. supposes to be the manner of Jean Paul. One of them runs thus:

> How shall I live? In earnestness.
> What shall I do? Work earnestly.
> What shall I give? A willingness.
> What shall I gain? Tranquillity.
> But do you mean a quietness
> In which I act and no man bless?
> Flash out in action infinite and free,
> Action conjoined with deep tranquillity,
> Resting upon the soul's true utterance,
> And life shall flow as merry as a dance.

All our readers will be happy to hear, we are sure, that Mr. C. is going "to flash out." Elsewhere, at page 97, he expresses very similar sentiments:

> My empire is myself and I defy
> The external; yes, I rule the whole or die!

It will be observed, here, that Mr. Channing's empire is *himself*, (a small kingdom, however,) that he intends to defy "the external," whatever that is—perhaps he means the internals—and that, in short, he is going to rule the whole or die; all which is very proper, indeed, and nothing more than we have to expect from Mr. C.

Again, at page 146, he is rather fierce than otherwise. He says;

> We surely were not meant to ride the sea,
> Skimming the wave in that so prisoned small,
> Reposing our infinite faculties utterly.
> Boom like a roaring sunlit waterfall,
> Humming to infinite abysms: speak loud, speak free!

Here Mr. Channing not only intends to "speak loud and free" himself, but advises every body else to do likewise. For his own part, he says, he is going to "*boom*"—"to hum and to boom"—to "hum like a roaring waterfall," and "boom to an infinite abysm." What, in the name of Belzebub, *is* to become of us all?

At page 39, while indulging in similar bursts of fervor and of indignation, he says:

> Thou meetest a common man
> With a delusive show of *can*,

and this passage we quote by way of instancing what we consider the only misprint in the book. Mr. Channing could never have meant to say:

> Thou meetest a common man
> With a delusive show of *can*;

for what *is* a delusive show of *can*? No doubt it should have been,

> Thou meetest a little pup
> With a delusive show of tin-cup.

A can, we believe, is a tin-cup, and the cup must have been tied to the tail of the pup. Boys *will* do such tricks, and there is no earthly way of preventing them, we believe, short of cutting off their heads—or the tails of the pups.

And this remarkable little volume is, after all, by William Ellery Channing. A great name, it has been said, is, in many cases, a great misfortune. We hear daily complaints from the George Washington Dixons, the Socrates Smiths, and the Napoleon Buonaparte Joneses, about the inconsiderate ambition of their parents and sponsors. By inducing invidious comparison, these *prænomina* get their bearers (so they say) into every variety of scrape. If George Washington Dixon, for example, does not think proper, upon compulsion, to distinguish himself as a patriot, he is considered a very singular man; and Socrates Smith is never brought up before his honor the Mayor without receiving a double allowance of thirty days; while his honor the Mayor can assign no sounder reason for his severity, than that better things than getting toddied are to be expected of Socrates. Napoleon Buonaparte Jones, on the other hand, to say nothing of being called Nota Bene Jones by all his acquaintance, is cowskinned, with perfect regularity, five times a month, merely because people *will* feel it a point of honor to cowskin a Napoleon Buonaparte.

And yet these gentlemen—the Smiths and the Joneses—are wrong *in toto*—as the Smiths and the Joneses invariably are. They are wrong, we say, in accusing their parents and sponsors. They err in attributing their misfortunes and persecutions to the *prænomina*—to the names assigned them at the baptismal font. Mr. Socrates Smith does not receive his double quantum of thirty days because he is called Socrates, but because he is called Socrates *Smith*. Mr. Napoleon Buonaparte Jones is not in the weekly receipt of a flogging on account of being Mr. Napoleon Buonaparte, but simply on account of being Mr. Napoleon Buonaparte *Jones*. Here, indeed, is a clear distinction. It is the surname which is to blame, after all. Mr. Smith must drop the Smith. Mr. Jones should discard the Jones. No one would ever think of taking Socrates—Socrates solely—to the watch-house; and there is not a bully living who would venture to cowskin Napoleon Buonaparte *per se*. And the reason is plain. With nine individuals out of ten, as the world is at present happily constituted, Mr. Socrates (without the Smith) would be taken for the veritable philosopher of whom we have heard so much, and Mr. Napoleon Buonaparte (without the Jones) would be received implicitly as the hero of Austerlitz. And should Mr. Napoleon Buonaparte (without the Jones) give an opinion upon military strategy, it would be heard with the profoundest respect. And should Mr. Socrates (without the Smith) deliver a lecture, or write a book, what critic so bold as not to pronounce it more luminous than the logic of Emerson, and more profound than the Orphicism of Alcott. In fact, both Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones, in the case we have imagined, would derive, through their own ingenuity, a very material advantage. But no such ingenuity has been needed in the case of Mr. William Ellery Channing, who has been be-

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friended by Fate, or the foresight of his sponsors, and who has *no* Jones or Smith at the end of his name.

And here, too, a question occurs. There are many people in the world silly enough to be deceived by appearances. There are individuals so crude in intellect—so *green*, (if we may be permitted to employ a word which answers our purpose much better than any other in the language,) so green, we say, as to imagine, in the absence of any indication to the contrary, that a volume bearing upon its title-page the name of William Ellery Channing, must necessarily be the posthumous work of that truly illustrious author, the *sole* William Ellery Channing of whom any body in the world ever heard. There are a vast number of uninformed young persons prowling about our book-shops, who will be raw enough to buy, and even to read half through this pretty little book, (God preserve and forgive them!) mistaking it for the composition of another. But what then? Are not books made, as well as razors, to sell? The poet's name *is* William Ellery Channing—is it *not*? And if a man has not a right to the use of his own name, to the use of what has he a right? And could the poet have reconciled it to his conscience to have injured the sale of his own volume by any uncalled-for announcement upon the title-page, or in a preface, to the effect that he is not his father, but only his father's very intelligent son? To put the case more clearly by reference to our old friends, Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones. Is either Mr. Smith, when mistaken for Socrates, or Mr. Jones, when accosted as Napoleon, bound, by any conceivable species of honor, to inform the whole world—the one, that he is not Socrates, but only Socrates Smith; the other, that he is by no means Napoleon Buonaparte, but only Napoleon Buonaparte Jones?

TO THE LADY ISABELLA.

[EXCUSE FOR NOT MAKING A PARTING CALL.]

BY HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN.

When starry gems from Heaven are cast
The winds awake no knell,
When rose-leaves fall before the blast
Birds sing no sad farewell;
When waves their sparkles cease to throw
Upon the pebbly shore,
When sunset hues no longer glow,
And green boughs wave no more,
No *words* at Nature's shrine are breathed,
She *silently* lays down
The garland that her temples wreathed,
And takes the withered crown:

But in her mystic circle's range
There lurks a quiet spell,
Where time and beauty interchange
Their eloquent farewell.
And so when I am called to lose
Communion sweet and dear,
And feel no more its holy dews
My weary spirit cheer,
As streams that drooping willows shade
From sunshine turn aside,
Let me from joys thy presence made
In mournful silence glide.

THOU ART NOT HERE.

BY S. D. PATTERSON.

Thou art not here! I seek, alas!
In vain, thy well known form to see—
And list to hear those words of love,
Which once were wont to welcome me.
But silence, gloomy silence reigns,
Where late, thy blessed presence shed
Light, life and rapture. Can it be,
That I must mourn thee, loved one—dead?

'Tis all too true. I mark'd the blight
Of fell disease upon thy cheek;
And watch'd, with anguish'd soul, the signs
Which, plainer far than words, could speak
The doom of one so fair, so young,
So twined, by every sacred tie,
Around my heart—and then I felt,
How bitterly! that thou must die.

Thou art not here—but here are they,
Sweet scions of the parent stem,
The loved and loving ties, which bound
Us to each other and to them.
I trace thy features in each face—
In every grace thy charms appear—
Thus, whilst I press them to my heart,
I feel, beloved one, thou art near!

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

History of the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands: By James Jackson Jarves. One volume, octavo. Boston, Tappan & Dennet; Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.

The unfortunate La Perouse, while cruising in the southern seas, rejoices that he "has no occasion to stop at those everlasting Society Islands, of which more has been written than concerning several of the kingdoms of Europe." Readers of the present day may deem this remark as applicable to the Sandwich Islands as it was formerly to the southern group. We have a variety of works upon the Hawaiians, written by missionaries, and counter statements, by sundry voyagers; yet the perusal of either or all of them leaves only a confused and unsatisfactory impression upon the mind of the merchant, the philanthropist, or the Christian. The work before us supplies the desideratum. It is complete in itself, and contains more than every previous publication upon the subject. Mr. Jarves has not only given us a complete history of the Hawaiians, from the most authentic sources, but he has embodied in his book all that is interesting in regard to their manners, customs, and civil polity, the geography and resources of the islands, and their commercial and political relations with foreign powers. His style, though occasionally somewhat too ornate and formal, is generally perspicuous and agreeable, and he has so tempered the spirit of his narrative as to avoid in most cases the overwrought descriptions of the missionaries and the yet more prejudiced accounts by licentious residents and superficial visiters.

It might be well, did our limits permit, to discuss at length some of the subjects suggested in the work before us, and even to take a discursive view, prospective and retrospective, of that vast archipelago of Polynesia which is destined at some early period to become the West Indies of the Pacific, with the Hawaiian group for its Cuba. We should like to dwell for a few moments upon the question of the Malayan origin of the Polynesian races; to look backward to that period when the Malayans, now bands of barbarian pirates, were distinguished as an enterprising, commercial people, skilled in many of the useful arts, and traversing in their ships large portions of the western Pacific and Indian seas; to examine the opinion—sustained by numerous facts—that these adventurers were occasionally driven by adverse winds to the coasts of America, and founded here the earliest colonies. There is little doubt that all the inhabitants of the Pacific islands had a common origin, and Dr. Lang, in an elaborate essay, supports the theory that the "ancient discovery and progressive settlement of America were accomplished by a Polynesian nation." Whether this hypothesis be true or not, there are good reasons for believing that our aborigines and the Polynesians were of one family at a period not very remote from that of their migrations to the countries in which they now live, and where the signs of their identity may still be traced. Much attention has recently been directed to the ruins of Palenque, and we have been surprised that no comparison has been made of these vestiges of old civilization with those in some of the islands in the southern seas, so like them as to render certain a relationship between their authors. The Marianne Isles, near the Philippines, are covered with massive ruins like the temples in Uxmal. The island of Tinian, though but thirty miles in circumference, contains a vast number of gigantic temples and palaces, called by the natives "houses of the ancients;" in the island of Rota are broken columns and arches of "a circular edifice more than eight hundred paces in circumference;" in the island of Ascension are the remains of a structure enclosing a square within a square of more than four acres, with walls, of hewn stone, thirty feet high, and so thick as to contain arched vaults and secret passages. There are many subjects of this kind which we might notice at length in a more elaborate review.

Mr. Jarves devotes several chapters to the early history, government, religion and customs of the Hawaiians—necessarily, like those of the first eras of all countries, involved in obscurity, and known at all only through the ballads of their minstrels. Mungo Park found in the heart of Africa a class of singing men, the only annalists of their tribes, and heard them recount the story of the great victory which Daniel, the prince of the Jalaffs, won over Abdulkader; and Capt. Barclay, when first visiting the Sandwich Islands, heard their bards recite the heroic actions of Tamahaméha. We should have been pleased if Mr. Jarves had given us more specimens of the songs and ballads still sung by the Hawaiian scalds. An ode to the Soul, by Maewa, indicates a peculiarity of their religion. They supposed they had two spirits, one remaining ever with the body, and the other leaving it, for good or evil, to aid a friend or pursue an enemy. We quote the beginning of this ode, with a translation by one of the American missionaries.

"Aloha, ka ahane, ka hospiti o ke kino;
I pili ka ua me ka la,
A i ke anuenue nie ke kookoo,
Aloha kua hea ohuuu o kahi kanaka ole.
A o hoi na, kuu hospiti, o ka ua lanipo lua,
Hea ae ole o na Kaawalu,
A me na makani eha;
Kuu hoa e ka maoma kawalawala,
A me ka maka pontiuiu ai ole;
He pokakaa, ia e hoho ana,
A hala na makahiki eha,
Malaila no ka hanaka aloha ana mai," &c.

TRANSLATION.

"Farewell, thou soul, the body's near companion,
Companion in the rain and in the sun,
In the piercing cold and in the chilly damp.
Farewell, my mate; we have communed together in the still retreat,
Been companions in the crowd and in the silent places.
And thou art going, my dearest friend, to the dark storm,
Who rulest with me o'er the waves of the eight seas,*
And when contending with the four winds;
My companion in rare-foil meals,
And in long fasting faintness.
While living here, the sun has onward rolled,
And four full years have past;
'Tis but a vapor of a loved remembrance;" &c.

After describing social life in Hawaii previous to the visits of Captain Cook, our author points out the changes which have since occurred; traces the history of their progress from its primary causes; the influences of civilization and commerce; and presents in a strong light the contrast between the past and present.

The unwarrantable attack upon Honolulu by the French commander, La Place, to establish the claims of the Roman Catholic missionaries, and the introduction of French wines, is animadverted upon in the latter part of the volume with great severity and justice. Mr. Jarves has devoted a large portion of his work to an account of the difficulties with which the missionaries from this country have had to contend, and he dwells with the ardor of an advocate upon the course of the American clergy and the

* The several channels between the islands.

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Hawaiian government against the French priests. Upon no other portion of his work will there be such a diversity of opinions. The missionaries have been charged with interfering with the administration of justice, and with procuring from the government intolerant restrictions against the Roman Catholics. It is true that they were often consulted by the authorities, as the most honest and enlightened civilians in the islands, and that they were occasionally solicited to give advice in important political transactions. It has been so in many places. The British missionaries in the Society Islands were the chief counsellors of the queen and supreme minister in regard to the treaty with the United States, offered by Captain Thomas Ap Catesby Jones. Upon the question of the rights of the Roman Catholic priests in the Sandwich Islands there may be some doubt. Two French missionaries, Rives and Mirieri, had gained some influence over the Hawaiian authorities before the arrival of the Americans, in 1820, and they caused our countrymen to be kept at sea eight days without the privilege of landing. Rives, who was then the king's interpreter, has ever been the principal instigator of opposition to the Protestants, who finally succeded in gaining the favor of the government and the people, so that laws were passed prohibiting the introduction or establishment of the Roman Catholic religion, on the ground that it resembled too much in its forms the old Hawaiian idolatry.

A new interest has been imparted to these islands by the ridiculous proceedings of Captain Lord Paulet, who recently "seized the king, court and government in the name of his mistress the Queen of England." This Lord Paulet would be a vagabond if he were not a nobleman. He has been repeatedly arrested in the streets of London for rioting and ruffianism, and probably was sent abroad that he might not disgrace himself and his caste at home. His conduct, as might have been anticipated, has been disavowed by the English ministry.

Parochial Sermons: By John Henry Newman, B. D., Fellow of Oriel College, and Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford. New York, D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia, G. S. Appleton. Two vols. 8vo.

The author of these sermons is the reputed writer of Tract XC. which was the crowning publication of that series, issuing from Oxford, which has created greater sensation than any English theological works during the present century. But he who opens these volumes in the hope of finding the peculiarities of the Oxford Theology, supported by elaborate argument, will be disappointed; and, on the other hand, the reader who arms himself in triple caution against what he deems the errors of the Tractarians, will find when he reaches the end of the second volume that his panoply of resistance might have been spared. And to the end of the second volume every reader will go, whose habits of reading or of study incline him to such works as the one under notice. Eloquent but simple and nervous English, direct and forcible arrangement of the points of the subjects, mark these sermons as models in style; while a spirit of fervent piety breathes through them all, which gives them, what we too seldom find in printed sermons, the persuasiveness and force of spoken discourses. The reader who could feel the influence of oratory, were the author addressing him in person, must forget, while reading his book, that he is not present and exhorting him in living words.

We would by no means be understood to say that the Parochial Sermons contain no marks of the characteristics of their author; but we have the opinion of one American prelate of the Episcopal Church, that "the portions of their contents about which there is a difference of opinion, are not to be set in the scale against the general tendency of the volumes;" and of another, that, "while they are free from those extravagances of opinion usually ascribed to the author of the 90th Tract, they assert in the strongest manner the true doctrines of the Reformation in England, and enforce with peculiar solemnity and effect that holiness of life, with the means thereto, so characteristic of the fathers of that trying age."

It may be true that the writer shows in some particulars that he is for Cephas or Apollos; but in his leading and cardinal views he speaks as the ambassador of a greater than any earthly teacher; and he who reads the Parochial Sermons, in the spirit in which they should be read, cannot fail to derive edification, whatever be his sentiments upon the mooted points which they barely touch. This magazine represents no school in Theology, nor does it assume to teach or to inform its readers upon any but æsthetic doctrines; yet the reviewer can but feel confident that he has done the reader good service in directing his attention, if indeed it has not already been thus directed, to this collection of sermons, which will rank among the most elegant in diction and practical in application in the English language.

Lays of My Home, and Other Poems: By John G. Whittier. One volume, duodecimo. Boston, William D. Ticknor; Philadelphia, Herman Hooker.

Of all the American poets Whittier has the most strength, the most vigor, the most independence. His lines ring like the clang of the anvil. He has no meek phrases for any kind of rascality. Like Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn Law Rhymer, whom of all the English bards he most resembles, he "speaks as he feels, and he feels like a MAN." He hates all that is false, treacherous, tyrranous, and loves all that is true, ingenuous, liberal. He is not free from prejudices. His ancestors, for four or five generations, lived on the same estate, by the margin of the Merrimack, and suffered, perhaps, from Puritan intolerance. He inherits, with their home, their principles, feelings, sympathies. In the following spirited ballad he has displayed the strong enthusiasm of the early Quaker, the short-sighted bigotry of the clergy and magistrates, and that fellow-feeling which the "common people," when not directly under the control of spiritual despotism, have ever evinced. It is founded upon an incident related in Sewall's History. A son and daughter of Lawrence Southwick, of Salem, who had himself been imprisoned and deprived of all his property for having entertained two Quakers at his house, were fined, for not attending church, ten pounds each, which they were unable to pay. The General Court, then sitting at Boston, issued an order by which the treasurer of the county was "fully empowered to *sell the said persons* to any of the English nation at *Virginia or Barbadoes*, to answer said fines." An attempt was made to carry the decree into execution, but no ship-master was found willing to convey the prisoners to the West Indies.

THE BALLAD OF CASSANDRA SOUTHWICK.

To the God of all pure mercies let my blessing rise to-day,
From the scoffer and the cruel he hath plucked the spoil away,—
Yea, He who cools the furnace around the faithful three,
And turned the Chaldean lions, hath set his handmaid free!

Last night I saw the sunset melt through my prison bars,
Last night across my clasped earth-flowers fell the pale gleams of stars;
In the coldness and the darkness all through the long night time,
My grated casement whitened with Autumn's early rime.

Alone, in that dark sorrow, hour after hour crept by;
Star after star looked palely in and sank adown the sky;
No sound of human creature, save that which seemed to be
The dull and heavy beating of the pulses of the sea;

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All night I sat unsleeping, for I knew that on the morrow
The ruler and the cruel priest would mock me in my sorrow,
Dragged to their place of market, and bargained for and sold,
Like a lamb before the shambles, like a heifer from the fold!

Oh, the weakness of the flesh was there—the shrinking and the shame
And the low voice of the Tempter like whispers to me came:
"Why sit'st thou thus forlornly!" the wicked murmur said,
"Damp walls thy bowers of beauty, cold earth thy maiden bed!

"Where be the smiling faces, and voices soft and sweet,
Seen in the father's dwelling, heard in the pleasant street?
Where be the youths, whose glances the summer sabbath through
Turned tenderly and timidly unto thy father's pew?

"Why sit'st thou here, Cassandra?—Bethink thee with what mirth
Thy happy schoolmates gather around the warm bright hearth;
How the careering sledges jingle, and checkerads white and fair,
On eyes of merry girlhood, ball-lad in golden hair.

Not for thee the hearth-fire brightens, not for thee kind words are spoken,
Not for thee the nuts of Westham wards by laughing boys are broken,
No first-fruits of the orchard within thy lips are tried,
For thee no flowers of Autumn the youthful hunters braid.

"Oh! weak, deluded maiden!—by crazy fancies led,
With wild and raving rulers an evil path to tread:
To leave a widow's worship, and to relate pure and sound:
And mate with brazen women, loose haired and sackcloth-bound.

"Mad scoffers of the priesthood, who mock at things divine,
Who rail against the pulpit and holy bread and wine;
Scorn from their sacred sovereign, and from the pillory lame,
Rejoicing in their wretchedness, and glorying in their shame.

"And what a fate awaits thee?—a lily trifling slave,
Dragging the unholy lengthening chain of bondage to the grave!
Think of thy woman's nature, subdued in hopeless thrall,
The easy prey of any, the scorn and scorn of all!"

Oh!—ever as the Tempter spoke, and feeble Nature's fears
Wrung from my drop the sex-clear flow of unavailing tears,
I wrestled down the evil thoughts, and strove in silent prayer,
To feel, oh, Helper of the weak!—that Thou indeed wert there!

I thought of Paul and Silas, within Philippi's cell,
And how from Peter's pleasant limbs the prison shackles fell,
Till I seemed to hear the rushing of an angel's ride of white,
And to feel a blessed presence intangible to sight.

Bless the Lord for all His mercies!—for the peace and love I felt,
Like dew of Hermon's holy hill, upon my spirit melt;
When, "Get behind me, Satan!" was the language of my heart,
And I felt the Evil Tempter with all his doubts depart.

Slow broke the gray cold morning; again the sunshine fell,
Flecked with the shade of bar and grate within my lonely cell;
The hour first waited on the wall, and upward from the street
Came careless laugh and idle word, and tread of passing feet.

At length the heavy bolts fell back, my door was open cast,
And slowly at the sheriff's side, up the long street I passed;
I heard the murmur round me, and felt, but dared not see,
How, from every door and window, the people gazed on me.

And doubt and fear fell on me, shame burned upon my cheek,
Swam earth and sky around me, my trembling limbs grew weak:
"Oh, Lord! support thy handmaid, and from her mouth cast out
The fear of man, which brings a snare—the weakness and the doubt."

Then the dreary shadows scattered like a cloud in morning's breeze,
And a low, deep voice within me seemed I whisper'd words like these:
"Though dry earth be on the stone, and thy lessons a brazen wall,
Trust still His loving kindness whose power is over all."

We paused at length where at my feet the sunlit waters broke
On the stony reach of shining beach, and slimely wall of rock;
The merchant ships lay idly there, in hard clear lines on high,
Tracing with rope and slender spar their network on the sky.

And there were ancient citizens, cloak wrapped and grave and cold,
And cynic and scornful women, sour faced and silent and old,
And on his horse, with Rivers, his cruel rack at hand,
Sat dark and haughty Endicott, the ruler of the land.

And poisoning with his evil words the ruler's ready ear,
The priest leaned over his saddle, with looks of scorn and jeer;
It stirred my soul, as I met from my lips the seal of silence broke,
As if through woman's weakness a warning spirit spoke.

I cried, "The Lord rebuke thee, thou smiter of the meek,
Thou robber of the righteous, thy triumph is brief!
Go, light the dark, cold hearthstones—go turn the prison lock
Of the poor hearts thou hast hunted, thou wolf round the flock!"

Dark lowered the brows of Endicott, and with a deeper red
O'er Rawson's wine-empurpled cheek the flush of anger spread;
"Good people," quoth the white-lipped priest, "heed not her words so wild,
Her Master speaks within her—the Devil owns his child!"

But gray heads shook, and young brows knit, the while the sheriff read
The law the wicked rulers against the poor have made,
Who builds an house of Ramoth and idol priesthood bring
No bended knee of worship, nor grateful offering.

Then to the stout sea-captains the sheriff turning said:
"Which of ye, my gallants, will take this Quaker maid?
In the isle of fair Barbadoes, or on Virginia's shore,
You may hold her at a higher price than Indian girl or Moor."

Grim and silent stood the captains; and when again he cried,
"Speak out, my worthy seamen!"—no voice or sign replied;
But I felt a hard hand press my own, and kind words met my ears:
"God bless thee, and preserve thee, my gentle girl and dear!"

A weight seemed lifted from my heart,—a pitying friend was nigh,
I felt at my side his kind, rough hand, and saw it in his eye;
And when again the sheriff spoke, that voice, so kind to me,
Growled back its stormy answer like the roaring of the sea:

"Pile my ship with bars of silver—pack with coins of Spanish gold,
From her deepest hold to deck-plank, the cargo of her hold,
By the Living God who made me! I would sooner in your bay
Sink ship and crew and cargo, than bear this child away!"

"Well answered, worthy captain, shame on their cruel laws!"
Ran through the crowd in murmurs loud the people's just applause.
"Like the herdsman of Tekoa, to Israel of old,
Shall we see the poor and righteous again for silver sold?"

I looked on haughty Endicott; with wrapped half way drawn,
Swept round the throng his haughty glare of bitter hate and scorn;
Fiercely he drew his bridle rein, and turned in silence back,
And sneering priest and baffled clerk rode counseling in his track.

Hard after them the sheriff looked, in bitterness of soul;
Those words his staff upon the ground, and crushed his parchment roll.
"Good friends," he said, "since both have fled, the ruler and the priest,
Judge ye, if from their further work I be not well released."

Loud was the cheer which, full and clear, swept round the silent bay,
As, with kinds words and kinder looks, he led me on my way;
For He who turns the courses of the streams of the globe,
And the river of great waters, had turned the hearts of men.

Oh, at that hour the very earth seemed changed beneath my eye,
A holier air around me rose the lid-like walls of the sky,
A brighter light the rock and hill, and stream and wood-land lay,
And softer lapsed on summer sands the waters of the bay.

Thanksgiving to the Lord of life!—to Him all praises be,
Who from the hands of evil men hath set His handmaid free;
All praise to Him for He whose power the mighty are afraid,
Who takes the crafty in the snare, which for the poor is laid!

Sing, oh, my soul, rejoicingly, on evening's twilight calm
Uplift the holy thanksgiving—pour forth the grateful psalm;
Let all dear hearts with mine rejoice, as did the saints of old,
Were of the Lord's good angel be rescued Peter told.

And weep and howl, ye evil priests and mighty men of wrong,
The Lord shall smite the proud and lay His hand upon the strong.
Woe to the wicked rulers in His avenging hour!
Woe to the wolves who seek the flocks to ravage and devour!

But let the humble ones arise,—the poor in heart be glad,
And let the mourning ones again with robes of praise be clad.
For He who cooled the furnace, and walked mid the stormy waves,
And tamed the Chaldean lions, is mighty still to save!

This is written in the true ballad style. In a different spirit altogether are the beautiful poems entitled "Raphael," "Follen," "Chalkley Hall," and "To a Friend on her Return from Europe," which, did our limits permit, we would gladly present to our readers as most chaste and finished compositions, in their way worthy of the best masters.

Mr. Whittier is by no means a faultless versifier. He sometimes writes very carelessly, and fails of that directness and simplicity which distinguish the productions of the poet thoroughly trained in the school of taste. We have not now however space in which to point out his defects, and content ourselves with awarding that meed of praise to which the volume before us is so well entitled.

Clontarf, or the Field of the Green Banner; An Historical Romance, with Other Poems: By J. Augustus Shea. One volume duodecimo. New York, D. Appleton & Co.

The principal poem in the volume takes its name from the battle of Clontarf, in which the Irish, under the famous Brian Boiroihme, defeated the Danes, and ended forever their struggle for dominion in Ireland. Mr. Shea has the vivid fancy and warm imagination for which his countrymen are usually distinguished, and he writes with ease, directness and elegance. We had marked several passages in Clontarf and one of the minor poems, to quote, but are reluctantly compelled to omit them.

Mental Hygiene; or an Examination of the Intellect and Passions, designed to illustrate their Influence on Health and the Duration of Life; By William Sweetser, M. D. One volume, duodecimo. New York, J. & H. G. Langley.

The author of this work, by his popular treatises on Indigestion and Consumption, became known as a sensible and attractive writer. The object of the present work is to exhibit the effects of the passions on health. Every position is supported by well authenticated facts; and the happy quotations and agreeable anecdotes interspersed through the book render it entertaining as well as instructive. Some essay of the kind has long been needed; and at a period so abounding in occasions of mental and moral excitement as the present it will be read with signal advantage by persons of every class and profession.

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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THE MILLIONAIRE.

BY JAMES K. PAULDING, AUTHOR OF "THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRE-SIDE," "WESTWARD HO!" ETC.

In a certain great city of the new world, which shall be nameless, there once lived, and, in fact, lives still, a citizen, at one time somewhat better known than respected, but who maintained rather a dignified position in society, on the score of the possession of three tin boxes, painted green, one of which was filled with deeds of the kind which may be emphatically called *good* deeds—the second, with bonds and mortgages—the third, with certificates of the stock of various incorporations, not one of which divided less than ten per cent. per annum. These were his patents of nobility, and gave him equal claims with those highly descended nobles of the old world, possessing a coat of arms with thirty-six quarterings, and a pedigree derived from the most impenetrable obscurity. And why should they not? It would be difficult to give a good reason why bonds, mortgages and stocks, gained by a life of persevering industry, should not confer equal rank and dignity, with lands acquired, for the most part, originally, by rapine and oppression.

Be this as it may; our wealthy citizen, whose name was Caleb Plant, had, by dint of poring over his genealogy in the tin boxes, gradually acquired a considerable degree of self-sufficiency. He would occasionally indulge in various sarcastic innendoes, having reference to upstart pretenders; and as for his good lady, she held her head above the clouds, and trod the world under her feet—by which is meant, that she despised all beneath, and crouched to all above her. If a titled foreigner came in the way of Caleb and his spouse, he might think himself extremely fortunate if he escaped being surfeited by a quick succession, a perfect *feu de joie*, of horrible attentions. Mrs. Plant having been, at least, fifteen years on the turf of fashion, considered herself one of the aborigines of the *beau monde*, and her indignation at the intrusion of an interloper was awful. Had it been possible, she would have planted spring-guns and man-traps around the sacred precincts, to deter these insolent poachers. In short, Caleb was a millionaire, which, in all conscience, is equal to the title of count, or marquis, with thirty generations of uninterrupted gentility.

But though Caleb often said so, he never could bring himself to think so, for there was always in a secret corner of his heart a lurking consciousness of inferiority, whenever he came in contact with persons of real merit; for, after all the paltry pretensions of rank and wealth, that is the standard by which men always estimate each other in the end. We may contemplate the distant shadow of a pigmy, as it lengthens over the plain, with admiration for a moment, but the instant we compare it with the substance, the illusion vanishes. In like manner the rank, the splendor, and the power of kings, which overwhelm the imagination with a feeling of awe and reverence, dwindle into objects of contempt and derision, when we find, from the evidence of the senses, that they are in the possession of a fool, or a madman. The way to estimate the real dignity of men, is to bring them into contact with each other, and set them in action. It is then that the great talker often turns out a coward, the rich man incapable of protecting his own wealth, and that the king becomes dependent on the basket-maker. Caleb often learned this lesson; and, though it made him never the wiser, it detracted much from that portion of his happiness which was derived from the ignoble pride of superior wealth. He was perpetually reminded, not by the ill-natured sneers of others, but by his own self-consciousness, that the

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men he affected to look down upon, were incomparably above him in knowledge, in intellect, and in all the qualities that give one man a natural claim to superiority over another. His great wealth, by investing him with the power to confer benefits and inflict injuries, necessarily gave him a station and influence in society; but, though others might think him great, he always felt himself little; and the latter years of his life had been one incessant struggle to disguise from himself what he often managed to conceal from the world. Hence he was zealous in cultivating the acquaintance of strangers, or rather inviting them to great entertainments, where he sought to dazzle them by outward show, while his inward deficiencies escaped detection in the labyrinth of a crowd, or behind an immense silver tureen.

Caleb Plant had come to the city a poor country boy, and by a series of well directed industry, joined to the most rigid habits of economy, aided by constant prudence, and that occasional good fortune by which it is ever rewarded, about the age of forty-five had amassed a great estate. The prudent mothers of grown up daughters had long had their eyes upon him, but he was too busy, too constantly in action to be hit by the shaft of Cupid, who seldom shoots flying. It is impossible for a man to fall in love while he is running full tilt after Lady Fortune; and friend Caleb never contemplated the desperate throw of the matrimonial die, until one bitter, stormy evening, when the wind whistled, the snows beat against the windows, and the "spirit of the storm," so often conjured up by modern bards, roared and yelled, and knocked furiously at the doors and windows for admittance. Caleb sat alone at his fireside. He had read the newspaper, and attempted a story in some mammoth sheet, and got along pretty smoothly, until it became necessary to turn over a new leaf, when he lost the track, wandered from one vast region to another, until he became perfectly bewildered, and, at length, so impatient that he cast it into the flames, and thereby incontinently set fire to the chimney. After the hubbub had subsided, he threw himself back in his chair, and began to sum up what he was worth; but not being able to ascertain the point altogether to his satisfaction, he had resort to his tin boxes, and clearly made himself out a millionaire. He pondered on this agreeable circumstance until he fairly got tired—for even the contemplation of wealth is a pleasure that wears thread-bare at last—and could hardly keep his eyes open, though it was only eight o'clock. All at once, however, he started up with great alacrity, and, ringing the bell, ordered a glass of whiskey punch, with which he regaled himself gloriously. But, after all, drinking with oneself, thought Caleb, is a poor business. He had a great mind to call in his factotum Absalom and have a set-to with him, until his dignity came and rescued him from such a groveling alternative. Then he suddenly rose again from his chair, paced the room from right to left, and from one corner to another, with his head declined a little forward, as if in deep thought, and his hands clasped behind him. Thus he continued for some time, when suddenly he seemed to become inspired—he rubbed his hands together, cocked his nose and chin, and exclaimed at intervals, in disjointed sentences, "Yes—yes—I wonder I never thought of it before. I'll do it, by Jupiter—I'll look out for a wife, as soon as this infernal storm is over." Thus a long storm and a glass of whiskey punch brought Caleb Plant to the desperate point of matrimony. How many Benedicts can give better reasons than these?

It cleared up, however, during the night; the snows had all melted away; the morn was bright and cheery; and Caleb remembered he had yet many resources against matrimony. He belonged to three clubs, each meeting once a week; he exchanged dinners, as regularly as clock-work, twice a week with two of his most particular friends; and, on Saturday evenings, he played whist at home, with two old cronies, and dummy. Thus the six days were pretty well disposed of, but the seventh day, and most especially the evening, brought the tug of war: and, for three months from the memorable night of the whiskey punch and the snow storm, he regularly came to a determination to get married every Sunday evening.

But the resolutions of men, and especially of a bachelor of forty-five, are like the sands held in suspension by the current of the stream while in a state of agitation, and which suddenly subside in a state of repose. It was not until about the middle of August following, that the punch and the snow storm received a reinforcement that finally enabled them to carry the day in favor of matrimony. As Caleb was shaving himself one morning, he received two great shocks, in quick succession, which brought him to the feet of Don Cupid in an instant. The first was the discovery of two very considerable circular furrows, ploughed by time, from the tip of his nose to the corners of his mouth; the second, the detection of a slight approximation of some straggling hairs about his ears to gray. He immediately rang the bell furiously, and, the servant entering somewhat in alarm, he exclaimed—

"Absalom!"

"Sir!"

"Get the carriage and horses in order—pack up my clothes, and be ready to-morrow morning to set out for the Springs. And, do you hear, look up my spectacles—"

"In the portmanteau, sir?"

"No, blockhead, in the cabinet. I shan't want them."

The next morning Caleb, having no notes to pay, was off to the Springs, with his splendid equipage, and without his spectacles. Some very sensible, well informed writers have seriously questioned the sagacity of gentlemen seekers, who go to the Springs, or other public resorts, to look for a helpmate; but, for our part, we think the plan of Caleb Plant was very sensible and judicious. There are times that try the souls of women as well as men; and these occur quite as frequently at public places as within the domestic circle. Nay, the excitements are much greater, and the sins more besetting. It is there that human vanity is most successfully assailed; that envy, jealousy, and petty malice find their constant sphere of exercise, as

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well as their keenest stimulants; and she who can best withstand their instigations is the lady for a bachelor's money. When he meets with one who speaks low, not from fear that she is saying what she ought not, but from modest diffidence; when he sees her admired without effort; neglected without ill-nature; outshone without envy, and followed without looking behind, let him gather himself together—yea, let him forthwith single her out from the rest of the sinful race of the daughters of Eve; let him cast himself, his equipage and his million at her feet, and if she do not accept him, it will not be the fault of her prudent mamma. But if, on the other hand, he finds a fair and beautiful young damsel, who talks loud in public; laughs like a certain animal called a horse; is impatient of admiration, and splenetic at being overlooked; one who cannot represent a wall flower without turning yellow with envy, or submit to abdicate the throne when claimed by the legitimate heir; one who usurps the prerogative of the Grand Signor, by throwing the handkerchief herself; one, in short, who waltzes with every ferocious stranger, in whiskers, at a moment's warning. When thou shalt encounter such a damsel, I say unto thee, O! bachelor, flee to the uttermost ends of the earth; bury thyself deep under blankets and comfortables—*pile Ossa on Pelion;* yea, verily, cut a stick—make tracks, for thou art barking up the wrong tree. Or, if all other means fail, get thyself reported bankrupt, and if that don't save thee, thou art foredoomed.

His arrival at the Springs created a sensation, and there was a great fluttering among the birds of paradise. It is true, Caleb was no beauty. He was somewhat bandy, his shoulders were as round as those of a fashionable belle; he was suspected of being pigeon-toed, and he wanted *tournure*—he could never catch that indescribable grace with which our fashionable gentlemen carry their hands in their coat pockets. But he was a millionaire. Nor did he pretend to any particular accomplishment; he could neither murder French, dance the waltz, nor drive four in hand. But then he was a millionaire. As to mental cultivation, his pretensions were equally slender. He never read the reviews, consequently he never ventured an opinion on books; all his manuscripts were in his tin boxes, and he valued none except those which began with "Know all men by these presents." But then he was a millionaire. He had not been two days at the Springs, before he was quite at home with all the ladies of the least pretensions, and hand and glove with all the gentlemen. He was under no necessity to make himself agreeable, for the ladies took all the trouble off his shoulders; and wherever he went he was accompanied by a cortège of men, who listened to his opinions with profound devotion, and reverenced him as an oracle.

There is nothing which so soon upsets the gravity of men of a certain age, as the admiration of the other sex. Men, except they are of entirely different pursuits and professions, seldom admire each other with sincerity; there is apt to be a little spice of envy or jealousy at the bottom. Hence they do not value the respect of each other so much as the homage of the ladies, who, being free from all rivalry with them, are presumed to be perfectly disinterested. Caleb could not withstand these attentions; his head grew dizzy; he actually became frisky, and was one night seduced into the enormous indiscretion of dancing a quadrille with Miss Julia Philbrick, the belle of the Springs, who persuaded him it was the simplest thing in the world. He got through with it awkwardly enough, and would certainly have been laughed at, if he had not been a millionaire. Two other feats are on record in the annals of the Springs. He attempted a waltz, but, the third round, his head began to swim like a top, a whirlwind raged in his ears, the floor rose up before him in great billows, and his partner seemed to be flying in the air. Caleb had just sufficient discretion to dart to a seat, leaving his partner to her fate, who is reported to have whirled round the circle three times before she could stop herself. Such a catastrophe might have been fatal to any other man, but Caleb was a millionaire. His last great feat, was attempting to climb the Lover's Rock, to which he was imprudently excited by the insinuations of a young gentleman, having pretensions to the good graces of Miss Julia Philbrick, that he was rather old to try the experiment. He had got near the summit, when his evil genius prompted him to look down upon what seemed an abyss of a thousand feet; his knees trembled, his heart throbbed, his head swam, and there is no knowing what might have happened, had not Miss Julia Philbrick reached him the end of a pocket handkerchief, for which she gave forty-eight dollars, by the aid of which he was enabled to reach the top. This was the last performance of the millionaire, who was afterward content to repose under the shade of his laurels.

From that time, he considered Julia as the preserver of his life, and his gratitude corresponded with the benefit. She had saved a million of dollars, and deserved to be rewarded. His attentions became rather particular; he dipped water for her from the Pierian Spring, invited the mother and daughter to ride in his carriage and four, and asked them how they were every morning. Mrs. Philbrick—whose husband was a Mr. Nobody, and therefore not worth mentioning—was gifted with a world of motherly sagacity, and thought it was now time to draw the net a little closer about this precious gold fish. She had, several years before, got some how or other out of health, and was pining away with that singularly incomprehensible malady which baffles the skill of all our physicians, and can only be cured by the salubrious air of Paris. There she had thoroughly got rid of all those vulgar republican notions about mutual affection, exchanges of hearts, parity of age, connubial happiness, and all that sort of nonsense. She had learnt to know that the true end, object and destiny of all young ladies in matrimonial speculations, was obtaining a settlement. As to love without money, it was out of the question; and she held, with the better sort of people, as well as our unsophisticated Indians, that daughters were mere subjects of barter or sale, and that the first duty of an affectionate parent was to get as much for them as possible.

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She had attempted to instill this excellent system of philosophy into her daughter, and had succeeded indifferently well. Julia was a clever girl; one of those on whom nature has kindly bestowed a disposition to be amiable and happy. Had she been blessed with a mother such as she deserved, she would have been all the best of mothers could have wished, for she was handsome enough to charm the eye, and might have been good enough to rivet the affections her beauty inspired. But the mother is the daughter's destiny. Her example is her guide, her precepts her decalogue; and when we see a worthless son, or a willful, wayward, extravagant daughter, one may be almost sure the mother has been neglectful of the plant to which she gave being, but which she never nourished with the dew of affection, or the genial warmth of sleepless maternal care. Happy the child that has a wise and virtuous mother, and wretched should be the mother that has a worthless child, for if she look into her own heart, ten to one she will find that the fault is her own.

It was the unlucky destiny of poor Julia to have such a mother, and to be still more unfortunate in a father whose easy habits of passive indolence were such, that he was content to let every one around him do as they pleased, provided they would only let him alone. He hated trouble so much that he was always in trouble to avoid it; and a straw in his way was equal to an impossibility with other people. It is thus that Providence smooths the path of life into a dead level, where the only real sources of inequality in our portion of enjoyment are evil thoughts and evil deeds, visited, as they always will be, by the scourge of conscience, and haunted by the vindictive fiend remorse.

Poor Julia! no wonder the rich soil of her heart was sown with tares, by the precepts and example of her mother, the indolent neglect of her father. She had the most fashionable education, which, there is too much cause to believe, is not the most effectual barrier against the temptations of this world; and she grew up to place her happiness entirely in the possession of the means of indulging those vapid, heartless pleasures, that give nothing in return for robbing the heart of all its lasting and substantial sources of happiness. The only duty taught her by her mother, was that of implicit obedience; and, in process of time, this salutary obligation became so powerful that it finally superseded all the virtuous impulses of her heart, while it overpowered all the promptings of her reason. Sometimes, indeed, both would rebel; but, at the period of which I am speaking, long habits of submission to the mother's precepts had almost completely subverted the independence of her mind; while a laborious pursuit of those pleasures which, though they are incapable of satisfying the craving appetite for happiness, render all other aliment distasteful, had hardened her heart to those more gentle and endearing feelings, which gray-beards call dreams, only when they have outlived their enjoyment, and can never hope for their return.

The details of the siege of the citadel of the millionaire, would be too tedious, we will not say disgusting, to those who set a proper value on the purity and dignity of woman. We, therefore, pass over the various manœuvres of the wily mother; the fantastic and original devoirs of Caleb, and the struggles of the victim, Julia, whose heart often rebelled against the sacrifice she was called upon to make to the golden calf, but was as often reduced to obedience by the habit of submission to her mother, aided by those visions of splendid misery presented in perspective from the inexhaustible purse of the millionaire. Before the season was over, Caleb had proposed, was accepted, and Mrs. Philbrick had the satisfaction not only of being the mother-in-law of a millionaire, but of triumphing over her particular friend, Mrs. Mugford, with whom she was very intimate, and who had a daughter her mother would very willingly have substituted in place of poor Julia. But the daughter happened to have a will of her own, and, we will do her the justice to say, was almost the only unmarried lady at the Springs who could resist the millionaire. Her reasons were so conclusive, that we will here record part of a coversation between mother and daughter, for the benefit of all young ladies similarly situated.

"But what objections," said the mother, "have you to setting your cap at Mr. Plant—don't you know that he is a millionaire?"

"O, Lord, yes—every body knows that—but I dislike his name—I shouldn't like to be called Mrs. Plant—it is so common."

"Well, but, my dear Louisa, he can get his name changed to Plantville, by applying to the Legislature. These millionaires can do any thing, you know. Besides, who knows but his name may be Plantagenet, and that he has changed it to Plant for shortness?"

"But I have other insuperable objections, ma."

"Well! what are they, my love?"

"Why, he has n't got any moustaches—I can't bear men without moustaches, they look so vulgar. They never *can* be distingue without moustaches."

"Well, but, my love, if Mr. Plant cannot be, as you say, astringent—"

"Lord, ma! I said distingue—I meant distinguished, ma."

"Well, then, why didn't you say so, my love? But if Mr. Plant can't be distinguished for mus—moustaches—he can make his wife distinguished for her carriage, her house, her furniture, her dress, her jewels, her dinners and her soirées—and what can a reasonable woman want more?"

"My dear ma, it 's useless to talk about Mr. Plant. He can't waltz—and I never *can* or *will* marry a man that can't waltz; though, for that matter, I should never waltz with him after marriage, for fear of losing my reputation."

"Very well, my love, you may go further and fare worse. A millionaire is not to be had every day—and—"

"O! Lord, ma, there 's the ball opening, and I am engaged to waltz with the foreign gentleman with such beautiful moustaches—I forget his name, for I have only seen him once this morning. He is just arrived from Europe, and Julia Philbrick, I 'm sure, is dying to waltz with him—" and away she ran, leaving the good lady mother at a nonplus.

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If Julia was offered, or had offered herself, up a sacrifice to the mammon of unrighteousness, and made herself a martyr, she was determined to enjoy the heaven thus dearly purchased. She resolved at once to become the bell-wether of the flock, the most distinguished of the tribe, the incontestable leader of fashion. This enviable eminence was seldom to be gained, in the great city she inhabited, except by the possession or at least the expenditure of a great deal of money. Either of these answered equally well; and the miser who had amassed his wealth by extortion and abstinence, who never missed a chance of availing himself of the misfortunes of others, or seized an occasion to alleviate distress, was equally an object of profound deference with the dashing spendthrift, who entertained the world at his table, and was equally liberal to his friends as charitable to the poor, at the expense of his creditors.

There are various modes of drilling a bachelor after he has been metamorphosed into a married man, and divers wiseacres have puzzled themselves to account for the facility with which the most silly, superficial women hit upon the shortest, as well as most certain system to train the lordly despot into submission. They do not consider that, with here and there an exception, all that is necessary to the success of the process of taming, is a tolerable insight into the character of the subject of the experiment; and that such are the daily, nay hourly, opportunities afforded in the constant associations or conflicts of domestic life, that little reflection and less sagacity is required to enable either party to comprehend the weak side of the other. A little condescension, a series of doses, dexterously administered to the ruling passion, will, if the good man is not altogether impracticable, by degress subdue him into quiet acquiescence. There are, however, some men who must be conquered by opposition; open, undisguised rebellion to lawful authority. To humor them, but increases their waywardness, and their obstinacy only becomes more contumacious, by having nothing to encounter.

Such a man was the millionaire. He had begun the world without any of those supposed advantages, which are, in truth, often the greatest disadvantages; he had amassed an immense fortune by his own labors and good management; and, whoever else might doubt, he was perfectly convinced in his own mind that he was a remarkably clever fellow. Doubt the talents of a millionaire—thought Caleb. You may as well deny that a man who has conquered kingdoms is a hero. In addition to this, he had been his own absolute, uncontrolled master up to the age of forty-five, and in that time a man becomes a pretty obstinate twig to bend. Add to this, that he possessed but little sensibility either to mental or personal beauty, and the reader will imagine that Julia had a hard task before her, in reducing her impracticable helpmate to a proper state of quiescence.

Yet Caleb was in reality the easiest man in the world to manage. He was a bull that might be subdued at once if you only seized him by the horns. In short, he was a passionate fellow; and, what is worse, always blew out his steam before the vessel got fairly under way. He consequently expended all his powder previous to the commencement of the battle, and before the enemy came fairly in sight he was *hors de combat*, and had nothing left for it but to surrender at discretion. These were the rough materials on which Julia had to operate, and she commenced without loss of time. She began in the last quarter of the honey-moon, when, as every body knows, the planet is pretty well on the wane.

"My dear Mrs. Plant," said Caleb one morning at breakfast—

"Mrs. Plant!" iterated Julia, turning up her pretty Grecian nose a little superciliously—but a sudden thought coming over her, she checked herself. "My dear," said she, in tones that might have softened the heart of a tiger—"My dear"—she never could bring herself to call him Caleb—"My dear, I wish you would oblige me in one single thing, and I promise never to ask for the like again.

"Well, what is it, Julia?"

"Change your name, my dear. You know I've changed mine to oblige you, and one good turn deserves another."

"What!" answered Caleb, dashing down his cup with considerable emphasis—"What! change my name, and be obliged to get all my bonds, deeds, mortgages and certificates of stock altered from Caleb Plant to Caleb Plantville, or I don't know what?"

"Yes, Plantville—that is a charming name—it sounds like the founder of a city—and now I think of it, you might purchase a site somewhere out in the west, and establish a great emporium to be called after your name, and carry it down to the latest generations. But Plant! O! my dear, dear husband, if you only knew how it puts me in mind of planting cabbages and onions!"

Caleb was a perfect percussion cap—a charge of fulminating powder—in short, he was a millionaire, and things are come to a fine pass when a millionaire can't fall into a passion ex tempore, just when he pleases.

"I'll tell you what, my dear Jul—I mean Mrs. Plant—my name is a good name, it will pass for a million on 'Change, and if you don't like it you may give it me back again, that's all!" and then, as is always the case with men of his temperament, he gradually inflamed himself by his own words and the sound of his own voice, like a lion lashing himself with his tail—"Yes, madam, Plant is a good name—you'll not find it in the list of bankrupts, where so many of your fashionable friends cut a figure. But, madam, I'll tell you where you'll find it"—and he looked like a hero—"You'll find it belonging to a man that wont be made a fool of by his wife, his mother-in-law, his second cousins, nor all of them put together."

"Well, my dear," replied Julia, as smooth as oil and perfectly self-possessed, "Well, my dear, whatever you may say of Plant, I hope you don't mean to defend that awful name Caleb. Why, don't you know that's the name the hunters give to the grizzly bears in the great west? Mr. Catlin told me so. Old Caleb! ha! ha! only think of having the same name as the

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grizzly bear, when you grow old, as you will do in a very few years."

This speech blew up Caleb into a flame, as well it might, and produced a decisive contest, which ended in his being completely routed. Julia maintained that self-command which is held to be the perfection of good breeding, and said the slyest, cutting things in the most genteel tone and manner possible. Caleb blustered, swore, and actually abused both his wife and mother-in-law, in such a wholesale style, that he thought, on reflection, the only way of making amends was by changing his name as soon as possible. It happened that a friend, a member of the legislature, dropped in while the discussion was going on, to whom Julia immediately applied, stating that her husband, in expectation of inheriting the estate of a distant relative, who had no children, and who had given him several broad hints on the subject, was desirous of changing his name from Caleb Plant to Hyacinth Plantville, and begged the honorable member to interest himself in this behalf. The honorable member immediately proffered his best services—for what member could refuse so small a trifle to a millionaire? The honorable legislature changed his name with as much celerity as legislatures generally pass appropriations for the god of their idolatry, the glorious per diem; the bill was read three times by the clerk, so fast that not a soul could understand it, which was, however, of little consequence, as nobody listened, and passed unanimously—for what honorable body can resist a millionaire? Caleb Plant came out Hyacinth Plantville as clear as a whistle.

"What an impudent jade is that wife of mine," quoth Caleb, in a short soliloquy, after the honorable member had concluded his visit; "What consummate impudence! but never mind, I paid her beforehand. I gave her a piece of my mind, and there is no use in saying any thing more on the subject. Hyacinth! d—n Hyacinth, it puts me in mind of a flower-pot in a window. But Plantville is not so bad—ville—what's ville in French? O! now I recollect; a city. I shall certainly follow the suggestion of Julia, and found a great emporium somewhere in Illinois, Iowa, or Wisconsin, to transmit my name to posterity. Upon my word, she is a handsome, sensible hussy after all is said and done." Self-love will solace itself with such crumbs of comfort sometimes.

This victory was decisive, although it by no means prevented future contests, which all ended in the same way. Caleb—we beg pardon, Hyacinth—scolded sometimes; sometimes swore; and was occasionally a little scurrilous; Julia kept her temper, took it all quietly, let him say what he would, and then did as she pleased afterward. The poets were fools who feigned the lion was subdued by a virgin; a wife is worth a dozen of them in the taming process.

The millionaire having, not long after his subjection was finally achieved, been appointed one of the commissioners to decide on the location of a pump, in a very critical position, was complimented by the title of honorable, and his glory consummated. He bought a site—unsight unseen—at a great price; founded a city on a rock, at the head of the navigation of a river, that contained no water except during heavy rains or the melting of the snows; appointed a long-headed, calculating genius his agent, who laid it out in lots and squares, with most illustrious names; suborned an artist to paint the emporium with all the houses, churches, and public edifices in anticipation, which he got lithographed by an expert builder of cities; and, as a last *coup de main*, sold several lots at auction, which he bought in himself at a swingeing price.

In the mean time, Mrs. Hyacinth Plantville had become the incontestable leader of that strange, fantastic, indefinable shadow, Fashion, which has never been defined, because it is in reality nothing. Politically we may be free, but there is no people on earth so completely henpecked in every thing relating to modes, manners, dress and opinion as our worthy countrymen, and more especially our charming countrywomen. They are both absolute slaves—one to foreign reviewers, the other to French milliners. Did our limits allow it, we would trace her step by step, and disclose the mysterious process by which she attained this awful pre-eminence. Suffice it to say, that she was a handsome, shrewd, clever woman, and had the advice and assistance of a mother more experienced than herself. But, had she been a simpleton and a dowdy, her husband was a founder of cities and a millionaire. She could afford to waste—at least she wasted—more money than any of her rivals, and the old proverb has a peculiar application to the votaries of fashion, who are supposed to be directly descended from the ancient worshipers of the golden calf.

In process of time, she became the mother of two children, a son and a daughter, and the birth of the former was the crisis of her fate. Had she done what her heart, in the secret core of which nature sometimes made an unavailing struggle, prompted her to do; had she sacrificed those empty delusions which not only never confer happiness themselves, but render their slaves incapable of deriving it elsewhere; had she stopped short in her career of idle, unsubstantial vanity; had she, in one word, assumed and fulfilled the sacred duties of a mother, she might have not only been happy herself, but prevented the happiness of her children from being wrecked forever. But, like the inexperienced mother of our race, she was tempted by the glistening eyes, the golden waving scales, and wicked whisperings of the wily serpent, Vanity, and after a few struggles, the last she ever felt, yielded a final and decisive victory. She who resists and conquers the first fond yearnings of a mother's heart, need never hope to be overcome by any other impulse of duty or affection; for her fate is ever afterward to starve on empty pleasures, and never to know the purest, most sacred, most delightful and absorbing of all the cares and enjoyments that fall to the lot of woman. She may consider herself forsaken of her God, for she has abandoned the post of honor in which he had placed her, by acting in direct opposition to that heaven-born instinct which impels even the wild beasts of the forest to nurse and protect their offspring in the days of their helplessness.

But Julia had fallen a victim to her mother's vanity,

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and she now offered up her children at the shrine of her own. One of the most formidable of her competitors for the bauble sceptre of fashion, just about the period of the birth of her son, had returned from a tour in Europe, during which she had spent a winter in Paris, the paradise of fools. She had brought with her a powerful reinforcement of new manners, fashions and tastes; a French cook, two ignorant nurses to teach the young ladies the true French pronunciation, a poodle, and a whiskered cosmopolite, whether an admirer of herself or her daughters no one could tell. He bore the title of count, was devoted to music and waltzing, and his moustaches were inimitable. The fashionable world began to waver in its allegiance, and the count and the poodle seemed on the point of carrying the day, especially when it was whispered abroad that the latter was of royal lineage, being descended in a direct line from the favorite poodle of the late Duchess of Angouleme, which is said to have been choked by a diamond necklace. A severe contest ensued, in which the tin boxes of the millionaire suffered considerably. Julia sought victory by the splendor of her entertainments, and tried to allure the knights of the moustache by the profusion of wines and delicacies, and the number of *pâtes*, concocted of a stuffed goose's liver, she offered for their discussion. Her rival, not being able to dispute this pre-eminence with her, entrenched herself in another stronghold, from which she annoyed the enemy exceedingly. She appealed to the intellectual instead of the corporeal appetite, and to the ears instead of the eyes and palate. She affected a marked simplicity in her establishment and entertainments; she invited a host of famous musicians, all of whom had presided over orchestras, and played before kings; she exhibited the count and the poodle to the greatest advantage; and, in short, various ominous appearances indicated that the count, the poodle, and the fiddlers would carry the day against the millionaire and his tin boxes. A revolution was at hand, and a change of dynasty appeared inevitable. What rendered this state of things still more mortifying and deplorable, Julia, during the most critical period of the contest, was in "the state that ladies wish to be who love their lords," according to Shakspeare, who, however, is not the best authority in the fashionable world of the present day. This untoward accident greatly embarrassed her exertions and impeded her activity, so that toward the end of the campaign, when she gave birth to a daughter, her rival, or rather the count, the poodle, and the fiddlers, might be said to have almost secured the victory.

Poor Mrs. Hyacinth Plantville suffered dreadfully during the period of her abstraction from the world, to which, however, she hurried back with such imprudent precipitation that she caught a severe cold, of which, like a prudent woman, she availed herself in the most dexterous manner. She saw that for the present her fashionable retainers were irreclaimable, and as the next thing to a victory is a masterly retreat, at once decided that the state of her health required a sea voyage, and a residence in a milder climate. She assured the Honorable Hyacinth that such was the case, and the doctor strenuously advised that no time should be lost, as the spring air was particularly dangerous to the lungs. Hyacinth swore he would not stir a peg; strutted, fretted, scolded and fumed; abused his wife, insulted the doctor, and consigned all Europe, particularly Paris, to eternal perdition. After which, having spoken his mind, and paid Julia off beforehand, as he said, he submitted without further demur, and consented in silence to his approaching martyrdom. No time was to be lost, the spring climate being so dangerous; and things were hurried on at such a rate that Hyacinth had scarcely time to metamorphose some of the contents of his tin boxes into bills of exchange. The truth is, that even millionaires may sometimes want money; and what with the extravagance of Julia, the demands of his long-headed, calculating agent, who always assured him his city was growing so fast that it would soon make a great figure, together with the consequences of that great revulsion which was then fast approaching, and from whose gripe neither rich nor poor have since escaped—however surprising it may seem, our millionaire was often pushed for ready money. One of his tin boxes, or at least the contents, had departed from his custody, and the others were in a fair way of speedily following. Had Hyacinth not relied on his great city in the west to make up his leeway, he would before this time have died of a broken heart.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Julia, who had been very much puzzled to keep ill enough to require a sea voyage, and a residence in the milder climate of Europe; "Good Lord!" cried she, suddenly recollecting herself and mustering up a violent cough, "what shall we do with the children? I had quite forgot the poor little creatures."

"Do with them!" quoth Hyacinth—"Why take them with us, to be sure."

"But, my dear, they are so young, and I am so poorly, that I should never be able to take care of them on board the ship, I'm sure."

"You can take as much care of them on board ship as you do at home for that matter, and not kill yourself either," replied Hyacinth bluntly.

This was a home thrust. It was too true to be spoken, and above all to be heard by the mother who felt she had merited the reproach. The first shock brought tears to her eyes, but the fountain was scorched dry in an instant by the first sparks of anger that her husband had ever seen flash from her eyes. She was actually on the very point of pouring vials of wrath on his head, when suddenly recollecting she had a point to carry, she replied with her usual derisive composure.

"Well, suppose you stay and take care of them, while I am seeking that health I fear I shall never more enjoy. It will be an amusement to you, and console you in my absence, my dear.

"Hum," quoth the millionaire to the great consternation of Julia, who was never so much afraid of his opposition as when he said nothing, for it was the only sign he ever gave of a determination to do a great deal. The consultation ended in deciding to leave the children at home, with four nurses to take

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care of them, and two governesses, under the eye of their grandmother, to superintend their morals and education. The arrangement was made in such haste, that there was no time for the necessary inquiries into the morals, habits and qualifications of the two governesses, and the millionaire together with Julia and her suite departed on their tour, leaving, as the latter said, "all their cares behind them."

We shall not dwell at length on the incidents and adventures, the inconveniences and enjoyments, the anticipations and disappointments which befell the millionaire and his wife, who, if the truth were fairly told, often felt by mortifying experience that they had not left quite all their cares behind them. It is sufficient to the moral of our story, that according to the custom in all similar cases, the wife cut the figure while the husband represented the cipher. Julia's health mended surprisingly, and had it been the fashion in the old world, where maturity, not to say decay, is preferred to the charm of youthful bloom and freshness, she might have passed for the daughter of the millionaire. She visited Italy, where Hyacinth became something of a connoisseur in painting, by purchasing several original copies, and Julia almost ran mad after music. They visited Switzerland, where our hero mounted a glacier, and was very near being precipitated into an icy chasm so deep that it is doubtful whether he would ever have found the bottom; and Julia became smitten with a violent fit of the picturesque. They visited honest, old-fashioned Germany, the modern court of the muses as well as temple of philosophy; sailed down the Rhine in a steamboat, in the midst of a cloud of tobacco smoke; saw everywhere so much that they could remember nothing; and finally came back to Paris to spend the winter preparatory to their return home. During all this time they received no letters, for Julia had desired her mother and the governesses not to write, since if there was any bad news it would only make her miserable; and if good, before it could be received something ill might have happened.

At Paris Julia laid herself, and especially her husband's money, out to make a figure in that huge vortex of discontented, aspiring spirits, who, finding no happiness at home, seek for the jewel in other caskets where it is never found. Young, handsome, graceful, accomplished, and with the reputation as well as outward exhibition of great wealth, her vanity might have perhaps been gratified, had she been content to be sought instead of seeking. But the quick-sighted pupils of that great school of life soon discovered her feverish anxiety to excite notice, and be admitted into the circles of the would-be great, and consequently set her down as one of the vulgar herd of Americans, who, while pretending to despise titles, are more abject in their devotion to them than the lowest slave of an eastern despot. Julia courted, and fidgetted, and floundered about in her splendid equipage; gave grand entertainments at the hotel which our millionaire, or rather his better half, had hired for the winter; and, in order to allure the birds of fashion, induced an old dowager of the *ancien regime*, who had survived all the possessions of the family but their title and their pedigree, to condescend, for an adequate consideration, to receive her guests and do the honors.

But it would not do. All that her own spasmodic exertions, aided by Hyacinth's money, could accomplish, was to attract a few straggling outcasts of the magic circle, who had preserved the ragged remnant of a title, and were permitted to claim kindred with their illustrious houses, provided they claimed nothing else. Before the winter was fairly over, Julia suddenly discovered the air of Paris did not agree with her; and Hyacinth, who had begun to relish the society of Messieurs the Restaurateurs, was forthwith put under sailing orders for England. In London they were lost in a fog, both literally and metaphorically. They had letters, but not being lions, nobody thought they could derive any éclat or consequence from entertaining them. The American minister was civil, but not being a worshiper of the golden calf, he was nothing more. The banker gave them a dinner to quiet his conscience, and then cut them adrift. Julia found the air of London even worse than that of Paris; and, having accomplished an introduction to the royal levee, turned away from "merry England," with a solemn declaration that it was the dullest place she ever saw in her life.

On her arrival in the great city, her first inquiries were about the rival queen, who, she found, still possessed the throne, but had many competitors, among which the most formidable was the wife of a man who possessed more property belonging to other people, than any one of his contemporaries. He had founded several cities; was sole proprietor of a bank without capital; and if wealth, as many people believe, consists in the amount of a man's debts, he certainly was one of the richest men of his day. Julia then called for her children, and attempted to kiss them, telling them she was their mother. But the little girl slapped her in the face, crying out, "You aint my mother—nurse Jenny is my mother;" and the boy, turning up his nose, skipped away to tell his nurse there was a strange woman in the parlor who wanted to make him believe she was his mamma. "What unnatural little monsters!" exclaimed Julia, and she almost hated them.

Her first step was renewing the war against her ancient rival, who, she rejoiced to find, had lost two of her most powerful auxiliaries. The poodle had died under strong suspicion of being poisoned—that being the appropriate fate of all dogs of distinction—and the count had disappeared in a mysterious manner, leaving none behind to lament his fate but his landlord, his tailor, and his shoemaker. Nobody knew what became of him, though there was a vague report that he had begun the world anew, in one of the remote towns of the west, under the auspices of a barber's pole. The war was commenced with desperate vigor, money on one side and music on the other. Julia renewed and outdid former extravagancies, and talked incessantly of the condescending affability of Queen Victoria, while the tin boxes of the millionaire grew lighter and lighter. But experience soon brought home the mortifying conviction that, however it may be in political revolutions, those who have once ab-

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dicated, or been driven from the throne of fashion, can never be restored.

While this fierce contest was going on, the millionaire, finding his resources daily diminishing, and his tin boxes at the point of exhaustion, determined to replenish them by resorting to some of the means by which he had acquired his riches. He plunged by degrees into the vortex of speculation; purchased vast amounts of fancy stocks; became a dealer in city lots, lithographic cities, and broken bank charters. But Fortune, though she may sometimes carry a man on the top of her wheel for a long time, is pretty certain to throw him off in the end, especially if he does not dismount and retire in time. Though she may yield to early youthful addresses, she revolts at the gray-beard and his wrinkled brow, and seldom twice takes the same man for her paramour. Accordingly, she turned her back on the millionaire, and amused herself with enriching a more youthful suitor, with the spoils of her ancient beau. Hyacinth, in short, had commenced at the wrong end, and just at the time the balloon had begun to collapse. Every thing was falling, and as our hero, in pursuance of his old system of doing business, always purchased on the presumption of a rise, he never failed to go in at the big, and come out at the little end of the horn. It is amazing how soon the candle will burn out when you light it at both ends. Julia burnt one end at home, and Hyacinth the other abroad; no wonder it began to flicker in the socket. Julia, for the first time, made a draft on the pocket of the millionaire, which was returned protested.

"I have no money," said he, with all the coolness of desperation.

"No money! impossible."

"Such a thing is possible, my dear."

"But how is it possible to spend a million of money?"

"Much easier than to get it, my dear."

"I don't believe a word of it. It's only one of your stingy fits come over you."

"The fit will last a long time, I fear."

"Well, I *must* have the money, and there's no use in talking."

"None in the world, my dear. It's all talk and no cider."

"Out upon your filthy, musty old saws. I wish you would say something to the purpose, Mr. Plantville."

"Well, Mrs. Plantville," replied the millionaire, drawing himself up with an air almost of sublimity, "for once I will speak to the purpose, and you must bear to the purpose, too. Your extravagance, and my folly, have reduced both of us to beggary. The wealth accumulated by years of honest, persevering industry and economy, has been wasted in almost as few months, in the vain pursuit of what we never could attain. In striving to make up for what was thus wasted in folly and extravagance, I have only plunged into more irretrievable difficulty, and I now tell you, madam, that the utmost I can save from the wreck of my fortune will not exceed twenty thousand dollars." Hyacinth spoke this with a calm, yet somewhat severe moderation, far different from the peevish irritability with which he was wont to meet the little rubs his wife often threw in his way; so true it is that those whom trifles discompose, often encounter the most severe calamities with unflinching fortitude. The weight of the blow crushed the little thorns and briers, but left the stem of the plant not only unhurt, but reinvigorated, by the absence of these excrescences.

It is needless to dwell on the catastrophe of the millionaire. Hyacinth was a man of at least conventional honesty. In the long course of his business, it had been his interest, if not his principle, to pay his debts punctually, and on this occasion he behaved with the most scrupulous integrity. This being perceived by his creditors, they unanimously agreed to commit to his own hands the settlement of his own affairs; and we will do him the justice to say that he fully justified their confidence. He labored with assiduity, not only from gratitude to his creditors, but because he was striving at the same time for himself, since all he could save from the wreck would be justly his own. In short, he paid all he owed, and saved some twenty thousand dollars, preserving, at the same time, what was of far more worth than the million he had lost, a quiet conscience, and an unsullied name.

It was now, too, that Julia emerged from the total eclipse which bad example and worse precepts had cast over the lustre of her virtues. She was a sensible, clever woman, and of such we need never despair. Nature once more awakened and exerted her prerogative; and, though it may seem strange, it is not in reality so, she began to respect and love her husband. When she saw him laboring incessantly to preserve the remnant of his fortune; how careful he was of the interests of others; with what a decent, manly resignation he, one by one, sacrificed all those splendors which he had devoted his youth and manhood to obtain; and with what delicacy he ever afterward abstained from all allusion to her agency in dissipating his fortune, she could not but acknowledge there was that within him which fully merited a better wife than she had been. She fell much brighter than she rose; and when they retired from their fine establishment to occupy a small house in the outskirts of the city, it was with a fixed determination to make up, as far as it was possible, for the errors of the past, by the exertions of the future.

But she had much to learn, and what is not gained in youth is ever afterward difficult to acquire. The mind, like the muscles, becomes rigid with age, and, as in dancing, the steps we can accomplish without effort in youth, become unattainable in latter years. Julia, however, persevered, and achieved all that could reasonably be expected from one who had passed through such an ordeal. She adapted herself to her new situation; economized as well as she knew how; superintended the operations of the lower region, which we will not outrage the feelings of our fashionable readers by naming; eschewed fancy stores and milliners' shops, and never afterward talked of the condescending affability of Queen Victoria. Happiness once more began to dawn on her, and might, perhaps, have shone betimes in its meri

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dian splendor, had it not been for one single crime, for which, as she never could atone, she was destined perpetually to suffer.

She had neglected her children; she had committed them to hirelings, to derive their nourishment and imbibe their first impressions. The earliest dawnings of their affections were given to others; their earliest recollections of kindness and care never came home to the bosom of their mother, whose first remembered appearance was that of a stranger; whose first offered kiss was rejected with dislike, and who never could gather, in after times, those fruits, the seeds of which she had not planted in the proper season. The name of mother carries little magic with it, unless connected with the recollection of a mother's cares, anxieties, sacrifices, and ever watchful tenderness; and she who does not nurse her off-spring in their infancy, has no right to expect to be nursed by them in her old age. Julia spoiled them to make them love her, but that only made matters worse, by rendering them more selfish and exacting; and she now every day learned, by painful experience, that the early neglect of our off-spring can seldom, if ever, be remedied by after exertions. Whether, when time and reason exert their influence, these unfortunate children may be enabled to correct their errors and reform their conduct, remains to be seen.

They are all still living; and our hero has long since learned, with equal surprise and gratification, that enough is as good as a feast, and the reputation of having once been a millionaire almost equal to being one in reality.

THE PATRIARCH AT HARAN.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"And Jacob said, Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not."

The wandering patriarch like a pilgrim trod
The wilds of Haran. As the sun went down,
And pensive twilight dimmed that lonely waste,
Upon his staff he halted wearily.
Nought moved around, except a slender rill
That toward the far-off Chebar wrought its way,
And now and then, some broad-winged bird that made
Its nest in the cleft rock.
Curtained with mist,
And near his footsteps, though he knew it not,
Luz through its groves of almonds richly gleamed,
Half surfeit with their fragrance, while young Spring
Shook at the will of every frolic gale
Their snowy blossoms down. Way-worn and sad,
The traveler rested mid that dreary heath,
And on a stony pillow laid his head.
Back to his swimming sight Beersheba's trees
Came, waving in the night-wind, and anon,
His father's blessing, and Rebecca's voice
Murmuring, and tender as a turtle-dove,
Cheated his ear awhile.
But then, he slept,
And lo! a host of angels, and a path
From heaven to earth, and the Eternal's voice
Filling his soul with ecstasy and awe.
Yea! God was near him, and he knew it not!
His thoughts, perchance, were of the savage beast
That haunt the wilderness—for he believed
The roaming lion, or the ravening bear
Nearer his bed, than he who rules their rage.

When the young morn came blushing from her cell,
He rose, rejoicing, and pursued his way;
Serene yet serious, and upheld by Him
Who watched beside him, in that desert dream.

Sleeper! beneath a canopy of gold—
Whom the world calleth king—rememberest thou,
Amid thy palace-pride, the King of kings,
Who through thy folded curtains bends his glance,
Reading the heart?
Mourner! whose stifled sob,
Grief's bitter lullaby, did slowly yield
To slumber, brief and broken as thy joys,
Forget not in thy trance that He is near
Who heareth prayer; and if earth's helpers fail,
Implore that sympathy which ne'er forsakes
The wounded spirit in its hour of wo.

Fair, cradled creature, whom the angels tend,
He is beside thee, from whose forming hand
So late thou cam'st, our pensioner of love,
A thing of beauty and of mystery.
Commune thy first unfolding thoughts with Him
In secrecy of innocence, which ne'er
Have taken the many colored form of words
To mock the hue of truth, or wake the sigh
Of the recording seraph! Sleep, young babe!
He is beside thee, though thou know'st it not,
He watcheth o'er thee, and the smile that tints
Thy lip in visions, is His whispered love.

Violet! that slumberest on the mossy bank
Till morn, magician sweet, with purple wand
Transmutes the pendent dew-drops on the spray
To sparkling diamonds. Lily of the vale!
That duly, as the spent sun nears the west,
Like a spent child, doth fold thy bells in sleep,
Reclining lightly, on a graceful stem,
Ye know that God is near, and void of care
Wait with sweet faith for his appointed time,
To flourish, or to fade.
Teach our dull hearts
Your perfect worship, and ere that dread day
When, waking from the dust, we meet our Judge,
Instruct us here, by sunshine and by shower,
Like the lone patriarch on his couch of stone,
To see Him, and adore.

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STEALINGS FROM A GENTLEMAN'S JOURNAL.

BY A MAIDEN AUNT.

"Tuesday Morning, March 28th. Clouds this morning rather threatening, and an impertinent wind, that I fear may spoil our ride. Ladies' habits should be double shotted, and then a breeze would not be a bug-bear. If Laura Annesley is a more splendid creature at one time than another, it is when she is equipped for riding, with her rich locks braided close to her cheek, the single plume floating on her shoulder, and the dark dress showing her faultless outline to perfection. Kate is a pretty girl too, but timid as an unfledged dove; and it is a great fault of hers, that blushing at every thing, so undiscriminatingly. She should never ride with Laura Annesley; her figure looks more *petite* than ever, by contrast.

"Ernest Hyndford is cultivating a pair of *moustaches*, in preparation for his European tour. Your handsome men are almost always foppish. Ah! the sun shines out gloriously! Vis!

"Wednesday. Our *promenade à cheval* was charming, with the one single drawback of Hyndford's puppyism. How can any man be so presuming! He does not need a foreign tour to give him assurance. One would have thought him the accepted lover of both the ladies. He was in riotous spirits, and talked until he inspired even Kate Brooks. Miss Annesley, too, seemed very willing to be entertained, and I was stupid as an owl. A spell seemed to come over me, or Ernest's chattering had the effect of one. It is always a marvel to me that women of sense can be so easily pleased! However—if Miss Annesley likes Hyndford, I am sure it is no concern of mine. She will only amuse herself by trying the effect of her bewitching looks and tones upon him for awhile, and then cast him off for some new victim. What a stupid world this is! It is wonderful that people desire to live long in it! My head aches horribly, and I must try a walk.

"Thursday. Some of us certainly come into this world foredoomed to be misjudged, even by those nearest to us. I suppose it is vain to struggle against what is written in our foreheads. My friends have always insisted that I am impetuous, headlong, imprudent, while I *know* that, if I have one fault more obvious than the rest, it is a supine indifference to every thing; a habit of deliberation which is the very opposite of imprudence. My father used to say, 'Charles always wears his heart upon his sleeve, for daws to peck at—' Heaven bless him! how completely he was mistaken! Any body but myself would be furious at such treatment as I have received this day, while I am perfectly cool. I will let Miss Annesley know that her power over my feelings is not so great as she may imagine it. To pass me unnoticed in the street—I waiting, like a fool, to catch her eye—and she leaning, so confidentially, on Ernest Hyndford's arm—very lady-like, truly! What a puppy Ernest has become! I thought that wonderfully seductive *moustache* was not got up for nothing!

"I have been too often at Mr. Annesley's, and Miss Laura doubtless supposes me in love. Quite out there, I assure you, most queenly Juno! Never cooler in my life! I should like nothing better than a voyage to the North Pole—to sail to-morrow.

"I will go and see my cousin Kate this evening. She is kind and gentle; handsome enough, yet not so much so as to be insolent from a consciousness of power. Kate would make a sweet little wife—why should I not think of her? Our cousinship is scarcely more than nominal, and she has always liked me. Girls with fair hair and blue eyes are so mild and unpretending—generally, that is—that they must make charming wives. A great tall woman, with a full dark eye and a majestic step, is enough to make one tremble. Yes! I will go and see Kate to-night.

"Friday. I found Kate at her work-table, sewing as if to-morrow's bread depended upon the number of stitches accomplished this evening. I wonder that women can spend their time in such an insipid way! Laura Annesley does just so; although she knows that she looks like an angel at the harp. I could not persuade Kate to music, or any thing but the needle. Yet she looked pretty, and quite interesting too, and I thought her manner was even kinder than usual. There was an unusual softness of tone, and I fancied—when I could get a glance at her eye—that she had been crying. She is a sweet girl, certainly, thought I. I drew a chair at her side, and, getting her tiny scissors on the tips of my fingers, began snipping scraps from her spool of thread, for want of something to say.

"'You're not well to-night, Charles,' she said, at length, quite tenderly, as I fancied.

"'A head-ache only,' I replied; 'but you, coz, do not seem quite as lively as usual.'

"She looked up at me with a half smile, but with suffused eyes. *Oh!* those dewy eyes, how irresistible they are! I felt at once sure of sympathy, and began forthwith to open my heart—that is to say, as much of it as it is prudent to open—telling Kate what a miserable, false, hollow, heartless world I found this to be, and how very tired I was of it.

"'I cannot agree with you, Charles,' she said, 'in thinking there is nothing here worth living for. I believe the means of some degree of happiness are always within our power. We have sorrows and disappointments, it is true, but how far our joys outnumber them!"

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"What a commonplace observation! She did not understand my feelings, after all. Still, her tones were all kindness, and I saw a bright tear fall beneath the ringlets that veiled her eyes, even as she uttered this sentiment, intended to be so cheerful. Well! women ought not to have too great depth of feeling. They have not weight of intellect enough for ballast. Laura Annesley to be sure—but she is an exception. And those *very* intellectual women are apt to be rather overpowering. It is safer to choose a wife who will not expect to dazzle any body. Women accustomed to admiration are always setting traps for it. As these thoughts passed through my mind, I loved her the better (Kate, I mean,) for her simplicity and naturalness.

"'Your experience has been very limited, my dear cousin,' said I, clipping thread after thread, with the rapidity of fate; 'the world looks bright to you, because you have seen only its sunny side. Your morn of life has been without a cloud.'

"'And has yours been so very different, Charles?' said she, with a smile.

"'Different!' I exclaimed, bitterly enough—'different! ay, indeed! dark, gloomy, chilling! I meet nothing but treachery and disappointment. For me to trust is to be deceived. I began life with as warm and confiding a heart as ever beat within a human bosom. I was ready to worship the good and the beautiful. Beauty, indeed, I have found, but truth—If I could interest a heart like yours, dearest Kate, kind and true, and full of unselfish feeling—if I had always a ready ear, a faithful adviser, a sympathizing friend, to warn and to encourage me—another self, dear Kate, such as you could be if you would—then, indeed, the world might seem to me, too, to be strewn with roses; then, indeed, I should learn to adopt your sweet and pure philosophy, and to find good every where. Dear Kate! I have never whispered love, but you know I have prized you as a sister. May I dare to hope—' and here I ventured to take the hand that lay powerless in her lap—'may I hope some day to be able to excite a dearer interest? May I——

"'Why Kate! I do really believe you 're asleep"

"She started up, rubbed her pretty eyes, and looked about her in confusion.

"'Oh, Charles! pray excuse me! Indeed I have heard every word you 've said until the very last! I heard you say the world had no charms for you; indeed I did! Don't be so vexed, Charles dear! You know last evening was poor Ernest's last, and he staid *so* late!'

"Ernest! . . . I took my hat and my leave very speedily, pleading my head-ache. A brilliant night's work, truly! I will sail for New Orleans, and get the Yellow Fever.

"I shall call in the morning and leave a fashionable 'D. I. O.' for Miss Annesley. I can be chilling too, as she shall see. False girl!—but they are all alike!

"Saturday, April 1st. Laura says it was all a mistake. She threw me off my guard in a moment, by the frank kindness of her manner, and I told my grievance without intending it. She says she met Ernest by chance, and that he was telling her how happy Kate had made him. He is to return in six months, to be married. And such a look as she gave me when she concluded with, 'How could you for a moment suspect—but there she is, on the other side of the street.'" . . . . . .

Note, by the Maiden Aunt. A transaction very well suited to the first of April, Master Charlie.

THE WREATH.

TO A FRIEND ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Δρέπων μὲν
Κορυφὰς ἀρίστων ἀπὸ παντᾶν. *Pindar, Olymp. I.*

Culling the fairest and the best.

Let others sing the rich, the great,
The victor's palms, the monarch's state;
A purer joy be mine—
To greet the excellent of earth,
To call down blessings on *thy* worth,
And for the hour, that gave thee birth,
Life's choicest flowers entwine.

And lo! where smiling from above
(Meet helpmate in the work of love)
O'er opening hill and lawn,
With flowerets of a thousand dyes,
With all that 's sweet of earth and skies,
Soft breathes the vernal dawn.

Come! from her stores we 'll cull the best
Thy bosom to adorn;
Each leaf in livelier verdure drest,
Each blossom balmier than the rest,
Each rose without a thorn;
Fleet tints, that with the rainbow died,
Brief flowers, that withered in their pride,
Shall, blushing into light, awake
And kindlier bloom, for thy dear sake.

And first—though oft, alas! condemned,
Like merit, to the shade—
The Primrose meek,(1) with dews begemmed,
Shall sparkle in the braid:

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And there, as sisters, side by side,
(Genius with modesty allied,)
The Pink's bright red,(2) the Violet's blue,(3)
In blended rays, shall greet our view,
Each lovelier for the other's hue.

How soft yon Jasmine's sunlit glow!(4)
How chaste yon Lily's robe of snow,(5)
With Myrtle green inwove!(6)
Types, dearest, of thyself and me—
Of thy mild grace and purity,
And my unchanging love,
Of grace and purity, like thine,
And love, undying love, like mine.

In fancifully plumed array,
As ever cloud at set of day,
All azure, vermeil, silver-gray,
And showering thick perfume,
See! how the Lilac's clustered spray(7)
Has kindled into bloom,
Radiant, as Joy, o'er troubles past,
And whispering, "Spring is come at last!"

Blest Flowers! There breathes not one unfraught
With lessons sweet and new;
The Rose, in Taste's own garden wrought;(8)
The Pansy, nurse of tender thought;(9)
The Wall-Flower, tried and true;(10)
The purple Heath, so lone and fair,(11)
(O, how unlike the world's vain glare!)
The Daisy, so contently gay,
Opening her eyelids with the day;(12)
The Gorse-bloom, never sad or sere,
But golden-bright,
As gems of night,
And fresh and fragrant, all the year;(13)
Each leaf, each bud, of classic lore,
Oak,(14) Hyacinth,(15) and Floramore;(16)
The Cowslip, graceful in her woe;(17)
The Hawthorn's smile,(18) the Poppy's glow,(19)
This ripe with balm for present sorrow,
And *that*, with raptures for to-morrow.

The flowers are culled; and each lithe stem
With Woodbine band we braid—
With Woodbine, type of Life's best gem,
Of Truth, that will not fade:(20)
The Wreath is wove; do Thou, blest Power,
That brood'st o'er leaflet, fruit, and flower,
Embalm it with thy love;
O make it such as angels wear,(21)
Pure, bright, as decked earth's first-born pair,
Whilst, free in Eden's grove,
From herb and plant they brushed the dew,
And neither sin nor sorrow knew.

E. *May 10th*, 1843. U.

NOTES.

(1.) *The Primrose* is, in floral language, the emblem of Neglected Worth.

(2.) *The Red Pink*, of Genius or Talent. See *Flora Historica*.

(3.) *The Violet*, of Modesty.

(4.) *The Jasmine*, of Amiability and Grace.

(5.) *The Lily*, of Purity.

(6.) *The Evergreen Myrtle*, of Love.

(7.) *The Lilac*, of Bloom and Joy.

(8.) *The Rose*, of Beauty and Taste—by Nature and the Graces drest.

(9.) *The Pansy*—"That's for Thoughts,"—(as poor Ophelia says) being a corruption of the French word "*pens'e*," thought. It has, however, various other names, as "Hearts-ease," "Forget-me-not," and "Love-in-idleness," under which latter name it is noticed by Shakspeare in his celebrated compliment to Queen Elizabeth. See *Midsummer Night's Dream, Act. II. Scene 2.*

(10.) *The Wall-Flower* stands as the emblem of Fidelity in Misfortune, because it attaches itself to the desolate, to falling towers and monastic ruins. During the Reign of Terror in France, the misguided populace, not satisfied with destroying royalty, attacked its very monuments, and scattered to the winds the ashes of their sovereigns, which had been deposited under them in the sacred Abbey of St. Denis. Some years after, this spot was visited by the poet Freneuil, who found the sculptured fragments, which had been thus defaced and thrown aside, covered over with fragrant wall-flowers. See *Flora Historica and Tombeaux de Saint-Denis.*

(11.) *The Heath* is an emblem of Solitude.

(12.) *The Daisy*, or "Day's Eye," (as it used to be called, because it went to bed and got up with the sun,) has been an especial favorite with our poets, and is celebrated by Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Ben Johnson, Milton, Burns, Wordsworth, and Montgomery, in strains that will not die. It is the emblem of contented Innocence.

(13.) *The Gorse*, with its yellow stars, blossoms throughout the year, and is the emblem of Cheerfulness under vicissitudes.

(14.) *The Oak* is the emblem of Courage and Humanity.

> Most worthy of the oaken wreath
> The ancients him esteemed,
> Who, in the battle, had from death
> Some man of worth redeemed. *Drayton.*

(15.) "*The Hyacinth*'s for Constancy, wi' its unchanging blue." *Burns.*

(16.) *Floramore* (*Flour-Amore*) or *Three-colored Amaranth* has been sometimes made to represent Love and Friendship. Its leaves (says Gerard) "resemble in colours the most faire and beautiful feathers of a parrot, especially those that are mixed with most sundrie colors, as a stripe of red, and a line of yellow, and a ribbe of green, which I cannot with words set foorth, such is the sundrie mixture of colors, that Nature hath bestowed in hir greatest lollitie vpon this flower."

(17.) *The Cowslip* is the symbol of Pensive Melancholy.

> The Cowslip wan, that hangs her pensive head. *Milton.*

> The love-sick Cowslip, that her head inclines
> To hide a bleeding heart. *Hurdis.*

This last line alludes to the red marks, to "the crimson drops in the bottom of the Cowslip," which Shakspeare speaks of.

(18.) *The Hawthorn* or *May-flower*—

> The Hawthorn's early blooms appear
> Like youthful *Hope* upon Life's year. *Drayton.*

The Hawthorn has been made the emblem of Hope, because the Athenian maidens brought branches of its white flowers to decorate the brows, and formed Flambeaux of its wood to light the chambers of their newly wedded friends; and also, because the Troglodites were in the habit of binding boughs of this shrub around the bodies, and strewing blossoms of it over the graves, of their departed comrades.

(19.) *The Poppy* is the symbol of Forgetfulness or Consolation. The ancients, who regarded sleep as the great physician and restorer of human nature, were accustomed to crown their gods with a wreath of poppies.

(20.) *The Woodbine*, or *Honeysuckle*, represents True-Love or Stedfastness of Affection. It is described by Chaucer as

> "Never
> To love untrue, in word, in thought, ne deede,
> But aye stedfast."

(21.) *As angels wear*, etc.

> Crowns inwove with Amarant and gold,
> Immortal Amarant, a flower, which once
> In Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life,
> Began to bloom; but soon, for man's offence,
> To Heaven removed, where first it grew, there grows
> And flowers aloft, shading the Fount of Life,
> And where the River of Bliss through midst of Heaven
> Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream;
> With these, *that never fade*, the spirits elect
> Bind their resplendent locks. *Milton.*

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MEENA DIMITY.

OR WHY MR. BROWN CRASH TOOK HIS TOUR.

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BY N. P. WILLIS.

Armado. Comfort me, boy! What great men have been in love?
Moth. Hercules, master.
Armado. Most excellent Hercules! More authority, dear boy? name more; and sweet, my child, let them be of good repute and carriage.
Moth. Samson, master; he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter; and he was in love.
Shakspeare.

FASHION is arbitrary, we all know. What it was that originally gave Sassafras street the right to despise Pepperidge street, the oldest inhabitant of the village of Slimford could not positively say. The court-house and jail were in Sassafras street, but the orthodox church and female seminary were in Pepperidge street. Two directors of the Slimford Bank lived in Sassafras street—two in Pepperidge street. The Diaper family lived in Sassafras street—the Dimity family in Pepperidge street; and the fathers of the Diaper girls and the Dimity girls were worth about the same money, and had both made it in the lumber line. There was no difference to speak of in their respective modes of living—none in the education of the girls—none in the family grave-stones, or church pews. Yet, deny it who liked, the Diapers were the aristocracy of Slimford.

It may be a prejudice, but I am inclined to think there is always something in a nose. (I am about to mention a trifle, but trifles are the beginning of most things, and I would account for the pride paramount of the Diapers, if it is any way possible.) The most stylish of the Miss Diapers—Harriet Diaper—had a nose like his grace the Duke of Wellington. Neither her father nor mother had such a feature, but there was a foreign umbrella in the family, with exactly the same shaped nose on the ivory handle. Old Diaper had once kept a tavern, and he had taken this umbrella from a stranger for a night's lodging. But that is neither here nor there. To the nose of Harriet Diaper, resistlessly and instinctively, the Dimity girls had knocked under at school. There was authority in it, for the American Eagle had such a nose, and the Duke of Wellington had such a nose, and when, to these two warlike instances, was added the nose of Harriet Diaper, the tripod stood firm. Am I visionary in believing that the authority introduced into that village by a foreigner's umbrella (so unaccountable is fate!) gave the dynasty to the Diapers?

I have mentioned but two families—one in each of the two principal streets of Slimford. Having a little story to tell, I cannot afford to distract my narrative with unnecessary "asides;" and I must not only omit all description of the other Sassafrasers and Pepperidgers, but I must leave to your imagination several Miss Diapers, and several Miss Dimitys. Harriet Diaper and Meena Dimity being the two exclusive objects of my hero's Sunday and evening attentions.

For eleven months in the year, the loves of the ladies of Slimford were presided over by indigenous Cupids. Brown Crash and the other boys of the village had the Diapers and the Dimitys for that respectable period to themselves. The remaining month, when their sun of favor was eclipsed, was during the falling of the leaf, when the drummers came up to dun. The tonnish clerks of the dry goods merchants were too much for the provincials. Brown Crash knocked under and sulked—owing, as he said, to the melancholy depression accompanying the fall of the deciduous vegetation—but I have not yet introduced you to my hero.

Brown Crash was the Slimford stage-agent. He was the son of a retired watch-maker, and had been laughed at in his boyhood for what they called his "airs." He loved, even as a lad, to be at the tavern when the stage came in and help out the ladies, with instinctive leisureliness he pulled off his cap, as soon after the "whoa-hup" as was necessary—and no sooner—and asked the ladies if they would "alight and take dinner," with a seductive smile that began, as the landlord said, "to pay." Hence his promotion. At sixteen, he was nominated stage-agent, and thenceforward was the most conspicuous man in the village—for "man" he was, if speech and gait go for any thing.

But we must minister a moment to the reader's inner sense, for we do not write altogether for Slimford comprehension. Brown Crash had something in his composition "above the vulgar." If men's qualities were mixed like salads, and I were giving a "recipe for Brown Crashes," in Mrs. Glass' style, I should say his two principal ingredients were a dictionary and a dunghill cock—for his language was as ornate as his style of ambulation was deliberate and imposing. What Brown Crash would have been, born right honorable, I leave (with the smaller Diapers and Dimitys) to the reader's fancy. My object is to show what he was, *minus* patrician nurture and valuation. Words, with

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Brown Crash, were susceptible of being dirtied by use. He liked a clean towel—he preferred an unused phrase. But here stopped his peculiarities. Below the epidermis he was like other men—subject to like tastes and passions. And if he expressed his loves and hates with grandiloquent imagery, they were the honest loves and hates of a week-day world; no finer nor flimsier for their bedecked plumage.

To use his own phrase, Brown frequented but two ladies in Slimford, Miss Harriet Diaper, and Miss Meena Dimity. The first we have described in describing her nose, for her remainder was comparatively inconsiderable. The latter was "a love," and, of course, had nothing particular about her. She was a lamp—nothing till lighted. She was a mantle—nothing, except as worn by the owner. She was a mirror—blank and unconscious till something came to be reflected. She was any thing, *loved—unloved*, nothing! And this (it is our opinion, after half a life) is the most delicious and adorable variety of woman that has yet been spared to us from the museum of specimen angels. (A remark of Brown Crash's, by the way, of which he may as well have the credit.)

Now Mr. Crash had an ambitious weakness for the best society, and he liked to appear intimate with the Diapers. But in Meena Dimity there was a secret charm, which made him wish she was an ever-to-be-handed-out lady-stage-passenger. He could have given her a hand, and brought in her umbrella and bandbox, all day long. In his hours of pride, he thought of the Diapers—in his hours of affection, of Meena Dimity. But the Diapers looked down upon the Dimitys, and to play his card delicately between Harriet and Meena took all the diplomacy of Brown Crash. The unconscious Meena *would* walk up Sassafras street, when she had his arm, and the scornful Harriet *would* be there, with her nose over the front gate, to sneer at them. He managed as well as he could. He went on light evenings to the Diapers—on dark evenings to the Dimitys. He took town walks with the Diapers—country walks with the Dimitys. But his acquaintance with the Diapers hung by the eyelids. Harriet liked him, for he was the only beau in Slimford whose manners were not belittled beside her nose. But her acquaintance with him was a condescension, and he well knew that he could not "hold her by the nose," if she were offended. Oh no! Though their respective progenitors were of no very unequal rank—though a horologist and a "boss lumber man" might abstractly be equals—the Diapers had the power! Yes—they could lift him to themselves, or dash him down to the Dimitys, and all Slimford would agree in the latter case, that he was a slab and a small potato!

But a change came over the spirit of Brown Crash's dream! The drummers were lording it in Slimford, and Brown, reduced to Meena Dimity, (for he was too proud to play second-fiddle to a town dandy) was walking with her, on a dark night, past the Diapers. The Diapers were hanging over the gate, unluckily, and their Pearl street admirers sitting on the top rail of the fence.

"Who is it?" said a strange voice.

The reply, sent upward from a scornfully projecting under lip, rebounded in echoes from the tense nose of Miss Diaper.

"*A* Mr. Crash, and a girl from the back street!"

It was enough. A hot spot on his cheek—a warm rim round his eyes—a pimply pricking in his skin, and it was all over! His vow was made. He coldly bid Meena good night, at her father's door, and went home and counted his money. And from that hour, without regard to sex, he secretly accepted shillings from gratified travelers, and "stood treat" no more!

. . . . . .

Saratoga was crowded with the dispersed nuclei of the metropolises. Fashion, wealth and beauty were there. Brown Crash was there, on his return from a tour to Niagara and the lakes.

"Brown Crash, Esq.," was one of the notabilities of Congress Hall. Here and there a dandy "could not quite make him out," but there was evidently something uncommon about him. The ladies thought him "of the old school of politeness," and the politicians thought he had the air of one used to influence in his county. His language was certainly very choice and peculiar, and his gait was conscious dignity itself. He must have been carefully educated, yet his manners were popular, and he was particularly courteous on a first introduction. The elegance and ease with which he helped the ladies out of their carriages were particularly remarked, and a shrewd observer of manners said of him that "*that* point of high breeding was only acquired by daily habit. He must have been brought up where there were carriages and ladies." A member of Congress, who expected to run for governor, inquired his county, and took wine with him. His name was mentioned by the letter writers from the Springs. Brown Crash was in his perihelion!

The season leaned to its close, and the following paragraph appeared in the New York American:

"*Fashionable Intelligence.*—The company at the Springs is breaking up. We understand that the Vice President and Brown Crash, Esq., have already left for their respective residences. The latter gentleman, it is understood, has formed a matrimonial engagement with a family of wealth and distinction from the south. We trust that these interesting bonds, binding together the leading families of the far-divided extremities of our country, may tend to strengthen the tenacity of the great American Union!!"

. . . . . .

It was not surprising that the class in Slimford who knew every thing—the milliners, to wit—moralized somewhat bitterly on Mr. Crash's devotion to the Diapers, after his return, and his consequent slight to Meena Dimity. "If that was the effect of fashion and distinction on the heart, Mr. Crash was welcome to his honors! Let him marry Miss Diaper, and they wished him much joy of her nose; but they would never believe that he had not ruthlessly broken the heart of Meena Dimity, and he ought to be ashamed of himself, if there was any shame in such a dandy!"

But the milliners, though powerful people in their way, could little affect the momentum of Brown

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Crash's glories. The paragraph from the "American" had been copied into the Slimford Advertiser, and the eyes of Sassafras street and Pepperidge street were alike opened. They had undervalued their indigenous "prophet." They had misinterpreted and misread the stamp of his superiority. He had been obliged to go from them to be recognized. But he was returned. He was there, to have reparation made—justice done. And now what office would he like, from assessor to path-master, and would he be good enough to name it before the next town-meeting. Brown Crash was king of Slimford!

And Harriet Diaper! The scorn from her lip had gone, like the blue from a radish. Notes for "B. Crash, Esq.," showered from Sassafras street—bouquets, from old Diaper's front yard, guided to him, *per* black boy—no end to the endearing attentions, undisguised and unequivocal. Brown Crash and Harriet Diaper were engaged—if having the front parlor entirely given up to them of an evening meant any thing—if his being expected every night to tea meant any thing—if his devoted (though she thought rather cold) attentions meant any thing.

They did not mean any thing! They all did not mean any thing! What does the orthodox minister do, the third Sunday after Brown Crash's return, but read the banns of matrimony between that faithless man and Meena Dimity!

But this was not to be endured. Harriet Diaper had a cousin who was a "strapper!" He was boss of a saw-mill, in the next county, and he must be sent for. He was sent for.

. . . . . .

The fight was over. Boss Diaper had undertaken to flog Brown Crash, but it was a drawn battle, for the combatants had been pulled apart by their coat-tails. They stepped into the bar-room and stood, recovering their breath. The people of Slimford crowded in, and wanted to have the matter talked over. Boss Diaper bolted out his grievance.

"Gentlemen!" said Brown Crash, with one of his irresistible come-to-dinner smiles, "I am culpable, perhaps, in the minutiæ of this business—justifiable, I trust you will say, in the general scope and tendency. You, all of you, probably, had mothers, and some of you have wives and sisters; and your "silver cord" naturally sympathizes with a worsted woman. But, gentlemen, you are republicans! You, all of you, are the rulers of a country very large indeed; and you are not limited in your views to one woman, nor to a thousand women—to one mile, nor to a thousand miles. You generalize! You go for magnificent principles, gentlemen! You scorn high-and-mightiness, and aristocracy!"

"Hurra for Mr. Crash!" cried a stage driver from the outside.

"Well, gentlemen! In what I have done I have deserved well of a republican country! True, it has been my misfortune to roll my juggernaut of principle over the sensibilites of that gentleman's respectable female relative. But, gentlemen, she offended, remediessly and grossly, one of the sovereign people! She scorned one of earth's fairest daughters, who lives in the back street! Gentlemen, you know that pride tripped up Lucifer! Shall a tip-top angel fall for it, and a young woman who is nothing particular be left scornfully standing? Shall Miss Diaper have more privileges than Lucifer? I appreciate your indignant negative!

"But, gentlemen, I am free to confess, I had also my republican, private end. You know my early history. You have witnessed my struggles to be respected by my honorable cotemporaries. If it be my weakness to be sensitive to the finger of scorn, be it so. You will know how to pardon me. But I will be brief. At a particular crisis of my acquaintance with Miss Diaper, I found it expedient to transfer my untrammeled tendernesses to Pepperidge street. My heart had long been in Pepperidge street. But, gentlemen, to have done it without removing from before my eyes the contumelious finger of the scorn of Sassafras street, was beyond my capabilities of endurance. In justice to my present 'future,' gentlemen, I felt that I must remove 'sour grapes' from my escutcheon—that I must soar to a point, whence, swooping proudly to Meena Dimity, I should pass the Diapers in descending!" (*Cheers and murmurs.*)

"Gentlemen and friends! This world is all a fleeting show. The bell has rung and I keep you from your suppers. Briefly. I found the means to travel and test the ring of my metal among unprejudiced strangers. I wished to achieve distinction, and return to my birth-place—but for what? Do me justice, gentlemen! Not to lord it in Sassafras street! Not to carry off a Diaper with triumphant election! Not to pounce on your aristocratic No. 1, and link my destiny with the disdainful Diapers! No! But to choose where I liked, and have the credit of liking it! To have Slimford believe that if I preferred their No. 2, it was because I liked it better than their No. 1. Gentlemen, I am a republican! I may find my congenial spirit among the wealthy—I may find it among the humble. But I want the liberty to choose. And I have achieved it—I trust you will permit me to say. Having been honored by the dignitaries of a metropolis—having consorted with a candidate for gubernatorial distinction—having been recorded in a public journal as a companion of the Vice President of this free and happy country—you will believe me when I declare that I prefer Pepperidge street to Sassafras—you will credit my sincerity, when, having been approved by the Diapers' betters, I give them the go-by for the Dimitys! Gentlemen, I have done."

The reader will not be surprised to learn that Mr. Brown Crash is now a prominent member of the legislature, and an excessive aristocrat—Pepperidge street and very democratic speeches to the contrary notwithstanding.

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THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

BY WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

THERE stood whilom a castle,
A proud and lofty pile,
O'er hill and vale its turrets
Gleamed to distant sea and isle,
While gardens pranked in floral charms
Their perfumes breathed around,
And sparkling fountains leaped aloft
In rainbow glory crowned.

A king in realms and triumphs rich
Was proudly palaced there,
Upon his gorgeous throne he sat
With wan and gloomy air;
For what he plans is terror,
What glances, fiery mood,
And what he speaks is torture,
What signs and seals is blood.

Once journeyed to his castle
A noble minstrel pair,
An aged man with hoary locks,
A youth with golden hair;
A steed with seemly trappings
Bore harp and harper gray,
The while beside him briskly fared
His comrade young and gay.

Then spake the elder minstrel:
"Now be prepared, my son!
To wake the poet's noblest lay,
The harp's divinest tone;
To summon all the joy and pain
Of music's forceful art!
For boots us this day to move
The monarch's stony heart."

And now the noble minstrels tread
That hall of pillared pride,
Where sat the king upon his throne
Beside his royal bride;
The monarch grimly gorgeous
As the northlight's bloody glare,
The queen serene and lovely,
As if the moon beamed there.

Then swept the hoary lord the lyre
With such a wondrous spell,
That ever on the ravished ear
The sounds still sweeter fell,
While in the pauses of his strain
The youth's clear voice outrung,
As if, indeed, a spirit-choir
Before the presence sang.

They sang of love and vernal prime,
The golden days of earth,
Of freedom and of holiness,
Of truth and human worth,
Of all sweet things that to the breast
A thrill of joy impart,
Of every lofty hope or aim
That lifts the human heart.

Forgotten then were scoff and scorn
By all the courtier crowd,
And low before his Maker there
Each haughty warrior bowed,
The while the queen, with mingled throes
Of grief and joy oppress,
Casts at the minstrel's feet the rose
That graced her royal breast.

"Ye have misled my people,
Mislead ye now my queen?"
Trembling in every limb sprang up
The king with furious mien;
Sheer through the youthful minstrel's breast
He plunged his flashing sword,
From whence, instead of golden strains,
A stream of blood outpoured.

And as the listening throng dispersed
In wild and winged alarm,
With rattling groan the youth expired
Upon his master's arm,
Who gently round the hallowed form
His ready mantle cast,
And bound it upright to the steed
And from the castle passed.

Yet pausing near the lofty gate
The minstrel, worn and gray,
There grasped his peerless harp, the pride
Of many a festive day,
Dashed on a marble shaft, to earth
The shivered wreck he flings,
While far o'er towers and gardens round
His malison outrings.

"Wo worth to ye, imperial halls!
May never minstrel choir
Henceforth your echoes wake again
With sound of song and lyre;
No! naught but sighs of anguish,
And tread of craven thralls!
Till vengeance trample in the dust
Your rent and mouldering walls.

"Wo worth to ye, sweet gardens!
In May's soft light so fair!
To you I point this face whence death
Looks forth with ghastly stare;
That therefore ye may wither,
Your every fount grow dry,
And over all, in after years,
A stony waste may lie.

"And wo to thee, fell murderer!
Thou curse of minstrelsdom!
May all thy toils for fame's red crown
To blank confusion come;
Forgotten be thy name of men,
To endless night bequeathed—
Aye, be it like a last death-sigh
Into the void air breathed!"

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Thus has the lear me spoken,
And Heaven has heard his cry;
Destruction smote the tyrant's halls
And low their ruins lie,
Yet speaks their vanished glory still
One column proud and tall,
But this, already shattered,
Ere morning dawn may fall.

Around, instead of gardens sweet,
There spreads a heather land,
No tree lets fall a shadow,
No fountain cleaves the sand,
The tyrant's name no story tells,
No bard's heroic verse;
Sunk in oblivion it sleeps—
Behold the Minstrel's Curse!

BUNKER HILL.

JUNE 17, 1775, AND JUNE 17, 1843.

BY REV. WALTER COLTON, U. S. N.

The sunless day went down on Bunker Hill
Wild as the wave that sweeps above the dead:
The fight had ceased, the tents were hushed and still,
Save there were heard the groans of those who bled,
And here and there a falling clod to fill
Some soldier's grave; big tears that night were shed
For those who moved at morn elate, but now
Lay with the gore of battle on their brow.

Then went the sentinel his measured round,
While on his helmet hung the drops of night,
Keeping his watch o'er those who, on the ground,
Were resting from their triumph in the fight:
Weary and worn, each in his blanket wound,
Lay sleeping, while the fitful watchfire's light
Told where the routed foe in haste had fled,
And where they staid to sepulchre their dead.

Yes, they were sleeping, but 'twas such a sleep
As soldiers take the night before they die;
For ere the sun shall circle from the deep
Their ears shall drink the rallying bugle's cry,
And starting in their blankets, they shall leap
From off the dewy earth whereon they lie,
And rush into the breach, that like a grave
Shall yawn before the gallant and the brave.

O Warren, Warren! on the hot earth lying,
Cut down in thy too brave and bold career,
Knowest thou not thy meteor flag is flying
Dauntless and free? Didst thou not hear
That rush of valor, where the dead and dying
Form for the living a most ghastly bier?
Alas for thee! though triumph deck thy brow
Thou canst not mark the tide of battle now.

Alas for Freedom! she has won too dear
This desperate field if thou her chief be dead;
Methinks 'twere better had she faltered here,
And bore this once a less exalted head,
Than thou be stretched upon this gory bier,
With misty round, on whose dim eyes are spread
The dark impassing shadows of that cloud,
Which forms the dying soldier's hurried shroud:

A shroud on which a nation's tears shall fall,
And over which the long recording line
Shall tell they roused them at their country's call,
And fell the earliest martyrs at her shrine;
And thou, pale, helmless chief! though death's cold pall
Be over thee, such lofty deeds as thine
Shall live from sire to son, in sacred trust,
When diadems have mingled with the dust.

The scene is changed: the withering foe have fled,
And with them gone the glimmering watchfire's light,
No longer shakes the hill top 'neath the tread
Of serried squadrons rushing to the fight:
But golden harvests their redundance shed
On youth and age, who point toward this height—
Rehearsing what their country's annals tell—
"For freedom, *there*, our father's fought and fell"

Years glide away, but no "colossal bust,
Or pillar trophied for triumphal show,"
Bespeaks a nation worthy of their trust:
Can we forget and be forgiven? No!
If not the pillared pile, this conscious dust
Will cry that men of might are hearsed below,
Men whose sublime, recorded worth should be
The first great lesson of the brave and free.

Glad hearts are gathering fast on Bunker Hill;
Advancing columns fill each lengthened way;
O'er vale and steep the fife is piping shrill;
Broad trophied banners on the free winds play,
And thunder shouts the air with echoes fill;
Methinks this is a nation's holiday!
And yet o'er all a tender gloom is spread,
Like that which mourns the unforgotten dead.

O! if the dead their cerements could break,
Then he entombed in Vernon's quiet shade,
And he who left his own La Grange to shake
A throne, and laurels win that might not fade,
Would now as sleeping conquerors awake;
How blest the greeting! though the chiefs arrayed
In death's pale panoply, yet would they seem
As glory there had poured her brightest beam.

A deep-toned voice is heard on Bunker's steep,
All eloquent with deeds of other days;
From breast to breast the hallowed accents sweep,
Kindling that homage which a nation pays
To those whose ashes here in silence sleep:
More honored thus than in the victor's bays;
For here, though long delayed, hath risen at length
A trophied pile of undecaying strength.

The dewy morn shall on its summit play,
And chase the shadows which around it throng,
And evening, lingering still at parting day,
Shall here its hallowing, pensive chaplets prolong;
The mariner, that glides from yonder bay,
Shall look to this and breathe his farewell song
To that free happy land that gave him birth,
Where'er he goes, the dearest still on earth.

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UGLY LUCETTE.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

No eye hath seen such scare-crows: I'll not march through Coventry with them—that's flat. Henry IV.

CHAPTER I.

SCARCELY a turnout of any distinction, in New York, but was to be seen in Broadway one evening, which closed a beautiful spring day; and amid their glitter and dash, very much out of place, appeared a towering, dusty, country vehicle, with scarlet bombazette curtains, and a top projecting like the roof of a Dutch porch. It was drawn by two fat horses, of different sizes and colors, which, instead of champing and capricing, in the excitement of competition, as animals of more ambition would have done, seemed conscious of their false position, and moved along with their heads down, and at a pace so slow that even their sturdy driver appeared ashamed of their performance. He was a respectable looking farmer, dressed in a coat of substantial blue cloth, with gilt buttons; pantaloons of the same material, which, from the absence of straps, were drawn up high enough to reveal a pair of snow white, flaxen stockings, and a hat of which not a hair of the nap seemed yet to have been disturbed, though its block must have been good five years old. At length he drove up before a large house, of unexceptionable style and finish, within the windows of which stood two very pretty little girls.

"*Ciel!*" exclaimed the elder, throwing up her hands—a miniature dandizette, some twelve or thirteen years old; "here, mamma, is a market-wagon stopping before our door!"

"It can't be a market-wagon, Victorine," said the other, "for there is nothing inside but people. What a funny looking concern!—with red curtains, and a big gray horse and a little brown one!—and there's a woman getting out, and such a queer-looking little girl! see, Victorine, her frock comes down to her heels, and up to her throat, and what big leather boots she has on, and what a monstrous green silk reticule is swinging from her arm!"

"Hush, Clara—come from the window, Victorine," said their mother, approaching through the folding-doors; "in all probability it is your sister."

"Our sister!" ejaculated Victorine, again throwing up her hands, while Clara burst into a laugh, saying; "If it were Lucette I dare say she would know naturally how to pull a bell, though she was brought up in the country; just listen—jerk, jerk, jerk! why the servants will be scared out of their wits—there, now, the wire is broken, to a certainty!"

They were interrupted by the entrance of the party from the carriage, the farmer leading the little girl, and presenting her to the lady of the mansion, with a cordial "How d'y' do, Mrs. De Ford?—you see I have brought home your daughter, safe and sound."

"Thank you, Mr. Horton. Ah! Mrs. Horton, how are you?" replied Mrs. De Ford, civilly; "come here, Lucette, child, and speak to me and your sisters."

The little girl walked shyly forward, and, taking the offered hands, made an effort to shake them, with a gesture particularly uncouth and unbecoming in a child, whereupon Victorine returned a dancing-school courtesy, and Clara put her handkerchief to her face and giggled.

"I did not think you could be here so soon after receiving my letter, Mr. Horton," said Mrs. De Ford.

"It is a good distance to come in one day, ma'am, but I put two horses to the carriage and drove fast, thinking you would be impatient to see your daughter."

"I am much obliged to you," said Mrs. De Ford, and, hearing the door bell ring again, she added hurriedly, lest she might be surprised with visiters so unusual, "walk out into the dining-room, if you please, and I will settle for the last quarter's board. Come along with Mrs. Horton, Lucette."

"I hear my horses moving, I shall have to go out to look after them," said Mr. Horton.

"Ah—but I suppose Mrs. Horton can sign a receipt for you," said Mrs. De Ford, for though her spruce waiting man stood holding the street door in his hand, she had no inclination to lower his dignity by sending him in the farmer's place. She then busied herself in getting her pocket-book and writing materials.

Meanwhile, little Lucette clung to the kind-looking country woman, in apparent agony at the thought of separation. Mrs. Horton seemed almost equally distressed, and, while the tears rolled down her cheeks, she drew the child to her bosom, whispering, "Don't forget the prayers I have taught you, Lucette. You will see much to grieve and fret you, but beg the Almighty to keep you humble, and make you good, and you will be much happier."

"Now, if you will put your name to this receipt, Mrs. Horton," said Mrs. De Ford, presenting a slip of paper with one hand and a roll of bank-notes with the other; "you find I have allowed liberally for your traveling expenses;" and, while the fashionable mother believed she had amply discharged her obligations by pecuniary justice, Mrs. Horton, though mechanically complying with her request, thought of nothing but the privation of losing a child whom she had regarded as her own. Not trusting herself again

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to speak, she once more clasped Lucette in her arms, and hurried to the door. The little girl flew after her, screaming, "I must see my dear, dear uncle Horton once more!"

"Stop the child from going into the street, Pierre," said Mrs. De Ford, hastily, "and look after the horses while Mr. Horton comes in."

Mr. Horton came into the entry, and lifting up the poor child, he kissed each of her wet cheeks, whispering, "God bless my little Lucette," and then hurried out with his wife.

"Oh my dear, dear aunty! my dear, good uncle Horton!" sobbed Lucette, throwing herself upon the stairs, and burying her face in her lap.

"Hush, hush, my dear!" said Mrs. De Ford; "you must learn to call Mrs. Horton 'nurse Horton,' and not aunt; and Mr. Horton is not your uncle—you have no uncle; call him your foster-father;" but the poor child still sobbed and screamed, and she was led up stairs to be put to bed as soon as she could be quieted.

Mrs. De Ford was the widow of a French merchant, who had left her, if not wealthy, at least in very easy circumstances. *Madame* De Ford, she wished much to be called, but though her husband had been French, and her servants were French, and she kept French furniture, and wore French dresses, and tolerated only French cookery, yet, as she was altogether American by family and birth, she remained still simply *Mrs.* De Ford. She was a young looking, handsome woman, and of late she had felt some concern to be reminded that the time was approaching when she would have to *chaperon* three daughters. The beauty of the two elder had, in some measure, reconciled her to the prospect—they would be some credit to her—but the arrival from the country of the third, who appeard a hopelessly ugly child, filled her with an anxiety which spoiled her night's rest.

Lucette was now eight years old. She had been a puny, sickly little thing from her birth; but as her father had possessed much parental feeling, he loved her though she was ill-favored, and, by the advice of his physician, took her into the country in her infancy, to insure her better health and a longer life. She was placed in the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Horton—a worthy couple who had no children of their own—and, while her father lived, had always received several visits in a year from him, with at least one or two from her mother. But Mr. De Ford had been dead three years, and his widow had found so many engagements since, that for eighteen months she had not seen the little exile, whose education she now designed to commence, and whose appearance now struck her with double dismay, when it was contrasted with that of her sisters.

The next morning Mrs. De Ford entered the sleeping-room of her children at an earlier hour than usual. Lucette was on her knees by her little cot, and the other two were tittering at the toilette. Their mother had sense of propriety enough to check them, but when Clara whispered to her what they had overheard of the child's devotions, she joined in their laugh. It was "Oh, dear Lord, if I *am* ugly, pray make me good!"

The little stranger's wardrobe was now overhauled, and as the various articles were drawn forth from her trunks, each one was received by her sisters with a peal of merriment. Her mother had never taken any charge of her clothing, but had merely sent money to Mrs. Horton, with instructions that she should be supplied with what she needed, and was suitable to the country. She had now nothing that was considered fit to wear, and a dress of Clara's was tucked for her. Her mother was in hopes that it would improve her appearance, but she wore it with so bad a grace that it had rather a contrary effect; and, with a sign, Mrs. De Ford directed Victorine to bring Lucette to pay her respects to aunt Bently.

Lucette accordingly followed to the state chamber, which was now occupied by a guest, an aunt of her mother's. Mrs. Bently was in her second widowhood—a stern, coarse, though rather a fine-looking woman, considerably advanced in years, and, from her dress, evidently valuing beauty as highly as did her niece. She had won her first husband, indeed, by that endearment, and her second also, according to her own belief, though as to that there is some difference of opinion, as she was middle aged when she captivated him, and known to possess a large fortune. Her wealth she still retained, and by her niece she was always treated with the greatest deference. She put on her spectacles as Lucette approached, and looked at her so keenly that the poor child colored until her skin showed its redness through her light and scanty hair.

"Why, it is even worse than you told me, Harriet," said the old lady, sourly, when the children had been directed to go and sit down; "who under the sun does she take after?"

"Not after me, I trust," said Mrs. De Ford, pensively; "and her father was a handsome man."

"Where in the world did she get those eyes?" exclaimed aunt Bently; "perfect gooseberries!"

"If they only had better lashes, their color and dullness would not be so perceptible," returned the mother, "but, as it is, there is nothing to relieve them."

"And such a nose!—so nondescript and so ugly!—her father's, I believe, was well shaped, and inclined to Roman."

"And mine is considered pure Grecian. Clara and Victorine both have my nose."

"And was there ever such hair!—thin and stringy, and several colors all mixed; upon my word, some locks are white, some yellow, and some inclined to lead-color! I wonder if we can't get some preparation to improve it. Such things are often advertised."

"I would not mind the hair so much, but the skin looks so dark by contrast with it, and is so deplorably freckled. Lucette, child, did not Mrs. Horton know enough to make you wear your bonnet, to keep you from getting so much freckled?"

"Yes, ma'am, she did," replied the affrighted child; "I always wore my bonnet, and she washed me every day in buttermilk, but the freckles would come."

"I would get some kind of a caustic wash to take them off, even if it took the skin with them," said the aunt, decisively.

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"Lucette," again called the mother, "were you never taught to sit upright? I never did see a little creature so round shouldered."

Lucette, accordingly, held up her head and threw forward her chest, but aunt Bently thought it only made matters worse. She was now square shouldered.

"If you keep her with you, she will be apt to spoil your own market, Harriet," said the old lady, with a rough laugh; "no man would like to marry a woman who had been so unfortunate as to have such a child. He would fear a repetition of it."

There was little comfort in the remark, and Mrs. De Ford turned a look to the other children. "We must try what artificial means will do for her," said she; "her sisters have beauty enough to insure their fortune, and besides are so extremely graceful! I never saw any one more sylph-like than Clara, when she dances, and Victorine, when she sits at the harp, is a perfect seraph."

Two or three weeks were devoted to remodeling Lucette, but without any encouraging effect. New clothes were furnished, but they only made her look more awkward, by confining her movements, and nothing *would* become her complexion. Her head was shaved for the improvement of her hair, and she looked still uglier in caps. A patent wash was tried on her skin, but it only, as aunt Bently remarked, "seemed to set the freckles." She did not care for music, and, though she had a good talking voice—her only perceptible attraction—she could not turn a tune, so there was no hope in attempting to accomplish her in that line; and as for dancing, her want of ear for time made that an equal impracticability. The discussions she was hourly subjected to, and the efforts she was constantly required to make, were torture to the poor child, and she pined after her country home till her health was evidently failing.

"It is a pity to see her suffering," said her mother, "for she is a good little thing, after all; so obedient and submissive, and so free from all envy and jealousy of her sisters."

"Yes," returned aunt Bently, "she is getting so thin and pale that she will soon be quite hideous, so you 'll just have to send her back to the country, Harriet. From her account, there is a good enough school at Arlington, and you can let her go back to the Hortons and attend it. It is to be hoped she will imbibe a taste for literature, and come out a blue in course of time—it is the best hope for her. Let her learn every thing she can, at all events, and, when she grows up, she may, at least, have a chance of making a match in the country, where looks are of not so much consequence."

The advice was taken. Mrs. De Ford wrote to Mr. Horton, proposing to send Lucette back again. Her letter received a joyful answer, and the little girl, with tears of happiness in her eyes, was placed under the care of a country neighbor, delegated to escort her, and forwarded by the stage-coach to her foster parents.

CHAPTER II.

Two or three furlongs from the village of Arlington, and adjoining the farm of Mr. Horton, was a pretty estate, of a few acres, which, from its abounding in an innumerable variety of trees, shrubbery and plants, was known by the name of the "Botanical Gardens." It had belonged to a nursery-man, but, on his resigning it for a more profitable location nearer the city, had fallen into the hands of a new resident of the district, a Doctor Wykoff. He was a German, a man of varied and extensive attainments, and of profound and active philanthropy. Next to her foster parents, he was the kindest friend to little Lucette, and she had given him a large portion of her heart, for she had few friends, as is commonly the lot of children so lacking the gift of beauty, and those she had, she valued accordingly. The doctor had been attracted to notice her by the neglect of others, and she soon won his regard by the patient cheerfulness of her disposition, and by her love of flowers—one of his own strong feelings. Many a long, tiresome walk she had taken with him, in search of her painted favorites, and many a luxurious hour she had spent in studying their names and likenesses in the rich folios he piled before her, in his quiet library.

The commonest haunts, in her play hours, to our little heroine were along a fine stream, which on one side bounded both the farm and the doctor's little domain. Its banks, for some distance, were composed of precipitous rocks, overgrown with trees, and here and there draped with heavy vines of the wild grape, and of the graceful clematis. Among these rocks Lucette could always find a sheltered seat, where she could listen to the gurgling of the water, watch the labors or the frolics of the birds, or, undisturbed, enjoy such books as her pocket money afforded her. The beautiful scenes of nature to which she had been accustomed, and the loneliness of her life had already awakened in her a taste for the love of fancy, and a new fairy tale was her most delectable feast. She naturally loved those the best that brought her own trials the most feelingly before her, and her favorite characters were such as poor Cinderella, and the persecuted girl in "Toads and Diamonds."

The acquisition of two or three unexplored volumes was the only agreeable result of her recent visit to the city, and on her first walk, after her return, her companion was "Riquet with the Tuft." She seated herself by the water's edge, at the foot of a cliff which rose abruptly beside her to the height of thirty feet or more, and was soon happy to learn that, in spite of ugliness and deformity, her new prince had, by virtue and wit, made himself beloved and admired. Lucette had no aspiration after wit, she was too humble for that; so she was content to forego admiration, but she had always tried to be good, and she found the success of her hero fresh encouragement. But before she had finished the story, her reading was interrupted. A stone fell from the rock into the water, and on looking up she saw a slightly formed, handsomely dressed boy, some three or four years older than herself, on its summit, and approaching with a fearless step to its very edge. His face was upturned toward the trees, as if in listening to the birds, and he seemed apparently unconscious of any danger.

Lucette perceived at a glance that he was a stranger,

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and called out loudly, "Go back, little boy, go back! If you fall over into the water you'll never get out again. This is the deepest place in all the creek; the miller's colt was drowned in it, and the town's people bring here all the kittens and puppy dogs they want to get rid of!"

The boy halted instantly on hearing her voice, and carefully reaching out a stick he held in his hand, he passed it along the edge of the precipice. "Are you a little girl?" he asked, bending in the direction whence the warning proceeded.

"Yes, don't you see me?—down here by the water, just at the foot of the rock."

"No, I can't see you—but wont you come up here?"

Wondering what he wanted with her, Lucette ran some distance back, and mounted the rock. "Give me your hand," said he, as she approached him; "I can't see, and, as you tell me the place is dangerous, I am afraid to move. You'll lead me away, wont you?"

"Why can't you see?" said Lucette, looking into the full, soft blue eyes which seemed fixed upon her.

"Because I am blind," answered the boy.

Lucette had heard of blindness, but she had never before met any afflicted with that terrible privation, and, with a feeling of awe, she took his hand and led him to some distance away. "Now," said she, with her voice softened and sweetened by compassion, "you are in the smooth, open road, and you have nothing to fear."

"You are a good little girl," said the boy, appreciating her tones, and laying his hand on her head to judge of her height; "what is your name?"

"Lucette De Ford."

"I shall remember your voice if I hear it again, and let me feel your face, that I may know it too," but Lucette drew back and refused.

"Why wont you?—I would just touch it gently."

"Because," she returned, artlessly, "you might laugh at me, and, like the other boys, call me 'ugly Lucette.'"

"I don't know what it is to be ugly," said the boy; "and I would rather call you 'good Lucette,' for you perhaps saved my life," and, as she did not again object, he moved his fingers slowly over her features.

"But, can you see nothing at all?" asked the little girl, her curiosity rising as her first surprise abated.

"I know light from darkness, and can tell if people move before me. That's all." He was interrupted by a voice familiar to Lucette, and Doctor Wykoff emerged from a thicket near them, with a couple of mineralogical specimens in his hand.

"Ah, my little Lucette," said he, "I percieve you have found out the new companion I had to bring home to supply your place while you were gone. I am glad to have you back again, and, as I wish you to be friends and playmates, you must shake hands with each other. His name is Ernest Cline."

Lucette gave her hand again to the blind boy, and the doctor, turning to him, continued; "But how happens it, Ernest, that you are so far from the place where I left you? did you get tired of waiting for me? My specimens were more dificult to find than I expected."

Ernest related that, having grown tired of being alone, he had left his seat to walk in the woods, as he supposed, and had been found by Lucette in a place of danger.

"I hope you will let this be a warning to you, Ernest," said the doctor, in a grave tone, and noticing, from the flush which covered the clear, white forehead of his young charge, that the reproof was felt, he proceeded no further, but, giving him his hand, asked Lucette to walk with them.

"Mrs. Horton tells me, Lucette," remarked the doctor, "that your mamma wishes you to go regularly, now, to school. How would you like me for your school-master?"

"Oh, a great deal better than any one else!"

"Would you? I am glad to hear it. Ernest is now to live with me, and I am to instruct him. He ought to have a companion in study as well as in play, and, as I do not wish him to have any intercourse with the boys of the village, I should like you to share his lessons. Would that please you?"

"Oh, yes, sir—if they would not be too hard."

"I shall take care of that," returned the doctor, smiling; "and, if you are agreed, I will write to your mamma about it. It will be pleasanter to study in my garden and green-house than you would find it in the seminary school-room, I am certain."

Lucette gladly assented, and, her mother having been written to, in a few days her new course of tuition commenced.

Ernest Cline was the orphan of a wealthy foreigner, who had left him to the guardianship of Doctor Wykoff. "I wish my son," said his father's will, "to remain where he now is—in the Asylum for the Blind—until he shall have acquired the rudiments of education, and afterward to be placed under the immediate eye of his guardian, to be orally instructed by him in the attainment of literature, science, and Christian virtue, as far as his capacity will admit. I know not a man as competent to such a task as my friend, and, trusting to his profound and extensive knowledge, his ingenuity, his wisdom and his excellence of heart, I rest satisfied that my boy, should he live, will become, notwithstanding his natural infirmity, an honor to his species."

The conditional time had now expired, and the doctor assumed his position of tutor. He had no family of his own, and the employment promised to be one of pleasure as well as usefulness. The talents of Ernest were of an encouraging order. He acquired readily, and reasoned with a degree of acuteness and strength uncommon to one so young. In selecting Lucette as a companion for his pupil, the sagacity of the doctor was not decieved. Her abilities, also, were good, and, being treated with constant kindness, she was grateful, docile, and eager to learn. Then she was always at hand, to relieve the tedium of study by devising amusements for Ernest. "How much better I like her than if she were a boy!" he often innocently observed to his guardian; for, without any of the reckless hardihood which would have made one of his own sex and age repulsive to a boy of his refined and sensitive nature, she was sprightly,

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active, and able to share all his physical diversions. She also imparted to him a taste for her own favorite pastimes, reading to him her fascinating stories, wandering with him about the fields and woods, exciting his curiosity and then patiently answering his questions, until he could tell almost every herb and flower they met with in their walks, by the touch, and every bird by its song.

Thus passed four years, and Doctor Wykoff had reason to be proud of his pupils. Their attainments were surprisingly varied, and, though acquired in a desultory manner, were by no means superficial.

Lucette's mind had become vigorous and methodical, while she had lost none of her simplicity and gentleness of character; and Ernest, confined to her sole companionship, retained all the purity of his childhood. But at this time came an unanticipated change. A letter was recieved from the elder brother of the deceased Mr. Cline, stating that he had recently lost an only son by death, and that as Ernest was to be his heir, he wished him to be brought to Germany, under the charge of his tutor. The proposition was not unwelcome to the doctor. He had for some time wished that his ward should have the advantage of hearing lectures in the transatlantic universities, and, as he was now sufficiently advanced in his education to be benefited by it, he made immediate preparations to comply. Then there was a sorrowful parting of the three friends. The heavy tears dropped from the sightless eyes of Ernest upon the face of Lucette, as he took leave. "I shall have a lonely time without you, dear Lucette," said he, "but if we live we shall meet again. Who can prevent one from coming back to America?—I should be allowed to come on account of a sister, and to you I owe more than any sister could have earned of me."

Mrs. De Ford, on hearing that her daughter had lost her instructor, thought proper to make her a visit, to decide upon what was to be done for the future. She found her much grown, having sound, white teeth, hair considerably improved, and manners quite divested of their awkward shyness; yet she was still "ugly Lucette," whom it would have been as impolitic as ever to take to the city. Therefore, and as there was a respectable female school in the village, she concluded to leave her with the Hortons, and again trust to time to befriend her.

To the school Lucette was accordingly sent, but it soon proved in the capacity of teacher rather than of scholar. She had so improved the instructions of the doctor that she found little there to learn, so she relieved the languid assistants of their wearisome duties, did their needle work for all the lazy girls, and simplified their lessons for all the stupid ones. As she grew older, her sphere of usefulness extended. She became the main support of the Sunday-School; she was the first to whom application was made, if a bundle of sewing was to be done for the poor, and if a nurse was needed to "sit up" with the sick, she was always ready for double duty. In all domestic affairs she was ably trained by her excellent foster-mother, whose services she repaid by making her best gowns, cups and collars, and by stitching all the holiday linen of her worthy husband. Nor was her own mind neglected. Doctor Wykoff had left her a valuable little library, with written suggestions for her progress in knowledge; and thus, with abundant employment for hands and heart, with a consciousness of the respect and affection of all around her, and with no lack of intellectual resources, she ceased to lament her personal disadvantages, and in the whole country there was not a happier person than ugly Lucette.

CHAPTER III.

Public opinion was the idol and the bugbear of Mrs. De Ford; and when, at length, it was hinted to her that she might be pronounced an unnatural mother for continuing so protracted a separation from her daughter without any ostensible reason, she hastened to summon her home.

Victorine and Clara had by this time fulfilled all their early promise of extreme beauty, and had been carefully educated, agreeably to what appeared their peculiar endowments. The former was a tall, pensive-faced *blond*, affecting Italian music and German poetry, and looking surpassingly elegant as she sat at her harp, or moved in a quadrille. The latter was of a smaller, lighter figure, with a richer complexion and a brighter cast of countenance, and was bewitchingly graceful in the waltz, or in singing gay ballads and love songs to her guitar. In opposition to her sister's sentiments, her forte was piquancy and *bon mots*. But Clara was now twenty, and Victorine full two years older, and, though all seemed to acknowledge the attractions of her fair charges, none of eligibility had offered to relieve her of them, greatly to the amazement of Mrs. De Ford.

The presence of Lucette in the household, except by giving her mother's vanity an occasional twinge, was less of an inconvenience than had been apprehended. She was perfectly willing to keep in the back ground; she had no ambition for fashionable acquaintances, no curiosity about parties, and, besides, she was easily satisfied with regard to dress, making no demands for new, and even recieving what her sisters had cast off as superfluously fine. Indeed, in a short time she was regarded as a domestic acquisition. She seemed to perceive at a glance all the bearings of a fashion plate, and had the readiest fingers in the world at applying them. So well she convinced her sisters of her aptness, that, in a month or two after her return, they were able to dispense with their lady's maid.

"After all," observed Mrs. De Ford, one day, "poor Lucette verifies the remark that there is nothing which was not made for some use. I think, girls, your hair was never arranged so well, nor your dresses put on with so much style as since you have given yourselves into her hands. And then she saves the extortionate wages of Florine. And my own caps, too—this one particularly, is so neat and becoming, that no one would take it to be home-made. Lucette seems to have a gift for such occupations, and, as she is so capable, it is a pity she has not more to do. Employment will save her from the mortifica-

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tion of feeling herself neglected. I have thought of turning over the whole of the house-keeping to her—it costs so much to hire a house-keeper, and the servants seem to respect Lucette more, and to obey her better than any one else. Besides that, those two parties have somewhat crippled our winter's resources, and, if you *must* have those cashmere shawls, it will be necessary to retrench."

Thus, able to minister to the selfish requisitions of the family, our heroine was treated without any manifest unkindness, and though her sisters did avoid walking with her, and though, when an eligible widower or old bachelor happened to call, her mother did merely present her as Miss De Ford, and not as "my daughter," she was too single-hearted to think that any thing was meant. Yet her modest virtues were not hidden from all. There were those who could discover the gems even through their homely casket; and many an elderly lady who was plagued with a family of ill-tempered, thriftless daughters, pointed out, as an example, the amiability, industry and usefulness of Lucette; and many an elderly gentleman, past the time for being fascinated by beauty alone, wished the young ladies of his acquaintance would give less attention to their bonnets and bandeaux, and garnish the insides of their heads like that of the plain Miss De Ford.

The second spring after Lucette's return, Mrs. De Ford was surprised by an unexpected visit from her aunt Bently. Lucette had never seen her since the old lady struck her with terror when a child, and some of the ancient feeling was depicted on her face in their renewed intercourse.

"Lucette is almost as ugly as ever," remarked the dowager, a day or two after her arrival.

"Yes, aunt, but we find her very useful," replied Mrs. De Ford.

"So you wrote to me, and I perceive that she is uncommonly intelligent. Can't you adopt my old plan and make a blue of her?"

"She only laughs at the idea—she is so unambitious—indeed, that is her good point, poor thing!—she says she is content to remain a consumer of literature, and has no hope to become a producer."

"What plans have you for spending the summer?" asked aunt Bently, abruptly.

"None matured. I do wish to go to the Virginia Springs, but it would be so expensive to take the girls. There's the disadvantage of having so many unprovided for; Victorine and Clara ought to go somewhere. As to Lucette, she has made arrangements to go back to the Hortons."

"I can settle all that for you. Go alone to the Virginia Springs. You have never visited there, and, as you look as well as you did ten years ago, if you are not clogged with matronizing your daughters, it will be strange if, among the troops of southerners you will meet, something do not turn up to your advantage. I will take charge of the girls myself. It is time you had some of them off your hands, and a new chaperon may prove more successful. I intend to go to Boston and that quarter, and, if you choose, let them go along—they will be new there. Even Lucette shall go. She ought to have a chance for a husband, and, as such things depend upon chance, after all, it is not impossible she may get one—she would make a capital wife for a missionary, or a school-master, or some widower with children. She seems cut out for a step-mother. And at Boston, with her knowledge of languages and mathematics and all that, she would pass off better than any where else."

"And she has become indispensable to her sisters about their dress," added the mother.

The plan of Mrs. Bently was received with favor on all sides, except that of poor Lucette; but of what consequence was Lucette's disapproval? She had written to Mrs. Horton, rejoicing in the hope of spending another summer at Arlington, and now there was nothing to do but to write again, that her foster-parents might grieve with her.

It was early in the season when our party reached Boston, so early that the fashionable world had not yet commenced their migrations; and, as aunt Bently had many acquaintances among them, and was known to be a person of wealth, her two beauties had a prospect of a successful enterprise. But simultaneous with themselves had arrived a new lion, who threatened, in the notice of the ladies at least, to stand beyond all competition. This was a German nobleman, who bore the title of Count Lindenthal.

"None of us has yet had the honor of an introduction," said a female visiter, "but we all expect to find him irresistible. He is quite young, and that his rank is real, and his estates are immense is beyond all doubt, some of our most respectable merchants being accurately informed on those points. The announcement of his arrival, two or three weeks ago, in the list of passengers, caused quite a sensation; you may have seen it—Count Lindenthal, two friends and servants—but then he merely passed through the city. Now, however, it is understood he will remain awhile. One of the friends is presumed to be his physician, and the other, a fine-looking young man, who is as inseparable from him as his shadow, his secretary. Our gentlemen have commenced calling, and it is to be hoped he will soon enter into society. I had the pleasure of a sight of him, yesterday, in the street, leaning on his secretary's arm, and I have never seen any one so strikingly handsome. He has a cast of obstruction in his face so German and sentimental, it is inconceivably interesting. Withal, he is said to be highly accomplished and intellectual. So, fair ladies, you may think yourselves in luck to have entered our field, while it affords a prize so well worth contending for."

Victorine and Clara *did* think themselves in luck, and still more so when the distinguished stranger was known to have taken lodgings, with his whole suite, in the hotel at which they were boarding.

"If we had only begun by taking our meals at the *table d' hote*," said Clara, "we might have a sight of him, but now, as we have still eaten in our room, it would be improper to appear at the ordinary."

"For you it would," said Mrs. Bently, "but persons of my age are privileged to do as they please,

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and I shall take my dinner there this very day. I intend that you shall have every advantage in my power, and as your old New York acquaintance, Mr. Mansfield, has come on opportunely, I shall make him give me a helping hand. He has been introduced to this foreign *rara avis*, and he shall introduce me."

"Dear, dear aunt Bently!" exclaimed both the girls, and as aunt Bently was well known as a skillful manœuverer, they had no doubt of her success.

"Well, aunt?" was the anxious salutation which greeted the old lady on her return from the dinner-table.

"Well, it's all settled. I waylaid Mr. Mansfield, took his arm, and proposed to have a place beside where the count still sat, which I obtained without difficulty, as there was no other lady at table. I was presented to him, of course, and before parting got a promise that he would spend the evening in our parlor; Mr. Mansfield helping me along by saying that two of my nieces were fine German scholars. You ought to be one of them, Clara, for it is a pity that the knowledge should be lost upon poor Lucette. To be sure, he speaks English astonishingly well, but it might aid you to be acquainted with German literature."

"But what is he like, dear aunt?"

"All that Miss Langtree stated him to be, with an exception she never dreamed of, and which is the secret of that fascinating abstraction of manner. You could not guess it till doom's day. He is blind."

"Blind!" almost shrieked the girls.

"Blind!" re-echoed the old lady, with her rough laugh; and, after all, there is nothing so horrible in that. There is many a woman that would rejoice to have a blind husband. Hav n't you often heard me say that it is best for a man to have a blind side, and for his wife to keep beside it?—this youngster is not stone blind, only enough so not to know one person from another—not a man from a woman; and it does not hurt his appearance at all. I would never have suspected it had he not told me."

Against evening the young ladies had reconciled themselves to the convenient philosophy of their aunt, and had prepared themselves to receive the distinguished visiter. Wisely considering that, though he might not himself be able to discern their beauties, he would be likely to receive a report from his secretary, or whoever his attendant might be, their appearance was in no wise neglected. So when they had entered the drawing-room and placed themselves, Victorine near her harp, and Clara with her guitar beside her, both of which instruments had accompanied them, it was with a consciousness that they were looking unusually charming. Lucette had no share in the excitement. In unpacking and preparing for the summer's campaign, she had had enough to occupy her through the day, and this evening, having found an agreeable book, she had concluded to remain in her chamber.

At the appointed hour Count Lindenthal made his appearance, unattended except by old Mr. Mansfield, by whose arm he was guided. He was, indeed, singularly handsome, with a tall figure, slender, but finely formed; a firm, graceful carriage, in which appeared none of the caution and restraint habitual to the blind; and curls of light, silken hair waving round a head of the most classic contour, and shading a countenance of the most symmetrical and expressive beauty. One glance sufficed for the conquest of two hearts. Both young ladies taxed to the utmost their different powers of pleasing, and their efforts were met by the count with all the polite courtesy of the high-bred gentleman.

At length, Mr. Mansfield drew a small volume from his pocket. "I promised a treat to Count Lindenthal, ladies," said he, "in coming from his apartments. I have obtained a new volume of German poetry, which he tells me was just issued at Leipsic as he set sail, and with which he is anxious to be acquainted. I have examined one or two pieces, and find them so admirable that I am desirous to have them read for his gratification. You know I do not pretend to pronunciation of the language, so, Miss Victorine, I must delegate the duty to you."

But Victorine, though she read German, was conscious that she did not do it so well as to be able to make a hit by it with one to whom it was native, and, saying that she always avoided reading poetry until she was sufficiently familiar with its spirit to do it justice, she declined.

"Then, where is your sister?—I do not see her present. I hope she will be less scrupulous."

"She is shut up in her chamber—you know how unsocial she generally is," replied Clara.

"Will you allow me the liberty of sending for her?" and, ringing the bell, the old gentleman despatched a servant for Lucette.

She promptly presented herself, and Mr. Mansfield, for whom she had a great regard, communicated his wishes. She took the volume without hesitation, and placed herself near a light, intending to retreat as soon as her task was accomplished. She possessed a voice "ever soft, gentle and low" as Cordelia's, and her reading, from her usually strong appreciation of an author, was peculiarly effective. The young stranger bent forward and listened eagerly, and by the time she had concluded the first stanza, had risen from his seat.

"Elevate your voice, a little, Lucette," said Victorine.

"Perhaps Count Lindenthal would like to move a little nearer," said Clara; "will you accept me as a guide?" and she gracefully held out her arm, whose beautiful outline was clearly revealed through the snowy muslin that enveloped it.

"Thanks—I need no other guide than that voice!" returned he, quickly passing her and crossing the room; "I cannot be mistaken—it is no other than that of my early friend, Lucette!"

"Ernest!" exclaimed the astonished girl, and in an instant her hands were clasped in his.

"He must be the blind boy she used to know at Arlington," whispered Clara to Victorine, and both belles soon saw that, for the evening, at least, they might give their exertions a respite. The two old playmates, like overjoyed children, seemed to have thoughts of nothing else than their own happiness.

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"At what hour in the morning can I see you, Lucette?" said Ernest, as he took leave; "I have so much to say to you! you must admit me early—even before you receive Doctor Wykoff."

Lucette named an hour which would not interfere either with the toilette or the visiters of her sisters, and at its arrival she was summoned to the drawing-room. She knew not why, but, as she entered the door, she felt that her step was not so free, nor her tones so steady as usual. Ernest, also, was less gay than on the night before, and, as he placed her on a sofa beside him, she could not but notice that his hands slightly trembled.

"Do you look as you did in former times, Lucette?" he asked, gently passing his fingers over her face, and, for an instant, his soft curls were pressed against her cheek; "I have learnt through absence so deeply to value my old privilege, that, last evening, I would not have dared to assert it," and Lucette did not answer a word.

"When we parted as children, Lucette," continued Ernest, seeming to mark her every breath and pulsation, "I said we should meet again, but how little I knew, in my boyish unconsciousness, that to meet you would become the strongest necessity of my existence!—the longer I was separated from you the more I missed your companionship, and the more anxious I was to recover it, and at length time revealed to me the nature of the want. I had rank to command for me every attention, wealth to purchase me every amusement, friends from whom I received every substantial kindness, but the ever-present and sympathizing tenderness of one of your sex was what I needed to secure my happiness. Without that I felt that to me every thing would be doubly dark, that I would be doubly desolate. And in you, dear Lucette, was, to me, comprehended your whole sex. I pictured you as having perfected all your early promise; as being all that was gentle, patient, affectionate and true, of heart; all that was graceful, sound, rational and healthful, in mind; all that would be valuable in a companion, all that would be loveable in a wife. Many were named to me who might have given me their hand on my darkened path, and who were called fair and good, but what to me were personal charms, when I could perceive beauty in the immaterial alone? and how, except through others, was I to test the character of a woman? My uncle's death set me at liberty to follow the impulses of my heart, and my guiding point was our dear old village. I did not find you there, but soon one part of my mission was accomplished. I heard your name ever mentioned with praises sweeter to me than fairy-music. Your winning home virtues, your untiring benevolence, your piety, your intellectual powers, were a grateful theme to all, and hearing that you were coming hither, I turned my course, secure from my opportunities of introduction to society, that I could discover you before long.

"But now, dear Lucette—I tremble while I ask it—what have I to hope? do not withdraw your hand—you know I used to try to read your thoughts through it—you are too good, too compassionate, to send me again with my loneliness into the world!—surely to no one could your sympathy be so precious, by no one could your gentle offices be so much needed!—let me not be mistaken, dearest Lucette—promise that you will be as light to my eyes, as sunshine to my heart!"

Again he passed his fingers over her face, and felt that there were tears on her cheeks. He had an instinct that they were not tears of sadness, and he dried them in his bosom.

A tap at the door was followed by the entrance of Doctor Wykoff. "I have won her, my best friend, my father!" exclaimed Ernest in a tone of rapture; "the companion you gave me to make my childhood happy, is to be my blessing through life!"

The doctor caught his extended hand joyfully, and clasped Lucette in his arms with the fondness of a parent.

Wealth and rank are marvelous beautifiers—at least so it appears in the instance of our heroine. Much as Mrs. De Ford, in her various fashionable progresses with her two single daughters, talks about their sister, "the Countess of Lindenthal," describing her arrivals and departures in and from America, her travels in this country, and her estates in that, she is never known to allude to her as "ugly Lucette."

TO ——— ———.

BY HON. J. W. WILDE.

They say thy smile is like the hue
A rainbow paints on wintry clouds,
As beautiful—as transient too—
And hiding, like that bow, from view,
A gloom that all beneath enshrouds.

Thy glances—playful as the breeze
That sports in some "cloud-kissing hill"—
Like icebergs of thy northern seas,
Which flash in mockery as they freeze,
And earth, and air, and ocean chill.

Thy voice, they say, is like those streams
That forests with their blossoms freight,
Where sound with fragrance mingled seems,
And soothe the soul, like childhood's dreams
Ere wrongs have galled the heart with hate.

Yet, as those streams, the summer o'er,
By winter's icy fetters bound,
Are silent as their leafless shore,
So thou at times dost cease to pour
Thy sweet voice forth in fragrant sound.

O! lady—what a mystery thou;
Who shall resolve thee, but the muse?
Behold! she mounts with scowling brow
The tripod of her temple now,—
"Poh! poh! the vixen has the blues!"

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NI-MAH-MIN.

BY LUCIA L. NOBLE.

(Concluded from page 82.)

THE DEPARTURE.

What voice was that? did they not hear it?
From yonder misty lake it rose;
A woful scream! like some sad spirit,
When over a grave it goes.
There—there again!—how wildly shrill
It seeks the soul of the woodland still!

Was it the sound of the watcher loon?
It was the sound of the watcher loon,
Looking down at the water-moon,
Floating fearfully, floating slow
Over the hunter lost below,
While her sister owl is sleeping,
She the watch has long been keeping,
And waketh now a startling horn
To tell her of the coming morn.

But never a 'Tawa on the height
Will need that call to the coming light:
So early all are listening there;
And dew lies heavily on their hair:
They wait Ni-mah-min's parting yell,
Pealing out of the misty dell:
Over the valley and over the hill
Their answering whoop goes loud and shrill;
And gathering round the aged king,
An ancient battle song they sing,
Till each and all of the dark-eyed men
Wish for the days of war again.

THE BURIAL.

Up rolls Ke-sus to the cloud so high,
All bright as the Great-Spirit's eye,
And meets the mist of the maple grove
As singing birds and the blossoms love:
Strong blows the wind from the sunset land;
A sound of waves upon the sand;
An eagle dark in the airy sky;
And so the sweet cool day runs by.

Down rolls Ke-sus from the cloud so red,
All bright as the Great-Spirit's head;
And purple lakes with their floating isles
Fall to sleep in his parting smiles.
But as he pays a warm good-night
To the sacred oak of the warrior height:
All under the brow where the hazels wave
He meets the chill of a new-made grave.
Upon the twilight's flowery breath
Voices steal of a song of death;
And murmurs mingle in the vale
With many a note of maiden's wail;
Repeating, as they faint away
Sadly into the distant gray,
"The sach-em's bow, the prophet's knife,
Alone could take the charmed life;
And blest forever will Me-sak be
Who set the Elk of Huron free."

Companions, what 's the trouble now?
Why rules that fear upon the brow?
Was that a wail upon the wind?
Does murdered Me-sak tread behind?
It is the fox that steps behind;
You hear the owl along the wind.
Be calm! the Indian would not come
At the thump of a 'Tawa drum:
The hazels root him in too strong;
He lies too deep, and bath lain too long:
Mo-wah dropped him all too dead
Ever again to lift his head.
Ah, Mo-wah! that was foully done
So to murder the sach-em's son,
To sink him so in the icy lake,
And all his well-earned glory take
For envy and ambition's sake.

Alas! they cursed thee while a child;
Alas! they made thy manhood wild:
And, but for them, in Wash-te-mang,
No brave had been so proudly sung:
In form, in strength, in speech, in soul,
The Maker stamped thee for control.
Yes, but for them, thy wayward life
Had purdoned been; and deemed the strife
Of passions o'er a better will;
And all had learned to love thee still.
But stung with envy, wrapped in hate,
Forever grasping to be great,
All ends, at last, as it began,
Too black for Man-i-to or man.

Ah! well thou knewest thy mortal arm
Could set the Elk of Huron harm;
Full well, that only Me-sak's bow
Could lay the goblin creature low.
But when thy demon ruled thy heart
To wing with secret death thy dart;
And thou, nye, from the grasping dead,
Didst steal the fatal hide and head;
Oh, Mo-wah! little didst thou know
The weight, the vengeance of the wo
Which thou didst pluck, and soon will fall
Try name to blast, thy life, thine all.

VII.—*The story-teller, still as Mish-gun-gun, carries the tale through the third act. The last character appears.*

NI-ME.*

How beautiful, how blest the hour
Of moonlight on the forest bower!
The brook, the fall, the breathing grove—
Their music then is all of love;
And tears of love the trembling dew,
Fallen out of the starry blue.

* Ni-me—Bird.

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In the home of the Spirit-King,
O, is there such a blessed thing?
Is there a shadowy time of rest
In the sweet bowers of the blest?
And is the night of the sinless there
Holier, or more heavenly fair?

Upon the bank aweary flung—
The lonely bank of the Wash-te-mung—
Ni-mah-min, hath this vision brought
Upon thy soul no kindred thought?
Does not that beauty bright above
Call back the dear sweet dream of love?
Take down from off thine aching brow
Thy hand and make confession now.
In this calm moment's kind relief
From hot revenge, from sleepless grief,
Once more upon thy raptured eyes
Does not the unknown virgin rise.
Of whom O-sa-wah sang, and thou
Hast dreamed, and whispered many a vow?

Far on the banks of Wash-te-mung
It was that old O-sa-wah sung
That fair and lovely as the dawn
Alone she mated with the fawn.
Ni-mah-min, would not that to thee,
Say, thy brightest moment be,
If the beauteous warm ideal
Were upon thy vision real,
And the creature of a dream
Now were moving on the stream?

Hark! what call comes down so shrill,
Comes down the river running still?
Sure it sounded like a shout,
Pealing from the forest out,
A maiden's shout, or a panther shrill—
What voice was that on the water still?

Ni-mah-min springs upon his feet;
He hath forgotten all to listen;
He cannot hush the loud heart-beat;
How the careless eddies glisten!
Close upon the water-side,
Tall and still he stands and listens—
Forever, all that water wide
In that happy moonshine glistens.
He listens—gaily whip-po-wil
Whistles up the willow till;
And to woodlands soft and low
Currents murmur as they flow;
None other sound is made than these
Along that stream of lofty trees.

But up, far up the silver floor
Of that silent silvery hall,
Ni-mah-min looketh evermore—
Looketh for the call.
Sure it was no sudden dash,
Sure it could not be the dash
Of a moving oar?
Perhaps it is the wa-was-enah
Swimming from the shore.
Full upon his eye, and fast
It comes—a light canoe, at last;
A light canoe from distance dim
Swiftly right across to him.

Painfully his quick heart beats;
It thrills him to the finger ends;
As the oar its stroke repeats,
Swiftness to the bark it lends:
Gracefully the paddle bends,
And he is still as stone:
It thrills him to the finger ends;
A damsel all alone!
Plainly, in the river's gleam,
It is the damsel of his dream.

And what will young Ni-mah-min do?
And what, yea, what the virgin too?
A moment all things whirl and swim,
While up she leaps and sits by him,
And pants with weariness and fright,
Yet smiles and whispers with delight.

O-sa-wah, were those still black eyes
Fixed and glowing with surprise,
Which once to thee the spirit gave
In the dark mystery of thy cave?
Oh! all too tamely hast thou sung
Of the red maid of Wash-te-mung,
If, for a breath, upon thy sight
One ray had beamed of all the light,
The kindling light which flashes now
Beneath the living maiden's brow.
The Huron's breast, I ween, is bold;
Yet all his creeping blood runs cold:
He sees it well, in the silver beams—
It is the damsel of his dreams.

Like bird that hath no might to take
Its look away from glittering snake;
But fly and flutter as it will,
Looks in the eye of the charmer still,
So, help him, hath Ni-mah-min yet
His gaze upon the damsel set.

Speechless, from her grassy seat
She rises slowly to her feet;
Falling back a little space,
Timidly, with easy grace,
And mutters low—"Thou art not he,
The brother of the wild Me-me."

THE LOVERS.

Roll, O! roll away the moon,
Too fair upon that golden breast!
Soft heaving, like a wave at noon,
When all the wooing zephyrs rest:
Bind, ah! bind those tresses back,
So darkly o'er thy beauty flung!
Too free they flow, too long and black,
Thou tall red lady of Wash-te-mung!

Past is the moment of fear and pain:
Ni-mah-min's heart is coming again:
Her name is breathing o'er his tongue—
The same that sage O-sa-wah sung.
And, as the soft expression steals
Upon her startled ear, he kneels—
Kneels where the rush is bending in
Beneath her yellow mock-o-sin;*
And touches her hand with tender fear;
And what she whispers looks to hear—
It is the same—"Thou art not he,
The she-mah† of the lone Me-me."

Ah, 'Tawa, did some spirit bless
Thy still sad look with tenderness;
And make thy deep-toned accents bland;
And warm the pressure of thy hand

* Mock-a-sin—The Indian shoe. † She-mah—Brother.

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With all the passion of thy smile,
That thou dost so that girl beguile?
Her eye thy every feeling drinks:
And lo! how tremblingly she sinks,
And sits to murmur in the dew
To the lover she never knew.

"He left me late to hunt the deer,
My she-mah, and to meet me here:
What the archer hath befell
Lonely Me-me cannot tell:
Ever dark, how gloomy now
Sits some secret on his brow!
Yet to Me-me will not own
Why he wanders much alone:
Oh! that little bird so red,
Sadly singing over head,
Singing in the evening so,
With a witchery and wo,
As it flitted round my bark
Long and lonesome after dark!
Where the archer loves to stay
Mournful Me-me cannot say.

THE REVENGE.

Ni-mah-min boundeth like a buck
In the quiet bosom struck;
And the damsel with a scream
Hastens like a broken dream.
Faintly flashing by his head,
Hard a whizzing arrow sped,
And bloodless quivers in the rind
Of the white sycamore behind.
Again—again—with startling hum
The viewless bolts of murder come;
But each its thirsty flint hath sunk
Unstained within the sounding trunk.
Warrior, thy blood, thy life is bought;
It hangs upon a single thought;
Be calm—and well conceive the wile
That deadly bowman to beguile:
Or wilt thou bide with stupid fear
To stare and die like thoughtless deer?
One arrow more and thou wilt know,
Perchance too late, thy secret foe.
Huron, was that a fatal dart
That makes thee with such anguish start?
Has he laid thee dead upon the ground,
That he comes yonder with a bound?
Behold! he halts upon the green,
His ambush and the dead between,
And holds aghast his lifted hands—
Ni-mah-min in his triumph stands.
"Foul demon! now within thy breast
Deep let thy faithless arrow rest:
Its point has sipped life's crimson tide
But lightly in my belted side;
But now from thy heart's blood shall take
Its fill, for murdered Me-mik's sake."
A spring—a shrill convulsive yell,
As headlong to the earth he fell,
Declare the work of vengeance o'er—
Mo-wah, The Bold, he breathes no more.

THE RESCUE.

Ni-mah-min steals from tree to tree
The damsel of his dream to see:
And thither turns a lingering ear,
Where a moan he seems to hear:
Mooning by that glittering stream
She moves, the virgin of his dream.

"Me-me!" how mild, how fond the tone!
All for the frightened maiden meet:
Quick around a look is thrown;
No voice she ever heard so sweet!
O, sure, it cannot bode her ill?
Of plaintive flute, at twilight still,
When timid lover wanders nigh,
It came like music, tenderly:
Again she hears—"Me-me! Me-me!"
And couches at the Huron's knee.

"Rise up, thou child of raven hair!
The panther slumbers in his lair;
Rise, daughter of the melting eyes!
In smoking blood the panther lies:
This gory scalp the hunter keeps
In proof the fell assassin sleeps;
And thou, this night, that head shalt scorn
From whence the bloody head was torn.

With tears, with smiles, she thanks the chief
That he hath wrought such kind relief:
When sight with age is weak and dim,
She says, she will remember him:
Her she-mah dear, not least, though last,
Will be a loving friend and fast:
She loves him well, her she-mah dear;
Though held in spite, though held in fear,
If ere he gave in faith the hand,
He was the gentlest in the land.

As lightly in the shade they tread,
The whispering maiden stops with dread:
She fears the ghastly sight to view:
She fears it may not all be true:
Nor linger dare she thus behind—
Sad voices hath the fitful wind:
So hastening up with timorous pace
To her lofty lover's side,
She sees the gloomy corpse's face,
And trembles there to bide:
But yet abides, and turns a glance
Bewildered on the countenance;
A glance—a look—a fixed eye—
With sadness deep that cannot lie.
Hah!—breathes again the dead!—has death,
Maiden, thy bosom robbed of breath?
Not long hath life the power to brook
That still intensity of look:
One moment—it will break the spell
Of that suspense, for aye, and tell
All which she hath no words to speak:
'Tis past—with lifted arms, a shriek
Upon that solitude doth roll
The dreadful secret of her soul—
"Mo-wah!" and falls to clasp him there
In deep convulsions of despair.

THE CURSE.

Ah, boys, a sickening sight was there!
Clenched upon the bosom bare,
Clenched in death, the hand doth keep
The arrow where it slumbers deep.
In sooth, a chilling vision there!
Open eyes with a soulless glare,
A forehead high, all bloody and chill,
The scowl of the dying agony still.
And is it that, Ni-mah-min, now
Which lends thee such terrific brow?

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Yea, kindles in thy silent sight
That strange, that more than mortal light!
Like some lone star of the lonely hour,
(When stillness brings the thunder-shower,
And the night is dark and the thunder loud,)
That sparkles through the thunder-cloud,
And from its lustrous lashes flings
A thousand quick and vivid things
Which had not motion, life, nor hue
Ere blackness moved athwart the blue,
So through the death-like sadness dark
Comes each eye a living spark.
It is *not* that, O-ta-wa, now
Which lends thee thy terrific brow:
'T is *not* the ghastly gazing dead
Which works within thy soul the dread,
And pours around thy fettered sight
The strange, the strong prophetic light;
'T is all which that brief shriek reveals—
'T is all the agony she feels,
Who seemed, before the avenging strife,
The destined light of all his life;
But now his dearest, darkest foe—
Lost, lost forever, in the blow
Which lays the hunter murderer low.
Nay, Huron, start not! Lo! he sees
The maiden quick upon her knees:
And with laughter shrill says she—
"A worn, a weary hunter he!
Far and fast the Wolf has run
Over the hill for the hiding sun;
And snapped his polished bow of ash
Over the horns of the Wa-was-cash:
Oh! the cold sweat of his cheek is red!
How sound he sleeps! and the buck is dead."

"Me-me"—the chief he never spoke
So tenderly—the tone does seem
The charm, the maddening spell to break
Of that delirious dream.
Around her wandering eye goes fast,
Then fastens full upon his face;
To earth she slowly sinks at last,
And bitterly weeps a space:
A space she weeps with virgin's grief
For lover in battle slain:
And now her spirit hath relief,
She calmly speaks again.

"A cruel deed hath the stranger done
To spill the blood of a mighty one;
A terrible deed to speed the dart
That breaks forever my lonely heart.
All green our father's grave is grown;
And we were two in the world alone.
Warrior, my love for thee, to-night—
The first, the very last to fright
My flattering bosom—now returns:
And vengeance for affection burns.
Oh, Me-wah! Oh! I cannot stay
To wilt like a prairie-flower away:
Nor canst thou rest in blissful isles
And want thy Me-me's happy smiles.
Where is the path to the spirit-land?
Where waits the bark of the shining sand,
To carry me o'er to the spirit-land?
The light of my heart is sinking low;
And Me-me in the morn will go.
Away, dark chief! the moon is set;
The strewment's flash will light thee yet,
Till thou art on thy homeward trail
Beyond the thought of my dying wail.
O-ta-wa, go! my moan will fray
The panther till the break of day:
Nor fent to linger, or look behind,
Or list the voice of the following wind!
No fierce avenger of the dead
Will chase thee close with noiseless tread;
But, Huron—never forget it!—worse—
A broken-hearted maiden's curse."

—

VIII.—*The story-teller, as Mish-qua-gen, carries the tale to the close of the fourth act. The conclusion is related in the speaker's proper person.*

THE RETURN.

Friends, the night is calmly waning;
Stir the dying brands once more;
Of the story yet remaining
Soon the little will be o'er.

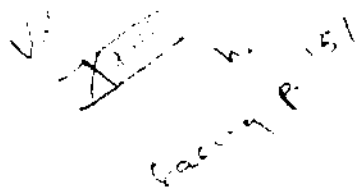
How Ni-mah-mis left the maiden;
What the hapless brave befell,
Weary-footed, wo-beladen,
Will the lingering spirit tell.

If it were no lover's sadness,
When he turned afar to go,
Could it be the victor's gladness
That did make him loiter so?
Faint he foots it, faint and slow,
Heedless now of sight or sound,
Homeward o'er the lonesome ground.

Ah, me! Ni-mah-mis, it were shame
Beneath the battle-oak to name,
That blasted love could crush with grief
The spirit of a dauntless chief,
And send him from the hour of fight
Forgetful of a deed of might:
The weakness were a very sin
In less than thou.
Lo! breaking in,
The morning paints the misty lake.
Along the sand his footsteps make
The path of one that walks in sleep.
A wreath of vapor on the deep
He hails with feeble whoop; it seems
The damsel of his happier dreams:
Nay, more—the same to whom he knelt,
And all that sweet delirium felt,
While yet he held, in soft moonshine,
Her hand beneath the sycamine:
He plunges in—it cools his brain
To swim with life to land again.

Ah! cruel is the tongue to throw
Taunt and scorn upon thy wo;
Most cruel to have breathed a thought
That love alone the ruin wrought
Which makes thee wander weak and wild
Like a lost bewildered child.
Ah! Huron, none but thee could tell
The sickening whirl, the dizzy spell
Of fevered brain and struggling sight
All through the mazes of the night:
Oh! none can tell the fiery smart
Which almost blazes round his heart,
While o'er a fount he stoops to dash
In vain, once more, the poisoned gash;

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Then sinks, with scorched and failing eye,
Alone upon the brink to die.

THE MEETING.

A hunter bold in wolf-skin gray
Is hunting at the peep of day.
Where the red-winged black-birds sing
Round the Huron's utmost spring.
It was a faint, a fearful yell,
Which from a distant willow fell,
That leads him thither: in the shade
He sees a gasping stranger laid.
But who, or what he mutters so,
That pitying hunter does not know.
His gentle words are heeded not:
All seems in some sad dream forgot,
Till water cools the fever-flame;
And now he knows the face and name.
"Ni-mah-min, is it thou?" a breath,
The dying brave o'ermasters death;
And rises on his hand to grasp
The bending helper, and to gasp
"Mish-qua-gen! to my father take
My bow—the scalp of Me-wah—make
My grave with Me-nak—"
Huron's chief
Is childless in this hour of grief.

THE CONCLUSION.

Companions, ye are moved, I see.
And what if such the story be
Of two, that slumber in the three
Old graves below?—No doubt,
With me, at this slow-rolling hour,
Without the prompting spirit's power,
The last you will make out.
In truth, I feel the haunting elf,
This moment, leave me to myself,
As if the tale were ended here,
As if, because no further tear
The story asks, it were not well
The sequel of its grief to tell.
In sooth, the little yet behind
Speeds so quickly through the mind
I will breathe it while you gaze
On that last, that little blaze.
I ween, ye think the aged chief
First bowed, then fell beneath his grief.
In truth, that doth encompass all.
Full soon, though gentle, was his fall.
Scarred with the shock of many a year;
Touched with many a wo and fear;
The last, the keenest stroke could never,
At once, the mortal tie dissever.
Morning and evening, day by day,
They saw his heart-strings melt away,
Till only one did seem to bind
His second childhood to his kind.
Morning and evening, where his eye
Could mark the Huron rolling by,
And the dark cedar-boughs above
What claimed the remnant of his love—
His children's dust—unwatched, alone,
The old man sat: nor sigh, nor groan,
Nor tear escaped him: all was calm,
And fixed, and passionless, as that
On which he laid his peaceful palm—
The hoary rock by which he sat.
His soul was with the days of old,
Its hunters and its warriors bold:
The silver sea—the silver sand—
The goblin elk—the spirit-land,
A-hunting in the spirit-land,
Were in his heart: 'twas only when
O-sa-wah died he wept again.
Aye, when Mish-qua-gen came and said
That in her cave the witch was dead,
Once more, and only once, he wept.
From thence, both smiles and sorrow slept:
And went he swift and smoothly, like
A lark that will not halt nor strike,
But in the deep Falls' soundless cave.
Thus passed Wa-se-gah to his grave.
And when the frosts of Autumn fell
From the wings of night on hill and dell;
And morning from his pinions bright,
As in he came in his car of light,
Flung out upon the woods below
The seven hues of the summer bow,
In silence towered the battle-oak;
No hunter-whoop the morn awoke;
And mounds beneath the cedar tree
Instead of two they counted three.

Boys, our little light will leave us:
We are breathing in the dark:
Who shall of our pipes bereave us,
While there glistens yet a spark?
Fill them—fill them—soothe our sorrow;
Breathe a shadow o'er the past:
Be our slumbers of to-morrow;
And its evening like the last.

MY FIRST LOVE.

ILLUSTRATION OF A PICTURE.

I GAZE upon thy brow of light,
Thine eyes of heavenly blue—
But they waken in my heart no more
The thrill that once it knew.
My pulse preserves its wonted tone,
I breathe no fluttering sigh,
When I meet thy glance or listen to
Thy voice of melody.

'T is true that thou art beautiful—
Thy charms are rich and rare—
And the loveliness is thine which crowns
Thee fairest of the fair:
But, bright and radiant as thou art,
Thy charms are naught to me—
For thy smiles are now another's, and
My heart again is free.

S. D. P.

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THE JEWELER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HENRI QUATRE; OR THE DAYS OF THE LEAGUE."

A CITY lounger, whether inhabitant of New York or London, becomes familiar with strange mutations of fortune. New faces, new enterprise, new stores, greet his daily observation. After awhile, the old site puts on a new face, hangs out a new sign. The former occupant and his business disappear. No one knows whither—few care, least of all, the idle loiterer seeking amusement in the changing diversity of the streets. Sometimes an old face reappears after a lapse of years; of such an event, we have a strange story to tell.

Many years since, we were acquainted with a young man who opened a jeweler's shop, in Bond street, London. His name, for obvious reasons, we conceal, but he shall be known to our readers as Charles Stanwood. In personal accomplishments and family connections he was superior to the generality of the class who follow mechanical professions. Reverse of fortune caused young Stanwood to be apprenticed to a jeweler; he became, in the course of time, an experienced judge and skillful setter of precious stones; and, with promise of support from a numerous circle of acquaintance, opened—perhaps prematurely, for his capital was of trifling amount—a shop (or, as we should call it this side of the Atlantic, a store) in the leading thoroughfare of fashion.

Business throve. The shop became a favorite resort of ladies, who possibly might have been influenced by the hand-some person and captivating manners of the young jeweler. Although Stanwood's capital was small—stock, therefore, necessarily scanty—yet, through connection with his deceased father's mercantile friends, he was occasionally entrusted with diamonds, and other precious articles, to sell on commission, and so was enabled to compete, in point of attractive display, with his most wealthy rivals in trade.

It is not every time a lady enters a shop that she makes, or intends making, a purchase; often she resorts to the rich bazaars, and marts of fashion, for sake of spending—not money, but—time. Our own lounging experience afforded ocular demonstration of the practice; but in the case of young Stanwood we thought it carried to an inconvenient excess; oft rallied him on entertaining, so urbanely, his unprofitable visiters, and hinted the mutual attractiveness of flirtation. By his replies, we found our aquaintance had not lost sight of business, even in his polite and gallant devotions; the well appointed equipages which stood at the door—though time were lost with the fair owners—proved a ready and efficacious mode of advertising, fully compensating for absence of purchasers. We placed more faith in his declaration, as we knew he was attached to a young lady, by whom the affection was returned; though it would have put her inexperienced feelings to a severe trial if she had seen what we were daily witnesses of—the specious, courtly, insinuating attentions of the hand-some jeweler to the youth and beauty who crowded his establishment.

One day there alighted, from a dashing equipage, two ladies whom Stanwood recognized—one as a peeress, her companion, the wife of a rich commoner.

After minute inspection of many articles, which oft caused him to leave the fair customers, in quest of jewelry in a different part of the shop, they departed without making a purchase, and were ushered to the carriage by the obsequious jeweler. There was nothing extraordinary or unusual in such a proceeding; but in replacing, in proper safety, one of the trays, he missed a necklace of diamonds, of exceedingly great value, but which his visiters had not, apparently, particularly scrutinized. The necklace belonged to a merchant, to whom it had been consigned from Russia, and who, being a personal friend, and having a high opinion of Stanwood's integrity, deemed his attractive and fashionable shop the best mart for sale of such an article. It was, therefore, placed in his charge to find a purchaser.

Breathless, with emotion at the sudden loss, the jeweler stood leaning against the counter, endeavoring to recall minutely every circumstance of the visit. There was—there could be no mistake! He had seen the necklace when displaying the tray; he missed it on returning from the carriage. Although he happened to be alone, without assistant, it were impossible any depredator could have seized the opportunity of his back being turned for a moment, as he had taken the precaution, ere handing the ladies to the carriage, of locking the trays, temporarily, under one of the glass cases, and retaining the key. The glass was unbroken, the bolt of the lock duly shot, when he returned.

What should he do? Put up with the loss was out of the question. The necklace was worth more than all he possessed—the profits of business (beyond personal and necessary expenditure) he had disbursed in attractive but unsubstantial display, relying on the future for ample return. The high rank of the parties placed them above suspicion—their noted wealth removed ordinary motives of temptation. His daring insolence and presumption, as it would be termed, should he venture an accusation, must entail, in all but his own eyes, well merited retaliation, and certain

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ruin to his business. If his first step were to seek the ladies, they would, he judged, deny the appropriation, (perhaps, indeed, one only was guilty) and time would be afforded for effectually concealing, or destroying the property. He deemed it more advisable to seek a private interview with the peer, lay open the state of affairs, and, by promising secrecy, the matter might doubtless be arranged without loss.

It was a task requiring more than ordinary courage, even to state his case, but character, property, credit—all that was valuable—were at stake; nerving resolution to a pitch of daring, he knocked at the door of his lordship's gloomy, but capacious mansion. On being ushered into the library, the peer—who perceived his embarrassment—by kindliness of tone, and the urbanity peculiar to high station, succeeded, in some measure, in putting him at ease.

After stammering awhile, the jeweler delivered himself of the strange, unpleasant tale, which the nobleman heard with so much composure, that the other began to believe his lordship was aware of his wife's propensities, and that the untoward affair would—for himself—have happier termination than his fears first suggested. But this belief was illusory. A strong, burning indignation was suppressed under outward calmness of demeanor. Soon as Stanwood concluded, the peer rang the bell, and, on a servant's entrance, inquired if her ladyship had come home. He was answered in the affirmative. Bidding the man wait, his lordship wrote a hasty note to the magistrate of a neighboring police-office, which he was ordered to deliver immediately, without further communication with any party.

"I would have you, sir, take notice," said the nobleman, leaving the door of the library open as the man lingered a moment in the hall, "that my messenger has had speech with no one in the house—it may be important to the justice of *your* case!"

The valet shortly returned, accompanied by a police-officer. Soon as the latter appeared, the owner of the mansion commanded the outer doors to be locked, the keys to be given to the functionary.

"Now restate your charge in presence of the officer," said the peer, addressing Charles Stanwood.

The jeweler, whose thoughts began to take an unpleasant turn at the probable consequences of a charge he might fail to substantiate, repeated the history of the transaction. When he had concluded, the nobleman, addressing the officer, recapitulated the leading points, and requested he would instantly commence a search through the house, in presence of Mr. Stanwood and himself, as rigid—or he himself should not be satisfied, and certainly the accuser would not be more contented—as though he were in the domicile of a reputed thief. He begged also the officer and accuser, both, to bear witness that, up to the present moment, her ladyship was ignorant of the charge. We need not repeat the details of this domiciliary inquiry—suffice it to say, the jeweler himself, both openly and to his own conscience, was forced to confess that all had been done which the strongest suspicion warranted. The necklace was not found.

"We will now, if you please," said the peer, casting a keen glance at the discontented jeweler, "pay a visit to my friend. His wife is as deeply implicated as her ladyship—though I have no control over his proceedings."

The commoner, who lived in an adjoining street, happened to be at home when the ill-matched visiters arrived. In his presence, Stanwood had to repeat once more the perplexing story. The gentleman betrayed considerable anger and excitation during the recital, and was with difficulty persuaded by his friend to wait the conclusion.

"You hear what Mr. Stanwood affirms," said the nobleman, addressing his friend; "let me tell you what I have done!"

When he had informed him of the nature and extent of search which his house had undergone, he added, "I do not presume to dictate what should be your conduct."

"My house shall undergo the same scrutiny," cried the commoner.

Search commenced, was carried on and concluded, as unsatisfactory—to Stanwood—as in the previous instance.

"Can you aid Mr. Stanwood further in recovery of his property—so far as we, or our families are concerned?" demanded the nobleman.

The officer replied he had never, during his experience, made a more rigorous search, and, as it had been done promptly and unexpectedly, he could assure Mr. Stanwood that, so far as the two gentlemen and their families were concerned, there was nothing further could be done—and, were they even of disreputable character, nothing more could he attempt or advise.

"Have *you*, sir, now done with us?" cried the peer, addressing the jeweler, sternly yet quietly.

Charles, distracted with his loss, stunned by the unavailing result of the search, which seemed to foreclose hope of recovering the necklace, and foreshadowed approaching ruin, replied, that he had no other remark to offer, or course to pursue, than repeat what he asserted in the morning—begging pardon of his lordship and friend for the nature of the unpleasant revelation, which his own conscience and justice to his creditors demanded should not be stifled.

"Well, sir!" continued the peer, "your further proceedings are of no moment to us. Whether we have done with *you* is a material question, which I shall take the advice of friends on ere I decide. If you ever did, or do now, entertain an opinion, that through fear of this disgraceful charge being made public, we—or I will speak only for myself—*I* should be induced to purchase your silence, banish the thought! Take the full measure of action which the law allows to suspicion, and let this officer be witness that I afford every facility."

The commoner said his lorship's intentions coincided with his own.

There was something so oppressive to a clear conscience in the quiet, dignified hauteur of the two friends, that the spirit of the young man was roused, and, though he beheld ruin in every shape, and on every side, staring him in the face, he plucked up

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courage to say that, in the present state of the affair, advice might prove of benefit to all parties—with that view, he would himself seek it; and, meanwhile, he was as firm in his charge as they were in submitting themselves to the proof. Here ended the colloquy.

In returning home, chafed and distressed, Charles could not dismiss from his mind that he ought immediately to acquaint the owner of the necklace of the loss, yet he could not summon courage—he clung to the hope that something might yet turn up to guide him out of the perplexing labyrinth. He went straight to his lawyer. The solicitor shook his head—it was a bad case! The parties were of such high rank, undoubted wealth, so liberal in their household expenditure, that the ladies would appear, according to all ordinary judgment, to have no temptation. There was perhaps a mistake—at least the world would say so. As his suspicions were so strong, he should have followed the carriage, or have seen the ladies in the first instance. Without, of course, giving any opinion on the guilt or innocence of the accused, his client would have had more power over female fears, and doubtless have reaped more advantage, than by running tilt against the virtuous indignation of their husbands.

"A man whom ruin frowns on may be excused some confusion in his actions," said Stanwood, rather sharply; "I consult you for the benefit of your skill in my future course, not that you should read me a lecture on what I have done. A prophet of the past is not entitled to much honor!"

The lawyer, with a smile at the excusable anger of his client, declared he should not suffer from want of advice—but he viewed the case as nigh hopeless. As his own testimony was entirely unsupported by other evidence, it were useless to commence proceedings against the nobleman or his friend; they had already done voluntarily as much, or more, than the law could have enforced. As for making it a jury case, it was impracticable for want of witnesses, and even if this difficulty were removed, sympathy would be strongly in favor of the defendants, from the manner in which they met the charge. The property must be somewhere. And all that he could do, was to make the police acquainted not only with the robbery, (of that by-the-by they already knew something) but with the exact description of the necklace, the facial cutting and weight of the precious stones, mode of setting, and other particulars. An accurate description should also be distributed among the trade, to which might be added the offer of a competent reward for recovery of the property, or on apprehension of any party on whom it should be found. With respect to the owner's claim, that was a matter of debtor and creditor, which would be arranged better by appeal to the party's feelings, than by a solicitor's interference. As Stanwood was, by bond, answerable for return of the jewels, or their value, he could not escape from the penalty. As to the threatened legal proceedings of the peer, and his untitled friend, he had not much to fear; though indirectly, in respect to his business connection, their hostility might prove extremely hurtful.

The solicitor's advice, as far as practicable, was adopted, and Stanwood passed a miserable, restless night. Next morning, on looking over the public journals, he found a tolerably distinct representation of the affair, though filled out with blanks, asterisks and innendoes, in lieu of streets and names. He who had prided himself on the array of handsome equipages, blocking the way-side in front of his door, was doomed to loiter through the morn without a call, without a customer. The afternoon prints repeated the morning version, with additions descriptive of the magnanimous forbearance of the high-spirited nobleman, &c., with tribute of consolation to the injured dames, concluding with advice to ladies in selecting their tradesmen.

Dinner and afternoon paper discussed—alike indigestible—Stanwood was relieved from the solitary monotony of the morning by a visiter. It was the owner of the necklace, who, having heard reports which the papers circulated, came, with anxious face, to ascertain whether the story referred to Charles Stanwood. It was but too true, as the jeweler, with rueful visage, admitted!

"This happened yesterday morning," exclaimed the merchant, in extreme anger; "and every one is to be informed of the loss—if you call it such—but myself! What construction am I to put on such behavior?"

Stanwood answered, though not with clearness, that no unfavorable construction could be justly applied—a man's honesty were not less, if his courage were not always equal to the emergency. The merchant, without commenting on this reply, inquired if he had not been at certain rooms (which he named) on last Monday night, after play-house hours.

Charles admitted that he was present.

"Did he know," inquired the creditor, "the name and character of the tall man, with dark whiskers, and black cane with jeweled top, whom he appeared so familiar with, on that night?"

The startled jeweler replied in the negative—he was a total stranger—had never seen him before—knew not his name.

"Then I do," exclaimed the merchant; "he is a noted gambler. Is it fair to ask, whether you often frequent those rooms?"

Poor Charles began to believe that all powers, human and transcendental, were leagued against him. With quiet and correct habits, such as would have commanded respect from the most rigid business man, or moralist, he had been induced on that evening—having heard frequently of the rooms—to venture on a glance, by way of curiosity, after leaving the theatre, in order that he might not appear quite ignorant of life among his acquaintance. When there, probably a new face attracted the gambler's attention, whom he certainly knew not, nor had met there, or elsewhere, before—as he now solemnly assured the merchant.

The proprietor of the necklace replied, coldly, he was glad to hear it; a party known to both, a young man on town, with more money than prudence, had seen him there, on the occasion, and, knowing Stan-

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wood's responsible connection with the merchant, had wit enough to put his friend on his guard.

From examination of the jeweler's books and stock, it appeared he was far from being able—if every thing were sold—to pay, in full, all demands, including the limit price put on the necklace. But as he offered to make immediate inventory of effects, and showed every disposition to act honorably, the merchant was much softened, and went away with the declaration that he would allow fair time for the discovery of the property, ere he pressed his claim; and that an additional reward, on his behalf, should be advertised.

There were yet two parties whom he was most anxious, yet most dreaded to encounter. These were the lady to whom he was attached and her father. Mr. Benson was a retired merchant, and had higher notions of his daughter's future position than as wedded partner of a shopkeeper. He was, therefore, extremely averse to the match, although he could not object to Stanwood, either in respect of deficiency of personal accomplishments, or morals, nor yet on the score of means, as the business of the jeweler, though comparatively in embryo, promised eventually to realize its owner a handsome fortune. Clara Benson was nineteen, in two years more would be of age, and, as her father feared, if he interposed decided obstacle to a union, would, on attaining her majority, exercise its privilege, as guardian of her own happiness. The jeweler, as we have intimated, was of respectable family, his father having been a merchant of repute. It was at the house of a mutual acquaintance—no other than the proprietor, or consignee, of the lost necklace—that the lovers first met; the father, therefore, had no plea of reproach against the daughter, from the way in which they became acquainted. So he thought fit (on reviewing all the circumstances, more especially that the time would arrive when his consent or denial would not be regarded or required, and the swain's increasing income rendered application to his purse unnecessary) to yield at discretion, and the addresses of Stanwood were permitted.

The first hint of a storm in that quarter occurred in the evening, when Charles, summoning courage, ventured a visit to the house of his expected father-in-law. He was informed, at the door, that both Mr. and Miss Benson were "not at home," which, from circumstances, he disbelieved, and construed into a denial. His strong hopes had been ever built on the depth of Clara's affection; on that rock he now relied, and resolved to seek an interview—and, if necessary, explanation—at an early hour in the morning.

By putting in practice this resolution, he, in fact, stole a march on Mr. Benson, who was surprised, on returning home from a morning walk, to learn that Mr. Stanwood was in the drawing-room with his daughter. Thither the retired merchant stole, deeming it no breach of decorum—under the peculiar circumstances—to listen in the back drawing-room to what was uttered in the front. He heard, from the lover, sighs, protestations, vows of unalterable affection, mixed with complaints of cruel fortune. These were in response to the cruel interdict which her father had placed against further intercourse. A week ago, Mr. Benson's injunction would have been laughed at by the jeweler, disregarded by his daughter. But times were changed, and Stanwood, who had now no home to offer, felt the change bitterly, yet he struggled against his hard lot.

"It rests with yourself, Miss Benson," exclaimed Charles, in agony, "whether I am to be treated as a criminal—I have had property stolen from my possession, and every one turns upon me as though I were the thief. Let me but meet with pity in one dear bosom, and I will bear misfortune bravely, proudly!"

The low voice of Clara was heard murmuring a disclaimer of accusation. Her father, she said, had not asked her to give up her attachment—indeed, he would find he had no power to extort such a surrender—but she had promised—what she could not refuse an only surviving parent—that, as there were rumors affecting Mr. Stanwood's character, (which she had no faith in) as well as a certainty of his complete ruin, she would postpone further intimacy for the space of one twelvemonth, to allow interval for the truth to appear.

"And what were these rumors affecting his character?" demanded young Stanwood, with eagerness.

"Let me answer that question," cried Benson, throwing open the folding-doors.

Charles could not deny having held conversation with a professed gambler, in a disreputable locality—though in vain urging the excuse, that he had been led there for the first and only time, having been often jeered for his ignorance, even by young men of high standing and character.

His excuse might be certainly fair—as Mr. Benson admitted—yet appearance with such company stood in very disagreeable opposition with the mysterious disappearance of the diamonds! He was also forced to confess insolvency, if the jewels were not forthcoming; and whether recovered or not, his business in Bond street—as one but slightly acquainted with the peculiarities of a West-End connection must be aware of—was totally ruined. Had he even stanch friends, he would be unable to bear up against the influence of the deeply insulted ladies, whose wide aristocratic circle would make common cause with them.

Against these arguments and insinuations, Charles had nothing to oppose—so far as they militated against his union with Clara. He felt himself totally in the old man's power—he had no home to offer the lady, were she disposed to accept his suit—he had only his own conscientious integrity to rely on, and that availed naught in the way of providing maintenance for a wife. The postponement of intercourse for one year, was, he judged, a manœuvre to deceive Clara—the real intention being to break off the match altogether. Like a general, who has made the best fight circumstances admit of, and who retreats slowly, and with regret, before a superior force, so Stanwood was forced to accept the conditions, and take a year's farewell of Clara.

At home, the jeweler had leisure to reflect on the occurrences of the last three days. He felt thoroughly

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beaten. He had often read how hard it was to climb—how easy to fall; yet, in his own history, he had exceeded romantic fiction. From comparative affluence to poverty, he slid down, as though along an inclined plane, and every one gave him a kick as he passed. The world, in its infinite wisdom, had condescended to read him a great moral lesson—yet he knew not how to profit by it, for he could neither see the crime he had committed, nor was he prepared to act otherwise than he had done, if the same circumstances—for which he suffered—were repeated.

Time was fruitful in events. The necklace could not be heard of. His once crowded shop was shunned—the principal creditor grew pressing, as his effects, through lack of business, were undergoing a process of gradual dissipation instead of increase. He committed a voluntary act of bankruptcy—obtained, in due course, his discharge, and left the court with the bankrupt's allowance-money, clothes and gold watch. The world was all before him, and before he renewed general acquaintance with it, love prompted inquiry after the Bensons. On passing final examination, and receiving his certificate, the commissioner complimented the bankrupt on the accuracy of his books and faithful account of stock. Elated with the praise, hope whispered he might regain influence with Mr. Benson, perhaps be put in a way to begin business under happy auspices. This hope perished miserably. The harsh, unfeeling old man had carried off his daughter to the East Indies, under pretence of realizing long-neglected property, but—as Charles knew but too well—to escape the alliance.

What bitter thoughts succeeded this news! His character was unimpeached—his creditors pitied his fate! Had but his friends (and who should have been more eager than his intended father-in-law?) rallied round him in the hour of difficulty—he might have transferred his business to the city, or some quarter beyond the influence of his aristocratic enemies, and flourished anew!

He fell sick—became the victim of a long, cruel fever, and when he slowly awoke to recovery, found himself penniless, deserted, and forgotten. His name had passed away from the street where he once dwelt—another name occupied its place—ware of another description ornamented the windows. To look at Bond street, with his melancholy gaze, it seemed as though what had been was nothing but a dream. His eye glanced on his apparel—there was change there—and he hurried away to conceal his poverty.

After awhile, Stanwood sought and obtained employment as a journeyman, in the service of a jeweler in the city. We use the word "city" as it is ordinarily used in London, to distinguish the mercantile quarter from the West-End, or court and aristocratic part of the metropolis. Some years passed over his head whilst gaining a mere livelihood by skill in repairing jewelry and setting stones. Use is second nature, and Charles became, in some degree, reconciled—if not contented—with his humble situation. In the city, he was removed from casual contact either with former customers or rivals in trade—was known merely as an artisan who had—to use the common expression—seen better days, and was appreciated by his employer, as an excellent workman.

Memory of former station held him solitary in his amusements. He would not consort with members of his class—was fond, when holy and leisure days permitted, (he worked at home, as it is technically called, by the piece, not day-work,) to stroll by himself into the country. Though abandoned by former equals—without relish for society of a lower grade—nature had not lost her charms. Though even hope had fled—that kindly aspiration which dwells in the ruined tenement when every other glorious guest has departed—yet he felt a melancholy pleasure in the woods, and by the silent stream; elsewhere he was frowned on by the aristocratic spirit of man; in solitude, which was not solitude to him, he experienced in the glorious sunlight, and beneath the chequered shade of the grove, a buoyant upspringing of mind, which was, at times, more than consolation—a positive delight.

Fed by such high thoughts and aspirations, he was sustained in poverty, without falling into the coarse habits and associations which poverty breeds. It chanced, on one occasion, that loitering through a lane, a few miles from London, he leaned over a paddock-fence, attracted by the beauty of the verdure. A carriage drove by, and, turning his head, he beheld a face changed, though unforgotten. He could not be mistaken—it must be Clara Benson! The carriage was fortunately detained at the entrance of the paddock sufficient time to allow Stanwood to confirm his conjecture of the lady's identity; yet the aged gentleman at her side was certainly not her father. Perhaps he was her husband—some old, wealthy nabob, whom an unfeeling parent had forced on her choice. The thought conveyed a bitter pang, which he would gladly have deemed himself insensible of, at such lapse of time. Both occupants of the carriage stared at the lingering intruder—but it was the idle glance cast on a stranger. The gate was opened and the equipage passed on.

This unexpected rencontre was food of bitter thought for many a day. Oft memory recurred to his lone walk to the close-shaven paddock, the equipage which bore her who was once the load-star of his affections. Oft was he prompted to pay a second visit to the spot, but reason sternly asked to what purpose, but to embitter his peace? If Clara had left the protection of her father, it was exchanged only for the guardianship of a husband. No! no! there are incidents in some men's lives which they do well to tear from memory.

As the most efficient and skillful workman, Stanwood was one morning sent for, to receive instructions to reset some jewelry. His employer informed him he had gained a new customer, a lady of fashion and distinction, and as it was not usual for people of quality to resort to city tradesmen, he was anxious to show her ladyship that the work entrusted to his care could be as well executed as in Bond street or St. James'. A diamond necklace (old fashioned style) was to be changed into ear-rings and bracelets, after

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a particular pattern produced. The master-jeweler told his workman, that although he had full confidence in his honesty, yet the stones being of great value, he should require him to bring his work every evening, to be placed in the vault, to prevent chance of loss by fire, house-robbery or other casualty—indeed, in the case of any other artificer than Stanwood, he would have had the work performed under his own personal inspection. Perhaps the confidence reposed was not so very great, as gems of great value are not easily disposable by workmen, and would be stopped by pawnbrokers and money-lenders on suspicion.

A draught of the pattern was placed in Stanwood's hands, together with the jewel-case, which he opened to inspect the contents.

"Are you sick?" cried the employer, seeing his workman tremble and turn pale.

Charles made excuse, pleading sudden giddiness, and promising to bring back the precious articles in the evening—and every evening until the work was completed—half an hour before the shop closed, departed. The necklace was the same he had lost! Her "ladyship"—the lady of fashion and distinction—he made no doubt was his old customer; her coming to the city in quest of a jeweler confirmed suspicion. Among new workmen, new tradesmen, who worked for a different class of customers, she doubtless felt certain of evading detection; and, as some years had passed, the diamonds, remodeled into fresh ornaments, and reset, would surely escape recognition, or marked notice. He felt inclined to return to his employer and obtain the name of the lady, but after doubt and hesitation, thought it advisable not to raise suspicion. He remembered previous castigation, and resolved to act with caution, and make what he was entitled to—the most of his position.

Changing his ordinary daily dress, for apparel of a better description, he proceeded westward with the necklace in his pocket. With some difficulty, he procured an interview with the nobleman, without stating the object of his visit. He was ushered into the well-remembered library, associated in his memory with every thought and feeling which the former interview gave birth to; it looked the same as though he had seen it but yesterday. Yet how changed was he! The noble owner was slightly altered—time had not stood still—six summers had left their impress. Motioning his visiter to take a chair, he awaited in silence his communication, with an expression of face which seemed to imply expectation of claim for relief, or charitable donation.

"My lord! you do not recognize me!" said Charles, without accepting the proffered seat.

The peer, rather impatiently, intimated ignorance of his person.

Poverty and suffering had no doubt done their work—as Stanwood confessed—yet he was the same party who had complained to his lordship, six years since, of the loss of a diamond necklace.

The peer said he remembered the circumstance well—the person of the jeweler was indeed changed. If he came to express contrition, he, for his part, could afford to pardon the slander, especially as the crime had brought its own punishment.

"I have come, my lord," said Charles sternly, "to save the real criminal from punishment."

"How, sir—what mean you?" exclaimed the peer.

Stanwood related exactly how the necklace had fallen again into his possession. The nobleman changed color—stammered—begged to have the article in his possession five minutes, that he might take it up stairs, and resolve the horrid doubts which his story had raised.

Stanwood declared it should not go out of his possession, save into the hands of a magistrate.

"Wait awhile," cried the nobleman hurriedly, as he rushed from the room.

In a quarter of an hour he returned, pale in face, and with disturbed eye, and seating himself near Stanwood, said he understood him to say that he had not testified recognition of the necklace in presence of his employer or any one else—the secret was still in his own breast.

Charles replied, that what he had stated was the fact—he had acted more tenderly than he had been acted by.

"At what amount of money," said the peer, tapping the elbow of the chair, as though his fingers were striking the keys of a piano, "do you estimate the loss of your character—station—time?"

Stanwood burst into tears He had lost every thing, he said—what money could never replace or restore—the friends of his youth—the idolized being to whom he was betrothed—and if he thought of less important objects, a business which, in a few years, would have realized a fortune.

The nobleman dashed aside a tear as he turned to his writing-desk. He wrote an order on his banker for ten thousand pounds and handed it to Charles. There were not, he said, at present, sufficient assets—but if he presented the order two days hence it would be duly honored. If he deemed that sum sufficient, all he required in return was, that he should complete the task for his city employer, and bury the secret forever. His restoration to competence might be easily ascribed to other sources than the real one. Charles complied with the conditions, and left the house a changed and happier man.

Two months saw Stanwood once more himself—in handsome lodgings, with a showy nag, fingers cleansed and purified from stains and marks of tool edges, and possessor, *in banco*, of ten thousand pounds. In such good trim, he must needs satisfy a lingering, longing curiosity to visit the neighborhood of the paddock which he had seen Clara enter, accompanied by her aged companion. By inquiries, he learned that the secluded mansion, hidden by plantations from the public road, was tenanted by an old gentleman and his niece, from the East-Indies, and—as matter of course with all East-Indians—reputed immensely rich. They were now at a fashionable bathing-place on the coast. To this resort posted Charles Stanwood, full of hope and wild expectation, on the discovery that the lady was still her own mistress. He contrived to meet and ride slowly past her

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carriage, to determine if he were recognized. She started, as though struck with the face, and he rode on. They met again, in the evening, at a public library, a fashionable promenade when the weather out-of-doors was unfavorable. On beholding, a second time, the apparition, the lady fainted, and was conveyed home by her uncle.

Stanwood called in the morning, was admitted. To Clara, he was as one risen from the dead. On her lover's bankruptcy, her father hurried her from England, promising they should return after a very short stay in the East. Under one pretence or another she was detained in luxurious captivity—she could bestow no milder term on her unwilling residence in the Indies—till Mr. Benson fell sick and died. By his will it appeared she was bequeathed heiress of his wealth, under trust for a term of years, provided—such was his aversion to the jeweler—that she did not marry Charles Stanwood: if she broke this stipulation the property passed to the testator's only brother, a merchant at Calcutta, who was also appointed guardian. Her uncle being inclined to forsake commerce, she waited the arrangement of his affairs, and under his escort returned to England. Since her return, she had made repeated inquiries of mutual friends, but could learn nothing respecting Mr. Stanwood; all trace was lost.

The lovers found Mr. Benson, the guardian, far more tractable and considerate than his deceased brother. He very cheerfully executed an instrument reconveying his brother's property to his niece, on her marriage with the long-lost, and, by all but Clara, forgotten Charles Stanwood. Once more, the jeweler was visible in his old haunts; was seen in Bond street—not in his former capacity, but in a new profession—a lounger like ourself. From his lips—long after the aristocratic parties affected by his story were at rest—we gleaned what we have faithfully narrated; and have only to add that the career of Charles and his wife was smooth and unruffled.

THE CHILD AND THE WATCHER.

BY ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

Sleep on, baby on the floor,
Tired of all the playing—
Sleep with smile the sweeter for
That you dropped away in;
On your curls' fair roundness stand
Golden lights serenely—
One cheek, pushed out by the hand,
Folds the dimple inly.
Little head and little foot
Heavy laid for pleasure,
Underneath the lids half shut
Slants the shining azure—
Open-souled in noonday sun
So, you lie and slumber;
Nothing evil having done,
Nothing can encumber.

I, who cannot sleep as well,
Shall I sigh to view you?
Or sigh further to foretell
All that may undo you?
Nay, keep smiling, little child,
Ere the fate appeareth!
I smile, too! for patience mild
Pleasure's token weareth.
Nay, keep sleeping before loss!
I shall sleep though losing!

As by cradle so by cross,
Sweet is the reposing.

And God knows, who sees us twain,
Child at childish leisure,
I am all as tired of pain
As you are of pleasure.
Very soon, too, by His grace
Gently wrapt around me,
I shall show as calm a face,
I shall sleep as soundly!
Differing in this, that you
Clasp your playthings sleeping,
While my hand must drop the few
Given to my keeping—
Differing in this, that I
Sleeping, must be colder,
And in waking presently,
Brighter to beholder—
Differing in this beside—
(Sleeper, have you heard me?
Do you move, and open wide
Your great eyes toward me?)
That while I you draw within
From this slumber solely,
Me, from mine, an angel shall,
Trumpet-tongued and holy!

FIRST TRUTHS.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

They come to me at night—but not in dreams,
Those revelations of realities:
Just at the turning moment ere mine eyes
Are closed to sleep, they come; clear sudden gleams,
But full of truth, like drops from Heaven's deep streams,
They glide into my soul. Entranced in prayer,
I gaze upon the vision shining there,
And bless the Father for these transient beams.
The trite and faded forms of Truth then fall:
I look into myself, and all alone,
Lie bared before the Eternal All-in-All:
Or wandering forth in spirit, on me thrown
A magic robe of light, I roam away
To the true Vision-land, unseen by day.

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DEATH—THE DELIVERER.

BY JUDGE CONRAD.

Pale, trembling watcher, by the dark grave's brink,
Why dost thou falter? Wherefore dost thou shrink?
Death is no foe; and though—still, stealthy, near—
His creeping footstep breaks upon thine ear;
Why shouldst thou weep? With vain regrets away!
They cannot add, to lapsing life, a day.
Sorrow and fear, themselves the shades of death,
Hollow the cheek and check the struggling breath:
Thus the frail snow-wreath, in the wintry ray,
Shrinks from the sun and weeps itself away.
How vain the sordid fear, the miser skill,
That o'er life's treasured fragments trembles still;
Trembles and weeps to mark how fast decays
The wretched remnant of his tortured days.
Death cannot come, unless it come from High;
He mocks his God who meets it with a sigh.
Ungrateful, too! Life is a generous boon,
Which claimed to-morrow, is not claimed too soon,
'T is Heaven's, not ours—the lease of a domain;
And is it well, when claimed by Heaven again,
To yield reluctant our departing breath,
And meet, with moody tears, God's steward—Death?
When earth was cursed, and life a dream was made,
Where crime dogs crime, and shade still follows shade,
Death would have been the worship'd of the land,
And man had perished by his own right hand:
But from our hearts to drive this fell despair,
The instinct dread of death was planted there.
Now, when relenting nature, sent to save,
Opens to wo-worn man the gentle grave,
What hopes, what joys should swell his grateful breast
To greet the couch that yields unbroken rest!
There let him sleep! There all of us must sleep.
Why o'er his tranquil pillow should we weep?
A sun-lit mind, soul generous, bland and brave;
twinn'd heart slumbers in his distant grave!
And points him there, his griefs and perils past,
A refuge and a resting place, at last;
Yet, o'er the blest and honored, why repine?
His is the cradled calm—the tempest mine.
Want cannot reach him, slander cannot harm;
No spurn can wound him, and no frown alarm;
No dreams of ill can haunt, no fears affright;
No foe can wrong him, and no friend can slight.
Sleep! thou whom ill can never more betide!
Sleep on! would I were resting by thy side!
Why wouldst thou live? For self? Behold the past!
Such is the future. Wouldst thou have it last?
Like Arctic mountains, on whose hoary brow
Each winter adds its growing weight of snow,
Life numbers seasons by increasing cares,
And, year by year, a heavier burthen bears.
But, for thy friend, thou'lt welcome every wo?
A day, perchance, will make that friend thy foe.
Or for thy child? Live; and his prayer will be,
That death free thee from ill, and him from thee!
Or for thy country? Or thy race? Away!
Sneers, scoffs and wrongs thy idle pains repay.
Death comes too soon, 't is said. The wise and brave
No season deem too early for the grave.
In youth, mid-life and age, the same our doom:
The best has fled; the worst has yet to come.
The grave alone ne'er changes. On its breast,
And there alone, we know untroubled rest;
Its kindness never wavers, wanes, decays:
Death is the only friend that ne'er betrays.
Man fears not age, yet shrinks from death. He knows
That age is weariness and death repose;
Yet from a coward fear, he trembling prays
To be secure'd with length of wretched days;
To bear about a frame, convulsed with pains,
Whose watery blood scarce swells its frigid veins;
Yet cling, with palsied grasp, to torture still,
And deem death comes too soon, come when it will!
Death cannot sin. Each hour boasts now its crime;
And vice and folly mark the pace of time.
How few improve with years! E'en from our birth,
Our roots strike deeper in the sordid earth.
The grave! nor guilt nor passion haunts that shore;
We sleep, untempted, there, and sin no more!
Is death a stranger to thee? Look abroad!
'T is on all life—the signet mark of God!
Creation's pale-eyed daughter and its heir,
Wherever matter is, lo! death is there!
We gaze around, and see but death: we tread,
And every step reverberates o'er the dead!
Death, in thy boyhood, gambol'd at thy side;
Was with thee still in manhood's strength and pride;
Mixed with thy toils and revels, joy and wo:
And wouldst thou meet him, as a stranger, now?
Mysterious minister! whose gentle sway,
Draws us from grief and gloom and guilt away;
May thy dread summons, whensoe'er 't is sent,
Meet the calm courage of a life well spent;
Take, without struggle, our expiring breath,
And give that better life that knows no death.

THE WIFE.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH, AUTHOR OF "THE SINLESS CHILD," ETC.

All day, like a bright bird, content to sing
In its small cage, she moveth to and fro,
And ever and anon will upward spring
To her sweet lips, fresh from the fount below,
The murmured melody of pleasant thought,
Unconscious uttered, gentle-toned and low.
Light household duties, evermore enwrought
With placid fancies of one noble heart,
That liveth in her smile, and hither turns
From life's cold seeming, and the busy mart,
With tenderness that homeward ever yearns
To be refreshed where that pure altar burns,
Shut out from hence the mockery of life,
Thus liveth she content, the meek, fond, trusting Wife.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—NO. VIII.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

No name in the American poetical world is more firmly established than that of Fitz-Greene Halleck, and yet few of our poets—none, indeed, of eminence—have accomplished less, if we regard the quantity without the quality of his compositions. That he has written so little, becomes, thus, proof positive that he has written that little well.

Personally, no man has a more extensive or more attached circle of acquaintances, yet very scanty, indeed, are the materials for any thing like a personal biography of the poet. He was born at Guilford, in Connecticut, in August, 1795, and is now, consequently, in his forty-eighth year. In very early youth he was distinguished for poetic talent, and wrote many brief pieces of unusual merit. These, however, have, very judiciously, been kept from the public eye.

When eighteen, he removed from Guilford to New York, where he has since constantly resided, and where, we believe, he first attracted attention to his poetical powers by the publication of several pointed satires, over the signatures "Croaker" and "Croaker & Co." These appeared in the New York Evening Post, in the year 1819, and occasioned much excitement and speculation. Their authorship was, at the time, attributed to various literary personages about town; but the real author, or rather the real authors were, for a long period, unsuspected. It is now nearly certain that the pieces signed "Croaker" were the composition of Mr. Halleck only, while those to which "Croaker & Co." was appended, were the work of his friend, Doctor Joseph Rodman Drake. That any one article was the joint composition of these gentlemen, is improbable. The series was, no doubt, commenced by Mr. Halleck, as "Croaker." Afterward Doctor Drake furnished a squib in the same vein, and, being thus Mr. Halleck's coadjutor, signed himself "Croaker & Co." Possibly all the pieces signed "Croaker & Co." were written entirely by Drake, with suggestions and modifications by the subject of our memoir. The political and personal features of these satires gave them, perhaps, a consequence and a notoriety which, however excellent, they might not otherwise have obtained.

About the close of the year 1819, Mr. Halleck published "Fanny," his longest and most celebrated poem, and one which has passed through numerous editions, without any positive avowal of its authorship. It is said to have been written and printed within three weeks from its commencement.

In 1827, was issued a small volume, containing "Alnwick Castle," "Marco Bozzaris," and some other brief effusions, previously contributed to the miscellanies of the day.

In 1836, there appeared an edition of all our poet's serious pieces then written, including not only "Alnwick Castle" and "Marco Bozzaris," but "Burns," "Red Jacket," "The Field of the Grounded Arms," "Wyoming," "Lines on the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake," "Lines on the Death of William Howard Allen," "Magdalen," "Love," "Domestic Happiness," "Woman," "Connecticut," "A Poet's Daughter," &c., &c. The most complete collection of his works, however, was published in the beginning of the year 1842.

We cannot better preface what we have to say, critically, of Mr. Halleck, than by quoting what has been said of him by his friend, William Cullen Bryant. To a poet what is more valuable—by a poet what is more valued—than the opinion of a poet?

"Sometimes," says Mr. Bryant, "in the midst of a strain of harmonious diction, and soft and tender imagery, he surprises by an irresistible stroke of ridicule, as if he took pleasure in showing the reader that the poetical vision he had raised was but a cheat. Sometimes, with that aërial facility which is his peculiar endowment, he accumulates graceful and agreeable images in a strain of irony so fine that, did not the subject compel the reader to receive it as irony, he would take it for a beautiful passage of serious poetry—so beautiful that he is tempted to regret that he is not in earnest, and that phrases so exquisitely chosen, and poetic coloring so brilliant, should be employed to embellish subjects to which they do not properly belong. At other times he produces the effect of wit by dexterous allusion to cotemporaneous events, introduced as illustrations to the main subject, with all the unconscious gracefulness of the most animated and familiar conversation. He delights in ludicrous contrasts, produced by bringing the nobleness of the ideal world into comparison with the homeliness of the actual; the beauty and grace of nature with the awkwardness of art. He venerates the past, and laughs at the present. He looks at them through a medium which lends to the former the charm of romance, and exaggerates the deformity of the latter. His poetry, whether serious or sprightly, is remarkable for the melody of the numbers. It is not the melody of monotonous and strictly regular measurement. His verse is constructed to please an

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Fitz-Greene Halleck

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ear naturally fine, and accustomed to a range of metrical modulation. It is as different from that painfully balanced versification, that uniform succession of iambics, closing the sense with the couplet, which some writers practice, and some critics praise, as the note of the thrush is unlike that of the cuckoo. He is familiar with those general rules and principles which are the basis of metrical harmony; and his own unerring taste has taught him the exceptions which a proper variety demands. He understands that the rivulet is made musical by obstructions in its channel. In no poet can be found passages which flow with more sweet and liquid smoothness; but he knows very well that to make this smoothness perceived, and to prevent it from degenerating into monotony, occasional roughness must be interposed."

Every reader of taste must agree with this criticism in its general conclusions. The passage about the rivulet being "made musical by the obstructions in its channel" is, perhaps, somewhat more poetical than clear in its application. The fact is, that a general and total misapprehension prevails upon the subject of rhythm, its uses and its capabilities—a misapprehension which affects the best poets and critics in the land—and to which, of course, we can no more than allude within the limits of this article. Mr. Bryant speaks of "that uniform succession of iambics," &c., as if the iambic were the sole metre in the world; and the idea that "occasional roughness must be interposed to make smoothness perceptible," is based upon the assumption that the relative conceptions of smoothness and roughness are not, at all times, existing, through memory, or experience, in the mind of the adult. Mr. B. would be quite as philosophical in asserting that, to appreciate a lump of ice in one hand, it is necessary to hold a red-hot horse-shoe in the other. The "occasional roughness" of which the critic speaks, is at no time a merit, but, in all instances, a defect. For the relief of monotone, *discords* are very properly and necessarily introduced; but these discords affect only the time—the harmony—of the rhythm, and never interfere, except erroneously, with its smoothness or melody. The best discord is the smoothest. Another vulgar error is involved in the notion that roughness gives strength. Invariably it weakens. What is pronounced with difficulty is feebly pronounced. Where is the roughness, and where is the weakness, of the Homeric hexameters? What more liquidly smooth—what more impetuously strong?

"Fanny" is, perhaps, better known, and more generally appreciated than any of Mr. Halleck's poems. It embraces a hundred and seventy-five of the "Don Juan" stanzas, and, in manner, throughout, is a close, although, we must admit, a well executed imitation of Lord Byron's eccentric production. The plot, if plot it can be called that plot is none, is a mere vehicle for odd digressions and squibs at contemporary persons and things. Fanny, the heroine, is the pretty and amiable daughter of a *parvenu*, whose rise and fall form the thesis of the story. This story, when we consider the end in view, which is mere extravaganza, has but one *original* defect; and this lies in the forced introduction of one or two serious songs, put into the mouth of the *parvenu*, in defiance of every thing like keeping—a point which can never be disregarded, even in the grossest of burlesques. This, we say, is the only *original* defect. There are numerous other defects, however, which are adopted from Byron; and among these we must designate, notwithstanding the opinion just quoted from Mr. Bryant, a loose and uncouth versification as the principal. As Mr. Bryant, however, is very high authority, we may as well support our position by a few examples.

——for there first we met
The editor of the New York Gazette.

The whole of "Fanny" is iambic verse, and the line last quoted is thus scanned.

˘ — ˘ — ˘ — ˘ — ˘ —
The ed | itor | of the | New York | Gazette.

Here either "the" is tortured into a long syllable or the line limps. The natural, reading, or colloquial emphasis, in verse, must always tally with the rhythmical. The *sense* of a passage, as its most important element, must be preserved at all hazards, and if the question occur, whether to sacrifice the sense to the rhythm or the rhythm to the sense, we make the latter sacrifice, of course. But then the question should *never* occur, and, as regards well constructed verse, never will.

In the seventeenth stanza the same error is seen:

And politics and country; *the* pure glow.

Again, twice in the same line, at stanza thirty-five:

Did borrow *of* him *and* sometimes forget.

Again, very obtrusively, at stanza the eightieth:

His place an hour *after* the next election.

Again, very ridiculously, twice in the same verse, at stanza the ninety-second:

In *a* steamboat of *the* Vice President's;

and in innumerable other instances throughout the poem.

Sometimes the lines are deficient in half a foot, when *no* emphasis, however forced, can supply the deficiency. Thus, at stanza sixty-nine:

I bear this fair city of the heart.

By adding the half foot the line becomes perfect, thus:

I bear this fairy city of the heart.

The same error is observable at stanza thirty-two, where

All from Mr. Gelston, the collector

should read

Yes, all from Mr. Gelston, the collector.

These specimens are from the body of the poem, which, as we have already said, is iambic, the most simple and usual of English metres. One of the songs introduced, however, is meant for dactylic, a more difficult rhythm, and here Mr. Halleck signally and totally fails. For example:

Another hour and the death word is given,
Another hour, and his lightnings are here;
Speed! speed thee, my bark; ere the breeze of even
Is lost in the tempest our home will be near.

To uncultivated ears this may seem endurable, but to

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a practiced versifier, it is little less than torture. To scan it is impossible, for every foot is an error. We may convey some idea of its deficiency, however, by contrasting it with a passage of the true dactylic rhythm:

> Lady, he sung, when the trumpet shall sound,
> Far from thy favor thy knight must be found.
> Long in the distance, in camp and in field,
> His falchion his fortune, his valor his shield,
> Everard Grey shall bow'r him to make
> A name and a fame that are fair for thy sake.
>
> Years they have past and the maiden is pale,
> Pale as the lily that lolls on the gale;
> Weary and worn she hath watted for years,
> Keeping her grief ever green with her tears,
> Years will she tarry, for cold is the clay
> Fettering the form of her Everard Grey.

We give the scansion of the last of these stanzas:

— ◡ ◡ — ◡ ◡ — ◡ ◡ —
Years they have | past and the | maiden is | pale, |
Pale as the | lily that | lolls on the | gale; |
Weary and | worn she hath | tarried for | years, |
Keeping her | grief ever | green with her | tears; |
Years will she | tarry, for | cold is the | clay |
— ◡ ◡ ◡ — ◡ ◡ — ◡ ◡ —
Fettering the | form of her | Everard | Grey.

Each verse consists of a mere succession of dactyls, terminating with a single long syllable, or cæsura, upon which the pause is equivalent to the time occupied by each of the preceding dactyls. In order to relieve the monotone of this regular succession, an additional short syllable is introduced into the dactyl which commences the last line. "Fettering the" is used instead of "Clothing the," or any similar legitimate dactyl; and the effect is a discord; but this discord is only of time, and not of melody. Nothing can be smoother. And nothing can be more sonorous or *stronger* than the whole stanza; but this strength arises—surely not from roughness, according to Mr. Bryant's idea—but from the facility with which it is uttered. This facility, again, arises from the rigorous employment only of truly short syllables where the rhythm requires short, and of truly long where it requires long. In other words, a perfect coincidence is preserved between the scansion and the natural reading flow.

In thus pointing out, however, the rhythmical defects of "Fanny"—defects observable in all the poems of Halleck—we wish to be understood as speaking with reference to Mr. Bryant's eulogium, and thus rather positively than comparatively. Judged by the laws of verse, which are the incontrovertible laws of melody and harmony, needing only to be clearly *put* to be admitted—judged by these laws, he is very far indeed from deserving the commendation which his too partial friend and admirer bestows; but, examined only with reference to other American versifiers, he merits all that has been said, and even more.

The excellences of "Fanny" are well described in Mr. Bryant's general comments upon the works of our poet—in the comments we have quoted above. No one can fail to perceive and appreciate the brilliant wit, the *bonhommie*, the fanciful illustration, the *naiveté*, the gentlemanly ease and *insouciance* which have rendered this charming little *jeu d'esprit* so deservedly popular.

"Alnwick Castle," written in 1822, is an irregular iambic poem, of one hundred and twenty-eight lines, and describes a seat of the Duke of Northumberland, in Northumberland, England.

It is sadly disfigured by efforts at the farcical, introduced among passages of real beauty. No true poet can unite, in any manner, the low burlesque and the ideal, without a consciousness of profanation. Such verses as

> Men in the coal and cattle line
> From Tweed's land and hero land,
> From royal Berwick's beach of sand,
> From Wooler, Morpeth, Hexham and
> Newcastle upon Tyne,

are odd, and nothing more. They are totally out of keeping with the graceful and delicate manner of the initial portions of "Alnwick Castle," and serve no better purpose than to deprive it of all unity of effect.

The second stanza of this poem has that easy grace, both of thought and expression, which is the leading feature of the Muse of Halleck.

> A lovely hill its side inclines,
> Lovely in England's rudeless green,
> To meet the quiet stream which winds
> Through this romantic scene,
> As silently and sweetly still,
> As when, at evening, on that hill,
> While summer winds blew soft and low,
> Seated by gallant Hotspur's side,
> His Katharine was a happy bride
> A thousand years ago.

We might quote many other passages of remarkable excellence, and indicating an ideality of far loftier character than that which is usually ascribed to our poet. For example:

> One solitary turret grey
> Still tells in melancholy glory
> The legend of the Cheviot day.
>
> —
>
> Gaze on the Abbey's ruined pile:
> Does not the sureoring Ivy, keeping
> Her watch around it, seem to smile
> As o'er a loved one sleeping?

The commencement of the fourth stanza is especially beautiful:

> Wild roses by the Abbey towers
> Are gay in their young bud and bloom;
> *They were born of a race of funeral flowers*
> That garlanded in long gone hours,
> A Templar's knightly tomb.

In the line Italicized two discords of excess are introduced with the happiest effect, and admirably serve to heighten the quaint fancy of the thought—a thought which, standing alone, would suffice to convince any true poet of the high genius of the author.

"Wyoming" consists of nine Spenserian stanzas—some of which are worthy of all commendation. For example:

> I then but dreamed: thou art before me now,
> In life, a vision of the brain no more.
> I've stood upon the wooded mountain's brow
> That bentles high thy lovely valley o'er,
> And now, where winds thy river's greenest shore
> Within a bower of sycamores am laid;
> And winds as soft and sweet as ever bore
> The fragrance of wild flowers through sun and shade,
> Are singing in the trees whose low boughs press my head

This poem, however, is also disfigured with some of the merest burlesque—with such absurdities, for instance, as

> ——a girl of sweet sixteen,
> Love-darting eyes and tresses like the morn,
> *Without a shoe or stocking, hoeing corn.*

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My Flowers

Engraved expressly for Graham's Magazine

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The "Lines on the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake" are deservedly popular. We quote them in full.

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep,
And long, where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven,
Like thine are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth.

And I, who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and woe were thine—

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow,
But I've in vain essayed it,
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free;
The grief is fixed too deeply,
That mourns a man like thee.

The tenderness and simplicity of these stanzas are worthy of all praise; but they are not without blemish.

Will tears the cold turf steep,

is excessively rough.

To *tell* the world their worth,

involves a false metaphor, when referred to "wreath." "To *show* the world" would be better. "Weep thee" and "deeply" form an imperfect rhyme; and the whole of the first quatrain,

Green be the turf, etc.

although beautiful, bears too close a resemblance to the still more beautiful lines of Wordsworth:

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

The verses entitled "Burns" have many of the traits of "Alnwick Castle," and are remarkable, as are all Mr. Halleck's compositions, for a peculiar grace and terseness of *expression*. For example:

And when he breathes his master-lay
Of Allowny's witch-haunted wall
All passions in our frames of clay
Come thronging at his call.

—

There have been loftier themes than his,
And longer scrolls and louder lyres,
And lays lit up with Poesy's
Purer and holier fires.

—

They linger by the Doon's low trees,
And pastoral Ayr and wooded Ayr,
And round thy sepulchres, Dumfries!
The poet's tomb is there.

—

Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confined—
The Delphian cave, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind.

"Marco Bozzaris," however, is by far the best of the poems of Halleck. It is not very highly ideal, but is skillfully constructed, abounds in the true lyrical spirit, and, with slight exception, is admirably versified. The exceptions will be found in such verses as

True as the steel of *their* tried blades,

and

For him the joy of *her* young years.

where the rhythm requires the lengthening of naturally short syllables; or in such as these:

For the first time her first-born's breath

and

Like torn branch from Death's leafless tree,

where the crowd of harsh consonants renders the verse nearly unpronounceable. We quote from this truly beautiful poem a passage which, for vigor both of thought and expression, has seldom been equaled and never excelled:

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's when she feels
For the first time her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the Pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in Consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm,
Come when the heart beats high and warm
With banquet, song, and dance, and wine,
And thou art terrible; the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of fame is wrought—
Come with her laurel-leaf blood-bought—
Come in her crowning hour, and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prisoned men:
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land wind from woods of palm,
And orange groves and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytien seas.

The lines Italicized we look upon as, in every respect, the finest by Halleck. They would do credit to any writer living or dead.

Our poet is unmarried. His usual pursuits have been commercial; but, for many years, he has been the principal superintendent of John Jacob Astor's monetary and general business affairs.

Of late days, consequently, he has nearly abandoned the Muses—much to the regret of his friends, and to the neglect of his reputation. He is now in the maturity of his powers, and might redeem America from an imputation to which she has been too frequently subjected—the imputation of inability to produce a *great* poem. A few brief translations, at rare intervals, and chiefly from vapid German or Spanish originals, are now all that remind us of "Marco Bozzaris," or that, as a poet, its author still lives.

MY FLOWERS.

"My flowers!" the gentle maiden cries—
Herself the fairest flower of all—
A "floral language" who denies
Her presence would convert and thrall! E.W.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A Brief Account of the Discoveries and Results of the United States' Exploring Expedition. New Haven, B. L. Hamlen.

This pamphlet, reprinted from the American Journal of Sciences and Arts, gives a synopsis of the Reynolds Expedition of Discovery, and conveys a general idea of the material on hand for publication by the General Government. Hitherto little has been satisfactorily known in respect to the extent or the results of the voyage; the compendious account furnished by Captain Charles Wilkes being, perhaps, somewhat less luminous than succinct. The general impression, deduced very naturally from the scandalous chicanery practised in the outfit of the Expedition, with a view to thwart the will of the nation, as manifested in the action of Congress, and to thrust from all participation in the enterprise the very man who gave it origin, and who cherished it to consummation—the general impression, we say, has very naturally been that little or nothing was accomplished. But this opinion does injustice, not less to the scheme itself than to the many able and respectable gentlemen who constituted the scientific corps. In the mere point of approaching the south pole—that pole which, in the opinion of an Honorable Secretary, formed the sole object of the adventure—something more, indeed, might have been performed; but so far as regards the more momentous objects, the making of surveys, the location of reefs, the examination of harbors, the discovery and investigation of new lands, the permanent establishment of our intercourse with the Pacific islands, the impression produced by our vessels in remote seas, the consequent protection afforded our commerce, and, especially, so far as regards the advancement of many important branches of natural science, the results of the American Expedition have been all that could be desired.

The several vessels left the Chesapeake on August 19th, 1838, and sailed for Rio Janeiro, touching at Madeira and the Cape de Verds. From Rio they proceeded to Rio Negro—thence to Nassau Bay in Tierra del Fuego. Thence the Peacock, Porpoise, and two schooners, cruised in different directions toward the pole; the Flying Fish reaching 70° 14'—nearly the highest point attained by Cook, and almost in the same longitude. Weddell, it will be remembered, made as far as 84°. While the schooners were thus employed, the ship Relief narrowly escaped wreck, under Noir Island, in an attempt to enter a southern channel, opening from Nassau Bay into the Straits of Magellan. The Vincennes remained in the bay. In May, 1839, the Expedition rendezvoused at Valparaiso, with the exception of the Sea-Gull, which was lost in a gale. On the 6th of June they sailed for Callao, Peru, and hence the Relief, proving ill-adapted for her purposes, was sent home. On the 12th of July the squadron left the South American coast, and, proceeding westwardly, surveyed fourteen or fifteen of the Paumotu Islands, two of the Society Islands, and all the group of the Navigators. On the 26th of November they repaired to Sydney, New South Wales, and thence sailed on a second cruise in the Antarctic. The first discovery of land was in longitude 160° E. and latitude 66° 30' S. This land was tracked by the Vincennes and Porpoise, steering to the west, along a barrier of ice, for the distance of one thousand five hundred miles. The Vincennes occasionally approached to within three fourths of a mile of the shore. At a place called Piner's Bay, soundings were obtained in thirty fathoms, and "they had hopes of soon landing on the rocks; but a storm came up suddenly which lasted for thirty-six hours, and drove the vessels far to leeward; they consequently pushed on with their explorations to the westward, hoping for some more accessible place, but were disappointed."*

On the 24th of February the squadron met at Tongatabu, and were here joined by the scientific corps, who, during the Antartic cruise, were occupied in New Holland and New Zealand. From Tongatabu our voyagers sailed to the Fejees. At the expiration of four months they proceeded thence to the Sandwich Islands, surveying several small coral islands on their way. At the Sandwich group the Vincennes spent the winter, while the Peacock and Flying Fish cruised in the equatorial regions of the Pacific; visiting, especially, the Navigators and the Kingsmill group, with others of the Caroline Archipelago. The Porpoise made charts of several of the Paumotu Islands not before surveyed, and touched again at Tahiti.

In the spring of 1841, the Vincennes and Porpoise arrived at the coast of Oregon; the Peacock and Flying Fish not reaching it until July. While attempting to enter the Columbia, the Peacock was wrecked. From the coast of Oregon several land expeditions were made into the interior; one of the most important being a journey from the Columbia, a distance of eight hundred miles, to San Francisco, in California.

Leaving California in November, 1841, the vessels touched for supplies at the Sandwich Islands, and thence sailed to Manilla; thence to Mindanao; thence, through the Sooloo Archipelago, and the Straits of Balabac, to Singapore; thence, by the Straits of Sunda, to the Cape of Good Hope; thence, by St. Helena, to New York, where they arrived in June, 1842, having been absent three years and ten months, and having sailed between eighty and ninety thousand miles.

In this memorable Expedition about two hundred and eighty islands were surveyed, beside eight hundred miles on the streams and coast of Oregon; not to speak of the fifteen hundred miles of Antarctic continent. It has been the fashion to doubt the actual discovery of this continent; but this doubt is unreasonable, and arises from a misunderstanding in relation to our dispute with the French. This dispute is not in regard to the discovery itself—but to the priority of discovery. The French have yielded their claim to this. It has been said, too, that Rees actually sailed over a portion of what Capt. Wilkes supposed to be land; but this is not so; the points sailed over were points of a discovery claimed by Bellamy and not by Capt. Wilkes. Notwithstanding all this, it must forever remain a subject for wonder, regret and mortification, that, having sailed for fifteen hundred miles along an Antartic continent, the Expedition should have been enabled to furnish no result more satisfactory than a few stones picked up from fragments of floating ice, and far more solid in themselves than as arguments of the immediate vicinity of land, or as specimens of that particular land in the neighborhood of which they happened to be found afloat.

* See Capt. Wilkes' Synopsis.

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The National Gallery at Washington contains suites of better specimens, however, from the various regions surveyed. These, of course, are of high value, and of deep interest. Among them are gems and gold and iron ores from Brazil; copper and silver ores from Peru and Chili; vast collections of shells and corals; fifty thousand plants—two hundred and four of them living; two thousand birds; and an immense variety of objects, even more important than any of these, in the numerous divisions of Natural Science.

The country will soon be put in possession of the facts of the Expedition in full. When we say "soon," we mean in a year or thereabouts. The publication will be made upon a magnificent scale, and will compare with that of the voyage of the Astrolabe. The plates alone will form several folio volumes. The mere history of the whole has been put in charge of Captain Wilkes. The purely scientific departments are in the hands of the able gentlemen who had their supervision during the voyage. Each will prepare his portion of the great work in his own manner.

To the prime mover in this important undertaking—to the active, the intelligent, the indomitable advocate of the enterprise—to him who gave it birth, and who brought it through maturity, to its triumphant result, this result can afford nothing but unmitigated pleasure. He has seen his measures adopted in the teeth of opposition, and his comprehensive views thoroughly confirmed in spite of cant, prejudice, ignorance and unbelief. For fifteen years has he contended, single-handed, in support of this good cause, against all that a jealous and miserably despicable *esprit de corps* could bring to his overthrow. He has contended, we say, single-handed, and triumphed. And well knew *we*, at least, that he would. Many years ago we maintained the impossibility of his failure. With mental powers of the highest order, his indomitable energy is precisely of that character which *will not admit* of defeat.

To him, we say—and to him in fact *solely*—does the high honor of this triumphant Expedition belong. Take from the enterprise the original impulse which *he* gave—the laborious preliminary investigation which *he* undertook—the unflinching courage and the great ability with which *he* defended it when attacked—the unwearying perseverance with which *he* urged its progress, and by which *he* finally ensured its consummation—let the Expedition have wanted all this, and what would the world have had of it but the shadow of a shade? To him, we repeat, be the glory of this important undertaking—and to those who deserve it—and who now sorely feel they deserve it—be whatever of disgrace has attached to its conduct. One thing is certain—when men, hereafter, shall come to speak of this Expedition, they will speak of it not as the American Expedition—nor even as the Poinsett Expedition, nor as the Dickerson Expedition, nor, alas! as the Wilkes Expedition—they will speak of it—if they speak at all—as "The Expedition of Mr. Reynolds."

Principles of Political Economy, or the Laws of the Formation of National Wealth, Developed by Means of the Christian Laws of Government: By William Atkinson. With an Introduction by Horace Greeley. New York, Greeley & McElrath: Philadelphia, W. H. Graham.

This is an able and thorough defence of the Protective Policy, in opposition to the doctrines of Say, Ricardo, M'Culloch, and other teachers of the Free Trade school. It is remarkable as taking up the great question it treats of in the most catholic spirit, and advocating Protection, not as desirable at this particular juncture for this particular people, but as eminently calculated to promote the prosperity of every nation, and as essential to the welfare of the laboring class especially. Mr. Atkinson quotes at length those propositions of the Free Trade economists which he controverts, and replies to them with signal perspicuity and force. The able Introduction to the American edition applies the principles of Mr. Atkinson to the circumstances of our own country, and is mainly distinguished for the clearness and appositeness of its familiar illustrations. The work deserves and will repay the exertions of the friends of the Protective Policy to diffuse it universally among the people—the price being less than one tenth that of the English edition, while the paper and typography are much superior to those of the ordinary cheap publications.

The Psalmist: A New Collection of Hymns, for the use of the Baptist Churches. By Baron Stow and S. F. Smith: 18mo, pp. 700: Philadelphia, American Baptist Publication and S. S. Society: Boston, Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.

The Church Psalmist: or Psalms and Hymns for the Public, Private, and Social use of Evangelical Christians: 18mo., pp. 653: New York, Mark H. Newman.

The Christian Psalter: A Collection of Psalms and Hymns for Social and Private Worship: 12mo., pp. 548: Boston, Little & Brown.

The Psalms and Hymns of Dr. Watts, arranged by Dr. Rippon, with Dr. Rippon's Selection: A New Edition, corrected and improved, by Rev. Charles Sommers: 12mo., pp. 906: Philadelphia, J. B. Lippencott, & Co.

Parish Hymns: A Collection of Hymns for Public, Private and Social Worship: Selected and Original: 24mo., pp. 464: Philadelphia, Perkins & Purves.

The rarest of all poetry is the poetry of devotion, and the most common of all verses are those on religious subjects. Very few who have possessed "the vision and the faculty divine," have had a devotional spirit, and fewer still of those who have felt the true emotion have understood

> "The pleasing artifice of rhyme,
> And quantity, and accent, that can blend
> This spirit with the movings of the soul."

The collections of hymns used in nearly all the churches are lamentably deficient in the most essential qualities of works of this description. Dr. Watts has been regarded by the religious as a model poet, and every volume which has not embraced the larger portion of his compositions has been deemed without merit for this reason. He certainly wrote some very creditable lyrics, but no man of equal reputation ever produced so much mere fustian or so little worthy of preservation. One half of his hymns are beneath contempt in a literary point of view, and are quite as worthless as expressions of religious feeling. They first appeared when the Bay Psalm Book of President Dunster, in England as well as in America, divided with Sternhold and Hopkins the general applause, and being really better than the verses of those Puritan bards, they soon and deservedly became popular; but nine tenths of them should long ago have been forgotten. Worship is an act of the heart,—

> "Its words
> Are few, but deep and solemn, and they break
> Fresh from the fount of feeling."

But what high emotion is expressed or can be created by such lines as these—

> "And if you fall upon the stones
> The Lord shall heal your broken bones!"

or these—

> "Oh! how the resurrection light
> Will clarify believers' sight;
> How joyful will the saints arise,
> *And rub the dust from off their eyes!*"

Yet these quotations are from popular selections—the last, from the Village Hymns of Neitleton. The saints in the

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last day awaking from their centuries of slumber and rubbing the dust out of their eyes like so many vagabonds who have lodged uncomfortably in the gutters of the city streets! Could any thing be more ludicrous? Much more poetical and true is this stanza from a specimen of psalmody in one of the gazettes—

"The race is not forever got
By him who fastest runs,
Nor the battel by those people
That shoot with the longest guns!"

A purer taste is beginning to prevail; the necessity of having the religious and poetical character united in the sacred lyric is acknowledged; and the collections before us afford cheering evidence that our literature embraces much more devotional poetry, with the true power and spirit of harmony, than has been generally supposed. None of these collections however are faultless. Many pieces in each of them are without euphony, unity, or completeness, and many more are too long. A hymn should treat of but one subject from its beginning to its end; it should be complete in itself, embracing nothing superfluous or irrelevant to its theme; and it ought in no case to extend to more than six stanzas, each of which, when practicable, should express a distinct and independent thought.

The first of the volumes on our table—"The Psalmist"—is in our opinion decidedly the best compilation of sacred lyric poetry ever published in this country. Its editors are distinguished clergymen of the Baptist Church, and one of them is himself a poet of no mean reputation. Mr. Smith's Missionary Hymn, commencing,

"Yes, my native land, I love thee,"

is nearly as well known as the celebrated lyric of Heber—

"From Greenland's icy mountains," etc.

and a large number of his pieces, on a variety of subjects, rank among the best of their kind in the English language. We should be pleased, did our limits permit, to present several fine lyrics by him and other American writers, which we have marked in this volume, but must refrain. Cowper, who was doubtless the first of the religious poets of England, is much quoted, but we could never see any merit in that repulsive piece of his, beginning

"There is a fountain filled with blood;"

it is in wretched taste, unfit to be "said or sung;" and we notice it here as one of the chief blemishes of Messrs. Stow and Smith's collection.

"The Church Psalmist" was prepared, we understand, by one of the most eminent divines of the Presbyterian Church. In an able preface the editor points out the common faults in works of the kind, and his selections and adaptations appear, so far as we have examined, to have been guided by a nice judgment.

"The Christian Psalter" was edited by Rev. William P. Lunt, of Quincy, Massachusetts, pastor of the Unitarian Church in that town, of which John Quincy Adams is a member, and the venerable ex-president is author of about twenty of the best hymns in the book. The "Hour Glass" and the "Death of an Infant" are among the most beautiful effusions of the great statesman, and have rarely been surpassed by any of the religious poets.

The arrangement of the Hymns of Dr. Watts by Dr. Rippon, with the Selections of Dr. Rippon, are well known to the religious throughout the country. The new edition published by Messrs. Lippencott & Co. is beautifully printed, and the accomplished editor has much improved the work by a careful revision.

"Parish Hymns" is a smaller compilation than any of those before noticed, and is designed rather for social and private worship than to be used in the public services of the Sabbath. The contents have been chosen with care by an editor of refined taste, and the book is printed and bound in the neatest manner. It will probably supersede the "Village Hymns" and most of the similar collections in the sphere for which it is intended. We observe that it contains several fine original hymns by Rev. Dr. Bethune, Rev. Walter Colton, U. S. N., and others of our correspondents.

Scenes in Indian Life; Drawn and Etched on Stone, by Felix O. C. Darley. Five Quarto Parts. Philadelphia, published by G. R. Colon.

The limits of our work have prevented us hitherto from noticing these exceedingly spirited and masterly designs by a young artist of this city. The highest praise we can award them is to say they put us more strongly in mind of the celebrated linear illustrations by the great German Retsch than any we have seen, and they, it is well known, have been considered the *ne plus ultra* at which etchings of this kind can attain. The advantage of the play of light and shade, and consequently of aerial perspective, being necessarily denied to the artist, boldness of design, vigor of execution, and correctness of drawing, are the great points in this style, and in them Mr. Darley greatly excels. In another point of view this work is most interesting; as an illustration, namely, and we doubt not a very correct one, of a most singular people rapidly passing from about us, and soon to become extinct. In the first number, Slaying the Bison is a splendid specimen of outline drawing—the foreshortening of the horse exceedingly able—and the whole attitude and action of the rider full of life and power. If there be any fault it is that the hind quarters of the bison are a little under size. In the second, Spearing Fish could not be improved; the drawing is most admirable. Fighting the Bear is not so good, for though the bear himself is done to the very nature, the figure of the young chief shooting at him with the arrow, is neither vigorous nor striking. On the other hand, it would be difficult indeed to improve the splendid composition of Finding the Dead Chief, either in design, truthfulness, or power. The Surprise is, if possible, yet more spirited, from the grasp of the young chief on the arm of his foe, from his brandished knife and the deadly glare of his fixed and savage eye, to the ineffectual clutch of the other, taken at unawares, on the tree which alone hinders him from falling, and the leaves of the bush scattered by the fury of the combatants, all is masterly, energetic, and to the life. Discovering the Enemy is somewhat too similar to one of Retsch's illustrations of the Fights of the Dragon, the attitude of the principal figures being nearly identical, though we presume, from the originality of the other drawings, the resemblance is merely fortuitous. The Council of the Chiefs is scarcely inferior to any, although the figure of the orator might be improved. In the fourth number, The Battle is unsurpassed by any thing in the series for boldness of design or splendid execution. The War Dance is also admirable. In early life it was our fortune to travel largely among the great western lakes, where we have looked upon scenes of almost every description attempted by Mr. Darley, and we have never seen any thing more historically truthful than these sketches.

On the whole, we consider this work one of the most interesting that has lately issued from the American press, inasmuch as while showing great present ability in the youthful artist, and possessing high intrinsic merits, it gives promise in our opinion of the highest future excellence. We shall note Mr. Darley's future with interest, and shall be disappointed if we do not find him ere long a *placed* man, and that in no mediocre station.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EPITAPHS, ANAGRAMS, ETC. OF THE PURITANS.—Nothing more admirably illustrates the character of the founders of New England than their epitaphs, elegies, anagrams, and other portraitures of each other. Grave doctors of divinity—men more learned in classical literature and scholastic theology than any since their time—prided themselves upon the excellence of their puns and epigrams, and the cleverness shown by a few celebrated persons in this species of fashionable trifling constituted their principal claim to immortality. In the *Magnalia Christi Americana*, Thomas Shepard, a minister of Charlestown, is described as "the greatest anagrammatizer since the days of Lycophron," and the pastoral care of the renowned Cotton Mather himself is characteristically described as distinguished for

> —Care to guide his flock and feed his lambs
> By words, works, prayers, psalms, sins and—*anagrams!*

One of the anagrams upon the name of Mather makes out of *Cottonus Matherus, Tu tantum Conors es*, another *Thos Cotton ornavi*, etc.; and on the death of the Rev. Thomas Wilson, Shepard wrote,

> JOHN WILSON, *anagr.* JOHN WILSON.
> O chaste it ain't! no sweeter name or thing
> Throughout the world within our ears shall ring!

We have collected a few specimens of the epitaphs of our first century, which from their ingenuity or quaintness cannot fail to amuse the reader. The first is on Samuel Danforth, a minister of Roxbury, who died in 1674, a few days after the completion of a new meeting-house, and was written by Thomas Welde, a poet of considerable reputation in his day,—

> Our new built church now suffers by this—
> *Larger* in Windows, but in *Lights* one less.

Thomas Dudley, who came to Massachusetts in 1630 as deputy governor, was subsequently chief magistrate of the colony for several years. He died on the last day of July, 1653, in the seventy-third year of his age, and was buried in Roxbury, where, in the records of the Congregational church, is preserved an anagram said to have been sent to him by some anonymous writer, in 1645.

> THOMAS DUDLEY, *anagr. Ah, old must dye!*
> A death's head on your hand you need not wear—
> A dying head you on your shoulders bear.
> You need not one to mind you, you must dye—
> You in your name may spell mortality.
> Young men may dye, but old men, they dye *must*,
> *Ye'll* not be long before you're gathered:
> Before you turn to dust! *Ah! must old dye?*—
> What shall young do, when old in dust do lye?
> When old in dust lye, what New England does?
> When old in dust do lye, it's best dye too.

The following was found in his pocket, after his death:

> ON HIMSELF—BY THOMAS DUDLEY.
> Farewell, dear wife, children and friends!
> Make heaven, make blessed ends,
> Bear patiently, live well and die,
> So shall we live with joy again.
> Let men of God in courts and churches watch
> Over such as do a *Toleration* hatch,
> Lest they all unawares bring forth a cockatrice
> To poison all with heresy and vice.
> If men be left and cursed use conditions,
> My epitaph's—*I died no Libertine!*

This is characteristic of the Puritans. The reader should however understand that the old meaning of the word *libertine* was tolerant or liberal, so that the governor merely designed to enjoin conformity to his doctrines. Dudley was a narrow minded man, as much distinguished for his miserly propensities as for his bigotry. Among the epitaphs proposed for his monument was one by Governor Belcher—

> Here lies Thomas Dudley, that trusty old stud—
> a bargain's a bargain, and must be make good!

Donne nor Cowley ever produced any thing more full of quaint conceits, antitheses, and puns, than the elegy written by Benjamin Woodbridge, in 1651, on John Cotton—

> Here lies magnanimous humility,
> Majesty, meekness, (heaven's epithe,
> Unaffected holiness, liberty, in thrall—
> A single a spirit, of self-denying love,—
> Needless embroidered with shelf fame,
> And desires unengaged in a grave,—
> A living, breathing Bible; table where
> Both covenants at large engraven are;
> Gospel and Law, in's heart, lived each its column;
> His head an index to the sacred volume;
> His very name's a title page, and next
> His life's a commentary on the text.
> Ah what a monument of glorious worth,
> When in a *twice edition* he comes forth,
> Without *errata*, may we think he'll be
> In *leaves* and *covers* of eternity.

The celebrated epitaph of Dr. Franklin is supposed to have been suggested by this; but the lines of Joseph Capen, a minister of Topsfield, on Mr. John Foster, an ingenious mathematician and printer, bear to it a still closer resemblance—

> Thy body which no activeness did lack,
> Now's laid aside, like an old almanack;
> But for the present only 'tis out of date;
> 'T will have at length a far more active state;
> Yea, though with dust thy body soiled be,
> Yet at the resurrection we shall see
> A fair edition, void of matchless worth,
> Free from *errata*, new in heaven set forth;
> 'T is but a word from God, the great Creator,
> It shall be done when He saith *Imprimatur*.

One of the most poetical of the epitaphs of this period is that by Cotton Mather on the Rev. Thomas Shepard, before mentioned, who died in 1649—

> Here lies intombed a heavenly orator,
> From the great King of kings an Ambassador—
> Mirrour of vertues, marvaile of arts,
> Crowne to our heads, and lodestone to our hearts.

The following lines are from the monument of the Rev. Richard Mather, who died in Dorchester, in 1669, aged 73.

> Richardus hic dormit Matherus,
> Sed nec tetus nec mortis ictus,
> Lethi jam victor victus,
> In certum est mortis hortor ut ad hoc
> Anima et gloria non queunt humari.
>
> Divinely rich and learned Richard Mather,
> Sons like him, prophets, angels are not for't either.
> Short time he's asleep, the dust here's covered down;
> Not his ascended spirit we resown.

The Rev. Edward Thompson, a preacher of considerable reputation in his day, died at Marshfield, Massachusetts, in 1705. His epitaph is preserved by Alden—

> Here, in a tyrant's hand, doth captive lye
> A rare epistle of divinity.
> Old patriarchs, prophets, & all bishops meet
> Unt' redemption in their winding sheet.
> All nations, tongues, & kindreds shall be raised,
> When their King calls, to sit in Parliament.

Governor Theophilus Eaton, of New Haven, died at an advanced age on the 7th of January, 1657. His son-in-law, Deputy-Governor William Jones, and his daughter, are buried near him, and are alluded to in the lines upon the monument erected to his memory.

> Eaton, as famed, as wise, as merk, as just—
> The pheenix of our world—here lies in dust.
> His name forget New England can ne'er boast,
> T' attend you, it, made these framed stones
> Are emblems honor unto daughter Jones,
> On each hand to repose yt weary bones.

The next is from an old monument in Dorchester.

> Heare lyes our captaine, who major of Suffolk was withall,
> A worthy magistrate was he, and major generall!
> Two regiments of horse with him here came, which worth his love did crave,
> Ten companyes of foot, also, preparing marshe to his grave.
> Let all who read be sure to keep the faith as he hath don:
> With Christ he now lives crowned; his name was Humphrey Atherton.
> He died the nineteenth of November, 1661.

In the same cemetery "lies the body of James Humfrey,

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one of the ruling elders of Dorchester, who departed this life the 12 May, 1663, in the 78 year of his age." His epitaph, like many of that period, is in the form of an acrostic—

I nclosed within the shrine is precious dust,
A nd only waits the rising of the just;
M ost useful while he lived, adorned his station,
E ven to old age he served his generation.
S ince his decease, thought of with veneration.

H ow great a blessing this ruling elder be
U nto the church and town of Dorchester three!
M uch in the first did by him flourish ever,
F rom he did leave his burden in both Lands;
R epose and Dividends did he avoid with skill;
E ternal Light by all Learning from will
Y ielding to death, his glorious seat did fill.

The most ingenious of the Puritan poets was the Rev. Michael Wigglesworth, whose "Day of Doom" is the most remarkable curiosity in American literature. "He was as skilled," says one of his biographers, "in physic and surgery as in divines things," and when he could neither preach nor prescribe for the physical sufferings of his neighbors,

"In easie verse, and most laborious rhymes,
He dished up truths right worthy our regard."

He was buried in Malden, near Boston, and his epitaph was written by Mather—

THE EXCELLENT MICHAEL WIGGLESWORTH,

Remembered by some good talents.

His pen did more *meat from the eater fetch*;
And now he's gone beyond the eater's reach.
His body, once as them, was meat to worms;
From hence he's to *unbodied spirits* flown.
Once his rare skill did ease distempers sore;
And he does no thing now unease feel.
He to his Lord's Rest is joyful come,
And waits with joy to see his *Day of Doom*.

The last epitaph for which we have now space is from the monument of Dr. Clark, a grandson of the celebrated Dr. John Clark who came to New England in 1630.

He who among physicians shone as late
And by his wise prescription conquered Fate,
Now has extended in the silent grave,
Nor how Nine-score could his vast spirit save.
But still his fame shall last his various lore,
And all a publick monuments restore:
Still Church shall his name: nor shall the stone
Long as his piety and love be known.

SERIAL PUBLICATIONS.—Messrs. Harper, of New York, are now publishing, in semi-monthly parts, "A Dictionary, Geographical, Statistical and Historical, of the various countries, places, and principal natural objects in the world, by J. R. M'Culloch, in which the articles relating to the United States have been greatly multiplied and extended, and adapted to the present condition of the country, and to the wants of its citizens, by Daniel Haskell, late President of the University of Vermont." This is decidedly the best universal gazetteer ever published in any language. The American edition is well printed, though on rather small type, and the various maps which it contains are from the latest and most accurate authorities. The same publishers have nearly completed their serial edition of Brande's "Encyclopedia of Literature, Science and Art," a work containing more valuable and interesting matter than many libraries of a hundred volumes. The fifth number of the Collected Writings of Cornelius Mathews has been published in New York by M. Y. Beach. Mr. Winchester, proprietor of "The New World" newspaper, is publishing, in semi-monthly parts, an excellent edition of the celebrated Chronicles of Froissart, at about one fifth of the price of the foreign impressions. W. H. Graham of this city is issuing a very handsome edition of the Prose Romances of Edgar A. Poe, to be completed in twenty parts. These tales are, in many respects, the most remarkable ever published in this country, and we shall take an early opportunity to review them in an appropriate manner.

NEW WORKS.—The Rev. Dr. Stone, of Brooklyn, has nearly ready for the press, Memoirs of the late Right Rev. Alexander Viets Griswold, Bishop of the Eastern Diocese of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. The life of the late Noah Webster, LL. D., will be published from his MSS., etc., in the ensuing autumn. Mr. Prescott's History of the Conquest of Mexico will be issued by Messrs. Harper early in November. W. H. Graham, of this city, and H. W. Hewitt, of New York, have in press "An Illustrated Sacred History of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, as recorded in the four Gospels; to which is added an appendix, containing explanatory notes; embellished with numerous engravings on wood, illustrating the principal events from the annunciation to the ascension. By J. M. Wainwright, D. D." This will be one of the most elegant of the illustrated works of the season.

BOOKS LATELY PUBLISHED.—Among the recent publications which we have not noticed elsewhere, is "Classical Studies," embracing essays on ancient Literature and Art, with the biographies and correspondence of eminent philologists, by some of the most distinguished Dutch and German scholars, translated by Barnas Sears, President of the Newton Theological Seminary, B. B. Edwards, Professor in the Andover Theological Seminary, and C. C. Felton, Professor in Harvard University. It is the most able plea for classical learning ever published, and we hope it will be largely read by the teachers and the students of the country. We have read no work during the year which we could more cheerfully or warmly praise. Messrs. Campbell & Co., of this city, have reprinted McCrie's "Vindication of the Scottish Covenanters" against the attacks made upon them by Sir Walter Scott in the first series of his "Tales of My Landlord." It is an eloquent and interesting history of a conscientious and intelligent sect, who were grossly caricatured by the great novelist. They have likewise issued a cheap but excellent edition of Liebig's works on Agricultural and Animal Chemistry. One of the most interesting books we have ever read is the one on Russia, by J. G. Kohl, lately reprinted in a cheap form, by Carey & Hart, of this city. Mr. Kohl is among travelers what Boswell is among biographers. We know of no one who more admirably describes still nature or social life, and of no work of the same description embracing more fresh and interesting information.

THE "ANTIQUE BOKESTORE."—He who makes the northern tour will peradventure stop a day in Boston, where, after making the circumambulatory ascent of "the Monument," he will find nothing more worthy his regard—at least if he be an antiquary or man of letters—than the "old curiosity shop" of Burnham, in Cornhill. It is styled the "Antique Bokestore," and is the largest, indeed the only, establishment of its character in the country—a repository of all that is curious and rare, especially in our own literature, from the days of Mather and Wigglesworth to those of Pop Emmons and Dr. McHenry—four stories filled with Puritan theology, Indian war clubs, transcendental philosophy and Polynesian gods! No man has seen the "Athens of America" who has not passed a morning in this literary museum.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.—This illustrious man—the greatest painter of his time—died suddenly at Cambridgeport near Boston on the 8th of July, while sitting alone near midnight in his studio, surrounded by his imperishable creations. He was in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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A TALE OF CHAMOUNY.*

BY T. C. GRATTAN.

CHAPTER I.

IT was on one of the highest of the mountains overlooking the valley of Chamouny, and while I marked, far below me, its pigmy population moving in scarcely discernible groups, that the thought struck me that there certainly existed among them, if one could but find them out, some traditions of suffering or sentiment, or other materials common to mankind elsewhere, and out of which the webs of story-tellers are spun. No sooner was the thought conceived than I turned to Pierre Payot, my intelligent guide, and cautiously repressing the eagerness of authorship, I remarked to him that in a place so remote from the busy world, events doubtless occurred, from time to time, of an out-of-the-way kind.

"Why, as for that, sir," said he, "there is a good deal of honesty in our valley; and they say *that* is not very common in the world you speak of. I could tell you some true instances. And it is odd enough that I see a woman going along the road there, this moment, who is a living proof of it."

"You cannot distinguish any particular individual at this great distance, can you?" asked I.

"Easily, sir," replied Payot; "custom gives to us guides great sharpness of vision. What is it that enables the eagle to see objects from such a height, but the habit of looking after their prey?"

"As *you* watch for a stray traveler, is it not, my good friend?"

"No, no, sir, we are not so bad as that," returned he, with a good natured smile; "I assure you that some of us are almost as honest as Marie Cachat, there below—and probably we are as little the better of it as she was on a memorable occasion."

"A *memorable* occasion?" said I, concealing as much as possible the pleasure which rose up, in anticipation of some very interesting recital.

"Yes, indeed, it was so, sir; for it rarely falls to the lot of a poor woman, with four helpless children, to find a portfolio containing bank notes to the value of five thousand francs."

"And she has had this good luck?"

"She had, sir; there, on the very road; and probably not a hundred yards from the spot where she is now walking. I am sure I should n't wonder if the devil rose up every time she passes the place, and laughed at her for her fruitless honesty."

"Honesty is its own reward, my friend," said I, in all the commonplace of proverbial quotation.

"So is avarice, sir; and the vice being better paid than the virtue, no wonder it is the most *à la mode*."

Loathing argument, when I am enjoying nature, and fearful of clogging with metaphysics the story I anticipated, I forebore making any rejoinder, and merely begged my guide to tell me the one in question.

"Bless you, sir," said he—and it was quite an original answer, though a wonderful coincidence—"Bless you, sir, I have no story to tell; but only that poor and honest Marie Cachat, having picked up the portfolio and ascertained its value, ran three leagues on the road to Salienches before she could overtake its owner, a rich *milord*; and when she gave it to him—"

"Well, what then?" said I impatiently.

"Why, then he thanked her, sir, and that was all she got for her pains."

"The devil take him, whoever he was!" exclaimed I, bouncing up from the granite seat on which I had been resting—"and is that all?"

"All! why it was nothing, sir."

"And your story is finished?"

* There being half a dozen different ways of spelling this word, I choose the orthography which is most English, and least puzzling as to pronunciation.

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"I told you I had no story, sir; but it would not be hard to invent one here. It was on that mountain yonder, by the side of a little spring which feeds that puny cascade, that the celebrated Monsieur Florian commenced his—"

"Trashy tale of Claudine—all the guide books vouch for it," said I, interrupting Payot rather uncivilly. "But, as you say, any one might invent a story here. But invention wont satisfy me just now. I want *truth*, my friend, for 'Truth is strange, stranger than fiction,' let *me* tell you."

As Payot could not see the inverted commas, he no doubt thought my observation bran new. I did not deceive him—but I muttered between my teeth, "and much more so to most people—but I must not waste my sarcasm on the winds. And so, Payot," continued I aloud, "you really have nothing extraordinary to tell me. Nothing in the way of crimes, or misdemeanors, or the like?"

"Alas! nothing, sir. People here are, after all, very much the same, I believe, as in other places; neither very good nor very bad. They are often guilty of petty vices, but rarely commit great crimes."

"Well, it can't be helped, but it is very unfortunate," said I, in a melancholy and disappointed tone. And I wandered over the huge hills for the rest of the day; hoping, in vain, to fall in with some flesh and blood adventure, that might break the monotony of my admiration at the wonders of inanimate nature.

Next morning we were early on the road toward Martigny, Payot carrying my light portmanteau; and, the weather being splendid, I was in good heart, reconciled to the dull virtues of Chamouny, and quite in tune for the enjoyment of the enchanting scenery. It was the 7th of June, Friday, a glorious season, and with me a lucky day for setting out on a voyage, either by land or water; for I love to patronize (in ever so small a way) almost all things against which men have a prejudice, founded merely on superstition or on pride. I forgot all my previous anxiety and disappointment on the score of story-telling. I was never in a mood of more thorough enjoyment. So we stepped along merrily; and I marked the beams playing round the peaks of "the monarch," and telling me that the sun had risen, though he was far hidden from my ken by the giant mountains, which he had yet some hours to climb before he could overlook the valley where I and my guide trudged on.

We had not proceeded half a league, when Payot said to me,

"I am really glad, sir, to find you in better humor than you were yesterday. I have been worrying myself all night to recollect some gloomy anecdote to put you in good temper, but I could not succeed. However, my wife—you know women are better hands than we are, sir, at remembering romance—told me that I should be sure, as we went along the road this morning, to strike on something to suit your fancy. Don't you remember, says she, the bloody mill and the skeleton hand?"

"The what?" exclaimed I, abruptly and joyously, for the words sounded cheeringly.

"The bloody mill and the skeleton hand," returned my guide; "so you like the title, sir?"

"Amazingly—very much, indeed"—answered I, scarcely able to keep in due bounds my gratification at this unlooked-for sunburst of horrors.

"Then, if that's the case, look there, sir, at those ruined walls close by the river," (I cast my eyes to the right, and saw the crumbling remains of a house,) "that is the bloody mill, sir."

"And the skeleton hand?" asked I, with the insatiate gluttony of a legend hunter.

"Oh, you shall have that, too, all in good time, sir," replied Payot, smiling—"but you must have a little patience, and let things come on gradually and in due succession."

"Certainly, certainly—I am not in the least hurry—not the slightest—only you know the words are enough to excite a *little* curiosity."

"Well then, sir, you shall not be kept in suspense," said my considerate guide—for he saw through my assumed indifference—and after drawing my attention to another mill, about a quarter of a mile farther up the valley, but one which formed a most flourishing and wealthy looking contrast to the desolate ruin of the other, he related, pretty nearly as follows, his anecdote, sketch, or story—to which I have not ventured to affix the name he gave it, leaving the reader to adopt or reject that, according to his peculiar taste in titles.

THE STORY.

In the latest years of the last century, two millers had established themselves in that unfortunately close neighborhood above described, which, with a rivalry of pursuits and similarity of interests, was almost sure to produce envy, hatred and malice. On one side at least these results were decided and violent. Gabriel Balmat, the occupant of the dwelling whose ruins are now the only visible records of his existence, was a man of dark and direful character. Unmated and solitary in the world, he had no check in domestic associations to the baneful passions of an ill-regulated mind. He was poor, and had from early youth maintained a hard struggle against fate. But there was neither dignity nor virtue in the contest. He worked his way through life in bitterness and gloom, finding congenial associations in the desolate rocks and glaciers, and seeking none with any of his own species, beyond what was prescribed by the actual necessities of his calling.

The evil disposition of this unhappy man was chiefly excited against his rival in trade, Paul Corryeur, who was, even earlier than he, established in the mill that was his father's before him; so that Balmat had really no excuse, much less a justification for his enmity. The man he hated so much was simple and honest in his manners and dealings; a fair competitor in a business which afforded ample employment for two persons, and a fair chance of respectable provision for at least two families.

It was not, however, wonderful that the amiable and conciliatory ways of Corryeur made him the favorite with the small farmers and smaller peasantry.

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Nothing "brings grist to the mill," literally or by analogy, so much as an easy temper and a kindly bearing. The consequence, in the present instance, was that the possessor of these happy qualities had generally more corn to grind than his hopper could accommodate, that his wife and children were well dressed, and his little household in a state of great comfort; while his unpopular neighbor got but little employment, and was continually forced to expend his indifferent profits in lawsuits with those customers whom he was so much in the habit of ill-treating and quarreling with. The vexations and injuries he, on many occasions, caused to poor Corryeur and his property were considerable. But the latter never would follow the example of others, by retaliating or going to law, trusting to his own industry to repair the mischief, and benevolently hoping for a change of character in his disagreeable and dangerous neighbor.

The wisdom of this conduct was in some measure justified by the result. For in the course of time a feeling did accidentally rise up in the breast of Gabriel, which, if it did not altogether change his disposition, at least modified it in some measure, in respect to its injurious effects upon the interests of the Corryeur family.

It happened one morning early that "the repulsive personage" who is the hero of this story was taking a solitary walk up that side of the Arve (the little river that waters the valley of Chamouny) on which his own mill and dwelling-house were situate, his mind fixed, as usual, on some project of ill, or occupied with some reflection of discomfort, when his attention was suddenly attracted to a group of children on the opposite bank, whom he at once recognized as the junior branches of the Corryeur family. He had never before been so near those young creatures, for they had such an extreme dread of him that they on all possible occasions avoided his neighborhood. He now stood gazing at them with folded arms and scowling aspect; and at sight of those living reproaches to his misanthropy and malice, his bad feelings were still more excited, and they at length arose to absolute fury, on observing that as soon as the children saw him they fled toward their home, uttering piercing screams and throwing behind them looks of terror. The first impulse of his passion made him also run in the same direction, shouting and uttering imprecations, so as to increase their fright; and at last one of the little urchins—a mere infant—was tripped up by a stone on the path, and it fell headlong from the bank into the stream. Shallow as it was there was quite water enough to drown a child of that helpless age; and such might have been the fate of the little victim had Balmat left it to itself. But urged by his impetuous temper, and acting from impulse more than design, he rushed into the river, over the rocky impediments, and was just within arms-length of the struggling innocent, and on the point of either plunging it deeper into the water, and so suffocating it, or raising it up to dash it to certain death against the granite blocks around, when he was arrested in time to save him from the commission of this ferocious and cowardly crime.

It was no stalwart arm which seized on his—no powerful man who threw himself, shield-like, before the helpless object of his rage. It was only a little girl of about twelve years old, the eldest sister of the child, who, while her two younger brothers continued their flight toward home, had intrepidly stopped on her path, and immediately ran into the water, to interpose between the double death which seemed to menace her little sister, heedless of the risk she herself ran of sharing her fate.

"Oh, sir, kill *me*, kill *me!* but not little Josephine; that would break my mother's heart," cried the pale and agitated girl, piteously looking toward Balmat's terrible countenance, while her hands were employed in raising the child from its perilous position.

Almost every mind does homage to the quality of courage. None more so than those in which it degenerates into ferocity. If all people knew this well, in many trying scenes, all would seem to be brave, even if they were not so. In the instance now before us, the cruel Balmat was struck with astonishment and admiration, little common to one so generally insensible to sudden emotions. The boldness of this girl, herself a mere child, in rushing to what she evidently believed a self-sacrifice, to save her sister's life and her mother's feelings, appeared to him an act of such sublimity, that even the callous heart of Gabriel the cruel, as he was usually called, was touched by it in a way unknown to him before.

"No, I'll not kill either you or her," said he, with a grim smile, as he took the children, one in each hand, and helped them out of the water. And as he lifted them up the bank he asked the eldest what was her name.

"Julie Corryeur," replied she firmly, yet turning toward home, as though unwilling to trust herself longer in such doubtful company.

"You are afraid of me?" said Balmat.

"Not for myself, but for my little sister, sir," answered Julie.

"You know me, then? Who am I?"

"The wicked miller of Chamouny, sir."

Balmat could not help laughing at the candor and the civility combined in this rough answer. But before he could continue the conversation, his attention was attracted to the approach of a group from the rival mill, consisting of Corryeur, his wife and two men servants, who had hastened, on hearing the screams of the runaway children, and now rapidly approached with menacing air. Balmat, having quite recovered his calmness, proceeded to ascend the broken and rocky bank, helping up his dripping companions; and as he reached the level ground the hostile group arrived on the spot. The children immediately disengaged themselves from his hold, and rushed into the open arms of their parents, both of whom anxiously gazed to see that all was safe and well; and the father being the soonest satisfied, he stepped close up to Balmat, and exclaimed in an angry tone,

"What does all this mean, neighbor Gabriel? What have you been doing to my children?"

On hearing this, Julie turned again quickly; and,

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taking hold of her father's hand, she said with much earnestness,

"Oh, nothing, nothing, father, but what was very good and very kind to us. Little Josephine fell into the river, and Monsieur Balmat ran in, to save her from being drowned."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Corryeur, "then I am more obliged to him, than I should have been to any man in the district. One expects a good turn from a friend, and no thanks; but when an enemy does it, he deserves our gratitude. Come, Gabriel, give me your hand, and let us be good neighbors henceforward."

"Not so fast, Paul Corryeur," replied Balmat, with a tone more serious than sullen, and folding his arms across his breast, "I cannot give my hand to a man who has not some share of my heart. I am an open enemy, at any rate. But I have no objection to be friends with little Julie there. Will you let her embrace me?"

"To be sure I will, if she likes it. It would be hard to refuse that to him who saved her sister's life."

"Tut, tut, man! I did n't save the child's life, and had no notion of doing it—and Julie knows that. But she is a brave and a good-hearted girl; and there 's something about her that has struck a new light into my mind altogether—and so, will you give me a kiss, Julie?"

Half reluctant, half willing, and blushing deeply, the little girl received the proffered embrace.

"Thank you, thank you, and God bless you! You are a good child," said Balmat abruptly; and he then turned away and walked rapidly down the river's side, till he came to the rustic bridge of planks just opposite the source of the Aveyron, at the foot of the glacier *des Bois*, and which led close up to his own house.

The Corryeurs looked after him for some time, and then turned toward their home again, being anxious to get the children quickly relieved from their wet garments. While they walked along the mother questioned Julie as to the recent adventure, Paul being deep in reflection on the strange character of his neighbor; and one of the men, turning to his companion, remarked that it was the first time that cruel Gabriel was known to do a good action, embrace a fellow creature, or say "God bless you!"

CHAPTER II.

The effect produced by this occurrence on the wayward mind of Balmat was immense. It was like that caused by some heavy substance flung into a dark and stagnant lake. It seemed to heave it up in wild convulsion from its very depths, without purifying its nature or changing its hue. The color of Balmat's character was the same as ever, but one beam shone upon and trembled in it, like the reflection of a single star in the water's gloom. Unloving and unloved, he felt suddenly as though it were possible for him to feel and to inspire regard. The courage shown by Julie in braving his rage, her goodness in interposing between him and her father, the fine expression of her countenance as she received his embrace, were all stirring in his memory during the whole of that day, and without his knowing it they had sunk deep and softly into his heart.

The first actual proof which spoke to him in conviction of this effect was a wish that he had happened to marry young, like Paul Corryeur, and that, like him, he had had such a daughter as little Julie. Balmat was then about thirty years of age. Corryeur only a few years older, so that the wish, which thus took the form of a regret, was only extravagant as being unattainable.

His next notion was that he would immediately marry, on the chance of having a child that he could love and who might love him. But the impossibility of this without also having a wife, and the repugnance with which he had ever considered such an encumbrance on his freedom, soon removed that thought; a hundred other cogitations, one wilder and more complicated than another, occupied him for hours on this eventful day, and as it closed in he was himself convinced that he had never passed one so free from evil thoughts or unkindly feelings. His workmen and his old woman servant could not imagine what had come over him. He neither cursed, nor swore, nor frowned, nor looked vicious, from morning till night; and on retiring to bed he actually muttered "*bon soir*, Jeannette!" He even dreamed pleasantly—he confessed it to the old woman as she gave him his coffee the next morning—and that was even a greater proof than the tenor of his waking thoughts that his mind was imbued with a happy influence, which shone through its most shadowy mysteries.

But as he awoke to a full sense of all that had been passing in his brain, another change came rapidly through it, forcing him back to *almost* his original state of feeling. Pride flushed fiercely upon his relaxing violence of character, and he felt as though degraded by the incipient tenderness which had been stealing on him. The reaction was desperate. His ferocity wholly returned against all mankind, with one exception. Little Julie came in for no share of it. Had his resentment fixed upon her, as the object which had caused the weakness he now revolted from—had she attracted the heat of his angry self-contempt—he had been completely lost. But happily her gentle influence remained unbroken, to humanize him, and give him, at least, a chance among his fellow men.

Some weeks passed by, without any outward change being evident in Gabriel Balmat. An overture toward a better acquaintanceship had been made to him on the part of Paul Corryeur, by one of the farmers with whom they both had dealings. It was peremptorily rejected; and, as the report of his having saved a child from drowning spread in the neighborhood, Balmat seemed resolved to give it the lie by every practical contradiction. He showed all his usual symptoms of cruelty to animals, and moroseness to human beings. He mercilessly shot, or stoned to death, every intruding dog or cat which prowled into his premises; he severely beat two or three boys who in some way excited his ire, and he even struck one of the mothers—a poor widow—who ventured a re-

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monstrance. Private quarrels, prosecutions before the village magistrate, and threatened lawsuits were the consequences, but these had no terrors for Gabriel, to whom they were the familiar circumstances of his uneasy life.

Yet still, mixed with all this odious perversity, and now perhaps by some possible caprice of nature exciting to it, was the extraordinary sentiment of affection—or something like it—toward Julie Corryeur. There was no positive evidence of this beyond Gabriel's own consciousness, for he made no open attempt to see the child; but negative presumption was afforded, in his abstinence from all acts of arrogance toward the father of the little peace maker, whose mill stream was now unobstructed, the banks unbroken, and the wheel left free from those nightly assaults which had, on many occasions, disturbed its machinery, and caused cost and loss of time, besides manifold feelings of vexation to the honest owner.

Balmat several times took a solitary stroll up the river's side, early in the morning, at noontide, or in the evening; but if he sought for Julie, or hoped to meet her again, he was disappointed, for her mother, blessing the Virgin for her children's late providential escape, strictly watched their movements now, that they might not again encounter such a risk. But from another point of view, often reached in the course of his wanderings, he frequently saw the happy little girl. It was one of the elevations near the glacier *des Bois*, and from which travelers sometimes are indulged with an imperfect view of the *mer de glace*, that Balmat used, unobserved himself, to gaze down upon Julie, sporting about with her young brothers and sister, and the goats, which it was part of her duty to attend in their pasturage, close to the precincts of her father's mill. And it was in the solitude of this isolated spot that Gabriel resolved on the execution of a plan, which was to combine with his own gratification the sure infliction of much misery on Paul Corryeur, his hatred for whom seemed to increase in proportion with the intense but unaccountable fancy he had taken for his daughter.

It would seem that, before putting the plan alluded to into execution, he considered it necessary to have, at least, the sanction of a recognition, a look of regard, a negative acceptance of his proffered friendship, from the innocent object so unconsciously implicated in his project. It was therefore that one Sunday morning—that which was fixed on for Julie going through the ceremony of her "first communion"—five or six weeks after the river adventure, Balmat was seen—a most unwonted circumstance—lounging in the close neighborhood of the village church, as the congregation were pouring out after the conclusion of the service. The rigid figure and sullen look of "the wicked miller" formed no pleasant object for the rustics, who, after piously praying, were now going forth to their day's enjoyment, with light hearts and quiet consciences. Several of the females muttered an incantation, or cautiously made the sign of the cross on their breast, as a preservative against evil. But when the Corryeur family appeared, more indications were shown of their abhorrence and alarm. One of the little boys, who first perceived Gabriel, ran screaming back to his mother, who, catching a sight of this cause of terror, immediately clasped the child closely with one arm, at the same time snatching little Julie toward her, and calling for protection to her husband who followed her. The latter, also perceiving Balmat at the same instant, stepped forward between him and the beloved group, and stood without speaking, but with a look expressive of his determination to defend them against any attempt at ill-treatment.

Balmat regarded all these symptoms with a smile of deadly contempt, but it vanished in a moment from his countenance to give way to an earnest and insinuating look fixed on Julie, who, contrary to the absurd custom general in continental countries of disfiguring children with an unseemly display of tawdry finery, was dressed with modest simplicity. Balmat's look, fixed on the handsome and interesting child, spoke almost as plainly as words could have done—"Do you remember me? *You* do not hate me, in spite of all this hostility?" Julie certainly caught the spirit of the look, if not quite the letter of its meaning; and she answered by a smile full of sweetness, sensibility, and good feeling.

"Enough!" said Balmat, aloud; "now good morning to you, neighbor Paul! you and your wife may keep your angry looks until there is occasion for them."

With these words he turned away, and poor Corryeur and his wife, alarmed more at the tone and look of the speaker than at the words themselves, walked silently home to the mill, keeping the children within arms-length all the way, and throwing many a wistful glance around, apprehensive of some hidden treachery at every turn of the road. And deeply did they bewail, during that Sunday evening, the chance which had given them for a neighbor so ill-disposed a man as Balmat; one who had not even a cause for his vindictiveness and spite; who returned evil for good, and seemed to hang like some black cloud, darkening their path of life.

A month more passed by. This untoward rencontre was almost forgotten. The continued absence of local annoyance gave hopes to the Corryeurs that Balmat's hostile feelings were, after all, subsiding; and honest Paul, and even his less confiding wife, relaxed their strict measures of precaution, and began to think that they had judged too hastily, and probably looked too harshly on the memorable day, which now began to be distinguished in the recollection and the conversation of the villagers as "Gabriel's Sunday," from the uncommon circumstance of his having been then seen at the church door.

CHAPTER III.

It was now summer. The snows had melted from the mountain pasturages, and the flocks and herds resumed their wonted station, driven carefully up the hilly paths at dawn, and down again at sunset, to the cadenced monotony of the *Ranz des Vaches*, or the other common gathering calls of deep sounding horn.

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Gabriel Balmat, being a mountaineer as well as a miller, followed, in the summer season especially, the idle and rambling pursuits that he was born to, in a more absolute degree than the steady and regular habits of the calling to which he was brought up. He often took his rifle and joined the chamois hunters of the Breven or the Buet, or straggled alone to the glaciers, or wandered off to the mines of Toully, and wasted precious hours in looking listlessly at the operations of the workmen. His long absences from home were therefore nothing remarkable, and nobody wondered, just at the epoch now in question, that the business of the mill was almost completely neglected by its wayward master; nor did any one trouble themselves with conjectures as to the particular motives which led him thus away. But a faint light soon broke on the darkness of his recent doings.

One morning, soon after sunrise, Balmat returned to his solitary and unsocial home, and found the old woman fatigued with her night's watching, and wondering at the unusual circumstance of his having slept abroad.

"Slept," echoed Gabriel, in a tone of savage jocularity. "Did the sun sleep, old Jeannette, before it rose up into heaven erewhile, and lit the mountain tops? So much did I, and no more. Sleep! no, no! I am not the man to sleep, when an enemy is to be injured, or a service rendered to myself, old girl."

"Holy Mary! you have not done any harm to Paul Corryeur?" asked Jeannette, in alarm.

"Make your mind easy, my good old friend, I have not seen him."

"Nor done him a mischief in the dark?"

"Humph! You question me too closely, Jeannette, but nothing can make me angry to-day, so give me a cup of coffee, I must prepare for business."

"For bed you mean, my master; you want repose, even more than I do, it seems."

"Repose! not I, Jeannette! I am as light and refreshed as though I had slept since sunset—more so than neighbor Paul will be perhaps when he rises bye-and-bye."

"Well, that *is* strange!" exclaimed the old woman, looking out of the open window. "The old saying holds good—no sooner do we talk of old Master Corryeur than he appears!"

"The devil he does!" cried Balmat; "is he here so soon? Let me to bed now in earnest—prudence, prudence, Jeannette, as you value your own place, and dread my anger!"

So saying, he hurried into an inner room, threw off his clothes, and flung himself on the bed. In a moment more Paul Corryeur had reached the house, walked round to the front door, and struck loudly at it for admission. The old woman hobbled toward it, and slowly let him in.

"Where is your master?" asked Corryeur, with a voice almost choked from agitation.

"Good morning, Master Corryeur! It is indeed as strange to see you in Gabriel Balmat's mill as it would be if the Buet had paid a visit to the Breven. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Crone! torture me not with your nonsense—where is Gabriel Balmat? I must speak to him."

"Lord love you, neighbor, he doesn't talk in his sleep! He is in his bed, to be sure. What's the matter?"

"The matter, old woman? You know that, methinks," answered Corryeur, with a scrutinizing glance.

"In good troth, I do not—and I hope from my heart that no evil has happened to you, Master Corryeur."

"It is very odd, if you speak truly, and yet there is a tone of truth about you. Tell me then, Jeannette, and, as you love God and hope for mercy, tell me truly, where is what I seek for this cruel morning?"

"As I hope for heaven, I know not what you mean, nor what brings you here," replied the old woman.

"Ah, Jeannette, have you then known me so long and to so little purpose; and does your experience of life not tell you that nothing could bring an injured man into his enemy's den, short of a search after his dearest treasure? Jeannette, I have lost my child!"

"Gracious powers!"

"My eldest girl—my Julie—she whom her mother and myself love better than all the rest—God forgive us if it be a sin—perhaps this is for punishment. You know nothing of her—she is not here?" uttered the father in rapid agitation.

"No, so help me Heaven!"

"Then I must instantly have speech with Gabriel—let him arise immediately—tell him I am here."

"Assuredly, good Master Corryeur, that would not be the most likely way to make him rise quickly, for you can have no welcome to expect from him."

"Woman, it is my child I expect from him—aye, and that I will have, or his life's blood!"

"Hush, hush, Paul Corryeur! you are rash in this violent talk. If he hears it, this will end badly for one or both of ye. What can he know of your little girl? I tell you she is n't here."

"And I tell you that no one knows of her but him, and I will tell him so, too; and I will not be baffled by your cunning, nor brow-beat by his brutality. I am sure that Julie is concealed here. Julie! Julie! speak out, my child! Don't be afraid to answer me. It is your father that calls you—Julie! Julie! Julie!"

As Corryeur cried forth in this wild manner for his lost daughter, he stalked up and down the little hall, striking his stick against the doors and presses. The old woman clasped her hands, gazed at the half distracted father, and burst into tears of honest sympathy.

"Halloa! Furies and hell! what does all this mean!" roared Balmat, from an inner room; and, at the noise of his leaping out of bed, Jeannette screamed nervously, fearing the consequence of some terrible collision between the men. The parlor door was dashed open, and Balmat plunged into the passage undressed, his blue cotton night-cap on his head, and a drawn cutlass—his constant weapon—in his raised arm. As he appeared he exclaimed,

"What, robbers in the house! ha! It is you, neighbor Corryeur? How's this? Is Mont Blanc turned upside down? Is this really you, and to what do I owe the honor of this early and unlooked-for visit?"

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"Gabriel Balmat," said Corryeur, stopping, leaning on his walking stick, and looking sternly in the face of him he addressed, "those sarcastic words, and that sneering smile come from a bad heart. You know well what brings me here. It needs no miracle to make a half maddened father seek his child in the place where he is convinced she is hidden. Give her back to me instantly."

"Pray, Monsieur Corryeur, do me the favor to sit down," said Balmat, coolly, and at the same time offering a chair to his angry visiter, who had followed him into the parlor; "I will be ready to receive you in a fitting dress presently; but really you broke my dreams so suddenly that I know not what to think of all this—I don't quite understand you."

As Balmat retreated into the inner room, Corryeur mechanically sat down, overcome with astonishment, and shocked by his air of sullen indifference, which the unhappy parent could not suppose coupled with the monstrous guilt of which he suspected and accused him.

"Oh, God, where is she then!" exclaimed Corryeur, starting up again. "What has become of her!" and he was on the point of rushing out of the house, when the well-intentioned but timorous old woman interposed between him and the doorway, saying significantly,

"Don't be so hasty, good Master Paul; don't throw away a chance of finding what you seek."

"She *is* here then, after all? Gabriel *has* bidden her?" sternly whispered the father.

"No, she is not here; nor do I *say* he has hidden her," replied Jeannette, in a muttering under voice; "but," added she, aloud, "the counsel of a neighbor is worth having in such a case, and it is better to take my master's advice than provoke his resentment. You have accused him rashly—he is not a man to bear a wrong tamely."

"Well, well, I'll wait till he is ready," said Corryeur, a gleam of hope flashing across his mind, which grew dark or bright in equally rapid shifts. He returned into the parlor, and was immediately joined by Balmat, wrapped up in his coarse morning costume. "Now, neighbor Paul," said the latter, both seating themselves, "let me hear what you have to say to me, and remember that a drowsy man, roused suddenly out of his sleep, is rarely in a temper to bear hard words, particularly from an enemy. What has happened?"

"Gabriel," replied Corryeur, "we have no need to be enemies. Our fathers were friends before we were born; and God knows I have done nothing to provoke your hatred. Have I?"

"Never mind—that has nothing to do with what you are now come about."

"I think it has, a great deal, Gabriel. And if you would but answer me according to your conscience, my visit would not be for nothing. But I will forgive you every thing, freely, amply—all the evil you have done me for years past, if you will now give me——"

"What?" asked Balmat, fiercely."

"Your advice, as to the best means of recovering my poor child," sobbed the unhappy father, held in check by the warning of the old woman, and by Balmat's ferocious tone and look.

"Why, what do you take me for, neighbor Corryeur? a conjuror is it, or a gipsy fortune-teller? What should I know of your children any more than I do of yourself? Which of them have you lost?"

"Which! she that is worth all the rest—my own darling pet, and her mother's too—little Julie."

"Julie? Which is that?"

"Not the one you saved from drowning, Gabriel, but the eldest; she whom you kissed, and who spoke so well of you. She with the black eyes and long plaited hair. Oh, Balmat, if you have the feelings of a man, think what I suffer; and, for the love of Heaven, and in mercy to my poor heart, tell me—what would you recommend me to do?"

"What put it into your head that she was here?"

"What? Why—because—really I cannot well answer that question—but I suppose it was because I thought you had taken a fancy to her—and—"

"Did you suppose I kidnapped her?"

"Oh, no, no—not at all—but I thought she might have straggled here from the mill, and just that you kept her out of a frolic—that 's all, that 's all," said Corryeur, with a forced smile, and scarcely able to restrain his tears.

"I am such a frolicsome fellow? eh, Paul? Now, did you ever know me to play a funny trick in your life?" asked Balmat, with a diabolical grin.

"Why I cannot say I ever did—before. But this time you *have* done so—confess that you have. Oh, Gabriel, put me out of pain! Do, like an honest, good-hearted fellow, as I am sure you are, after all. Come, come, she *is* here—you have her safe for me—call her forth, Gabriel, do, do!"

But Balmat never winced under the touch of poor Corryeur's palm, which lay on his shoulder entreatingly; nor did he shrink from the brimful look of supplication sent from the agitated father's eyes. On the contrary, he stared him full in the face, and coolly asked him,

"What does your wife say to all this?"

"Oh! thank God, she knows nothing of it—she would be distracted if she did. But she was asleep when I left the mill, for she has been up nearly all night, nursing the youngest boy, who is sore ailing. No, no, my good Christine knows nothing of it."

"Perhaps she will be able to put you on the right scent—for you are grievously out of it here, friend Paul."

"You don't really say so, Balmat—you don't in earnest deny that Julie is here! I shall go stark mad under this suspense!"

"Bah, bah! that would do you no good whatever. Go home quietly to your work, neighbor, and laugh over this little affair with your wife. The stray lamb will no doubt come back of itself."

Poor Corryeur did not know what to think of this bantering tone, accompanied by a fiendish sneer which made him shudder. What could he do or say? It was useless to break out into reproach or menace. He had probably gone too far already in that way. He had no proof. Balmat was not a man to be bullied

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into any thing, right or wrong. Nor was it possible to affect his feelings on the score of compassion. What was the poor father to do? How could he face toward home, and tell the sad tidings to his wife?

Such were the thoughts that passed through Paul Corryeur's mind, as he rocked himself to and fro on his chair, moaning heavily the while; and, as Balmat sat, with his arms folded, calmly studying, and deeply enjoying this picture of intense distress, they were interrupted by old Jeannette, who exclaimed, as she entered the room,

"Well, well, here's a pretty business! May I die if Christine Corryeur with two of her children are not coming straight into the house."

"Two! oh, which, which? Is Julie one of them?" cried Corryeur, starting up and rushing forth.

"Very well, Jeannette," said Balmat; "so much the better—let Madame Corryeur come in, and as many of the family as she chooses to bring to my hospitable door. Ha, ha, ha! I shall be glad to see how she bears this business."

The old woman gazed in wonder—turned aside, and blessed herself. She never before had known Gabriel Balmat to laugh aloud.

Paul met his wife at the threshold of the house. She rushed sobbing into his arms; while he, on seeing that she whom he sought was not in the group, turned deadly pale and faint.

"God help us!" said he, "I thought she had been found."

"Oh, Paul, oh, my husband, where is our dear child? When they told me just now that she had disappeared in the night, and that you had gone forth to seek her, I made sure I should find you here, and she with you, but that pale face, those haggard looks, tell me you have not found her. She is not, then, with Gabriel Balmat?"

"He says not—he will not give me any real answer—God knows what I ought to think or believe."

"Oh, let *me* speak to him. He will not be deaf to the prayer of a mother, with her weeping children," exclaimed the wife, quickly seizing the half frightened boy and girl, one in each hand, and passing into the house. She went on through the open door into the parlor, where Balmat still sat, with a dogged and imperturbable air, the old woman bustling about, to restrain the emotion she could not quite repress, and was afraid to betray.

"Oh, Monsieur Balmat, will you not tell me the truth about my dear Julie?" was her first question.

"To be sure I will, Madame Corryeur," was the reply.

"I told you he would—I knew it," exclaimed the delighted woman to her husband, who was now by her side. "Well, Monsieur Balmat?"

"Well! she is lost, and it seems you have small chance of finding her—that is the real truth."

"Good God, what a mockery! How can you smile so at our wretchedness? How can you sport so unfeelingly with us? Have you a notion of what we suffer?"

"How should I?—I am not a parent."

"But you are a human being—you cannot be quite dead to all feeling for others."

"Very true; and to prove it, let me tell you you are now really losing a great deal of precious time. Have you looked well into the mill stream and the river?" said Balmat, as if to work upon the unhappy parents to the greatest excess of fear. With the mother he succeeded; but on the father his words and look had the contrary effect.

"You may be satisfied, Christine, that all is right," said Corryeur to his wife; "nothing short of a demon could have uttered that sentence, if he was not sure of the child's safety."

"And how do you know that I am not a demon?" said Balmat, in his most savage manner, furious at having failed to agonize his victim more completely. "How do you dare to attribute any feelings to me but what I choose to express? or deceive yourself with hopes of my knowing any thing about your girl? You may be sure of one thing—that if I did know any thing about her I would not tell it you—so you may now leave me to my business, and go about yours."

So saying, he rose from his chair and attempted to leave the room; but Madame Corryeur threw herself between him and the door, and, dropping on her knees, caught him by the coat skirts so fast that he could not disengage himself. The two children, full of terror at the scene, clung to their mother and wept aloud, while she broke out into a burst of supplication, the eloquence of which was in her looks and gestures.

"Gabriel! Gabriel! as you have a soul to be saved, tell me the truth—do not sport with me thus—look at these little ones—on this one whose life you saved—on me, a distracted mother—oh take pity on me! think of your own mother, Gabriel—think what she would have suffered in my place, had she lost you as I have lost my child. Oh, what have you done to her? Have you murdered her?"

"Mu-r-der-ed her!" repeated Balmat, slowly drawling out the terrible word, while his scowling look, and the livid hue which suddenly overspread his visage, made his aspect altogether frightful. The children hid their faces in their mother's dress. Corryeur turned his aside. Even the accustomed old woman shrunk away. But the mother quailed not.

"Aye, murdered her! on my oath and on my conscience I believe you have—I read the truth in your guilty looks."

These words, uttered with the fierce emphasis of conviction, were followed by a hourse scream, as the mother started on her feet, and pushed Balmat from beside her.

"Yes, yes!" she continued, in frantic accents, "you have murdered my child—villain, I see the truth! Murder, murder! Justice on the murderer! Husband, hasten to the magistrate—denounce the monster—bring the gendarmes to seize him—he shall not escape—I will cling to him and hold him fast—oh, my child, my child! my poor Julie! Fly, Paul, fly! It is too late to save our daughter, but not too late for revenge."

As she spoke, she attempted to seize Balmat, who calmly kept her off, and only answered this rhapsody

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by a look of diabolical contempt. The husband endeavored to calm her. Old Jeannette interfered for the same purpose. The result of her overstrained agitation was a flood of tears and violent hysterics. While Corryeur strained her fondly in his arms, old Jeannette, more accustomed, and with more presence of mind, loosened her dress, unlaced her stays, and called out to Balmat,

"Water, water! oh, my good master, you wont refuse so small a service to the unfortunate woman?"

"Refuse it! no, Jeannette; she may have the whole mill stream, if you will but fling her into it."

So saying, he left the room, and the house immediately afterward, and was seen no more at the mill till nightfall. Paul Corryeur did not observe him going out, so occupied was he with his suffering wife; and, on her recovering from the fit, he led her and his children to their now distracted home, thence to proceed on other inquiries, which he felt, by anticipation, to be as vain as those we have just recorded.

CHAPTER IV.

We must now go back for a month or more, and account for what may appear doubtful in the circumstances of this case.

The very day after the Sunday on which Julie made her *première communion*, Balmat began a series of operations, all intended to lead to the result which produced the painful scenes just recorded. He took his way to the mountains, and wandered far up into the recesses of that mighty series of ravine and rock which lies beyond Montarvest, and between the *mer de glace* and the stupendous basis of granite pyramid called the *Aiguille de Charmoz*. Accustomed from early life to those intricate paths, he went quickly on, and soon surmounted the first slight obstacles which seem so formidable to lowland travelers. In a little more he was in a region of romantic savagery, of which description can give but a faint notion; and to the glorious enjoyment of which few have the curiosity or the energy to penetrate. After a two hours' walk, he arrived at the spot previously fixed on for the scene of the labors which he now commenced in earnest.

It was in a small deep glen, ramparted with huge piles of granite, so sequestered and so nearly inaccessible that no cowherd ever led his troop to feed in its rich pasturage; and it was rare indeed that even an adventurous botanist rifled it of the alpine plants which profusely covered its sides. The ruins of a small châlet, which had, with its inmates, been destroyed by an avalanche several years before, was the only mark of man in this wild spot. That catastrophe, and the superstitious belief attached to it, kept the native mountaineers away; and even the guides, who led strangers to view more beaten, but less beautiful scenes, carefully avoided a descent into "the haunted gorge," the name by which this oasis was known.

Gabriel Balmat, with the prompt vigor which characterizes men like him, when they have one important object in view, fell to work, on his first visit, to clear away the interior obstructions which made the ruined châlet quite uninhabitable. After a whole day's labor he found he had done almost nothing; and he was moreover convinced that small progress could be made until he was provided with sufficient instruments to effect his purpose. A pick-axe, hatchet, spade and shovel were absolutely necessary, and these he procured in the valley, and conveyed, at intervals, to the scene of his secret doings. By constant application he, in a few days, succeeded in making the dilapidated hut assume a habitable look; and he brought up, from time to time, unobserved and unsuspected, various articles of domestic use, and a few even of ornament, somewhat incongruous with the aspect of the place. A table, and a bench, just large enough for two persons, were roughly hewn out of some recovered planks; a couch, of dimensions suited to one, and that one but of small growth, was constructed of the same materials, and covered with moss and leaves, over which was spread a coverlet, white as the snowy mantle of the eternal peaks that threw their long shadows down the glen. A few books, meant for the capacity of a child, some well daubed prints, just fit for rustic taste, lay on the table, or were nailed against the walls. Branches of pine wood, ready for firing, were placed in the chimney of the one room thus made habitable. A few cooking utensils and eating necessaries, were ranged on a couple of shelves. The roof was repaired with care and skill; and, from the light sods which covered the branches forming each patch, tufts of many colored flowers sent forth odors which the scented saloons of a palace could not rival. To complete the internal comforts of the place, a soft thick carpet of the same materials as the couch, concealed the inequalities and the hardness of the floor; and a web of printed cotton was fastened in gay festoons across the window space, which, be it mentioned, was without glass or frame, but defended by cross bars of vine branches, so closely and so firmly nailed together that the light was admitted through spaces scarcely wide enough to allow the passage of a clenched hand; and it must have been the arm of a Hercules that could have wrenched those defences away. Two old boxes, dug out of the ruins, cleaned, lined and differently filled, lay ready for the use of the intended occupant. The door was renewed, placed on its hinges once more, and provided with a solid lock. And thus did Gabriel Balmat finish the construction for this mountain prison, this romantic cage, to which he meant to commit, in pursuance of his strange experiment, a being of as innocent, as virtuous, and as original a mind as ever rioted in the wild freedom of the Alps.

Having actually completed his laborious task of preparation, he looked around the little chamber thus snatched into a renewed existence, as he sat one evening on the moss covered bench, shone upon by the beams of the setting sun, which streamed gloriously between the wooden bars of the window.

"Well, the work is done," soliloquized Balmat, "and a hard job it was. How odd it is that I should have made so light of all this labor, for the sake of a simple child, that I would not have undertaken for all

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the finest women in the world—nor for the proudest men, neither. Men! and women! No, by the glorious sun, and the bright heavens he shines in, I would not do a day's work to save the created world, —except little Julie!—for I am resolved to make her an exception, and something tells me that she will love me, after all. I wonder if she will like all this—if she will take a fancy to this home, this house of houses—if she will be satisfied with what I have done for her—if she will love me, in short!

"Well, this is a curious world we live in, and men and women are curious things, that 's certain. Here am I now, alone, like the first man, looking out, as it were, for the creation of a being who can be a second self to me—who can, at least, sympathize with, and let me love her. What an odd thing it is that this little girl is the only person that I ever took the least fancy to, and that I should have felt a repugnance to every other being I ever knew—aye, even old Jeannette is disagreeable to me, if I do n't actually hate her, and I suppose I should hate her like the rest if I did n't find her absolutely necessary to me.

"Well, it is not my fault that nature formed my mind after this fashion. I suppose I would have been like my fellow creatures if I could. But, after all, I doubt if I differ much from the others. I firmly believe they detest each other quite as much as I abhor them; only just that they have more cunning in hiding their feelings, and I more courage in acting on mine. Are they not all filled with hatred and malice and uncharitableness? Out on them! Mankind is, after all, an odious combination. It is a great point gained for me to have fallen accidentally on one living thing that I can love without envying, and wish well to without selfishness. Such I verily believe is little Julie to me—but what shall I be to her? Aye, there 's the rub! We shall see, we shall see—and quickly."

These and the like train of reflections constantly passed through the wayward mind of this strange hero of ours. There are probably few people who have not at times had flitting notions like those shooting across their brain. But whether it is the "cunning" that Gabriel thought of, or a higher feeling of conscientious indulgence for that unworthiness of which every one feels himself to be a part, it is lucky for the world that individuals who despise their fellows, quite as much as he did his, most frequently make a tacit compromise with them, in consideration of their own imperfections. This is the great instinct of conservatism which keeps civilized men on decent terms with each other. Without it, we should all be Gabriel Balmats, deprived perhaps of even the one redeeming trait of tenderness which led him to his solitary work, and me to this digression.

Gabriel had never in his life felt so proud and buoyant as during the three weeks of laborious secrecy just described; and, when all was over, he proceeded with a bold, light step down toward Chamouny. After the soliloquy above recorded, he enjoyed all the excitement of one who feels that he has laid a foundation on which to build a fabric of fortune, fame, or happiness. Yet he had, as has been seen, some misgivings as to what Julie might feel toward him and his doings; but he never had a qualm as to the suffering he was about to inflict on her parents. He had, therefore, just enough of uncertainty to give a zest to his hopes, and none of the anticipated remorse which might have turned them into pain.

It must be here remarked that Balmat had followed up the momentary church door glance of acquaintanceship, by two or three stolen peeps at Julie, observed only by her, while she sported about her father's mill of an evening, with the little herd of goats and children under her care. On one of these occasions, he even spoke to her, from behind a rock, to which he had crept, quite unperceived by her human play fellows. A very few words passed between him and her on this occasion. But a great advance was made in their intercourse by two or three sentences. He asked her if she would walk with him one evening up the mountain. She cheerfully assented.

"And you will not be afraid to trust yourself with me?" said Balmat.

"I am not afraid of any thing," said Julie.

And such was the positive truth. She was a child of most intrepid spirit. There was a dash of adventurous courage in her character that would have been almost unfeminine had it not been tempered by a generous and gentle spirit, essentially and wholly womanly.

CHAPTER V.

It was about a week after this snatched conversation that Balmat finished his work, and it was on the very evening that her prison was prepared for her that he had the particular luck of meeting her alone, on a little path leading toward the *glacier des Bois*, and down which he was coming, in that elastic mood a little while ago described. It seemed as if she met him purposely, or as if fate had thrown her in his way.

"Why, Julie! how is this?" asked he, stopping short from sheer surprise, so strong as to check for a moment the current of pleasant feeling which this sudden meeting might have been thought to have confirmed. But such is human nature—the very presence of the object we long for, or the coming of the moment we expect with panting impatience, instantly—but for an instant—paralyzing the sense of enjoyment. But the compensation soon follows. Before Julie could reply, Balmat had more than recovered his previous tone. He glowed with one of the purest and finest feelings of which man is susceptible. He was, for the first time in his life, unrestrictedly alone with the only human being for whom he ever knew a sentiment of kindness. Brothers who grow up, or fathers who (alas!) grow down with this every-day indulgence, can know little of the hearty rapture which our rude and ruffian hero now reveled in. He was too uncivilized to refine or fritter it away. He spoke not a word. But, holding little Julie by the two hands, he looked down on her face, which beamed brightly in the twilight mist, and, unconscious of what was working within him, he felt the warm drops chasing each other on his cheeks, as he strove to wink away

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the dimming bubbles from his eyes. Imagine the intense luxury of a first flood of tears, in mature manhood, and from excess of pleasure in such a mind as Balmat's. The prophet's wand did not work a greater miracle, nor touch so pure a source.

"What makes you weep, Monsieur Balmat? Are you unhappy, then?" asked Julie, with a compassionate voice.

"No, indeed, I am not," said he, quickly; "far from it, my little friend, and I know not why I shed those foolish tears—the first I ever shed. But do tell me how it happens that I meet you here, so late in the evening, and alone?"

Oh, I'll tell you that. My father is gone to Martigny, not to be home till morning, mamma is watching beside poor little Florent, the other children are in bed, fast asleep, and Madelon, the servant girl, is gone to Chamouny, to see her sick aunt. So I thought I would walk out a little farther than usual, for ever since you spoke to me about it I am longing to go high up into the mountains."

"And you are really *not* afraid—not of being alone?"

"No."

"Nor of being with me?"

"Oh, no, no. I like to be with you."

"How very extraordinary that is!" exclaimed Balmat, half aloud and half to himself; for he could scarcely believe it possible that an exception existed to the repugnance and dread he knew himself to inspire.

"Did no one see you leaving the house?" was his next question.

"No one. They think I am asleep by this time."

"Then, since you are not afraid of me, shall we now take the walk we talked of?"

"Yes, if you like. But will you bring me back home again?"

Balmat paused a moment, then answered,

"Yes, certainly."

"Because, you know, papa and mamma might be uneasy about me."

"To be sure they might," said Balmat; but Julie did not see the devilish smile that accompanied the words.

And so they walked along back, on that path which was perfectly new to Julie, and which her companion had little expected to retread so soon. Nothing could exceed the affectionate manner in which he conversed with her. It seemed as though the long prisoned kindliness, which exists in the roughest natures, like honey drops in some coarse weed, had been hitherto garnered up to sweeten that mountain *tête à tête*. Julie, on her part, was still more animated than he. Happily for her, she had not yet reached the age when sensibility is purchased at the price of anxiety and pain. But all enjoyments must be paid for one way or another, and that, like the rest, is worth its price. Our little heroine seemed to have taken a new step in life. The monotony of her former existence was broken, and she had reached one of those epochs so important in the career of every one, but which so many pass heedlessly over at the time, and lose the sight, and almost the memory of at more advanced periods. From this evening, if Julie reckoned rightly in after life, she might calculate a whole host of sentiments that sprung at that moment into being.

As they wound their way up the rugged path, old Time seemed to fly to the mountain tops. They knew nothing of his presence. Daylight was entirely gone, but the moon streamed out its radiance, and the grass and the wild flowers glittered like liquid diamonds in the dew. The awful rocks piled perpendicularly up, the sloping glaciers, and the deep masses of snow that crowned the hills, tinted with shades of violet-colored light, wore a hue of supernal brilliancy. Frothy cascades floated here and there down the sides of the gray granite, and the murmur they sent out suited with the fairy aspect of the scene. The magnificent desolation, the mighty solitude through which she wandered, filled Julie's mind with a holy wonderment. She seemed to have reached another, a loftier, a more ethereal world. She felt like a being of the clouds. Her soul was wrapped in folds of enchantment. But she attempted to give no expression to her delight. Young as she was, she had tact enough to perceive that her companion had no sympathy with her vague rapture, and that any talk about it would have been but a check, and an intrusion.

Balmat, the while, talked on; and Julie answered frankly and fearlessly every question which he put, and every remark he made. She was quite at her ease, and as familiar as he could desire with him. But she was too much impressed with awe at those far hidden depths of romance, to breathe even a word of the wonder with which she gazed around. Such was the double state of feeling, inspired by this her first acquaintanceship with the ways of man, and the mysteries of nature.

They reached the rebuilded hut. Balmat opened the door. Julie unhesitatingly entered. And, when he struck a light from his tinder-box, and illumed the lamp, which he had left ready trimmed upon the table, she, for whom his elaborate preparations were made, looked round with a pleasant astonishment, which repaid him amply for all.

"Julie," said Balmat, "every thing that you see here is yours—your own—the house and all that it contains."

What an announcement for an ambitious and an independent minded child! Julie, in her turn, wept plentiful tears of joy.

"Yes, Julie, every thing—you are not only tenant, but proprietor, just as much as your father is of his mill, or I of mine. And look here," continued Balmat, opening one of the boxes, and taking out two or three dresses which he had bought at random in a neighboring village; "and, see, here are needles and thread, and other materials ready, to alter them if they do not fit you quite—for I know what a good workwoman you are, and how you make all your own clothes, and your brother's as well. And see here, and here, and here," as, at each new word, he produced shoes, stockings, and a silk handkerchief, and other little articles of finery, which he laid out on the table with the air of a shopman tempting a purchaser.

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"And have you bought all those beautiful things for me?" asked Julie, through sobs and smiles.

"Yes, *I have* bought them for you, my little friend, and I am glad, very glad, to see you so pleased with them."

"Oh, it is not with them I am so pleased—though they are all very beautiful—but with you, Monsieur Balmat. How good you are! Ah, I wish my father and mother were here to see all this, and they would think very differently of you from what they do think."

"Well, well! Let us not talk of them now," and a frown—a slight one—passed over Gabriel's brow as he spoke.

"No, not now, but another time, many another time we *must* talk of them, for I am resolved to make you like each other."

"Very well, very well, we shall see that, Julie."

"We *shall* see it, certainly," echoed the child, with her own emphasis; and it was strange that Balmat listened rather pleasedly than the contrary to a tone of decision completely averse to his wishes and opinions.

The second box contained a slight store of provisions—bread, cheese, dried meats, eggs and the like. A delicious spring ran, as in most Alpine chalets, close to the house, and was turned into it and through it, enclosed in a wooden frame, forming a constant stream for the purpose of keeping the milk pails cool, and their contents fresh and sweet. The little rivulet had trickled and gurgled on for years, as though it mocked the desolation through which it took its course, but it was not furnished with the wonted contents of former times. Julie had not yet obtained the luxury of fresh milk in her retreat.

After every separate treasure had been carefully examined by the new "proprietor," the pictures and the books particularly, Julie, as if struck by a sudden thought, fixed her eyes on her companion, and asked him,

"And what am I to do with all these things, Monsieur Balmat? For what purpose have you fitted up this place so nicely?"

"Why, for your comfort and convenience, my dear little Julie—you are to enjoy yourself here, and make use of all these things to amuse and occupy you."

"But you are going to take me back home?—you told me so."

"And I will keep my word—but not to-night, Julie."

"I thought as much," said she, with a reflective, but by no means a reproachful or frightened air.

"Will you be afraid to pass the night here, Julie?"

"Not in the least, provided you will let my parents know in the morning that I am safe and well."

"Are you sure that you can be content to sleep here alone?"

"Quite sure—and I shall like it beyond every thing, if you promise me that you will remove my father's uneasiness at my absence from home."

"You shall do that yourself," said Gabriel, producing pen, ink and paper; and Julie wrote, at his dictation, two lines, in her girlish and rude but bold and original hand, just to say that she was perfectly safe, and very happy. Gabriel folded and wafered the missive, and promised the writer that it should be safely delivered at the mill the next morning.

"And now, Julie," said he, "it is time for supper;" and, she perfectly agreeing with him, they set about preparing their homely repast, with appetites sharpened by the new and wild excitement they respectively enjoyed.

This will be admitted to have been an original and romantic situation, with as striking an effect of personal contrast as any two individuals could well offer. Never was supper eaten with more zest, and the running spring, in temperate draughts of which they pledged each others' health, was not more animated than her feelings, nor more pure than his. The business of the table over, an increasing decree of spirits entered into the conversation which flowed uninterrupted, except once or twice when the loud crash of an avalanche echoed like thunder through the moonlit glen. The sound was familiar to Julie's ears, for the frequent fall of the ice blocks of the *mer de glace* was within close hearing of her paternal home.

"Not sleepy yet, Julie?" said Balmat, after full two hours' chat on many subjects of local and domestic tendency, and perceiving through the open door that the moon had shifted its position far to the westward, as if to make room for the sunbeams that were ere long to follow its track.

"Sleepy! no indeed, it would be a shame for me to get tired talking with you, who have done so much to make me happy."

"You must go to rest, notwithstanding, to enable you to enjoy all this the better. Tell me then, before I leave you for the night, what is there you wish for besides?"

"Oh, nothing—except that black spotted goat, for I am sure she will miss me at sunrise, and be very unhappy."

Balmat smiled.

"Now then, I must wish you good night, my little *propriétaire*," said he, rising; "I hope you will sleep well and have nice dreams, and that I shall find you refreshed and in good spirits in the morning. I shall be with you early."

"And you will not forget the letter for papa?"

"No, no. You may depend on that."

"Well now, before you leave me, will you answer me one question, my good Monsieur Balmat?" asked Julie, with an arch and earnest air.

"Let me hear it first."

"Then why did you take all this wonderful trouble with this beautiful little place, and for what purpose have you brought me here?"

"That makes two questions, Julie," said Balmat, kissing her forehead and smiling; "and, if you are a good girl, I will answer them both together, to-morrow morning at breakfast."

A few words more of advice to her, not to be alarmed at any unusual sounds she might hear during the night, and assurances of perfect safety from any intrusion, with some replies of security and satisfaction on her part, closed the colloquy; and the two friends separated—she to stretch herself on her romantic couch, and he, after carefully locking the door

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outside, and carrying off the key, to wend his way once more along the oft trodden path toward Chamouny.

But this was not the last time of his tracing the same road that night. Buoyed up by the intense fancy that had taken possession of his mind, and making light of trouble or fatigue when the pleasure of his object was in question, he proceeded to the outhouse in Paul Corryeur's farm-yard, where the goats were tethered, and carefully selecting the favorite mentioned by Julie, he muzzled it with his handkerchief, so as to prevent an alarm, and at intervals carrying, leading it by a piece of cord, brought with him for the purpose, and driving it along, he retraced every step of the two hours road till he reached the chalet again, and he fastened the abducted animal to one of the window bars, with sufficient length of cord to enable it to browse plenteously on the abounding herbage that grew close up to the walls. Gabriel was, perhaps, in a great measure, induced to this enterprise, as well by the wish to astonish and delight his little favorite, as by having a good excuse for coming up again to see how she had become reconciled to her prison. He accordingy peeped in through the window bars (for it was now clear daylight) and he had the pleasure of seeing her fast asleep on the little couch. He was soon again on the road; and on gaining the valley he first went to the village, where not a soul was yet stirring, and popping Julie's letter into the receiving box at the postoffice, he sought his home, with a free conscience and a light heart. What followed is already known to the reader. (To be continued.

LORD BYRON AT VENICE.

BY HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN.

A saffron tint o'erspread the broad lagoon,
Caught from the golden west, and as its flush
Deepened to crimson, and the crystal air
Beamed like a rainbow, sweetly was revealed
The secret of their art, whose magic hues
Still make the palace walls of Venice glow
With colors born in heaven.
Men of all climes
Cluster within her square—the passive Turk,
With jeweled turban, the mercurial Greek,
And sombre Jew, and, gliding with a step
Whose echo stirs the heart, fair shapes flit by,
Shrouded in black; yet evening wakes not there
The sounds that fill the cities of the land;
No rumbling wheel or tramp of passing steed
Drowns the low hum of voices as they rise;
But from her window, on a lone canal,
The fair Venetian hears the plash of oars,
The tide that ripples by the mossy wall,
Some distant melody or convent bell,
And cry of gondoliers, when their bright prows
Clash at an angle of the lonely street.

From the deep shadow of the ducal pile
Shot a dark barge, that floated gently on
Into the bosom of the quiet bay;
And springing lightly thence a noble form
Reveled alone amid the sleeping waves—
Now, like an athlete, cleaving swift his way,
And now, the image of a sculptor's dream,
Pillowed upon the sea, gazing entranced
From that wild couch up to the rosy clouds.
And cradled thus, like her whom he adored—
Beauty's immortal goddess at her birth—
His throbbing brow grew still, and his whole frame
Nerved with refreshing coolness, and the thirst
Of passion's fever vanished from his heart,
He turned from Venice, with a bitter smile,
To the vast firmament and waters pure,
And, eager for their clear tranquillity,
Sighed for a home in some far nook of earth,
Where to one true and genial soul allied,
His restless spirit might be fed with hope,
Till peace should steal upon him, like the calm
Of that delicious eve!

CHILDE HAROLD.

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

In sooth a melancholy wight was he,
As forth he went from home and native land,
Leaving his own for some far foreign strand,
A sullen wanderer on a sullen sea.
"I have not loved the world, nor the world me,"
Said the sad child, and darker gloomed his brow,
And on his lip sat scorn, as o'er the prow
He went to watch the wild waves in their glee—
How did they image forth his own unrest!—
Not wilder than the passions in his breast.
So passed he on, and oft his pilgrim tread
Echoed 'mong classic ruins—oft he stood
On some old fields baptized in patriot blood,
And hallowed by remembrance of the dead—
And oft in dungeons, whose cold, slimy walls
Had once held hearts no torture could subdue,
True to themselves and to THE FUTURE true,
Triumphant over terror that appals
Souls less sublimed—earth's weak and willing thralls—
And on the graves of empires overthrown,
Whose sorrows made him half forget his own,
What time he mused amid the crumbling halls
Where Desolation reigned. At length he heard
Greece cry for succor—and that thrilling word
Kindled with touch electric soul and sense!
So did he link his own immortal name
With her immortals—and she keeps his fame
As one who toiled and died in her defence!

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DREAM-MUSIC.

BY C. P. CRANCH.

PART I.

A vision o'er my soul hath swept:
A dream of light; 't was music, part,
And part it was my happy heart
Made music as I slept.

I cannot paint that glorious dream,
For words are cold and lifeless things.
Of all the light that vision brings
I give you but a gleam.

I wandered with a calm surprise
Half on the earth and half in air,
And sometimes I went gliding where
The ocean meets the skies.

O it was sweet to roam away!
No cumbrous limbs to clog the motion,
As through the fields, the air, the ocean,
I could not choose but stray.

Asleep in body, but awake
In soul to things both bright and dear,
My fancies wandered far and near,
Nor would my slumbers break.

There seemed a ceaseless harmony,
Which sounding every where I went,
Came ringing through the firmament,
Or from the pathless sea:

Or sometimes from the lonely woods,
Or from the high o'erwatching stars:
For silence now had burst her bars
Through Nature's solitudes.

And then I knew that Music is
The native tongue of none but Gladness;
That Silence weds herself to Sadness,
Who hath no harmonies.

And still I roamed with lightsome heart,
And from the tones thus strangely mingled
Swift gathering Fancy ever singled
One voice from every part.

And first I heard the mighty ocean
Go thundering to his empire bounds,
A voice of many blended sounds
In sad and wild commotion.

The mad waves roared in spray-fire flame;
The white storm-bird sailed shrieking by;
But sweetly from the listening sky
The softened echoes came.

All mingled in one giant tone,
Till stunned by the loud ocean-band,
I turned away—t' was sad to stand
On that dark shore alone.

But to the stars my face I turned;
And strange as it may seem, methought
My ears a slow faint anthem caught
From the calm orbs that burned

Amid the dark blue firmament:
There hung the seven-stringed lyre* on high;
But a reckless comet came rushing by
And swept it as he went.

And there came a troubled music out,
And yet it jarred not on the ear,
For the circling choir rang sweet and clear
As their first morning shout.

I wandered still and heard it come;
It fell with the mild starlight down,
And not a thunder voice or frown
Passed o'er the glittering dome:

Till by the border of a wood,
While fell the moonlight on the trees,
Where a thousand birds rocked by the breeze
Were sleeping, soon I stood.

A soft and swelling music crept
As from some mighty wind-harp strings—
Too soft to wake the myriad things
That mid the branches slept.

The winds were sifting through the pines:
'T was sweet, yet sad to hear them moan:
Ah! then I felt I was alone
By Nature's holiest shrines.

And deep amid the o'er-arching trees
A low-toned waterfall was gushing:
Unseen, beneath, a stream went rushing,
And mingling with the breeze.

A musing spirit o'er me passed,
And memory took me to the day
When in the woodland, far away,
I thus stood listening last.

PART II.

Sudden a light flashed on my dream.
The pensive tones of Night were gone,
And I was by a dewy lawn
Lit by the sun's first beam.

A wandering voice went twittering by:
It seemed a meadow bird of spring:
It came, on gay and glancing wing,
Fast leaping through the sky.

It bore me back to childhood's hours,
And I was in the fields again,
And by the stream, and in the glen,
Gathering fresh wild wood flowers.

It did not seem so very strange,
And yet I felt myself a child,
As gay, as thoughtless and as wild
As when I knew no change.

And then came tinkling on my ear,
As if to strengthen all this spell,
The grazing herd's low meadow-bell:
O it was sweet to hear!

* To yield the lyre of Heaven another string. *Campbell.*

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And I was young—my heart was light—
The stream of years was backward rolled:
How could I feel that I 'd grown old,
When memory was so bright?

I wandered, drinking in the sound:
There is no music like to this
That floats within a dream of bliss
When night is all around.

Through all my night there was a morn,
A little fairy morning beaming
Like sunlight through a forest streaming
On one who walks forlorn.

And all along, where'er I wandered,
The sweet, mysterious music played;
'T was part around me, partly made
Within me, as I pondered:

And part of it a mingled feeling
Made up of joy and harmony:
A something that brought light to me,
A hidden self revealing.

The sea, the stars, the winds, the trees,
The stream, the waterfall, the dell,
The birds, the flowers, the meadow-bell—
I felt that all of these

Were but the symbols of a soul
Alive with hope or memory,
The mind's immortal harmony
That through its chambers stole,

And to the spirit's listening ear,
While slept the limbs and senses all,
Made every thing seem musical:
How could I cease to hear?

And thus it may be, when this frame
Is laid asleep in death at last:
The soul, no longer over cast,
To Him from whom it came

Shall brighten upward and be free,
And roam amid the chiming spheres,
And feel within, while thus it hears,
Eternal harmony.

We brought it with us here below:
Within, without, we feel it ever.
Why should it not, as now, forever
Through an hereafter go?

For music, I must think, was given
To be of higher life a token:
The language by the angels spoken:
The native tongue of Heaven.

A REVERIE.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

In the twilight deep and silent
Comes thy spirit unto mine,
When the moonlight and the starlight
Over cliff and woodland shine,
And the quiver of the river
Seems a thrill of joy benign.

Then I rise and wander slowly
To the headland by the sea,
When the evening star throbs setting
Through the cloudy cedar tree,
And from under, mellow thunder
Of the surf comes fitfully.

Then within my soul I feel thee
Like a gleam of other years,
Visions of my childhood murmur
Their old madness in my ears,
Till the pleasance of thy presence
Cools my heart with blissful tears.

All the wondrous dreams of boyhood—
All youth's fiery thirst of praise—
All the surer hopes of manhood
Blossoming in sadder days—
Joys that bound me, griefs that crowned me
With a better wreath than bays—

All the longings after freedom—
The vague love of human kind,
Wandering far and near at random
Like a winged seed in the wind—
The dim yearnings and fierce burnings
Of an undirected mind—

All of these, oh best beloved,
Happiest present dreams and past,
In thy love find safe fulfillment,
Ripened into truths at last;
Faith and beauty, hope and duty
To one centre gather fast.

How my nature, like an ocean,
At the breath of thine awakes,
Leaps its shores in mad exulting
And in foamy thunder breaks,
Then downsinking, lieth shrinking
At the tumult that it makes!

Blazing Hesperus hath sunken
Low within the pale-blue west,
And with golden splendor crowneth
The horizon's piny crest;
Thoughtful quiet stills the riot
Of wild longing in my breast.

Home I loiter through the moonlight,
Underneath the quivering trees,
Which, as if a spirit stirred them,
Sway and bend, till by degrees
The far surge's murmur merges
In the rustle of the breeze.

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LIZZIE LINCOLN.

A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY, FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

CHAPTER I.

Oh! I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,
With a little hoard of maxims, preaching down a daughter's heart.
Tennyson.

FORM AND FEELING.

They were twin sisters, and so alike in form and feature that at a first glance you could not tell them apart; but you had only to watch them for five minutes to be quite sure that Lizzie was Lizzie and nobody else but her own sweet self, and that Priscilla was Priscilla—for in mind, in heart, in expression, they were as different as sunshine and moonlight, or a statue and painting, and with the same sort of difference too; both beautiful—but the one cold, calm, pale and still—the other glowing with life, full of spirit, genius and sensibility: Priscilla stately, formal, reserved, apathetic—Lizzie wild, loving, trustful, playful and frank; and as soon as you detected this difference in their natures, you would begin also to perceive that in person, too, they differed slightly: Lizzie had a fuller, richer lip, a deeper, darker eye, a cheek more warmly tinged, and ever changing with her changing mood, a lighter and more yielding form, a step of more aerial grace, a sunnier smile, a sweeter voice, a softer, yet a merrier laugh; even her hair had an expression about it that did not belong to Priscilla's; both were deep brown in hue; but Lizzie's had a natural wave that caught the light and changed with it to gold. Every body loved Lizzie and petted her; that is, every body whose love was worth having. She was welcome and refreshing to their hearts as a sunbeam, or a flower, or a singing-bird, or a balmy breeze, or a shower at noon in midsummer, and Lizzie loved her friends warmly and faithfully, without stopping to ask herself why. She did not blind herself to their faults, but she loved them faults and all. She was a rare, sweet child; yes! still a child at heart, though fifteen summers had somewhat subdued and softened her too impetuous temperament.

They lived with their mother—a widow of moderate means—in a picturesque village of England, and at the time my story commences were in hourly expectation of a visit from an uncle, by the father's side, supposed to be rich, and known to be cross, gouty and disagreeable.

"Elizabeth," said Mrs. Lincoln, seating herself at a window to watch for his arrival, "I must once more enjoin upon you, that policy, as well as duty, requires of us to humor your uncle in every whim, to agree with him in all things."

"But, mother!" said Lizzie, with a pleading look, "I never *can* act from policy, and as to pretending to agree with him when I do n't, that would be an absolute impossibility to me. I will promise to do all that is right to please him."

"I do not choose to argue the matter, Miss. Remember that I insist upon obedience. I only wish you were as precise in other matters as you are in your absurd notions of right and wrong. You, my dear Priscilla, will, I am sure, obey me without a question."

"Certainly, mamma!" replied the demure young lady in a placid voice.

The tears sprung to Lizzy's lovely eyes; but she smiled them away, and going to the piano-forte, began to play and sing in a soft, soothing voice, *her mother's favorite song*—

"Though storms may gather o'er us,
The sun will smile again;
Though dark the way before us,
We 're led by Love's true chain.

"Though sadly heaves the bosom,
Joy always follows care;
There 's many a summer blossom
In winter's tangled hair!"

Two young and distinguished-looking men, passing at the time, involuntarily glanced in through the open window, and as Lizzie raised her head at the rustling of the vine leaves, which they brushed in going by, she encountered from a pair of dark gray eyes a momentary glance of earnest admiration, which she never afterward forgot. For almost the first time in her life, Lizzie Lincoln fell into a deep reverie; but it was soon broken by the arrival of a carriage, from which alighted a bundle of shawls, flannel, ugliness, gout and grumbling, which was introduced by Mrs. Lincoln to her daughters as their invalid uncle.

Lizzie, before he entered, had silently placed the easiest chair, with a stool before it, in the pleasantest corner of the room; but she allowed her mother and sister to assist him into it without offering her aid.

"My dear sir," said Mrs. Lincoln, "you are looking ten years younger than when I last saw you, and so like my poor, dear husband!"—her husband by the way had been considered a remarkably handsome man—"Does n't he, Priscilla? Does n't he Lizzie?"

"Very much," said Priscilla. And nothing said Lizzie; but walked quietly out of the room.

"That is a singular young person—that daughter of yours ma'am"—grumbled the old gentleman, "don't think she takes much pains to please her rich uncle."

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"Oh! my dear sir, you must forgive her; she is timid to a fault. Is she not, Priscilla?"

"Yes, mamma," said echo.

And where did Lizzie go? My youthful readers, if you have not kind and warm hearts like hers, you will never guess; but I dare say you have, and that you would have done the same thing. She went straight to the spare chamber appropriated to her uncle, to see that every thing was arranged for his comfort, then into the garden, whence she brought fresh flowers to adorn the room, then to her own little chamber, from which she took a bible to lay on the table by his bed, and then into the kitchen to oversee the preparations for his supper.

Meanwhile, the two young men pursued their walk and their conversation.

"Yes, my dear Howard," said he who had attracted Lizzie's notice, "I tell you the simple truth; I am weary of my rank, my wealth, and the insufferable attentions which they bring upon me from ambitious daughters and manœuvering mammas. How delicious it would be to settle quietly down in this charming village with such a wife as that bright, beautiful, artless-looking girl whom we saw just now through the window! But I fear I shall never marry, for I shall always be haunted by the idea that my wealth is the object of attraction. Unless—Howard! I have it! Glorious!"—and, with his fine, manly face kindling and glowing with enthusiasm, the young earl passed on in earnest conversation with his friend. Perhaps he will reappear ere the close of the story; but in the mean time we must introduce our readers to a new chapter and a new schoolmaster.

CHAPTER II.

"Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand."

At twenty-two years of age Charles Welford came to the village of S——, poor and unknown, but his mild dignity of manner, his prepossessing appearance, his youthful and handsome countenance, gained him a host of friends, and the small number of pupils to which he had limited himself was soon made up. Mrs. Lincoln sent Lizzie and Priscilla to be perfected in French and Italian—and the former made wonderfully rapid progress—if not in the languages, at least in the affections of her teacher.

"Miss Lincoln," the master would say, endeavoring, but in vain, to look stern, "I shall be obliged to detain you after school hours, if you persist in talking and laughing;" and Lizzie would blush and maintain a demure composure for the next three minutes and a half—then he would hear the little gipsy buzzing away again, for the least sound of her sweet voice always attracted his notice, and calling her to him with a grave face, but inward delight, he would point silently to a little chair at his side.

Poor Lizzie, half pouting, half pleased, "with a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye," would quietly obey. I rather think Lizzy liked the punishment upon the whole; for his dark eyes had talked to her soul a language more pleasant than French or Italian—and after looking earnestly up to them for a moment to discover if he were really offended—reassured by the glance of affectionate interest which he returned to her inquiring gaze, she would study for hours by his side, happy, and tranquil, and silent, as a dove in its woodland nest.

Now and then, when she had been more than usually wild and uncontrollable, Mr. Welford would feel it his duty to detain her after the other pupils had left, in order to give her a serious lecture upon the lightness of her conduct; but the serious lecture generally ended in a long ramble through the woods, after flowers to assist their botanical studies. And during these rambles, they would confide to each other's sympathizing hearts their memories, their hopes, their tastes and preferences. Lizzie with all the simple, trustful tenderness of a child, and Charles with the frankness natural to a spirit still fresh, pure and untrammeled.

"Do you know, Mr. Welford," said Lizzie one day, "I would give a great deal that my uncle was poor?"

"Poor! Lizzie—what a strange wish! Why?"

"Oh, because—he is so ill, and cross, and unhappy that I pity him from my heart, and I would be so very, very kind to him if he were not rich; but as it is, mother *makes* me treat him coldly."

"How? I do not understand you. I thought she was all attention to him and wished you to be so too."

"Yes! that is the very reason I can't be. She keeps telling me he will leave us all his money if we indulge his whims and agree with him in his queer opinions—and so I make it a rule to be inattentive to him, except in his absence, and *then* I do all I can for his comfort; but that is not much. I should so like to soothe his pain, by reading to him, or singing, or caressing him. I am afraid he wont live long, and he seems to suffer a great deal at times—oh! don't you wish he were poor?"

Lizzie was right. Ill in mind and body, the unhappy old man was daily wasting away. Of all his relations, of all the world, Lizzie Lincoln was the only one he loved; and she alone of all apparently neglected him. Yes! in spite of her neglect, he loved her. He struggled against the preference, but in vain; he could not help it—she was so frank, so sweet, so frolicsome, and, above all, so like his favorite brother. Importuned, beset, followed, fawned upon for his wealth alone, he had become disgusted with life, and his naturally kind heart embittered by suspicion.

CHAPTER III.

MUFFINS AND MYSTIFICATION.

"Mrs. Lincoln, do n't you prefer cold muffins to hot ones?" asked the uncle at breakfast one day, with a look of dogged determination that rather mystified his auditors. Mrs. Lincoln changed an involuntary wry face into an acquiescent one—if there was any thing she preferred hot rather than cold it was a muffin—and replied, "Oh! decidedly, my dear sir! They are infinitely more palatable cold. I only ordered hot ones to please *you*. We will have some cold ones immediately. John, bring some cold muffins."

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A sardonic smile flickered on the old gentleman's furrowed face as he turned to Priscilla—

"And which do *you* prefer?"

Priscilla, as usual, glanced at her mother and then replied—

"Cold ones, sir, of course."

"Of course," he repeated sarcastically—"And you, Miss Lizzie?"

Lizzie looked up frankly in his face—"Uncle, *you know* I like hot ones best, and I think your taste a very singular one if you prefer them cold."

"Who said I preferred them cold? Not I. Come, Lizzie, we will share this nice one together, and here comes John with the cold for your mother and Priscilla. Hand them to your mistress, John. I am sorry, ladies, you have been eating hot muffins merely on *my* account." And he glanced at Lizzie so comically while her mother reluctantly helped herself to the unpalatable bread, that she could scarcely restrain a smile.

CHAPTER IV.

DEATH AND DISAPPOINTMENT.

A few weeks after the conversation alluded to in the last chapter, the old man sent for the family to his bedside, which he had not left for several days, and with a half repressed chuckle of satisfaction, informed them that he had an important secret to reveal. Mrs. Lincoln bent eagerly over him, Priscilla seated herself with her usual quiet composure, and Lizzie half drew back.

"You have repeatedly told me, madam, that it was for my own sake, you valued me so highly—for my own superior qualities of mind and heart, for my striking resemblance to your deceased husband, not for my wealth—that wealth was nothing in the eyes of affection, etc. I thank you as you deserve for this assurance. I will not insult you by a moment's doubt of its sincerity." Mrs. Lincoln smiled benignly, and Lizzie turned impatiently to the window. "I have taken you at your word, and fully trusting to its truth, have made my will accordingly. It is in the hands of my solicitor. I have left the whole of my vast property, in specie and landed estate—with the exception of a trifling gift to one who is very dear to me—to a distant relative, the only one who has never troubled me with his company, his attentions, or his flattery, a poor apprentice at a dry-goods store in America."

Unable to conceal her disappointment and vexation, Mrs. Lincoln hurried from the room. Priscilla followed with a still statelier step than usual, and Lizzie, springing from the window, clasped her uncle's hand, exclaiming, "I am so glad! I am so glad! Now I can nurse you with pleasure, and love you as much as I choose!"

The old man was speechless at first with surprise and joy, at length he exclaimed—"Is it possible you really care for me?"

"Dear, dear uncle, were you not kind to my poor father in trouble? Did you not assist him with your purse and your influence? and do you think I can ever forget it?"

The invalid sunk back on his pillow with closed eyes, through which tears, the first he had shed for long years, stole over his withered cheeks, and murmuring, "Thank God!" fell into a tranquil sleep, still holding Lizzie's hand fast locked in his. From that time until his death, which happened in a few days, she nursed him with the tenderness and attention of an affectionate daughter.

Mrs. Lincoln was agreeably surprised to find on the opening of the will, that the "trifling gift to one very dear to him," was no less than a sum of £2000, bequeathed to her daughter Elizabeth.

The latter generously, or as *she* said *justly*, shared this sum with her mother and sister, and affairs went on as before, excepting that somehow the rambles after flowers in the woods grew longer and more frequent.

"We are trying to find the little blue 'Forget-me-not,' which Mr. Welford is sure grows in these woods somewhere," said poor Lizzie, blushing and smiling, when one day a friend questioned her rather too closely upon the subject.

CHAPTER V.

LIZZIE AND A LOVER.

Autumn had come, with its cheerful fires, its picnic fêtes and evening dances, and with it came to the village of S—— a young and wealthy nobleman, who fell desperately in love with Lizzie at a party, and one afternoon when she came into her mother's little parlor, looking particularly bewitching in her simple straw bonnet and graceful mantilla, and found him there alone, he suddenly offered her his hand and heart. But Lizzie laughed the matter off, by telling him she could not possibly stop to accept it, as she was in a great hurry to go into the woods, in search of a certain little blue flower called the "Forget-me-not." Away she tripped, and when she returned an hour after sunset the youth had vanished, and the village "that had known him, knew him no more."

CHAPTER VI.

A TABLEAU VIVANT.

Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee. *Tennyson.*

A flood of warm golden light from the setting sun poured in through a vista of the woods, and lighted up a picture there well worthy of such an illumination.

A young and graceful girl was leaning against the trunk of a noble tree. Her straw bonnet lay on the mossy rock beside her. Her soft curls fell showering round her face as she bent over a flower which she held in her hand. It was the little blue "Forget-me-not," from whose mystic petals many a romantic village maid has learned her destiny. Leaf after leaf the blushing girl pulled off, murmuring as she did so, in a low and trembling tone, half sportive, half in earnest, "He loves me—he loves me not—he loves me—he loves me not"—only one leaf remained—"He loves"—the flower was gently withdrawn, and the hand that held it pressed passionately to the lips of a

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noble looking youth who had stolen unperceived around the tree. "Let *me* speak for the last leaf, Lizzie," he whispered, "He loves thee more than life! Dear one, may he believe his love returned?" Lizzie smiled through her tears—he drew her to his heart!

For a moment the lingering sunshine rested softly on the fair tableau, then passed and left it to the holier light of love.

CHAPTER VII.

"You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,
How meekly she blessed her humble lot,
When the steward William had made her his bride,
And love was the light of their lowly cot?"

"Have you found the blue 'Forget-me-not' yet?" said the good old rector of S——, with a meaning smile, to a fair and white-robed maiden at his side, as they sat with others at the bridal feast about a year after the performance of the forest-tableau. Lizzie Welford looked up in her husband's eyes, which were bent fondly upon her, and smiled, but did not reply.

Pleasant and comfortable, but simply furnished, was the cottage in which the schoolmaster and his beautiful and happy wife passed the first few months of their marriage. But Charles grew restless then, and he persuaded Lizzie—who never could resist his persuasions—to take a little journey with him.

In their own humble chaise, they traveled through the delightful and richly cultivated country, and Lizzie was enchanted with almost all she saw. There was but one drawback on her happiness; and that had always been her chief trouble from childhood—her sympathies were too powerful to allow her to behold poverty or misery in any shape without a pang of pity and an ardent wish to relieve it; and this her humble means would not always allow her to do. As she passed some beggars on the road, to whom she had thrown some silver, she turned to her husband with tears in her eyes and said—

"Oh, Charles! I never care for wealth for my own sake, but would it not be a divine happiness to possess the power of relieving others?"

Charles smiled, rather too gaily she thought, but he pressed her hand so tenderly that she could not chide him. At the close of the second day's journey, they came to a beautiful and extensive park, through the vistas of which, they could catch now and then a glimpse of a magnificent mansion. Lizzie thought it must be a palace. Her eyes flashed with delight, and then filled with tears. She was excited and nervous she knew not why. She had read of such places, but she had never seen one, and she begged Charles to stop the chaise for a few moments, that she might gaze her fill. "We will drive through the park," said her husband, "I know the owner well." She thought his voice trembled, and looking up in his face she saw that it was lighted up with a glow of lofty exultation, which so well became his refined and aristocratic beauty that she involuntarily raised his hand to her lips and kissed it fondly, yet with a vague fear for which she could not account. They drove through the park to the principal entrance of the house; as they approached it was flung wide open! and from a train of liveried servants stepped forth an old man, who smiled an earnest welcome as he respectfully assisted Charles to alight. Lizzie was dumb with wonder.

"Come!" said her husband holding out his hand.

"Where are you taking me, Charles?"

"To my *home*! dear Lizzie," he exclaimed, pressing her fondly to his bosom, as he bore her half fainting into the library, where a pleasant fire was kindled. "Welcome to my home—to the home of my fathers! my own, my precious wife!"

"And who then are you, my husband?" asked the bewildered and half frightened Lizzie, sinking on a sofa by his side.

"My dear Howard," said he laughing, to a young man who at this moment hastily entered the room, "before you welcome me introduce me to my wife!"

"The Earl of E——, dear madam," said his friend, coming forward with a smile.

"The Earl of E——, sweet countess," echoed Charles, "think you that dear forehead will ache beneath this toy?" And taking from a casket a coronet of diamonds, he placed it on her head and kissed her tearful eyes. And what did the youthful countess do? Forgive her Etiquette! Forgive her, Mr. Howard! She was weary—almost exhausted with excitement and fatigue—and closing her lashes, still wet with tears, upon her husband's shoulder, she murmured a blessing upon his name, and fell fast asleep, like a tired child, as she was! Courteous reader! if you have not already followed her example you may do so now—for my story is ended.

A LOVER'S SONNET.

BY C. E. DA PONTE.

Hasten, soft wind, and when amid the gay
She moves with eyes of calm and tender light,
And forehead pale as foam-lit waves at night,
And voice harmonious as the warbling lay
Of birds that usher in the fragrant May,
Whisper, soft wind, that she remains the bright,
Pure empress of this heart whose sole delight
Is thus to muse on moments past away;
O whisper this and tell how little I
Have known of joy since last I saw her face,
How the bright stars, lamps of yon changing sky,
Woods, streams and every secret place,
Bear witness to my truth; yes, murmur this, then die
On those fair lips, bright opening buds of grace

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LOVE AND PISTOLS.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

I once had a long conversation with a fellow traveler in the *coupé* of a French diligence. It was a bright moonlight night, early in June—not at all the scene or season for talking long on very dry topics—and with a mutual *abandon* which must be explained by some theory of the silent sympathies, we fell to chatting rather confidentially on the subject of love. He gave me some hints as to a passage in his life which seemed to me, when he told it, a definite and interesting story; but in recalling it to mind afterward, I was surprised to find how little he really said, and how much, from seeing the man and hearing his voice, I was enabled without effort to supply. To save roundabout, I'll tell the story in the first person, as it was told to me, begging the reader to take my place in the *coupé* and listen to a very gentlemanly man, of very lovable voice and manners; supplying also, as I did, by the imagination, much more than is told in the narration.

"I am inclined to think that we are sometimes best loved by those whom we least suspect of being interested in us; and while a sudden laying open of hearts would give the lie to many a love professed, it would, here and there, disclose a passion which, in the ordinary course of things, would never have been betrayed. I was once a little surprised with a circumstance of the kind I allude to.

"I had become completely domesticated in a family living in the neighborhood of London—I can scarce tell you how, even if it were worth while. A chance introduction, as a stranger in the country, first made me acquainted with them, and we had gone on, from one degree of friendship to another, till I was as much at home at Lilybank as any one of the children. It was one of those little English paradises, rural and luxurious, where love, confidence, simplicity and refinement seem natural to the atmosphere, and I thought, when I was there, that I was probably as near to perfect happiness as I was likely to be in the course of my life. But I had my annoyance even there.

"Mr. Fleming (the name is fictitious of course) was a man of sufficient fortune, living, without a profession, on his means. He was avowedly of the middle class, but his wife, a very beautiful specimen of the young English mother, was very highly connected, and might have moved in what society she pleased. She chose to find her happiness at home, and leave society to come to her by its own natural impulse and affinity—a sensible choice, which shows you at once the simple and rational character of the woman. Fleming and his wife were very fond of each other, but, at the same time, very fond of the companionship of those who were under their roof, and between them and their three or four lovely children I could have been almost contented to have been a prisoner at Lilybank, and to have seen nobody but its charming inmates for years together.

"I had become acquainted with the Flemings, however, during the absence of one of the members of the family. Without being at all aware of any new arrival in the course of the morning, I went late to dinner after a long and solitary ride on horseback, and was presented to Lady Rachel ——, a tall and reserved looking person, sitting on Fleming's right hand. Seeing no reason to abate any of my outward show of happiness, or to put any restraint on the natural impulse of my attentions, I took my accustomed seat by the sweet mistress of the house, wrapped up my entire heart, as usual, in every word and look that I sent toward her, and played the schoolboy that I felt myself, unclouded by frank and happy. Fleming laughed and mingled in our chat occasionally, as he was wont to do, but a glance now and then at his stately right hand neighbor made me aware that I was looked upon with some coldness, if not with a marked disapproval. I tried the usual peace-offerings of deference and marked courtesy, and lessened somewhat the outward show of my happiness, but Lady Rachel was apparently not propitiated. You know what it is to have one link cold in the chain of sympathy around a table.

"The next morning I announced my intention of returning to town. I had hitherto come and gone at my pleasure. This time the Flemings showed a determined opposition to my departure. They seemed aware that my enjoyment under their roof had been, for the first time, clouded over, and they were not willing I should leave till the accustomed sunshine was restored. I felt that I owed them too much to resist any persuasion of theirs against my own feelings merely, and I remained.

"But I determined to overcome Lady Rachel's aversion—a little from pique, I may as well confess, but mostly for the gratification I knew it would give to my sweet friends and entertainers. The saddle is my favorite thinking-place. I mounted a beautiful hunter which Fleming always put at my disposal while I stayed with them, and went off for a long gallop. I dismounted at an inn, some miles off, called for black wax, and writing myself a letter, despatched it to Lilybrook. To play my part well, you will easily conceive, it was necessary that my kind friends should not be in the secret.

"The short road to the heart of a proud woman, I well knew, was pity. I came to dinner that day a changed man. It was known through the family, of course, that a letter sealed with black had arrived for

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me, during my ride, and it gave me the apology I needed for a sudden alteration of manner. Delicacy would prevent any one except Mrs. Fleming from alluding to it, and she would reserve the inquiry till we were alone. I had the evening before me, of course.

"Lady Rachel, I had remarked, showed her superiority by habitually pitching her voice a note or two below that of the persons around her—as if the repose of her calm mind was beyond the plummet of their superficial gayety. I had also observed, however, that if she succeeded in rebuking now and then the high spirits of her friends, and lowered the general diapason till it harmonized with her own voice, she was more gratified than by any direct compliment or attention. I ate my soup in silence, and, while the children, and a chance guest or two, were carrying on some agreeable banter in a merry key, I waited for the first opening of Lady Rachel's lips, and, when she spoke, took her tone like an echo. Without looking at her, I commenced a subdued and pensive description of my morning's ride, like a man unconsciously awakened from his reverie by a sympathetic voice, and betraying, by the tone in which he spoke, the chord to which he responded. A newer guest had taken my place, next to Mrs. Fleming, and I was opposite Lady Rachel. I could feel her eyes suddenly fixed on me as I spoke. For the first time, she addressed a remark to me, in a pause of my description. I raised my eyes to her with as much earnestness and deference as I could summon into them, and, when I had listened to her and answered her observation, kept them fastened on her lips, as if I hoped she would speak to me again—yet without a smile, and with an expression that I meant should be that of sadness, forgetful of usages, and intent only on an eager longing for sympathy. Lady Rachel showed her woman's heart, by an almost immediate change of countenance and manner. She leaned slightly over the table toward me, with her brows lifted from her large dark eyes, and the conversation between us became continuous and exclusive. After a little while, my kind host, finding that he was cut off from his other guests by the fear of interrupting us, proposed to give me the head of the table, and I took his place, at the left hand of Lady Rachel. Her dinner was forgotten. She introduced topics of conversation such as she thought harmonized with my feelings, and while I listened, with my eyes alternately cast down or raised timidly to hers, she opened her heart to me on the subject of death, the loss of friends, the vanity of the world, and the charm, to herself, of sadness and melancholy. She seemed unconscious of the presence of others as she talked. The tears suffused her fine eyes and her lips quivered, and I found, to my surprise, that she was a woman, under that mask of haughtiness, of the keenest sensibility and feeling. When Mrs. Fleming left the table, Lady Rachel pressed my hand, and, instead of following into the drawing-room, went out by the low window upon the lawn. I had laid up some little food for reflection as you may conceive, and I sat the next hour looking into my wine-glass, wondering at the success of my manœuvre, but a little out of humor with my own hypocrisy, notwithstanding.

"Mrs. Fleming's tender kindness to me when I joined her at the tea-table, made me again regret the sacred feelings upon which I had drawn for my experiment. But there was no retreat. I excused myself hastily, and went out in search of Lady Rachel, meeting her ladyship, as I expected, slowly pacing the dark avenues of the garden. The dimness of the starlight relieved me from the effort of keeping sadness in my countenance, and I easily played out my part till midnight, listening to an outpouring of mingled kindness and melancholy, for the waste of which I felt some need to be forgiven.

"Another day of this, however, was all that I could bring my mind to support. Fleming and his wife had entirely lost sight—in sympathy with my presumed affliction—of the object of detaining me at Lilybank, and I took my leave, hating myself for the tender pressure of the hand, and the sad and sympathizing farewells which I was obliged to receive from them. I did not dare to tell them of my unworthy *ruse*. Lady Rachel parted from me as kindly as the rest, and I had gained my point with the loss of my self-esteem. With a prayer that, notwithstanding this deceit and misuse, I might find pity when I should indeed stand in need of it, I drove from the door.

"A month passed away, and I wrote, once more, to my friends, at Lilybank, that I would pass a week with them. An occurrence in the course of that month, however, had thrown another mask over my face, and I went there again with a part to play—and, as if by a retributive Providence, it was now my need of sympathy that I was most forced to conceal. An affair which I saw no possibility of compromising, had compelled me to call out a man who was well known as a practical duelist. The particulars would not interest you. In accepting the challenge, my antagonist asked a week's delay, to complete some important business from which he could not withdraw his attention. And that week I passed with the Flemings.

"The gayety of Lilybank was resumed with the smile I brought back, and chat and occupation took their natural course. Lady Rachel, though kind and courteous, seemed to have relapsed into her reserve, and, finding society an effort, I rode out daily alone, seeing my friends only at dinner and in the evening. They took it to be an indulgence of some remainder of my former grief, and left me consequently to the disposition of my own time.

"The last evening before the duel arrived, and I bade my friends good night as usual, though with some suppressed emotion. My second, who was to come from town and take me up at Lilybank on his way to the ground, had written to me that, from what he could gather, my best way was to be prepared for the worst, and, looking upon it as very probably the last night of my life, I determined to pass it waking, and writing to my friends at a distance. I sat down to it, accordingly, without undressing.

"It was toward three in the morning that I sealed up my last letter. My bed-room was on the ground-

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floor, with a long window opening into the garden; and, as I lifted my head up from leaning over the seat, I saw a white object standing just before the casement, but at some little distance, and half buried in the darkness. My mind was in a fit mood for a superstitious feeling, and my blood crept cold for a moment; I passed my hand across my eyes—looked again. The figure moved slowly away.

"To direct my thoughts, I took up a book and read. But, on looking up, the figure was there again, and, with an irresistible impulse, I rushed out to the garden. The figure came toward me, but, with its first movement, I recognized the stately step of Lady Rachel.

"Confused at having intruded on her privacy, for I presumed that she was abroad for solitude, and with no thought of being disturbed, I turned to retire. She called to me, however, and, sinking upon a garden-seat, covered her face with her hands. I stood before her, for a moment, in embarrassed silence.

"'You keep late hours,' she said, at last, with a tremulous voice, but rising at the same time and, with her arm put in through mine, leading me to the thickly shaded walk.

"'To-night I do,' I replied; 'letters I could not well defer——'

"'Listen to me!' interrupted Lady Rachel. 'I know your business for the morning—'

"I involuntarily released my arm and started back. The chance of an interruption that would seem dishonorable flashed across my mind.

"'Stay!' she continued; 'I am the only one in the family who knows of it, and my errand with you is not to hinder this dreadful meeting. The circumstances are such, that, with society as it is, you could not avoid it with honor.'

"I pressed her arm with a feeling of gratified justification which quite overcame, for the moment, my curiosity as to the source of her knowledge of the affair.

"'You must forgive me,' she said, 'that I come to you like a bird of ill omen. I cannot spare the precious moments to tell you how I came by my information as to your design. I have walked the night away, before your window, not daring to interrupt you in what was probably the performance of sacred duties. But I know your antagonist—I know his demoniac nature, and—pardon me!—I dread the worst!'

"I still walked by her side in silence. She resumed, though strongly agitated.

"'I have said that I justify you in an intention which will probably cost you your life. Yet, but for a feeling which I am about to disclose to you, I should lose no time and spare no pains in preventing this meeting. Under such circumstances, your honor would be less dear to me than now, and I should be acting as one of my sex who had but her share of interest in resisting and striving to correct this murderous exaction of public opinion. I would condemn dueling in argument—avoid the duelist in society—make any sacrifice with others to suppress it in the abstract—but, till the feeling changes in reference to it, I could not bring myself to sacrifice, in the honor of a man I loved, my world of happiness for my share only.'

"'And mean you to say——' I began, but, as the light broke upon my mind, amazement stopped my utterance.

"'Yes—that I love you!—that I love you!' murmured Lady Rachel, throwing herself into my arms, and fastening her lips to mine in a long and passionate kiss—'that I love you, and, in this last hour of your life, must breathe to you what I never before breathed to mortal!'

"She sank to the ground, and, with handsful of dew, swept up from the grass of the lawn, I bathed her temples, as she leaned senseless against my knee. The moon had risen above the trees, and poured its full radiance on her pale face and closed eyes. Her hair loosened and fell in heavy masses over her shoulders and bosom, and, for the first time, I realized Lady Rachel's extraordinary beauty. Her features were without a fault, her skin was of marble fairness and paleness, and her abandonment to passionate feeling had removed, for the instant, a hateful cloud of pride and supercilliousness that, at all other times, had obscured her loveliness. With a new-born emotion in my heart, I seized the first instant of returning consciousness, and pressed her, with a convulsive eagerness, to my bosom.

"The sound of wheels aroused me from this delirious dream, and, looking up, I saw the gray of the dawn struggling with the moonlight. I tore myself from her arms, and the moment after was whirling away to the appointed place of meeting.

. . . . . .

"I was in my room, at Lilybank, dressing, at eleven of that same day. My honor was safe, and the affair was over, and now my whole soul was bent on this new and unexpected vision of love. True—I was but twenty-five, and Lady Rachel probably twenty years older—but she loved me—she was high-born and beautiful—and love is not so often brought to the lip in this world, that we can cavil at the cup which holds it. With these thoughts and feelings wrangling tumultuously in my heated blood, I took the following note from a servant at my door."

"'Lady Rachel —— buries in entire oblivion the last night past. Feelings over which she has full control in ordinary circumstances, have found utterance under the conviction that they were words to the dying. They would never have been betrayed without impending death, and they will never, till death be near to one of us, find voice, or give token of existence, again. Delicacy and honor will prompt you to visit Lilybank no more.'

"Lady Rachel kept her room till I left, and I have never visited Lilybank, nor seen her, since."

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THE ORGANIST.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF THEODORE WELL.

BY W. W. STORY.

The organ in the lofty dome
Was honest Hesper's charge to play—
And though it oft was wearisome
At early morn, at close of day,
Pealed through the church the swelling note—
And he was happy and devout.

Unto the magic power of sound
Is all his life and being given,
His knowledge here alone is found—
In it he tastes the bliss of Heaven—
While all in God's creation fair
Becomes for him melodious air—

As with wild spirit-breathing power,
The tones a thrill of rapture bring,
At rise of sun, at twilight's hour,
Sweet heavenly harps around him ring—
Naught in his peaceful heart is found
But piety—and bliss in sound.

Close to the high and lofty dome
His narrow humble dwelling lies,
Thence mingling with his dreams there come
Clear streams of heavenly melodies,
Yet as he strives to seize the strain,
He wakes and all is still again.

Musing and sad he sits and mourns,
Like one who after something dear,
Dear above all, yet painful—yearns,
His vision dimmed by many a tear,
Until the organ tones clear-given
Bear back again his soul to Heaven.

Then calmer in his soul he grows,
By holy concord soothed to rest,
His heart in deep devotion glows
And fain would burst his swelling breast,
Musing and earnest doth he sit,
Yet can he never fashion it.

The schools of art can teach to him
But human action—human thought—
This which he hears within his dream,
Which lives, and in his heart is wrought
Within the inmost spirit—this
Is godlike—this is heavenly bliss.

The festival of Christ returned,
When our salvation he procured,
When toward Golgotha he turned
And death upon the cross endured—
From far and near, crowds came abroad
To worship at the house of God.

Hesper with fiery organ-tones
Sent pain to the believer's heart,
And through the grace which yet atones
Did blissful hope again impart,
While from the church there went not one
Unthrilled by the deep organ-tone.

He, too, who the emotion stirred,
Felt his own heart with longing swell,
As from the stream of tones he heard
The breathing of a sad farewell;
And upon Easter-eve, oppressed
With weariness, repaired to rest.

The blissful dream returned again,
Resounding from the lofty dome,
In fervent glow, the heavenly strain
Of purest beauty seemed to come;
Longing he wakes, chimes low and clear,
Through the deep night, steal on his ear.

In beauty dawns the day above
On Resurrection—Easter-morn—
Drawn to the choir does Hesper move,
The holy call he cannot spurn;
The tones like magnets draw him nigh
With mildness and with majesty.

He steps within the choir with joy,
He glances round with sweet delight,
And sitting there he sees a boy
Enhaloed by a silver light—
He plays—and wakes a stream of sound
Whose waves along the dome resound.

He looked so gentle and so mild
As he were wholly rapt in bliss,
And Hesper sees the angel-child
And hears, in sweetest ecstasies;
No move of earthly sense he sees,
His soul swims in pure harmonies.

And while his soul is filled with bliss
The angel vanishes from sight,
The bells proclaim that Christ doth rise.
Spurning the grave and death's dark night,
And fervent Christians near and far
Meet gladly in the house of prayer.

But he, unconscious and apart,
Before the organ takes his place,
And plays from out his heaven-swelled heart
The hymn of power, the hymn of grace—
That which he sought so long in vain,
The high, melodious, angel strain.

Wonder upon the assemblage came,
As swelled the heavenly harmonies,
Telling what mortals cannot name—
The worshipers fell on their knees,
And every spirit fervently
Soared up in prayer to God on high.

The tones have ceased, yet are not o'er—
Orphaned the organ now remains;
The earnest master is no more,
His spirit fled mid heavenly strains;
To him the Highest was revealed—
Called by the last clear tone that pealed.

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THE WILDREDGES.

OR THE TWO PICTURES OF LIFE.

BY EZRA HOLDEN.

"No, Henry, you are altogether wrong."

"How so, Elizabeth?"

"Because you are too extensively in business to hesitate now."

"But I sometimes fear the consequences."

"That is a foolish fear. How do others manage? Don't they make one debt with which to pay another? You must do the same."

"Would you advise me then to buy the block of stores which Mr. Whitwell seems so anxious to sell?"

"Certainly—he asks but little cash down, and it will keep up your credit."

"That, thank fortune, has never been doubted; but these heavy operations oppress me. I was far more happy in the little store in Congress street, and even when I worked at my honest trade—"

"Yes, you are forever harping about your mechanic trade. I hate it, Harry. I don't see the necessity when people have risen in the world to be eternally talking about their origin."

"Perhaps it may check us, wife, from going too fast in our new career."

"There is far more fear of it serving to keep us down in the world. You know Julia is to be brought out at our great party on Wednesday evening, and the Whitneys, Purleys and Gardiners would not be of the jam if they knew her father started life in a smutty and filthy machine shop."

"But, Elizabeth, it was an honorable business and gave me a start in the world."

"What if it did? You're a merchant and capitalist now, and should deport yourself accordingly."

"Well, well, it is of no use to discuss this point with you. Besides, the hour has nearly arrived when I was to meet Mr. Whitwell and say yes or no about the block of buildings."

"Say yes, husband, for it was only last week that Whitman Johnson made his great purchase in Bowdoin Place; and I am sure, at the party of the Shaws, every body was saying how rich he is becoming."

"But Whitman has been a bold operator and a most fortunate one also."

"Yet he started life when you did, Harry, and has done all by courage in great speculations."

"And I shall not deny that I have entered into many heavy operations in real estate from the daring example he has set."

"That was right, Harry. Were I a man, I would not let my old school-fellows run away from me in the race of fortune, if adventure and *courage* would prevent it."

Harry Wildredge was an enterprising young man. Commencing life with nothing but his own hands, he had, after a few years of very successful business, married Elizabeth Woodbridge, the daughter of one who had been a wealthy merchant ere reverses somewhat changed his business condition. To live in a style corresponding with the expectancy of the family into which he had been received as a son-in-law, required him to set up a very expensive establishment; and the new associates he formed, with the dazzling whirlpool of society into which he was thrown, soon caused him to lose sight of the prudential habits of trade, which had, by dint of devotion to business, placed him, at the period of his marriage, in the possession of a fortune which was regarded as most ample. Legitimate trade was now abandoned for what was regarded as a shorter road to an enormous fortune.

His young wife, ambitious to eclipse others, was ever his counsellor to push forward in the career of rapid fortune-making; and when he went to the counting-house to meet Mr. Whitwell, for the purpose of giving an answer in regard to the block of buildings, his mind was not a little swayed by what she had that morning urged. "Yes," he said to himself, "what she says is all true. I must not hesitate now. My career must be onward. I must keep pace with the bold adventures of my friends. A few more great operations and fortune may so smile upon me that I shall be able to retire altogether from active pursuits. I will purchase the block of buildings in Summer Place, and any others which may offer under such favorable auspices."

The purchase was accordingly made; and it appeared as if this were a new starting point in the adventurous career of Henry Wildredge. There was evidently a powerful impulse at work in his mind. He never looked back again. The heaviest operators were eclipsed; and for years he was regarded as one of the greatest as well as one of the boldest adventurers who appeared on 'change.

Elizabeth Wildredge was in her glory. The greatest splendor prevailed both at her town and country house, and when she appeared upon the fashionable drive in her magnificent carriage, it cannot be denied that she was not unfrequently the envy of those who had to content themselves with a less costly turn out. As a devotee of fashion, none were more ardent than Mrs. Wildredge; and, as a consequence, she could find but little time to devote to the guidance of Julia's mind. Indeed, her daughter had been completely turned over to the care of others, and she was ede-

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cated only as one who would become the heiress of an immense estate, and have about her, all her lifetime, others to attend to her most trifling wants.

Her father, completely lost in the extent, bewilderments and distractions of an enormous business, had neither time nor thoughts to bestow in the counsel or guidance even of his only daughter; and thus, at a period when, above all others, she most needed parental sympathy, watchfulness and control, the expectant heiress was literally left to her own will. She was surrounded constantly with a train of suitors, from among the gay, unoccupied and thoughtless gallants of society; and among all a young nobleman from abroad, Count Delande, was most frequently her attendant whenever she appeared in the public promenades.

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It was the custom of Mrs. Wildredge, every Summer, to commence the fashionable season at the watering places, by spending a few weeks at the White Sulphur, in Virginia, and then to proceed, as the warmer season advanced, to the thronged resorts of the North. But as several families of their acquaintance were, in two weeks, to proceed to Niagara, Julia, who was always permitted to do as she pleased, expressed a desire not to accompany her mother to the White Sulphur, but went with the friends of the family directly to the Falls. It was six weeks before Mrs. Wildredge reached Niagara, and then she met the surprising intelligence that Julia was not there. Count Delande had arrived the week previously, and the last that had been seen of either, they went out in the family carriage to ride. A letter was despatched to Mr. Wildredge, who made immediate preparations to go in pursuit of the runaways; but the evening before he was ready to start, he received another letter, couched in the usual terms of pretended repentance, asking forgiveness for the elopement, and a parent's pardon that Julia had become the Countess Delande.

This mortifying event at once put an end to Mrs. Wildredge's season at the watering places.

On the evening of her return home, she was seated in the parlor with her husband. It was evident enough that he was deeply affected by the elopement of Julia. There was, too, a shade of momentary depression on the countenance of Mrs. Wildredge, but rallying herself, she endeavored to rally her husband also.

"We must write at once to have them return home. If the count has run through with his whole fortune, we are told he is of good family, and we must provide them an establishment suitable to the rank his extraction will give him in society."

"Well, Elizabeth, there does not now appear any other course to pursue; but, to me, this is the most painful occurrence of my life."

The runaways were accordingly written for. They returned at once; and, so soon as convenient, proper steps were taken to settle them in a costly and elegantly furnished house, in Beekman Square. Agreeably to the wishes of the mother, there was nothing neglected to set them out in magnificence, splendor and show, and they started life with nothing to do but to participate in all the luxuries which wealth could purchase, and indulge in whatsoever their caprice might dictate.

With such a start, the count felt he had nothing to care for but to go forward in a career of extravagant leisure, and this was so perfectly in coincidence with his taste and disposition, the future soon showed that he was not to be eclipsed in brilliancy of expenditure, even by the most extravagant of the city.

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For several years, Mr. Wildredge continued to extend his business. He had become largely concerned in manufactures, and was also extensively engaged in commerce. Indeed, there were few vast adventures, even at the adventurous period in which he was operating, wherein he did not have an interest. It appears to be a law of hazard that the more great risks are taken the more anxious and willing to strike boldly and wadly becomes the hazardous adventurer. From dealing in thousands, men come to deal in hundreds of thousands, and millions, with as little consideration as they at first made contracts for a few hundred. It was truly so with Mr. Wildredge. Urged on, as we have seen he constantly was, by the great ambition of his wife, the condition of the business in which he was now so unboundedly involved did not allow him to look back or stand still in his adventurous and exciting career.

A few years previous to the period of which we are speaking, Whitney Farnsworth, an intimate acquaintance, departed this life, appointing Mr. Wildredge the executor of his last will and testament. He left a large estate, bequeathed to his estimable widow and two children, a little girl and boy.

The property, with the exception of what was necessary to the support of the widow and her children, remained in the care of Mr. Wildredge. It was the wish of Mrs. Farnsworth that it should do so, and, at each annual exhibit, he had shown a very prosperous advance, which increased the already unlimited confidence she had in his management of the estate. Such was the relation which Mr. Wildredge bore to the family of his deceased friend, when Mrs. Farnsworth was taken suddenly and seriously ill. It was but a few weeks from the commencement of her indisposition, when her physician gave up all hopes of her recovery. She accordingly made every preparation for so solemn an event, and, confirming the selection of her departed husband, she solicited Mr. Wildredge to become the guardian of her dear children. He accepted the sacred trust, and, in a few days afterward, standing at the death-bed of the devoted mother, as he raised little Mary and Edward in his arms to receive the last kiss of affection from her trembling lips, he gave her the most solemn promise that he would be as a father unto them. She raised her eyes to heaven, and, with a smile of angelic delight, said, with her last breath, "Then I die in peace."

Acting on his own devoted feelings, at the time of their mother's decease, it would have been the wish of his heart if he could have received the orphan children to the bosom of his own family. But he had his fears that his wife was so engrossed in the fashionable world, such an arrangement would be wholly

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repugnant to her wishes; and this he found was the case when, a few evenings afterward, he suggested it to her. The only alternative now left was to place them under the care of the nearest relative, Mrs. Susannah Sprague, a young widowed cousin of their deceased mother, and whose circumstances were such that the receipt of a salary for devoting herself to the orphan children would not be unacceptable.

This arrangement was accordingly made, and, for two years after the death of widow Farnsworth, both the devoted guardian and the kind-hearted widow, under whose immediate care they were placed, seemed only to rival each other in kindness and attention to the orphan children.

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It was the first week in August, during the third year after the decease of Mrs. Farnsworth, that Mr. Wildredge was sitting in the back parlor of their country house, which overlooked the beautiful parterre, from which there seemed a rivalry among the fruits and flowers of almost every clime, to delight the senses of every recipient. But they seemed to have no charms for the master of that delightful mansion. It was obvious that some painful event was weighing heavily upon him. Mrs. Wildredge, who had just returned in her carriage from the country house of the Kittereges, even entered unperceived. She could not fail to observe the altered appearance of her husband, and, with the utmost gayety of her feelings, she remarked,

"Well, by your looks, husband, one would fear you were utterly ruined."

"I fear that my looks are but the index of the fatal truth I must tell you. Draw your chair nearer, Elizabeth—*Delande is a forger!* I have this day been compelled to draw upon the funds of the orphan children, and pay sixty-eight thousand dollars of their money to save Julia from disgrace by the world's knowing that her husband is a forger and a gambler."

"Gracious heavens, you astound me!"

"But how shall I tell you all? During the last year and a half, I have been compelled to pay such vast sums for the extravagance of Delande, that, coupled with the great losses I have experienced in business, it will be impossible for me longer to meet my payments. I have passed a year of the most unparalleled misery. But I can endure it no longer. I must make immediate provision to repay the money of the orphan children, and then failure is inevitable."

It would be useless to attempt to picture the emotions with which both husband and wife passed that night.

In the morning, Mr. Wildredge drove to the city at the usual business hour, bent upon one all-absorbing determination to provide means to replace the trust funds of the orphans, ere the final wreck of his fortunes should place it beyond his power to do so. But it seemed as if the fates were against him. Delande had taken a packet which sailed that morning for France. And it had been discovered on 'Change that forgeries, to the amount of forty or fifty thousand dollars more, had been perpetrated by him. As is ever the case in such an emergency, rumor had been busy with her thousand tongues. It was immediately known that Mr. Wildredge had drawn upon the trust fund of the orphans to pay former forgeries. Many of the enormous sums he had previously paid for Delande's defalcations were circulated about with all the exaggeration and coloring such an excited curiosity is ever sure to produce. To add to the agony of his misfortunes, Mr. Wildredge had large sums to pay that day, to meet bills; but, with the tide of exaggerated rumor which was rushing through the city, it was utterly impossible for him to do so; and he was compelled to submit to the dishonor of his paper, without being able to make any previous provision for the replacement of the funds belonging to the orphan children.

It was now at a period of commercial depression, and too soon was it ascertained that the failure brought utter ruin to the fortunes of the Wildredges. It was a sad fall. Who can paint the touching reverse of such a picture? It seemed as if their former high standing, and the troops of world-admirers who had attended their glittering career, were the most ardent of the causes now that pointed out the shortest route to escape the fallen family, in their utter ruin and desolation.

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It has been truly said that woman has more fortitude than man, under the most trying emergencies. Not much over a year elapsed, after the failure, when this truth began its illustration in the wife of the ruined merchant. We have seen Elizabeth Wildredge as the gay, thoughtless, fashion-seeking and ambitious member of the world of show, glitter and mistaken rivalry. But how changed now! At first, the unexpected failure of her husband struck her with consternation. But soon she began to be aroused. She looked back upon the past. Oh, what a history was it for her! Upon its every page, she saw the bitter rebukings of her own career, and the true woman was inspired. She saw that there was nothing left to them now. False friends had all flown away. Her husband was dispirited. In his career of prudential business, she had ever urged him to push forward, to rival the most dazzling adventurers, and now she felt certain she had been deeply to blame. Her father, who had been, of late years, overburthened with an expensive and extravagant family, brought up to do nothing, was now wholly unable to assist to recover her fallen fortunes.

For the first time in her life, she saw the world as it really was. It had been a most bitter experience to come to it, but she felt convicted they had been entirely upon a wrong route. From that hour, she was a resolved woman—stimulated with the true pride of making all the amends, for her great fault, which any womanly effort would in an honorable way permit her to achieve.

A half year more had passed away. Mr. Wildredge was now offered a situation as book-keeper in the mercantile house of Mr. Gray. He was glad to accept it; the salary was not large, to be sure, but it was most acceptable in the present condition of the fallen family.

They had taken a neat little cottage, in the suburbs

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of the city, for the purpose of squaring their expenditures to their scanty income. Mr. Wildredge was more cheerful, now that he had regular employment. He began to feel, too, the happy change that had come over the wife of his bosom. Besides, Julia was with them, and had been ever since the sad developments in regard to her worthless husband. She had been a deep sufferer from the disgrace, mortification and awful change which had followed the profligate and wicked career of Delande. But her mother was now a real mother to her. By her example of resignation, affection and devotion, Julia gradually became a changed being. With a good heart naturally—a pernicious and false system of education—the neglect of parental counsel in early life, and an almost total abandonment to her own wishes and will, had permitted Julia to grow up a thoughtless, untrained and unreflecting aspirant, in the false and delirious ways of the most artificial society even of the great metropolis itself. She had never been, in former days, the companion or confidante of her own mother. But that mother had seen the great error she had committed, and, yielding to no persuasion but that of the most fixed determination to repair, if possible, the deficiency of the past, she clung to her only daughter, with that warmth of zeal and purity of devotion which the true mother is alone capable of displaying. They were inseparable friends and companions now, and both had come to know that there is an inexhaustible mine of unalloyed happiness springing from the true relations of the mother and her daughter, and which unfolds its richest jewels only where there is an unceasing correspondence to develop the productive and priceless treasures of reciprocal affections.

It was now most obviously the single purpose of the mother not only to implant correct views of life in the mind of Julia, but, what was best of all, to carry out those principles into practical life, by her own example.

The labors of Mr. Wildredge were, likewise, most cheerfully yielded to, but, with his small salary, it was soon seen that they had no prospect of bettering their pecuniary situation. One evening, about a year after he had taken his situation as the book-keeper of Mr. Gray, they were sitting in the parlor of the sweet little cottage, which had now become the abode of real happiness. The conversation turned upon the excessive application which the observant and affectionate wife declared was too severe for her husband to perform.

"Now, Harry," she quickly added, "I hope you will not oppose us, for Julia and her mother have, for some time, been forming a plan to see what they can do toward earning their own pin-money."

"And what, pray, do you propose to do more than you now so faithfully accomplish?"

"Why, husband, we are going to set up a school; and we have already the daughters of six of our friends engaged to commence with."

"That you would find far more confining than is my situation as book-keeper, and I——"

"No, no, father, you cannot vote against us now, it is altogether too late for that. We are to be inaugurated next Monday, to begin our seminary in due form, and shall expect you to make the opening address on the occasion. You must make a virtue of necessity, therefore, and cast your vote in the affirmative."

The school was accordingly opened. Small as it was in the beginning, its successful progress soon proved what the determination of a persevering wife and her devoted daughter can accomplish. Their hearts were in it—and that is always the way to victory in any thing.

After the close of the first year, "Rose Hill School" progressed rapidly to fame. The acquaintances of the Wildredges, seeing the consecrated energy of Julia and her mother, were proud to aid forward their worthy and useful exertions. They appeared to join their daughters to the seminary as a privilege to themselves; and not six months of the second year passed away before Mrs. Wildredge was delighted that the number of her pupils required her to rent an adjacent and much more spacious dwelling to accommodate the school. From that time forward, it went gradually upward with wide-spread success, usefulness and fame, until it was but comparatively a few years more, when, in point of profit and respectability, there were few young ladies' seminaries in the country that would at all compare with it; and that was a proud moment for the active mother and her daughter.

It is a source of true happiness to win success in any worthy enterprise in which we feel that our talents are usefully and advantageously employed. If this truth was ever fully developed in any two individuals, their friends felt it was most triumphant in the felicity which reigned at "Rose Hill Cottage." By the gains of the successful seminary, they had this year purchased the abode in which they first commenced trying their womanly energies—and, by a judicious expenditure in architectural ornaments and taste, it was justly regarded now as one of the sweetest cottages which the delightful suburbs of the city afforded. The grounds were delightfully laid out, and ornamented; and if there was not so much richness, splendor and show as were to be seen at the magnificent country residence in which they resided in former days, there was incomparably more happiness. They had true and devoted friends now—those who loved, cherished and admired. There was no false show or artificial pride; but there were reality, simplicity, honest hearts and smiling faces. Few, indeed, are the fathers and husbands who are not made most happy by the proper devotion of their wives and daughters; and, as for Harry Wildredge, he was the happiest man living.

"We have taken two new scholars to-day, husband," remarked Mrs. Wildredge, as they were sitting under the balcony, one delightful summer's eve, inhaling the sweet perfume given out by the clustering honey suckles that had entwined themselves around and above.

"Come, father," added Julia, "can you guess who they are—when I tell you that in our young ladies'

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seminary, by especial privilege of the school, one of our new scholars is a boy—and we are determined to keep him permanently, too!"

"I think I shall not be able to conjecture, in that dilemma, my daughter, and so I will wait till your school assembles in the morning to ascertain."

"No, husband," said Mrs. Wildredge, as she came forward, leading in either hand a sweet little girl and boy; "I think your curiosity must not be so long postponed, and so may I introduce the orphan children of your deceased friend, as our future pupils?"

"God bless you, my wife and daughter!" exclaimed Mr. Wildredge, as a tear of gratitude stole down his happy face. "In this, you have indeed filled up my cup of human felicity."

"Yes, my husband, with God's blessing, if devotion can do it, will we endeavor to educate aright the widow's children—we will be a father and mother to them. From the first hour we commenced our school, we had the determination to receive them into it, the moment they should be old enough to come. That period has arrived—and it is, indeed, one of the happiest moments of my life."

Years rolled away, and most faithfully did they fulfill the pledge of that night.

The seminary continued to progress most prosperously, until it had again become indispensable to extend the dimension of its edifices, and multiply the number of assistant teachers, in almost every department.

To the fortunes of Mr. Wildredge there had come, likewise, an unexpected flood of success. Mr. Gray had for many years been pursuing commercial operations with unprecedented advantage. His business had greatly widened this year upon his hands, and, loving Mr. Wildredge as he would a brother, he proposed to receive him as a partner in his concern, giving a third of the profits of the entire business.

We have not named before that Mr. Gray was a bachelor, but it is far more gratifying to write it now, especially as we have a right to suppose the reader has become not a little interested in the fortunes of the devoted Julia. Almost from the time they removed to the neat little villa at "Rose Hill," Mr. Gray was a constant and intimate visiter there. The maker of his own fortunes, by prudence, straightforwardness and commercial integrity, he had, from the outset, taken a deep interest in beholding the delightful revolution which had come over the family of his early associate. But none had conjectured—not even the ancient maidens of their acquaintance—that his purpose was to propose for Julia; and in this, acting like the prudent merchant that he had ever shown himself, he kept his own secret of intended negotiation until the proper moment arrived. Then he first asked the consent of his partner in business—the next day, that of the principal of "Rose Hill Seminary," and last, "though not least," the same evening, that of her confidential adviser and associate. Julia said, "I have no objections, Mr. G., to the matrimonial copartnership, provided my dear parents, this time, approve the choice;" and to this the straightforward merchant was prepared promptly to reply. "Then we may as well seal the contract at as early a day as will suit your convenience, for I first obtained the approval of your father and mother."

The following morning, the whole family assembled to consult upon so important a change as the removal from office of the vice-presidentess of "Rose Hill School."

"I have only one objection, Mr. Gray, to the proposed change," said Mrs. Wildredge, "and that is, I hardly know how I am to submit to a separation of my children, for to me the departed widow's children are the same as my own. To them I owe a debt which I feel I never can repay, but, with such means as Providence has blessed me with, I shall, through my whole lifetime, do all in my power to make amends."

"Oh, my dear mother, I cannot find words to tell you, but this pestering old bachelor has anticipated us all. Would you believe it, last evening he insisted upon it—as a codicil to our marriage settlement, I suppose—that I was to become the mother of the orphan children, and they shall live with us as our children."

"That can never be, my dearest Julia, unless you take your mother with them—for, in my natural life, I shall never be separated from the orphan children."

"Nor shall you, my mother," quickly retorted Mr. Gray, "because I am never going to be separated from you. We are to live together. So be kind enough to make arrangements, as quickly as may be, to surrender your authority as presidentess of 'Rose Hill Seminary,' for you are henceforth to live with us, and act as the presidentess only of our household."

Never was there a family more united than the one which grew out of this propitious marriage. In ten years from the wedding-day, Mr. Wildredge had deposited with Mr. Gray the funds of the orphans, which he had expended in an hour of wild speculation and commercial embarrassment; and that night, as he gathered the whole family around him, in the sweet cottage of "Rose Hill," which had never been deserted, he kneeled before the altar of his God in devout thankfulness, feeling and acknowledging that this was indeed the happiest moment of his earthly existence.

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MY BIRCHEN BARQUE.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

My birchen barque, my birchen barque!
When Fortune's storms made Love a rover,
He shaped it for his own trim ark
To float Care's deluge gaily over.
Then leave the boasting pioneer
To hew his skiff from yonder pine,
And, dearest, with young love to steer,
Become a passenger in mine:
In swan-like grace thy form resembling—
With joy beneath thy sweet limbs trembling—
For lightsome heart, oh such a boat
On summer wave did never float!

Think'st thou, my love, that painted barge,
With gaudy pennt flaunting o'er her,
Could kiss, like *her*, the flowery marge
Nor break the foam-bells formed before her?
Look, sweet, the very lotus-cup,
Trembling as if with bliss o'erbrimmed,
Seemed now almost to buoy her up
As o'er the heart-shaped leaves we skimmed—
Those floating hearts, beside their flowers,
Half bear the boat and both of ours!
For lightsome heart, oh such a boat
On summer wave did never float.

SYMPATHY.

BY ERNEST HELFENSTEIN.

Smiles responsive meet our own,
And our griefs may tears beguile—
Question not if either one
Meet thy very tear or smile;
Thou hast touched a human chord
That alone should joy afford.

Dearest, lay thy hand in mine—
Meek and saint-like as thou art,
May the holiness of thine
Find its way unto my heart—
Pass through eyes, whose hallowed ray
Chaseth all of sin away.

Thus to sit with thee beside,
With thy truthful, earnest eyes—
Let the worst of fate betide,
This is snatched from Paradise—
This one hour will ever be
Brightest held in memory.

Thou dost nestle timid, meek,
Nestle like a gentle bird;
And confidingly dost seek
Answering glance for every word,
That, in cadence sweet and low,
From thy trusting lips doth flow.

Yet I feel that even now,
With thy nun-like hand to mine,
Only half my fevered brow
Doth its agony resign;
Still, alone, the weary heart
Bears its deep and hidden smart.

Upward cast are thy meek eyes,
Half reproachful, half in doubt;
And, with new and sad surprise,
Thou dost search my meaning out;
Now thy head dost thou incline,
Only half thy thoughts are mine!

Others wing themselves away,
Missions borne for thee alone,
And forever and alway
Hid from the beloved one—
Never quite the same to me
Are the joys that come to thee!

Many things the storm to-night
Bringeth home unto thy heart—
Thoughts that dim thy brow of light—
Yet in these I have no part,
Nor in the tear that dims thine eye,
Nor the heaving of that sigh.

Dearest, I reproach thee not,
Though the tear upon thy lid
Come from something half forgot,
Shadow-like in memory hid;
And the sigh come all unbidden,
E'en from thee its birth-place hidden.

We are left alone to bear
All of fate that 's dark and deep;
In our anguish and despair
Who with us can sit and weep?
We but mind them of a grief
Which in weeping finds relief.

'T is not ours—an older wo,
Smothered in the lapse of years,
And forgotten long ago,
Claimeth now a flood of tears.
Oh, beloved! thou wilt bear
Sorrows that I may not share.

'T is the lot of human kind!
But thy meek and truthful eyes,
Nor reproachful, nor unkind,
Turn from me unto the skies,
As instinctively to tell
Not *alone* we there shall dwell.

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THE CHOICE.

OR THE YOUNG BELLE AND THE BEL ESPRIT.

BY F. E. P., AUTHOR OF "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE."

Don't marry a charming woman
If you are a sensible man. *Old Song.*

"Well, Lucy," said Frank Tucker, "I think you and Charles Sullivan have flirted pretty well for one evening. In fact I do not know whether I am not called upon to offer you my congratulations. Is it a settled thing?"

"I cannot compliment you on your penetration, Frank," replied his cousin gaily, "or you would have seen that Sullivan's attentions are more than equally divided between Annette and myself."

"Nonsense!" rejoined he, "there can be no rivalship between you and Annette with such a man as Sullivan."

"And why not, pray?"

"Why not? Because Sullivan is a man of very superior mind; and although he may laugh and trifle with a girl like Annette, he is not seriously to be caught by such childish attractions as hers. A man of sense wants a companion, a woman who is capable of appreciating his powers, of entering into his views, of—"

"Pshaw! a man of talents wants no such thing. An ordinary man may, but an extraordinary one don't. What is the mind of the cleverest woman he knows to such a man as Sullivan, accustomed to come in collision daily with the acutest intellects of the bar? He wants a wife who admires and adores him, and that 's what he calls 'appreciation.' He is tired of talent, sick of learning, wearied with mental exertions, and there is a repose in Annette's sweet, *unthinking* face that is perfectly refreshing to him."

"You may talk as you please, Lucy, but I am not blind, though you would fain make me think so. Don't I see Sullivan turn to you when his eye sparkles with a new idea? When he becomes excited or interested in speaking of any of the public topics of the day, does he not involuntarily turn to you, no matter with whom he commenced the subject? Does he ever address such conversation to Annette?"

"Never, I admit," replied Lucy. "His witticisms, his brilliant thoughts are, as you say, all mine; but, if you observe a little more closely, you will also see that his compliments are all Annette's. In short, his *head* is mine, but his *heart* is hers. Her innocence, her *naïveté*, nay, even her ignorance, are charms to him, from the contrast to the hard-headed, clever men with whom he has been in contact all day. And very naturally. Clever men don't want clever women. Your ordinary man who can't amuse himself requires a woman who can. And your rather clever men like those who excite and rub up their intellects, and bring out and admire their witticisms. But men of real talent, who throw off their brilliancy as unconsciously as the sun does light and heat, because they can't help it, don't want women's wits to brighten them. Their imaginations are caught by novelty. They like women as we like children, for their beauty, grace and playfulness. What is the charm that renders childhood so captivating? Not its intelligence, surely, for there is no greater bore in the world than what is called an 'intelligent child,' with its 'sensible questions' and 'inquisitive mind.' No, its inarticulate accents, its prattling nonsense, its pretty ways, and newness to all that surrounds it. A woman has no business with talent."

"When I hear you misuse yours as I do, I am tempted to agree with you," rejoined Frank. "And so folly is a charm, is it?"

"When joined to a pretty face, most certainly," replied Lucy laughing; "and you know it as well as I."

"No such thing. A pretty face without intelligence is like a flower without perfume."

"Exactly," exclaimed Lucy. "Camelias, which bring the highest price of any flower in the conservatory. You could not have hit upon a better comparison, Frank. But to return to Sullivan and Annette. Now, mark my words, and give me credit hereafter for my penetration when the event fulfills my prophecy. It will be a match. I know, to careless observers, I would appear to be his object. He comes here after the day's business is ended, wearied and exhausted. He has been speaking perhaps all day in court, listened to with respect and attention by the judge, with admiration (in spite of themselves) by the opposite counsel, and delight by his own party. He has had a crowded court room for the arena, and been complimented by the first men of the day. He comes here wearied with excitement, fatigued in mind and exhausted in body. I, having been shut up all day, am fresh and bright, (modesty, avaunt!) longing for amusement, enter with spirit in the conversation which, as you say, produces flash upon flash from Sullivan; but he soon turns to Annette, as to 'tired nature's sweet restorer,' sure that she will never controvert his positions, never say 'I don't agree with you,' nor draw him into argument, nor force him into brilliancy."

"You think then that a man of sense chooses his

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wife as he chooses a flower, for her silent beauty, and never asks himself how she is fitted to pass through the trials and fulfill the duties of a long life. How she is calculated to take the head of his household, train up his children—"

"Heavens! Frank, how you preach! one would think you were in the pulpit already. Trials and duties! If men and women considered half they were to go through, I doubt whether there ever would be any marriages at all. And, besides, let me tell you, if people's hearts don't teach them their duties, and enable them to support their trials, their heads never will. A warm-hearted woman bears with vicissitudes cheerfully, for the sake of the husband she loves, and would fain chase the cloud from his brow, because it pains her to see it darkened with suffering; not because her understanding tells her that that is the wisest course to pursue. In fact, I think the weak woman has in this case decidedly the advantage over the sensible one, for *she* questions his embarrassments, sees into his difficulties, and consequently participates in his despondency; whereas she who blindly rests in ignorant confidence on her husband's ability to meet all things, reposes tranquilly in his responsibility, and half beguiles him of his anxieties by her sanguine trust in the future."

"And the children. Is their mother's folly to prove a blessing to them also?"

"Certainly," said Lucy smiling, "nature never does her work by halves. The same loving heart that leads her to think her husband the greatest man on earth, tells her that her children are her greatest happiness. She nurses them in sickness and watches them in health, making their home cheerful and their young lives happy, without torturing their childish brains with what they do not comprehend, nor anticipating in every infant fault the germ of future sin and sorrow. Give me, beyond every gift under heaven, a cheerful temper that confides in the future, and never sees an inch beyond its nose."

"And this is the training you would give immortal beings?"

"Yes; the best education of all others, that of example, worth all the precepts in the world."

"Capital special pleading in the cause of Folly, Lucy. Then, if I understand you rightly, you deem talent a misfortune, and that Providence mistakes in sometimes so endowing women. In short, that you would gladly yield that portion which has been too liberally bestowed upon yourself?"

"No, Frank," replied his cousin laughing; "you are very far now from rightly understanding me. Was not Rasselas 'consoled for the miseries of life, from a consciousness of the delicacy with which he felt, and the eloquence with which he bewailed them,' and am I to be more wise and less vain than the wisest of Eastern princes? But, jesting apart, I do think that intellectual superiority lessens a woman's chance in marriage, though, as Charles Lamb charmingly expresses it, 'it makes an incomparable old maid.'"

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Annette, and, after a little desultory chat, Frank took his leave, slowly retracing his steps to the seminary, pondering over his conversation with Lucy, with an excited mind and troubled heart. There had been much in that conversation that had both soothed and wounded his feelings in a manner his cousin had no conception of. She had proclaimed her conviction of Sullivan's preference of Annette with a sincerity and calmness that avouched her indifference toward him, and his jealous heart had caught the assurance with delight; but then, at the same time, she had expressed an admiration of his talents, a pleasure in his society, that told him that the indifference proceeded from that conviction alone. Might she, too, not be mistaken in that belief? was a question he asked himself again and again. Could it be possible that the being he so idolized could be thus carelessly passed by by one who might have won her if he would, for to that fact he could not blind himself. If she was heart-whole it was only because she was clear-headed, as he saw, felt and knew that Charles Sullivan was of all others, the man most calculated to win her enthusiastic affections. Even were it as she had stated, what hope could there be for him. Had she not spoken with careless contempt of the admiration of "ordinary men," of those inferior minds that "required women's wit to brighten them?" Had she not shown that she only valued that devotion which she believed was beyond her reach? And yet could it be? Annette preferred to Lucy? To his excited imagination the thought seemed incredible, and he was in no state of mind calmly to review the different positions of Sullivan and himself, and feel that the charms which to his taste were insipid and vapid, were to the other refreshing and delightful. He passed his days in poring over musty tomes on solemn subjects in the seclusion of a student's chamber, and came in contact but with those whose lives were spent in the same round of monotonous duties and unexciting studies. When, therefore, he passed from this tranquil atmosphere to his uncle's house, the life, the music, the animation of the scene was almost dazzling to him. More than all, the playful wit, the fire-fly allusions, scarce caught ere vanished, the varied information and sparkling grace of his lively cousin cast a charm over the whole that the heart of the poor student had no power to repel. The youthful graces and childlike *naïveté* of Annette, so captivating to the world-worn Sullivan, had no spell for one so fresh and untutored as Frank Tucker, and he could scarce believe, much less comprehend, the charm that led the acute lawyer and brilliant orator to prefer the "flower to the gem," when that jewel, too, so prized, was within his reach. But such is the force of contrast. To the eye of the careless observer, the youthful beauty, simple tastes, and tranquil character of the one would have seemed more naturally to attract the retired student than the more brilliant but less gentle graces of the other. While the man of talent would have been expected to turn to her who could appreciate his powers, sympathize in his tastes, and glory in his reputation.

Men, however, do not choose for themselves as others would choose for them; and hence arises the never failing wonder and exclamations that every third marriage gives rise to.

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CHAPTER II.

Whether chance or choice have most to do in the weighty concerns of love and matrimony, is at bottom a question as whether chance or skill have most influence upon a game of backgammon. *The Doctor.*

"How handsome Sullivan looked last night, Annette," said Lucy to her cousin.

"Handsome," said Annette, looking up in astonishment. "Do you think him handsome?"

"Certainly," replied Lucy. "I consider him as one of the handsomest men I know. I never saw eyes that light with such brilliancy, or a countenance that changes with such a variety of ever-shifting expression as his when he is animated. His pale forehead and black hair—"

"Black," said Annette laughing, "I rather think you mean gray—"

"Is he gray?" asked her cousin with some surprise. "I never noticed that. But what though 'middle age has slightly pressed her signet sage' upon his locks and brow, surely his countenance retains all the fire of youth with the thought of maturer years. That is one of the charms and advantages of a gifted and cultivated intellect. It keeps a man always young."

"May be," rejoined Annette, "but they look as old as others, for all that."

"Then," continued Lucy, "Sullivan has such a pleasant smile, and his teeth are brilliantly white."

"Yes!" answered Annette, "his teeth are white, though his mouth is large," and she added with more earnestness, "he dresses most shabbily."

Lucy here laughed outright. "Well, no matter for his dress, Annette; you can reform all that after you are married, for to that end I see you will come at last."

Annette blushed deeply at this, while she looked gratified. In a few minutes she began again with great simplicity and frankness—

"I wonder, Lucy, he does not prefer you to me. You take an interest in all those sensible subjects that he is engaged in, and that tire me to death so. I should think—"

"But surely, Annette," interrupted Lucy, "you do not tire of him?"

"Oh no," she replied with animation, "he amuses me excessively—"

At this moment the door opened, and before Lucy had more than time for a passing thought of surprise at the epithet "amusing" only being bestowed upon one so superior by her he evidently preferred, when she was called upon to receive the subject of their discussion. And while he was occupied in some trifling conversation, addressed to Annette, Lucy had time to verify the justness of her cousin's criticisms on his person, and to notice, for the first time, that his hair was slightly tinged with silver, and his mouth large. Moreover, there were lines of care and thought upon his brow, not usually traced before middle age, and she could not but smile to herself to find how much more accurate were the observations of one who, though not so quick witted as herself, was neither carried away by enthusiasm nor misled by imagination. But are we not wrong? Does imagination mislead? Is it not rather a quickener of the perceptions to what the more obtuse are blind, a *clairvoyant* rather than a mystifying faculty?

Be that as it may. Sullivan talked on, unconscious of the scrutiny he was undergoing by Lucy, who, for the first time, directed her attention to a subject that had given rise to some grave and anxious thoughts in the mind of the more youthful beauty to whom he was now addressing his conversation. As she turned her eyes from him to Annette, and saw the confiding and artless air with which she gazed into his face, the softened and gratified expression with which she listened to what Lucy knew she did not comprehend, she did not wonder at his infatuation, although she sighed as she said to herself, "an inferior man would have done for her just as well."

There was a pause just then, and Annette told him that she had finished a work he had lent her a few days before, (the memoirs of one of the reigning sovereigns of Europe,) which she now returned him.

"You must have been pleased with it, as you have read it so rapidly," he said.

"Oh!" she replied with the utmost *naïveté*, "I skipped all the politics, and you know the rest is not long."

"You skipped all the politics!" said Sullivan, with infinite amusement. "Well, you were right. I wish I could skip the world's politics as easily," and he laughed heartily.

Lucy now joined in the conversation, and they had some badinage and chat upon the news of the day and the ordinary subjects of fireside conversation; but whenever it waxed at all serious, or touched a higher theme, Sullivan would laughingly exclaim, "But let us follow Miss Dashwood's example, and skip politics," and then he would look at her with such an expression of mingled merriment and tenderness, as if he fairly delighted in her nonsense, that Lucy began almost to think in her heart that the man was a fool. Mrs. Dashwood now called upon her daughter to take the head of the tea-table, and other company dropping in afterward, Lucy had no further conversation with Sullivan, who now wholly devoted himself to Annette, with an earnestness there was no mistaking, and Lucy felt that in a few weeks it would probably be a declared engagement. She could not acknowledge it to herself without some regret, for she felt that he was perhaps the only man she had ever seen who would have suited her entirely. One whom she could have looked up to—been proud of—loved. She was not, however, a woman to sigh for one who did not care for her, being no heroine, but a clever, spirited girl, and when, in the course of a few weeks, Annette with blushes and smiles called upon her for her congratulations, she could give them frankly and cordially.

"You have every reason to be a proud and happy woman, dear Annette, and most earnestly do I hope you may both be as happy as you deserve to be."

"I will do all I can to make him so," said Annette, fervently. "I am sure it was very good in him to choose me when he might have had——" You, she was going to say, but something whispered even to her simplicity that she had better finish her sentence

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otherwise; "when," she added, "he might have had almost any body he pleased."

"But I hope it is not that alone that induces you to accept him, Annette. You love him, I trust. Don't you?"

"Some," she replied, blushing as she smiled, and Lucy saw that it was truly only "some." She was flattered, gratified, grateful, but could scarcely be said to be in love. There was none of the enthusiasm of attachment one would have expected such a man to call forth, and which he would have excited in one of more congenial mind and suitable character. But on that score Lucy felt no uneasiness. She knew Annette to be a sweet tempered, affectionate creature, who must love those around her, and that the kindness of her husband would win a degree of devotion her imagination could never call up for a lover.

"You have heard of the engagement," said Lucy, a few evenings after, to Frank Tucker, as she glanced at Annette and Sullivan on the opposite side of the room. "You remember I told you some time since how it would end."

"Is it indeed declared?" said Frank, eagerly, and he gazed earnestly in her face, with an inquiring, half joyous expression that somewhat puzzled Lucy, but she answered,

"Yes; she referred him to papa, for you know she is an orphan, and, of course, he joyfully gave his consent. Charles Sullivan is a man to whom any woman may safely trust her happiness, and we can commit Annette to his care with full and perfect confidence."

The animation and frankness with which she spoke perfectly reassured Frank, and his countenance lit up with such a look of unspeakable relief, and so peculiar was the expression that sparkled in his eyes, that a suspicion which had never crossed her mind before now flashed upon Lucy with all the certainty of truth. "I'll quickly put that idea out of his head," was her mental ejaculation, as she changed the conversation to a more indifferent subject.

In the course of the evening, Lucy caught the epithet "old maid" from Annette's lips, and, without having attended to what it had reference in the previous discussion, said, gaily,

"Take care, Annette. Speak with more respect of the sisterhood, if you please."

"Why?" said Annette. "Surely," she added, with that tone of horror and contempt peculiar to young girls when speaking of that much despised class; "surely you have no idea of being an old maid, Lucy?"

"Indeed I have, Annette. I have a strong sympathy and great respect for them, individually and collectively. 'An old maid' signifies, to my ears, a woman who has been either too romantic or too refined to accept any body rather than have nobody. For I suppose you will admit, Annette, that any one can get some one, if it is a matter their hearts are very much set on."

Annette looked, however, as if she was very doubtful about assenting to that proposition, and Lucy continued,

"For my part, I think *old maidism* truly a state of single blessedness, and have no idea of changing my present estate for any body I have ever yet seen. Don't be frightened, Annette, for if any phœnix falls in love with me, I don't say I am armed at all points against him, only that, at present, I think the prospect very small."

"Frank saw her object, for she spoke without coquetry, and though playfully yet earnestly, and his heart sunk within him, his manner became grave and sad, and Lucy seemed inattentive and unobservant. He did not visit there for some time after that, and when he came again, though received kindly, she never questioned his unusual absence, and he felt that it were wiser not to come again.

And now the preparations for the marriage were beginning, and Annette's young heart was as happy as finery, consequence and a lover could make it. Sullivan longed for the time when it would all be over, and he had his pretty little wife in his own quiet home, and wondered why a woman could not get married without a host of new dresses, as if she had never been in possession of more than two at a time before; but, nevertheless, he submitted with a good grace to all the necessary delays, and unnecessary consultations, and playfully gave his decision for the white bonnet over the pink, when seriously referred to for his opinion by Annette. At last, the important day did arrive, and a lovelier bride nor happier bridegroom are rarely seen. Some said there was rather a disparity in their ages, and others thought more of the dissimilarity of minds, but all admitted that she was beautiful and he clever, and most people were perfectly satisfied with the match, which is a great matter on such occasions, as the public, generally taking a lively interest in what don't concern them, are apt to make their disapprobation heard when felt.

The wedding over, the bride was soon settled in all the consequence of a first-rate establishment, and visiters flocked in crowds to call on the young girl who, as the orphan niece of Mr. Dashwood, they had called "a pretty little creature," without farther attention. But now, as the wife of one of the first lawyers at the bar and most distinguished members of the community, she was caressed and courted; and invitation followed invitation with a rapidity that delighted the young beauty, and even gratified her more sober husband. Sure of his own standing, and conscious of his own powers, he had no vanity for himself; but when he saw his consequence reflected back upon him, in the attentions bestowed upon his young and lovely wife, the dignity of man yielded, and he was flattered. Night after night did he follow her to crowded assemblies, and stand wedged in door-ways for the pleasure of seeing her the fairest, best dressed and most courted of those gay throngs. But the season ended, she willingly returned to quiet domestic life, loving her husband with her whole heart for his generous pride and kind indulgence for all her little whims.

The first months of Annette's marriage passed somewhat slowly with Lucy, for she missed her ever cheerful spirits and sweet temper, and, moreover,

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there was now no brilliant Sullivan forming a part of their evening circle, with whom to have occasionally a skirmish of wits, and she sometimes sighed to see a clever man, and longed for a little more excitement than the daily routine of city life affords. But gradually things subsided to their former quiet, and she almost forgot the time when it had been otherwise. Frank Tucker continued to visit there, from time to time, but if he entertained any "hopes they were hopeless," for even Annette was convinced that Lucy would die an "old maid" rather than marry cousin Frank.

After the first few months of the marriage, time again flew rapidly on; and the first year had gone, and the second was half through, when one evening, as Frank was at his uncle's, Lucy said,

"Frank, if you have no engagements, will you walk with me to Sullivan's—I am going there to tea?"

"I will with pleasure," he replied; and, as she took his arm, he said,

"How does that experiment succeed? for, do you know, I always felt as if Sullivan was running a fearful risk. It appeared to me that he must one day awake from his infatuation, and tremble for the result."

"You were very much mistaken then, for Sullivan loves his wife as well as when he married her, and she loves him a thousand times better; for then she was only pleased and flattered, but now her whole heart and soul is her husband's."

As they entered Sullivan's, they found Annette sitting by the fire-light, with her baby in her arms, while her husband was asleep on one of the sofas. Lights were rung for, and the master of the house quickly roused himself, apologizing to his guests, saying he had been in court all day, and was much fatigued.

"Ah," said Lucy; "I heard you made a great speech this morning, and," turning to Annette; "it was in the great Will case, was it not?"

"Indeed, I do not know," she said, looking with equal pride and affection at her husband. "Yes, I suppose it was, for I heard him say he was engaged in that cause."

"On which side is he?" continued Lucy.

"That is more than I know," rejoined the wife, as she held her rosy infant to receive its father's kiss, ere she dismissed it for the evening, when he playfully said,

"No, she neither knows nor cares. Thank Heaven, when I come home I leave my law behind me. Annette don't insist on my fighting my battles over again."

"That is too bad," exclaimed Lucy, "to marry a man of talents and have none of the benefit of his brilliancy. It is the old story of buying punch over again," she added, laughing.

As she looked around, the bright tea-table and the general air of comfort announced that Mrs. Sullivan was a good housekeeper, and her joyous and beaming face told that she was a happy wife. Could her husband be otherwise than satisfied? No, even Frank saw content and affection marked in every feature of his speaking face.

"Are you satisfied now," said Lucy, as they walked home. A comfortable, well-ordered house, a pretty, cheerful wife, and a lovely child—what can the heart of man desire more."

Frank looked as if he would have liked to give his views upon the subject, but meeting no answering look of encouragement, he found himself constrained to agree "that a clever man did not want a clever wife."

TO THE MEMORY OF A FRIEND.

Go, saint beloved; thy toils, thy sufferings o'er,
Enjoy that perfect bliss denied below;
Go, and with angels on a happier shore
Reap the rich recompense of every woe.

From mortal darkness to the throne of day,
Ah! never did a purer spirit rise,
More meekly firm, more innocently gay,
More humbly good, or charitably wise.

When life's last anguish wrung thy wasted frame,
Still brighter beamed the triumph of thy mind;
From thy pale lips no sighs, no murmurs came,
No grief, except for those thou left'st behind.

Yet still we weep the daughter, sister, friend,
Snatched, in life's morn, untimely from our eyes;
Oh, teach us then, as o'er thy tomb we bend,
To trace thy steps and join thee in the skies.

V. T.

THE UNNAMED.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

Upon a mountain's summit
Might I but stand with thee,
And all the vales and forests
Spreading beneath us see—
There might I show around thee
How Spring made earth divine,
And say—were this my heritage
It were both name and thine.

Down, deep into my spirit
O couldst thou only see
Where all the songs are sleeping
Which God hath given to me,
Then wouldst thou know most truly
If I aright have striven,
And though I may not name thy name,
All life to me thou 'st given.

C. F. C.

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A WORD UPON CONCEITEDNESS.

BY ELIZABETH OKES SMITH, AUTHOR OF "THE SINLESS CHILD," ETC.

A WOMAN may pardon many errors in manhood, but she will never pardon those that spring from vanity nor conceitedness; any modification of these is, in her eyes, the "unpardonable sin" of a man, the "great gulf" lying between him and love, the "black flag" upon the high seas of society, which is entitled to no quarter.

We will not go into analysis, such being the fact; but it may be that she has an innate consciousness that vanity is her own especial foible; the right and prerogative of her own sex; the little woman weakness half bordering upon a grace; the cloud that gives birth to the rainbow, so flexible, so amiable, so nearly engaging are the lighter manifestations of the fault.

But conceitedness, that quality of combined self-love and vanity by which a man believes himself to be just the thing, killing, irresistible, the not-to-be-withstood subduer of hearts, not only excites her contempt, but harmless spirit of revenge. Her pride of sex is aroused; she becomes a champion, the penalty she inflicts, however absurd or spiteful it may be, is administered in behalf of, and in the pride of womanhood.

A man may be a worshiper of the sex; he may pour out his devotions before one, even till his best manhood, the majesty of his nature be half subverted, and he is yet a subject of interest; but let this idolatry become introversive, let a woman detect a complacent self-gratulation, a conceited fondness, and he may

> "Give his mind to form a sonnet quaint,
> Of Silvia's shoe-string, or of Chloe's fan,
> Or sweetly fashioned tip of Celia's ear,"

and it is all the same to him, no woman will "listen to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

This conceitedness is altogether opposed to that nobler self-reliance, that manly egotism which wins so much upon the admiration of a woman. Indeed, she may tyrannize, she may be petulant and unreasonable, but she is inwardly gratified when a man is tolerant of her whimsies, but unmoved thereby. There is something in her nature, a beautiful sentiment of reverence, it may be, that makes her half willing to be wooed in the style of the Vikings of old; her love well nigh challenged; her troth demanded, not only as her glory, but his right. It is as the eagle taking the dove to its nest, and spreading its broad wing to protect; for in this doth she recognize power, and willingly, like the vine, doth she meekly, yet confidingly, send forth her tendrils of affection in the strong shadow of the oak. All this implies the absence of self; the possession of power, exercised to sustain; of power that becomes stronger, even that the true and the beautiful rely thereon.

Spite of the cruelty, the cool malice of Shakspeare's Maria, every woman enters heartily into the real spirit of the saucy waiting woman, whereby she promises to make the steward "a common recreation," to "gull him into a nay-word," all because, in the fullness of his conceit, he has whispered,

> "Maria once told me she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion."

Ah, foolish Malvolio,

> "Yonder, i' the sun,
> Practicing behavior to his own shadow."

Maria is beholding thee, and already plotting to mortify thy self-love with which the gentle Olivia hath heretofore reproached thee.

> "Oh, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite."

We forget the redeeming traits of the poor steward, his honest zeal in behalf of his mistress, his indignant rebuke of her uproarious kinsman—

> "Do you make an ale-house of my Lady's house? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?"

and only remember Malvolio, the coxcomb, assured in his own mind of the favor of the ready-witted maid, and now presuming to look higher.

Maria bethinks herself of all the courteous speeches she may have uttered that have been thus wrested from their intention; all the saucy witticisms devoured as the gravest truths; all the absurd nonsense demurely expressed; in short, all the mockery of female attractiveness that served but to swell the self-love of the conceited Malvolio; exulting in fun and mischief, confident of success, and full of resources, she exclaims,

> "Here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling." *Malvolio.*—"To be Count Malvolio!"
>
> . . . . . .

Here is example for it;

> "The Lady Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe."

On this hint, Maria writes a letter, and leaves it in the pathway of the credulous steward, whereby the penmanship of her mistress is aptly imitated, and many ambiguous hints thrown out, as to his being beloved by one of superior estate. A course of conduct is recommended, and hints as to dress, all of which the deluded Malvolio obeys to the letter.

Olivia is mourning the death of her brother, at the same time that her grief is not too absorbing to render her invulnerable to new wounds, coming in the shape

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of a pretty youth of her own sex, disguised in doublet and hose. She says—

"Where is Malvolio? he is sad and civil,
And adapted to my fortunes."

Then cometh this sad and civil steward, "smiling more lines than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies," accoutred in "yellow stockings," and "cross-gartered." Olivia is amazed, and readily adopts the hint of the mischievous waiting maid, that

"The man is tainted in his wits."
Olivia.—"Sniff'st thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion."

Malvolio replies, with much feeling,

"I could be sad; this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering."

Malvolio is, at length, righted, but not till Mara has had him well punished for his foolish conceit and presumption.

Love is always arbitrary; like the wind, it bloweth where it listeth.

"Love gives itself, and is not bought."

Thousands barter manhood, fame, glory, all the true and the beautiful that should appertain to humanity, and yet win but the semblance of love, perhaps not even that. Let the sex regard it as an axiom, that no man wins upon the regard of a true woman, by compromising his own manly self-respect; by adapting himself to her fancies, or, as Shakspeare hath it, by wearing "yellow stockings," and going "cross-gartered," in the hope to please.

THE MEETING.

BY MRS. M. T. W. CHANDLER.

Oh! Harry, don't ask me to go—
I really can scarcely refuse,
And yet, it perplexes me so,
I hardly know *which* way to choose.
Though our meetings, by stealth, we now snatch,
In the grove just behind the old stile,
I'm sure Pa'll consent to the match,
If you'll only have patience awhile.

He always was hard to persuade,
And now he's so cross with the gout,
That pain and ill humor have made
His denial just ten times *more* stout—
But, oh! I'm the only one left
Of his children, to soothe his decay—
Of his daughter, dear Harry, bereft,
How cheerless and dark were his way.

Aunt says you are poor and too young,
To Pa she has told the same things—
I wish she would just hold her tongue,
For nothing but trouble she brings.
But, oh! if you only would wait
A year, dearest Harry, or two,
No change need you fear in your Kate,
She'll ever be constant to you.

Your miniature, Harry, I keep
On the chain round my neck all the time—
With it pressed to my bosom I sleep,
(Aunt would think it a terrible crime.)
Don't fancy your pleadings I slight,
But ask me no more, love, to rove,
And—I'll meet you, dear Harry, to-night
Just behind the old stile in the grove.

THE TOLL BRIDGE.

BY T. B. READ.

Come, Mary, rest thy hand in mine,
Sit nearer to my side,
I'll tell thee, love, what were my thoughts
When crossing yonder tide.

'T was solitary, long and cold,
The bridge I trod to-night;
Three half fed lamps shone ghostly pale
And gave a fitful light.

The river moaned all sullenly,
With never ceasing flow,
The yawning planks displayed, between,
The ebon flood below.

Grim figures moved beside me there
With solemn noiseless tread;
But when I breathed thy name, my love,
How fast those shadows fled.

The echoes of my hurrying feet
Like heralds ran before,
And bade the toll'ring toller gray
Stand ready at the door.

When gazing on the old man's face,
All scarred with age and strife,
I could but think of him who stands
Beside the bridge of Life.

The bridge to the eternal shore
Time ceaseless rolls beneath,
And all who tread that cheerless way
Must pay the toll-man, Death.

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

No IX.

Yours truly

C. Hoffmann

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—NO. IX.

CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

THE Dublin University Magazine, for August, in a review of "The Poets and Poetry of America," published by one of us last year, speaks correctly of Hoffman as the best song writer of the United States. In the styles of Suckling, or Moore, or Beranger, no one excels him, to say nothing of the style of our contributor himself. "He is a true disciple of Christopher North, in his sporting propensities," says our over-the-water cotemporary, "and we are half inclined to like the fellow better than the whole Yankee crew of them. There runs through his dashing numbers an *aristocracy* of soul and sentiment, pleasing from its rareness: the cavalier's feather waves so gaily among the roundhead multitude that we hail the wearer as nearer our old world sympathies, by a 'gentleman-like distance.'" Ditto to all but the transatlantic affinities. Had the author of "Charles O'Malley" been the poet's college chum and after-life associate, he could not have read him in the main more correctly.

Charles Fenno Hoffman is now about thirty-seven, though from his appearance one would think him younger by some dozen years. Inman's portrait—admirably copied by Dick—presents him to the life, in his sporting trim, as he returned a few years ago from the forests and the prairies. The name FENNO he derives from his maternal grandfather, a distinguished politician of the federal party in this city, during the administration of Washington. His father's family came to New York from Holland, before the days of Peter Stuyvesant, and have ever held an honorable position in the state. His father, in his younger days, was often the successful competitor of Hamilton, Burr, Pinckney, and other professional giants, for the highest honors of the legal forum, and his brother, the Hon. Ogden Hoffman, still maintains the family reputation at the bar.

When six years old, young Hoffman was sent to a Latin grammar school in New York, from which, at the age of nine, he was transferred to the Poughkeepsie Academy, a seminary upon the Hudson, about eighty miles from the city, which at that time enjoyed great reputation. The harsh treatment he received here induced him to run away, and his father, finding that he had not improved under a course of severity, did not insist upon his return, but placed him under the care of an accomplished Scottish gentleman in one of the rural villages of New Jersey. During a visit home from this place, when about twelve years of age, he met with an injury which involved the necessity of the immediate amputation of his right leg, above the knee. The painful circumstances are minutely detailed in the New York "Evening Post," of the 25th of October, 1817, from which it appears, that while, with other lads, attempting the dangerous feat of leaping aboard a steamer as she passed a pier, under full way, he was caught between the vessel and the wharf. The steamer swept by, and left him clinging by his hands to the pier, crushed in a manner too frightful for description. This deprivation, instead of acting as a disqualification for the manly sports of youth, and thus turning the subject of it into a retired student, seems rather to have given young Hoffman an especial ambition to excel in swimming, riding, etc., to the still further neglect of perhaps more useful acquirements. At fifteen he entered Columbia College, and here, as at preparatory schools, was noted rather for success in gymnastic exercises than in those of a more intellectual character. His reputation, judging from his low position in his class, contrasted with the honors that were awarded him by the college societies at their anniversary exhibitions, was greater with the students than with the faculty, though the honorary degree of Master of Arts, conferred upon him under peculiarly gratifying circumstances, after leaving the institution in his third or junior year, without having graduated, clearly implies that he was still a favorite with his *alma mater*.

Immediately after leaving college—being then eighteen years old—he commenced the study of the law with Harmanus Bleecker, of Albany, now *Charge d'Affaires* of the United States at the Hague. When twenty-one, he was admitted to the bar, and in the succeeding three years he practiced in the courts of the city of New York. During this period he wrote anonymously for the New York American—having made his first essay as a writer for the gazettes while in Albany—and soon after we believe became associated with Charles King in the editorship of that paper. Certainly he gave up the legal profession, for the successful prosecution of which he appears to have been unfitted by his love of books, society and the rod and gun, and since that time has devoted his attention almost constantly to literature. In 1833, for the benefit of his health, he left New York on a traveling tour for the "far west," and his letters, written during his absence and first published in the American, were afterward included in his "Winter in the West," of which the first impression appeared in New York in 1834, and the second soon after in London. This work has passed through many editions, and it will continue to be popular so long as graphic descriptions of scenery and character, and richness and purity of style, are admired. His next work, "Wild Scenes in the Forest and the Prairie," was first printed in 1837, and, like its predecessor, it contains many ad-

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mirable pictures of scenery, inwoven with legends of the western country, and descriptive poetry. A new American edition of this popular book has recently been published in New York. It was followed by a romance entitled "Greyslaer," founded upon the famous criminal trial of Beauchamp, for the murder of Colonel Sharpe, the Solicitor-General of Kentucky—the particulars of which, softened away in the novel, are minutely detailed in the appendix to his "Winter in the West." "Greyslaer" was a successful work—two editions having appeared in New York, one in Philadelphia, and a fourth in London, in the same year. It placed the author in the front rank of American novelists. He describes in it, with remarkable felicity, American forest-life, and savage warfare, and gives a truer idea of the border contests of the Revolution than any formal history of the period that has been published.

The Knickerbocker Magazine was first issued under his editorial auspices, and he subsequently became the proprietor of the American Monthly Magazine, (one of the ablest literary periodicals ever published in this country;) and during the long term of which he was the chief editor of this journal, he also for one year conducted the New York Mirror, and wrote a series of zealous papers in favor of international copyright, for the New Yorker, the Corsair and other journals.

The last volume which Mr. Hoffman gave to the public is "The Vigil of Faith and other Poems," published about a year ago. His other recent compositions have all appeared in the pages of this magazine. The "Vigil of Faith" is a thrilling story of Indian life, the scene of which is among the Adirondack mountains, and it is related in rapid octosyllabic verse, of all kinds best adapted to the stirring border legend. A more complete and elegant edition of his poetical writings we understand will be published during the present autumn.

How it happened we could never imagine—since public offices are in these days so invariably the reward of partisan service, and our contributor has as little to do with politics as demagogues have usually to do with letters—but he holds an important position in the Custom House, where he sits, day by day, as patiently as sat Charles Lamb at his desk in the India House.

The following most graphic and truthful description of Hoffman is from a private letter addressed by a common friend of our contributor and ourselves to a gentleman in Boston, and being shown to us during a recent visit in that city, we obtained permission to print it in this connection. It is one of the cleverest pieces of character-writing we have seen in a long time, and will make our readers as familiar with the *man* as they already are with the author.

"So you want to know all about C. F. H? Well, I'll try to give you an idea of him, while, all unconscious of *any* sinning, he is sitting at the receipt of customs, remitting certain duties, but not one, I'll be bound, claimed by 'fair woman or brave man.' I must premise, however, that you'll be sadly disappointed. It is evident, from your letter, that the *author*, and not the *man*, is the prominent idea in your mind. From sympathizing in the vein of my friend's verses and enjoying his graphic descriptions of scenery, you have amused yourself by drawing an intellectual portrait, the fidelity of which you would have me acknowledge. Now, grieved as I am to mar your complacency, I shall do no such thing, for the very outline of your sketch is unjust to the original. He is not one to be so 'perked up.' It would be, indeed, a 'golden sorrow' to him to wear even a laurel crown. He is not one of your one-sided, self-absorbed beings who manage to thrust an incidental attribute between their manhood and the world. No; he pretends to nothing but humanity. He is content to be a man, and you can pay him no more equivocal compliment than by betraying any witless consciousness of his pen-craft. A lance would be quite as native to his hand as that little instrument of a tribe 'whose badge is sufferance.' He hath as cordial a preference for the living tree over the 'dead wood of the deck' as Elia himself. No lines (not even Moore's) are more to his fancy than the angler's. The rustling of forest leaves is quite as beguiling to him as that of quartos; and the beaming of a woman's eye far more winsome than the light of science. You have mistaken your man, my good friend. He looks not on life through the spectacles of an author, but according to the dictates of sympathy. His relish for nature, to one accustomed to observe character, gives a key to many other traits. It is a disposition usually found in combination with frankness and a certain noble enthusiasm of character. Whoever takes true delight in the outward world, and passes not unheeded the picturesque oak-clump or the sunny upland—whoever follows, with a glance of interest, the spring-bird's flight, or echoes with plaintive whistle his autumnal note, will generally be found superior to selfish art and conventional thraldom. Some recent phrenologist recognized an organ of rural taste. It must be large in Hoffman. Mark the pleasant detail with which his sketches of travel abound. Whether at the sources of the Hudson, in the far West, on lake or prairie, amid woodland or moor, observe how he dwells upon every feature and makes you see the verdant knoll and tangled brushwood—scent the crushed pine-leaves as you tramp the forest, and hear the plash of the startled deer as he gains the water. The beauties of the North River have found no more ardent chronicler, and a more cheerful loiterer never dreamed upon its banks. Were he monarch of the Empire state, like the Goth of old, he would choose a last resting-place in the bed of that noble stream. I confess it is delightful to me to find an American capable of genuine local attachment. The author of 'Greyslaer' was evidently inspired by the scene of his story; and the same Knickerbocker instinct doubtless led him, during the past winter, to rescue, in an able lecture, the memory of Jacob Leisler—one of New York's bravest and most calumniated patriots—from unmerited forgetfulness. It is this sympathy for native subjects which rendered 'A Winter in the Far West' and 'Wild Scenes in the Forest and Prairie' so acceptable in England. They not only give true pic-

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tures, but are, for the most part, written *con amore*. Many of the peculiarities of our landscape and border life are mirrored with remarkable fidelity in their pages. It is always charming to be with an earnest companion—one whose heart is in his work. This is the true secret of successful authorship. Without it there can be no glow or life-like touches; and, for one, give me Charles Lamb to muse with over old English authors and actors—Bryant as an interpreter in the meditative air of twilight, when the 'Evening Wind' arises, and the lone 'Waterfowl' skims along the horizon—Byron and Rogers for *ciceroues* in Italy; but, to cheer my way and guide my eye in a morning walk by my native groves and streamlets, I ask no more genial comrade than Hoffman.

"Recognition is perhaps the rarest of blessings. Yet how ardently is it craved by the man of true feeling! To be known and felt *as we are*, to call forth a legitimate echo, to secure a hearty response—this it is which alike incites the lover and the bard. A great German writer says, but very few readers are capable of understanding 'the law of a production.' In the laudatory notices bestowed upon our own authors, the indiscriminate terms employed too plainly indicate how seldom it is deemed interesting 'to pluck out the heart of their mystery.' I have seen but one review of 'Greyslaer,' and that in a foreign journal, which recognizes the principle it illustrates in common with many of the author's prose writings—I mean that

> "There's a divinity that ever shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will."

It is true, however, that we instinctively demur at the hero's destiny in closing the romance, feeling that one so devoted to a lofty and absorbing sentiment richly deserved a better reward than the late and almost accidental possession of a bride, in loyalty to whom his deepest sentiment was so bravely expended. The union of manly faith with a gentle spirit, the intellectual with the genial, the *fortiter in re* with the *suaviter in modo*, strikes me as the prevailing idea which is variously manifested throughout the best production of Hoffman, and, I may add, the most individual phases of his character.

"Now, don't begin your usual homily upon my partial temper. I have a reason, if forsooth you must have one, for this preference. I sympathize chiefly with the spontaneous. None of your worked-up moral processes for me. I leave them all to men of creeds and systems. Let me repose beside the gushing spring, and you are welcome to vegetate in the formal neighborhood of any canal you like. The 'good creature I present to you' is spontaneous in mind, manner and feeling. Thence the greater part of his poetry consists of songs—some of them the best written in America. Has your blood never been stirred by the 'Myrtle and Steel,' or your heart won by 'Rosalie Clare?' There is a lyrical flow about the man. From the abundance of his heart he speaks, —a kind of language growing daily more rare. You unfortunately enjoy not his discourse, which, I do assure you, is very limpid and cordial. His rhymes, however, are in the same direct and glowing vein. You have, for instance, in the course of your life, met a being who awakened your interest profoundly. You have yielded to the entrancing, yet fearful sentiment. It has borne your soul far from the domain of ordinary and self-possessed existence—in a word, you have *loved*, and a change of feeling in the object of your regard, or the intervention of some hopeless 'second thoughts,' has cast you, like an ocean-weed, from the wild sea of dreamy joy to the still, barren shore of cold reality. Awhile, desperation has swayed your thoughts, but time, reflection—'the star of the unconquered will'—have gradually induced a quiet mood. You learned to acquiesce and bear yourself nobly, like one descending a mount of sacrifice. Does not this strain echo the feeling at that hour?

> The conflict is over, the struggle is past,
> I have looked, I have loved, I have worshiped my last,
> Now back to the world, and let fate do her worst
> On the heart that for thee such devotion has nursed,
> To thee its best feelings were trusted away,
> And life hath hereafter not one to betray.
>
> Yet not in resentment my love I resign,
> I ask not, upbraid not one motive of thine,
> I know not what change has come over thy heart,
> I reck not what chances have doomed us to part,
> I but know thou hast told me to love thee no more,
> And I still must obey where I once did adore.
>
> Farewell, then, thou loved one! oh, loved but to well,
> Too deeply, too blindly for language to tell;
> Farewell! thou hast trampled love's faith in the dust;
> Thou hast torn from my bosom its hope and its trust;
> Yet if thy life's current with bliss it would swell,
> I would pour forth my own in this last, fond farewell!

"You have sat in glad fellowship at the festive board. The storm raved without; the fire blazed within. Then was a lapse in the routine of care. Long and pleasant converse and kindly greetings made you forget awhile your disappointments and perplexities. The serious pressure of life was lifted. You were a boy once more. Does not this familiar song embalm the blithesome moment?

> Sparkling and bright in liquid light
> Does the wine our goblets gleam in,
> With hue as red as the rosy bed
> Which a bee would choose to dream in,
> Then fill to-night with hearts as light,
> To loves as gay and fleeting
> As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim
> And break on the lips while meeting.
>
> O if Mirth might arrest the flight
> Of Time through Life's dominions,
> We here awhile would now beguile
> The graybeard of his pinions,
> To drink to-night with hearts as light
> To loves as gay and fleeting
> As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim
> And break on the lips while meeting.
>
> But since delight can't tempt the wight,
> Nor fond regret delay him,
> Nor Love himself can hold the elf,
> Nor sober Friendship stay him,
> We'll drink to-night with hearts as light
> To loves as gay and fleeting
> As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim
> And break on the lips while meeting.

"'Nature never did betray the heart that loved her.' Probably my friend thinks her the most trustworthy mistress he can woo, for he is still a buoyant celibate; though even her charms he sometimes chides, with lover-like caprice, as in the following

CHANSONNETTE.

> They are mockery all, those skies! those skies!
> Their untroubled depths of blue;
> They are mockery all, these eyes! these eyes!
> Which seem so warm and true;

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Each quiet star in the one that lies,
Each meteor glance that at random flies
The other's lashes through.

They are mockery all, these flowers of Spring,
Which her airs so softly woo;
And the love to which we would madly cling,
Ay! it is mockery too.
For the winds are false which the perfume stir,
And the lips deceive to which we sue,
And love but leads to the sepulchre;
Which flowers spring to strew.

"If perchance a temporary fit of domesticity stir thoughts of another complexion, more than one fireside grows brighter at his coming, and the wives and children of his old classmates greet him with so familiar a pleasure, that a stranger would swear he was an essential instead of an adjunct of the group. Besides, his unappropriated tenderness finds scope in the thousand social graces born of 'a heart of courtesy.' He hath a knightly spirit, and finds in generous sympathies what narrower men can only realize in selfish enjoyment. I saw him once arrayed in a suit of old armor, nay, was happy to buckle it on the only man of my acquaintance in whose soul seemed to linger a genuine chivalric humor. He stalked about quite at home, and I could not but lament that

The minstrel's pilgrimage has ceased,
Chivalric days are o'er,
And fiery steeds bear noble men
To Palestine no more.

"Now, if you are of my temper, you'll think all the better and love all the more this knight, because, as Coleridge says, 'literature is an honorable *augmentation* to his arms, but does not constitute the coat or form the escutcheon.' And if you blame him, after the fashion of certain sapient counsellors, because he has not hived more literary honey, I can tell you that the flowers of life are not made only to be sucked dry. It is graceful and fitting to imitate their example occasionally and 'neither toil nor spin.' It is some merit, in this over-busy land, to point them out to unobservant eyes, and it is a beautiful distinction, in this shadowy world, (and one I boldly claim for the friend thus hastily delineated,) like them to keep a bosom ever open to the dews of love, and wait a cheering fragrance on the passing breeze."

CATERINA TO CAMOENS.

BY ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

[The lady died during the absence of her poet, and is supposed to muse thus while dying; referring to the verse in which he had recorded the sweetness of her eyes.]

On the door you will not enter,
I have gazed too long—Adieu!
Hope hath lost her peradventure—
Death is near me—and not *you!*
Come and cover,
Poet-lover,
These faint eyelids—so, to screen
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen."

All is changing! Cold and grey
Streams the sunshine through the door.
If you stood there, would you say
"Love, I love you," as before?
When death lies
On the eyes
Which you sung of that yestreen,
As the sweetest ever seen?

When I heard you hymn them so,
In my courtly days and bowers,
Others praise—I let it go—
Only hearing that of yours;
Only saying
In heart-playing
"Blessedest mine eyes have been,
Since the sweetest *his* have seen!"

Now you wander far and farther,
Little guessing of my pain!
Now you think me smiling rather,
And you smile be back again—
Ay, and oft
Murmur soft
In your reverie serene—
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen!"

And I think, were you beside them,
Near this bed I die upon;
Though the beauty you denied them,
As you stood there looking down,
You would still
Say at will,
For the love's sake found therein,
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen!"

Nay, if you looked down upon them,
And if *they* looked up to *you*,
All the light which had forgone them
They would gather back anew!
They would be,
Verily,
Love-transformed to beauty's sheen,
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen!"

Still no step! The fountain's warble
In the courtyard sounds alone,
As the water to the marble,
So my heart falls with a moan
From love-sighing
To this dying!
Love resigns to death, I ween,
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen!"

Will you come? when I 'm departed
Where all sweetnesses are hid—
Where your voice, my tender-hearted,
Will not lift up either lid.
Cry, O lover!
Love is over:
Cry beneath the cypress green,
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen!"

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When the "Angelus" is ringing,
Past the convent will you go,
And remember the soft singing
Which we heard there long ago?
I walked onward,
Looking downward,
Till you cried, "What do ye mean,
Sweetest eyes were ever seen?"

At the tryst-place by the river,
Will you sit upon *our* stone
And think how *we* said "forever,"
And weep sore to be alone?
"Water-lily,
Sweet and stilly"—
Said I—"Aye," you murmured then,
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen!"

Underneath the palace lattice,
Will you ride as you have done?
If a face flash out there, *that* is
Not the true, familiar one;
For oh, truly,
(Think it duly!)
There have watched you, morn and e'en,
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen."

When the palace ladies sitting
Round your gittern shall have said—
"Sing the lovely stanzas written
For that lady who is dead"—
Will you, trying,
Break off, sighing,
Or sing—dropping tears between—
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen?"

"Sweetest eyes!" How sweet, in flowings
Of all tune, the burden is!
Though you sang an hundred poems,
Still the best one would be this.
Still I hear it
'Twixt my spirit
And the earth-noise intervene—
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen!"

But the priest waits for the praying,
And the choir are on their knees;
And the soul should pass away in
Strains more solemn-pure than these—
"Miserere"
For the weary!
Now no longer for Catrine,
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen!"

Keep this ribbon,* take and keep it,
I have loosed it from my hair,
Feeling while you over weep it,
Not alone in your despair—
Since with saintly
Watch, unfaintly
Out of Heaven, shall o'er you lean
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen!"

But—but, now—yet unremovèd
Up to Heaven—they glisten fast—
You may cast away, belovèd,
In the future all the past!
That old phrase
May be praise
For some fairer bosom-queen,
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen!"

Eyes of mine! what are ye doing?
Faithless, faithless—praised amiss,
If one tear be of your showing,
Shed for any hope of His!
Death hath boldness
In its coldness
If one false tear should demean
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen!"

I will look out to his future—
I will bless it till it shine!
Should he ever be a suitor
Unto other eyes than mine,
Sunshine gild them,
Angels shield them,
Whatsoever eyes terrene
Then be sweetest ever seen!

* She left him the ribbon from her hair.

ABSENCE.

BY MRS. FRANCES KEMBLE BUTLER.

What shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense,
Weary with longing—shall I flee away,
Into past days, and with some fond pretence
Cheat myself to forget the present day?

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the sin
Of casting from me God's great gift of time;
Shall I, these mists of memory locked within,
Leave, and forget, life's purposes sublime?

Oh! how, or by what means, may I contrive
To bring the hour that brings thee back more near;
How may I teach my drooping hope to live
Until that blessed time, and thou, art here?

I'll tell thee: for thy sake, I will lay hold
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told
While thou, beloved one! art far from me.

For thee, I will arouse my thoughts to try
All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains,
For thy dear sake, I will walk patiently
Through these long hours, nor call their minutes pains.

I will this dreary blank of absence make
A noble task-time, and will therein strive
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake
More good than I have won since yet I live.

So may this doomed time build up in me
A thousand graces, which shall thine be thine;
So may my love and longing hallowed be,
And thy dear thought an influence divine.

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SHAKSPEARE IN FRANCE.

BY THEODORE S. FAY.

It is very curious, and I have never seen any attempt made to account for it, that, while the German nation has entered completely into the spirit of Shakspeare, and pretend, not without some grounds, to have understood him the first, and to have taught his own countrymen to appreciate him, the French appear almost destitute of the power of comprehending him. Voltaire likened him to a "drunken savage," and La Harpe, in his "*Cours de Litterature*," whenever he speaks of him does it in a way which would really arouse a feeling of *indignation*, if anger were not drowned in humorous astonishment. In his Review of Aristotle he has the following:

"Reprenons les autres parties de la définition. La tragédie est l'imitation d'une action grave. Oui, sans doute. Il n'y a que les modernes qui se soient écartés de ce principe. C'est ce mélange du sérieuse et du bouffon, du grave et du burlesque, qui *défigure si grossièrement les pièces Anglaises* et Espagnoles; et c'est un reste de barbarie. Aristote ajoute que cette action doit être entière et d'une certaine étendue. Il s'explique:

"'J'appelle entier, dit-il, ce qui a un commencement, un milieu, et une fin.'

"Quant à l'étendue, voici ses idées, qui sont d'un grand sens:

"'Tout composé, pour mériter le nom de beau, soit animal, soit artificiel, doit être ordonné dans ses parties, et avoir une étendue convenable à leur proportion; car la beauté réunit les idées de grandeur et d'ordre. Un animal très petit ne peut être beau, parce qu'il faut le voir de près, et que les parties trop réunis se confondent. D'un autre côte, un objet trop vaste, un animal qui serait, je suppose, de mille stades de longueur, ne pourrait être vu que par parties: on ne pourrait en saisir la proportion ni l'ensemble: il ne serait donc pas beau. De même donc que, dans les animaux et dans les autre corps naturels, on veut une certaine grandeur qui puisse être saisir d'un coup d'œil, de même dans l'action du poème ou veut une certaine étendue qui puisse être embrassée tout à la fois, et faire un tableau dans l'esprit. Mais quelle sera la mesure de cette étendue? c'est ce que l'art ne saurait déterminer rigoureusement. Il suffit qu'il y ait l'étendue nécessaire pour que les incidents naissent les uns des autres vraisemblablement, amènent la révolution du bonheur au malheur, ou du malheur au onheur.'

"Plus on réfléchira sur ces principes, plus on sentira combien ils sont fondés sur la connaissance de la nature. Qui peut douter, par example, que les *pièces de Lopez de Vega et de Shakspeare, qui contiennent tant d'événements que la meilleure mémoire pourrait à peine s'en rendre compte après la représentation, qui peut douter que de pareilles pièces ne soient hors de la mesure convenable*, et qu'en *violant le précepte d'Aristote*, ou *n'ait blessé le bon sens?* Par enfin nous ne sommes susceptibles que d'un certain degré d'attention, d'une certaine durée d'amusement, d'instruction, de plaisir. Le gôut consiste donc à saisir cette mesure juste et nécessaire, et là-dessus le législateur s'en rapporte aux poètes. Combien, d'ailleurs, ce qu'il dit sur l'essence du beau, sur la nécessité de n'offrir à l'esprit que ce qu'il peut embrasser quand ou veut inspirer l'interêt et l'admiration, est profond et lumineux! Avouons-le: éblouir un moment la multitude par des pensées hardies, qui ne paraissent nouvelles que parce qu'elles sont hazardées et paradoxales, c'est ce qui est donné à beaucoup d'hommes; mais instruire la postérité par des vues sûres et universelles, trouvées toujours plus vraies à mesure qu'elles sont plus souvent appliquées; devancer par le jugement l'expérience des siècles, c'est ce qui n'est donné qu' *aux hommes superieurs!*"

The English is as follows:

"Let us resume the other parts of the definition. *Tragedy is an imitation of a grave action.* Yes, without doubt! It is only the moderns who have deviated from this principle. It is this mixture of the serious and of the *buffon*, of the grave and of the burlesque, which so grossly disfigures the English and Spanish pieces, and it is a relic of barbarism. Aristotle adds that this action ought to be *complete and of a certain extent*. He explains:

"'I call complete,' says he, 'that which has a commencement, a middle, and an end.'

"As to the extent, here are his ideas, which are very profound.

"'Every composition, to merit the name of beautiful, should be arranged in its parts, and should have an extent corresponding to their proportion, for beauty unites the ideas of grandeur and order. A very small animal cannot be beautiful, because it is necessary to see it near, and because parts too united confound themselves. On the other hand, an object too vast, an animal who should be, I suppose, a thousand *stades* in length, could only be seen by parts: we could never seize the proportion nor the *ensemble*: it could not then be beautiful. In the same manner, then, as in animals and in other natural bodies, we require a certain grandeur which may be seized at a glance, in the action of a poem we require a certain extent which may be embraced all at once, and which may form a picture in the mind. But what shall be the

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measure of this extent? This is what art cannot rigorously determine. It is enough that there be the extent necessary for the incidents to spring the one from the other with probability; that they lead the plot from happiness to misery and from misery to happiness.'

"The more we reflect on these principles the more we shall feel how they are founded on a knowledge of nature. Who can doubt, for example, that the pieces of Lopez de Vega and of Shakspeare, which contain so many events that the best memory can scarcely retain them after the representation, *who can doubt that such pieces are beyond the limits of propriety*, and that *in violating the rule of Aristotle they have violated common sense?* For, after all, we are susceptible only of a certain degree of attention, of a certain duration of amusement, instruction and pleasure. Taste consists, then, in seizing this just and necessary measure; in that respect the maker of rules trusts to the poet. In addition, how luminous and profound is that which he says on the essence of the beautiful, on the necessity of offering to the mind only that which it can seize, when we would inspire interest and admiration. Let us acknowledge it: *to dazzle a moment the multitude by bold thoughts, which appear new only because they are adventurous and paradoxical*, is a gift bestowed on *many men*; but to *instruct posterity by sure and universal* views, always found more true in proportion as they are more frequently applied; to pass by judgment, in advance of the experience of ages, this is what is bestowed only on *superior men!*"

The distinguished French critic here speaks of Shakspeare in the spirit which appears generally to inspire the writers of his nation when they have occasion to compare our poet with any of their (in their opinion immensely superior) authors; but in the extract below he goes still further, and the reader will scarcely be able to restrain a smile of pity for the critic who has been able to enjoy so little of the happiness the great English dramatist was formed to bestow.

"Shakspeare a trouvé des effets dramatiques et produit des beautés, et n'a jamais suivi un cune règle. Vous vous trompez. Quand il a bien fait, il a suivi la nature, la vraisemblance et la raison, qui sont les fondements de toutes les règles; et s'il eût connu celles d' Aristote, comme notre Corneille, s'il eût suivi l'exemple des Grecs, comme notre Racine, je ne suis pas sûr qu'il les eût égalés (car cela dépend du plus ou du moins de génie;) mais je suis sûr qu'il aurait fait de meilleures pièces."

This extraordinary piece of criticism, which I copy and translate below as a *curiosity*, may serve to show how much misunderstood an author may be by a very learned and distinguished person; how much in a reader depends upon *sympathy* and *feeling*, and how little upon *learning* and *rules*. La Harpe's mind was very richly stored with knowledge. He was intimately acquainted with the whole range of literature, ancient and modern, and his great work is full of eloquence and knowledge—of just discrimination and impartial observation. But his mind—like all others belonging to mortals—is weak and blind, out of its own sphere, and may serve to show how careful we should be in trusting too far to mere human *reason*, when such men as he are capable of making such mistakes as that here alluded to, on subjects before their faces.

Here is the translation:

"Shakspeare has found dramatic effects and produced beauties, and never followed any rule. You are mistaken. When he has done well he has followed nature, probability and reason, which are the foundations of all rules; and, if he had known those of Aristotle, *like our Corneille*, if he had followed the example of the Greeks, *like our Racine, I am not sure that he would have equaled them*, (for *that* depends, *more or less, on genius!*) *but I am sure that he would have produced better pieces!!!*"

This come very well from a nation which has produced a translator (although I confess I have not seen the production) who renders

"Come on, Macduff, and damned be he," etc.

into

"*Allons, Monsieur* Macduff!" etc.

Thinking that perhaps some of your readers might be interested by it, I have given a specimen, *verbatim*, of the manner in which the celebrated scene of Lady Macbeth is translated into the German, by Schiller.

Doctor. Two nights have I now with you through-waked
And nothing discovered, which your strange report
Verified. When was it that the lady
The last time night walked?
Chamber lady. Since the king
To the field went have I her seen
That she from her bed self raised
The sleep-gown threw over, her cabinet
Unlocked, paper there out took, there upon wrote,
It read, together folded, sealed,
Then again to bed went, and that all
In the deepest sleep.
Doct. A great disturbance
In the nature, at the same time the benefit
Of the sleep enjoy and affairs
Of the waking do. Nevertheless, besides the about-going
And what she else undertook, have you her,
In this condition, some thing say heard?
Chamber lady. Nothing which I further my might, Sir.
Doct. To me dare you it say, and I must it know.
Chamber lady. Not to you, not to any one living
Creature will I discover what I know,
As none is who to me to witness served.
Look, look, there comes she! So uses she to go
And in the deepest sleep, so truly I live.
Give attention to her but make no rustle.
Lady Macbeth comes with a candle.
Doct. How came she but to the light?
Chamber lady. It stood
By her bed. She has always light
On her night-table. That is her order.
Doct. You see she has the eyes fully open.
Chamber lady. Yes, but the feeling is shut.
Doct. What makes she now? Look! how she self the hands rubs.
Ch. lady. That am I already of her accustomed, that she
So does as if she self the hands washed—
I have her well to entire quarter hours
Continually nothing else do seen.
Lady. Here is nevertheless yet a spot.
Doct. Silence. She talks.
I will to me every thing note, what she says
So that I nothing forget.
Lady. Away, thou damned spot, away say I.
One! Two! now so is it high time. The hell is
Very dark! fy then! a soldier, and coward.
Let it also reported be. Is nevertheless, no one
So mighty as to account to draw.
Who thought it, however, that the old man
So much blood in veins had.

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Doct. Hear you?
Lady. The Thane of Fife had a wife. Where is
She now? What! will these hands never
Clean become? Nothing more. My lord,
Oh, not so! not so. You spoil every thing
With this staring hither-looking.
Doct. Go! go!
You know some thing that you not know aught.
Chamber lady. She spoke something which she not to
have spoken aught.
That is no doubt; knows the heaven what she know may.
Lady. That smells yet always continually
Of blood! Arabia's good odors all
Sweeten this little hand no more.
Oh! Oh!
Doct. (*far*) Hear! Hear! What a sigh was that?
Oh she has something heavy on the heart.
Ch. lady. Not for the entire highness of her condition
Would I her heart in my bosom bear.
Doct. Well, well.
Ch. lady. That grant God that it may be.
Doct. I can myself not into this sickness find.
However, knew I more of the same, who in the sleep
Walked, and as good Christians, notwithstanding,
On their bed died.
Lady. Wash the hands.
The sleeping gown over—look not so pale!
I say it to you, Banquo lies in grave. He can
Out of his grave not again come.
Doct. Indeed?
Lady. To bed! To bed! on the door
Is knocked—Come! come! come! give me your hand,
Happened things are no more to be changed!
To bed! to bed! [*Exit lady.*
Doct. Goes she now to bed?
Chamber lady. Directly.
Doct. They whisper to each other horrid things
Into the ears. Unnatural extraordinary
Crimes awake unnatural
Conscience-fright, and the loaded soul confesses
To the deaf pillow her guilt. To her
Is the clergyman more necessary than the doctor.
God! God! forgive us all. Look out.
Take every thing away by which she self's harm
Do could. Let her not by any means from the eyes.
Now, good night! To me is quite frightful to mind,
I think but dare not speak.

LETTER WRITERS.

BY MRS. JANE T. WORTHINGTON.

"Chérissez les lettres des cœurs qui vous aiment; elles sont l'histoire vraie des espérances et des souvenirs d'une vie!"

SUPERIORITY in epistolary composition has long been, by common consent, conceded to women, and there is certainly justice in the established compliment. Like the *savoir parler*, the facility is natural to the sex, it calls into exercise that faculty they almost universally possess, of turning all things to the best advantage. They grasp intuitively the daily trifles which make the sum of life, but which graver observation passes by unheeded. Girls rarely experience the manly failing of "having nothing to say," that apology for remissness so often and petulantly pleaded, and the letter-writing perplexities numerously recorded by a writer in Blackwood, could scarcely, under any circumstances, have befallen one of the gentler sex. We doubt if female sympathy can enter into the hesitation of the boy whose epistolary griefs are there feelingly commemorated, and who, after being confined to one room during a whole day for the purpose of inditing a dutiful and loving epistle to his respected relative, was found, when released at night from his captivity, to have proceeded no farther than the extremely gratifying address of "My dear *Aunt*." Such sorrows, it must be admitted, are exclusively masculine; women always find *something* to write, and perhaps a familiar letter is one of the few instances where nonsense is preferable to nothing.

And gratefully should we acknowledge a faculty, which, like the low, sweet voice the poet praises, is "an excellent thing in woman." Many a weary hour has it soothed from suffering to forgetfulness, many a friend long parted with has it recalled, almost like a reality, bringing the smiles of remembered happiness to lips where smiles had grown strangers, and reviving, in hearts the world had withered, the dewy freshness of life's better days.

Among those particularly distinguished for their epistolary talents, there are none more celebrated, in their respective lands, than Madame de Sevigné, and Madame Rahel. Both, though in their peculiar and totally different styles, extensively exercised the power, bestowing pleasure alike on the giver and the receiver. Perhaps no one ever wandered more unconsciously into the straight and narrow path leading to celebrity, than did Madame Sevigné. Her emotions were entirely impulsive and aimless; she appears to have experienced nothing of those kindling anticipations, foretelling the light to come, those restless and onward-urging convictions usually the early portion of those on whom the blessing of distinction is finally to fall.

Nor was that blessing, attained apparently so involuntarily, the reward of any rare excellence in mental endowments, for Madame de Sevigné could claim little meriting the name of genius. We seek in vain among her writings for the strong, self-relying ability which bespeaks the presence of inspiration, and the intuitive knowledge of its own resources. The character of her compositions, the tendency of her talent, was purely womanly, and her fame is the reverential tribute of the world to those genuine recordings of a loving heart, which even the most worldly feel to be holy. The general leniency of criticism toward the outpouring of fervent and enthusiastic affection, is one of the few instances of circumstantial evidence in favor of the lost character of human nature, and chronicles more in commendation of its better feelings than the united testimony of the innumerable dedications which so earnestly misname mankind the Gentle Public. Alas! far enough from gentle have many found it, whose names, triumphing over injustice, are now written imperishably, and wo to the trusting scribbler who relies too undoubtingly on a kindness, fickle and treacherous as the sea!

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There are many writers far more dazzling than Madame de Sevigné, on the long list of her intellectual countrywomen, but there is not one more deservedly free from that harsh and blackening censure, which usually follows the footsteps of the gifted, and corrodes the reputation it touches. The nature of her literary productions in a manner shielded her from this; there is nothing in them to provoke severe criticism, nothing to stimulate the bitterness of rivalry; she appealed to the approval of a few affectionate natures, and the general distinction she aquired was the result of a sympathy as unasked as it was unexpected. She never entered the arena of competition, she never waged the war of pens, nor dared that mental strife, ever degrading a woman's mind, and imprinting, with dark footsteps, the snow of her lovelier thoughts.

Her style is flowing and graceful, rather than brilliant, fascinating more than profound. She is no dealer in sparkling aphorisms, and she is not prone to follow the common fashion of robing old established truths in new and glittering garbs; she only paints the glow of purest tenderness in the bright eloquence of sincerity; she but displays in their holy earnestness the depth of emotions that all can appreciate, and many have experienced. Yet we realize while reading her compositions that in this vein lay her richest talent; we feel that had she attempted any graver and more thoughtful course she must have been in a measure unsuccessful. Even fiction would have been a less fitting field for feelings so impetuous as hers, for in their truthfulness rests their charm. It was well for her permanent popularity that no prophecy of distinction was present with her, that she wrote solely from the rapidly flowing dictation of spontaneous affection, without one flattering vision of the reward to be gained, or one reference to the public approval hereafter to be lavished on her unstudied pages. A single glimpse of such a futurity would have been fatal to her brightest beauties; the rare magic of *insouciance* would have passed away, the attraction of careless, but always amiable vivacity must necessarily have departed, and there were no reserved powers in Madame de Sevigné's mind to have compensated for their loss. She was tender, pure hearted, *spirituelle*, not intellectual, not philosophic. Sentiment was her inspiration, her genius sprung from the heart.

How delightful must have been the reception of letters like hers! We can imagine the daughter's eager welcoming of the familiar writing, the fresh upspringing of love with the perusal of every line of graphic tenderness, the fond and vivid remembrance of the writer coming with every word more fondly, more vividly, the sweet conviction that from the fullness of the heart the pen had written, that not a moment's doubt of its sincerity could mingle with the recorded loveliness of that devotion. And, as the final avowal of solicitude, the farewell expression of affectionate interest, were read again and again, then, it may be, arose the involuntary and painful consciousness of divided ties, and the passionate thought "Why must our souls thus love, yet thus be riven?"

There exists, too, in Madame de Sevigné's letters, the perfection of entire reliance on the kind, uncriticising approbation of her reader. Without this, a familiar epistle loses half its spell, for there must be confidence or there cannot be earnestness. This trust is not common, even among those who love each other best; we hesitate to write much we would unshrinkingly speak, and we should endeavor to forget, while corresponding carelessly, the undeniable truism that "l'homme qui lit n'est pas aussi indulgent que celui qui écoute."

There are persons to whom something of sadness is imparted by even a cheerful letter from one held dear; its very reception proves the reality of separation, the absence of the voice wont to speak as never pen may write, though inscribing "thoughts that breathe." Ah! too full of sorrow in a life so brief as ours, is this severing, however slight, of natures that should have lived and endured and died together! There is a weary knowledge of such grief in every bosom; it has been mournfully experienced by all whose lips have ever uttered "farewell." We may trace its presence in the solitary wanderer's tearful thoughts of brighter times and earlier friends, in the irrepressible *maladie du pays* of the banished one, whose native clime is henceforth to be but a haunting land of bewildering dreams; it comes to sadden the parting hour of the young bride, whose onward pathway wends afar, and it speaks in the universal sympathy springing alike from old and young, and prompting to greet with gentler kindness, and a warmer welcome, the stranger and the exile, whose home and heart are beyond the seas.

Rahel, like Madame de Sevigné, never composed expressly for publication, and she, also, has bequeathed only her letters to tell the story of her genius. These were collected and published by her husband, after her death, and they afford a few transient, but interesting glimpses of a mind of singular and masculine character. They are accompanied by a memoir written also by her husband, who was himself an author of high standing, and fully capable of appreciating an intellect firm and lofty, but almost too bold to be womanly. She was undoubtedly a person of great and remarkable endowments, and the brief examples she has left of her talents are sufficient to awaken regret that a nature so noble and peculiar in its gifts should have died and given us no other sign. She has few equals in her particular style, even in her own country, where mind is wont to wander under strange and whimsical disguises, wrapt in the dim drapery of quaint conceits. Rahel in the tendency of her reflections and in her selection of language is essentially national; she stands before us in all respects a German, robed in the shadowy cloud-drapery the genius of her land loves to wear, even on working-day occasions. A veil of mystery rests even on the truths she expresses, truths fraught with deep knowledge of the world, and frequently proclaimed with sarcastic bitterness. There is sometimes too much of this; we grow weary of a sagacity ever displaying the follies and failings of humanity, and which seems striving to perplex by an assumption of originality. But, with her many defects, Rahel is never commonplace; her

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letters would be far more natural, and consequently more agreeable, if she would occasionally condescend to every-day views of men and things, and forget the metaphysician in the realist. She lacks the inimitable grace of Sevigné, her simplicity, her feminine softness; she reasons where others would feel, and even her sentiment is mystified philosophy. Yet the sorrows of her career were neither few nor faint, and she had tested the power inseparable from woman's being, *la faculté de souffrir*. She evidently considered herself a martyr to sensibility, and often alluded to her afflictions as terrible to bear. It is when speaking of her griefs that she interests us most, and she sometimes writes with the earnestness of one who had felt the iron in her soul, who had learned only too painfully life's saddest and sublimest lesson, "to suffer and be strong."

But for sentiment, regarded as a "thing apart," she appears to have entertained neither sympathy nor patience; her experience and her wisdom were of the world, worldly. She perhaps believed the proverb, "Traume sind Shaume," without remembering that the trifles in existence make up its loveliness, that dreams bestow a passing lustre on actual events, even as the foam forms the momentary brightness and beauty of the wave. An intellectual woman parts with a powerful attraction when she ceases to be sentimental; she necessarily becomes in a measure artificial, and the wild flower enchantment of her purer and fresher enthusiasm finds no fitting compensation in the cold calculations of calm philosophizing. It is the imperceptible blending of mental vigor with the faculty of feeling keenly, and of appreciating emotion, which constitutes the beautiful harmony of female genius, and, however ably she may think and reason, we never realize the perfection of her endowments till they reflect the heart, and we read there, in characters of "light ineffable," how noble and holy a thing is the unperverted purity of woman's nature.

Rahel's greatest fault is the incessant pretension to an originality which does not exist; she is not satisfied with natural ideas, however unhackneyed, but is ever seeking too evidently the new, the strange, the perplexing, till the effort becomes tiresome to the reader. We are easily fatigued by these constant and uncalled-for forced marches of mind, these ceaseless strivings of the intellect to reach beyond itself. It is decidedly pleasanter to be merely even with the age than to be thus puzzled in following a writer always endeavoring to be before it, and, after all, there are few exertions more wearisome than those required to keep pace with an improvement so rapid, that, according to Balzac, several ideas have grown old and commonplace while the work containing them was going through the press.

Probably nothing conveys so accurate a conception of the truer and better portion of character as a familiar letter, and our regular correspondents are the only persons we really and thoroughly know. They are with us in sincerity, heart to heart, and we view them in even a clearer light than when united in daily intercourse, for letters reveal the prevailing current of thought, and contain little or nothing of that intuitive hypocrisy which often summons the smile to the lip when the soul is sorrowful. Fortunate, indeed, are the favored few who, by the pleasant exercise of epistolary talents, have easily obtained the celebrity for which many gifted lives have been pined away in vain, and lightly must rest the wreath on brows unfurrowed by a care, and never touched by the pale, sad light of the author's midnight lamp!

HIGHLAND SPORT.

ILLUSTRATION OF A PICTURE.

O still, though I rove 'neath the brightest of skies,
In dreams I revisit my dear native shore—
Wherever he wanders, O Scotia, still sighs
Thy son for thy highlands he looks on no more!
Thy highlands! thy highlands! the loch and the glen,
Where the kilt and the tartan and bonnet of blue
Are worn by the bravest and boldest of men,
And the hearts of thy daughters beat warmly and true!

In dreams still I chase the wild red deer at morn,
Exultant and strong in the free mountain air,
While the rocks echo back the shrill blast of the horn,
And the sport is cheered on by the glance of the fair!
Clear lakes, azure skies, and peaks covered with snow,
From which the oak-hearted look down on the plain,
With the friends of my youth, loved in sunshine and wo,
Yet in dreams—O but dreams!—I there wander again.

TO POESY.

Wonderful Spirit! whose eternal shrine
Is in great poets' souls, whose voice doth send
High truths and dreams prophetic without end
Into the blind world from those fonnts divine—
Deep adoration from such souls is thine;
But I have loved thee, Spirit, as a friend,
Wooed thee, in pensive leisure, but to lend
Thy sweetness to this wayward heart of mine,
And charm my lone thoughts into joyousness.
And I have found that thou canst lay aside
Thy terrors and thy glory and thy pride;
Quit thy proud temples for a calm recess
In lowly hearts, and dream sweet hours away,
Winning from sterner thoughts a frequent holiday.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Gift: A Christmas and New Year's Present: MDCCCXLIV. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.

Decidedly the best annual ever published in America is the Gift for 1844; and, take it all in all, we do not remember that we have seen any gift book *from* abroad that surpassed it in pictorial embellishment, or equaled it in a literary point of view. The illustrations of the annuals are usually deemed their chief attraction, and, to say truth, very rightly. In the Gift, though they are exquisitely beautiful, they are of secondary importance, and we shall speak first therefore of the literary contents of the book. These, with few and for the most part unimportant exceptions, are by the contributors to *Graham's Magazine*, and, we must say, are quite as good as they write for our own pages. Indeed, "Mary Clavers" has never produced any thing better than "Ambuscades and Sorties," and her "Half Lengths from Life" are as good as the best things in "A New Home." Rare Tom Oliver, in the first, is a character whom one might travel as far to see as Tom did to find his cousin, and be as well rewarded. "A Requiem," by James Russell Lowell, is full of the tenderness of genuine feeling. We however dislike the last line of the following stanza:

> Thou liest low and silent,
> Thy heart is cold and still,
> Thine eyes are dark forever,
> And Death hath had his will;
> He loved, and would have taken,
> I loved, and would have kept:
> We strove—and he was stronger,
> And *I have never wept.*

Now we do not believe that grief is ever passionless; we do not credit a word of that old story of Herodotus about Cambyses and Psammenitus, nor the tale in Montaigne of Rasciac. Where there is cause and yet no *sign* of wo, be sure that you will find concealed a stony heart. C. F. Hoffman's "Mumble the Peg" and "Heart Augury" are both very excellent. Of "Beware of Dogs and Waltzing," it is only necessary to say that it is a story of English life, by Willis—decidedly the best writer of that particular description of tales and sketches which he furnishes for the periodicals, now living, or who has ever written in the English language. We have not space for allusions even to all the good papers in the volume, and must be content with the simple statement that, in addition to what we have mentioned, it contains excellent prose and verse by W. G. Simms, H. T Tuckerman, Alfred B. Street, Epes Sargent, C. P. Cranch, Mr. and Mrs. Seba Smith, Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. Sigourney, and some half dozen others, whose names to articles are as good brands to Hock, Burgundy or Champaigne. The pictures are engraved by Cheney, Pease and Humphries, from paintings by Huntington, Sully, Page, Mount, and S. W. Cheney. The Beatrice of Huntington is a magnificent work, and Cheney has copied it most perfectly—

> "With drooping eyes and drooping curls,
> And drooping feather, large and white,
> Proudest yet gentlest of sweet girls,
> She stands beneath the evening light,
> And o'er her lovely face the white,
> The lingering hues of dreamy thought
> Have stolen away the playful smile
> Which day and lively hours had brought."

"The Early Days of Washington" is from Inman, and is one of the many recent works of that great artist which show his ability to excel in the group as well as in the portrait. How admirably the "father of the man" is exhibited in the boy hero! We saw the picture in the painter's rooms just after it was finished, and recollect the criticism of a southern gentleman, then and there present, who pointed out what he contended was an "historical error." Master George is represented in the act of parting two juvenile belligerents—one of plebeian, the other of patrician stock. Said our critic, "There never *could* have been such a scene in old Virginia without the presence and interference of a young 'snow ball.'" Possible. But if the absence of the negro *is* a fault, the picture has but one. "The Fair Student" is, however, the gem of the book. It is engraved by J. Cheney, from a painting by S. W. Cheney, and if there be a face like it, of "breathing flesh," we would walk a hundred miles to behold it. We have in the hands of one of *our* engravers a portrait very nearly equal to it, which all our readers will look upon one of these days; but they or we will not see it surpassed unless we see the works of the next generation of artists. Having said so much of praise, we may be permitted to express our opinion that the *subject* of the vignette in the title-page is very badly chosen. A head by Sully, engraved by Cheney, is of course a good picture, but not necessarily pleasing or beautiful. The "Disagreeable Surprise," by Mount, has merit, but it reminds one a little too much of "The Village School in an Uproar" to be commended for originality.

The Life of Theodore Agrippa D'Aubigné: One volume, octavo: Philadelphia, James M. Campbell & Co.

The Chevalier d' Aubigné was a distinguished Huguenot leader and a favorite companion of Henry the Fourth. Though celebrated in his own age as a soldier, he is best known in ours by his Universal History, written by express command of the king. He was the direct lineal ancestor of Dr. Merle d' Aubigné, author of the popular History of the Great Reformation, and was the grandfather of that Madame de Maintenon by whose influence over Louis the Fourteenth the revocation of the edict of Nantes—to obtain which D'Aubigné and his brave companions "poured out their blood like water, on all the fields of France"—was brought about. The work possesses all the interest which attaches to the personal memoirs of that romantic period. The gallantry of Henri Quatre, the bigotry of his successor, the horrors of the night of St. Bartholomew, the intrigues of Catherine de Medicis, the fierce frivolity of the princes of the League, and the gayeties and dissipations of the court, are all sketched with a graphic pencil. The life of D' Aubigné is published as one of the volumes of Messrs. Campbell & Co.'s Select Library of Religious Literature.

Selections from the Writings of Mrs. Margaret M. Davidson. One volume, duodecimo. Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard.

Mrs. Davidson is the mother of those remarkable girls, Lucretia and Maria Davidson, with the story of whose precocious genius and early deaths every reader may be presumed to be acquainted. Miss Sedgwick, in the preface to the present volume, remarks that "the mother's life has been in companionship with her children," and that "she is now tempted from her seclusion that she may still be associated with them—go forth with them on their mental pilgrimage, and for their sakes, it may be, be welcomed to many kindred hearts." The specimens of her prose and verse are "respectable commonplace" only.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

OTHELLO RELATING HIS ADVENTURES.—One of the illustrations of our present number is a spirited engraving by Dick, of Cowper's Othello in the house of Brabantio. It is in all respects a noble picture, and does full justice to the subject. It is strange that no great painter has *devoted* himself to the illustration of the characters of Shakspeare. A series of scenes from any one of his plays, as large as life, would be of great, universal, and permanent interest. There is enough of real life to attract the sympathy of every body, and enough of the poetic and ideal to awaken the highest curiosity. From Macbeth and Othello, perhaps the most magnificent subjects might be chosen, and the object might be a higher one than that of mere illustration. The field would be immense for depicting historic costume and human passion. In Macbeth—the sublimest of all tragedies—the gradual changes in the character of the hero's mind might be portrayed in his countenance, from the moment when courage and victory and honor and hope could alone be discerned there—when guilty thoughts began to darken it and bloody crime to stamp its impress on it—to the time when care and remorse and horror and desperation at length render it haggard and brutal—so following its progress and its fall from innocence and happiness to wickedness and despair. The history of the noble Moor and the gentle Desdemona abounds no less in striking and impressive scenes. A series of paintings commencing with that so excellently copied by Mr. Dick, and ending with one of that moment in which the hero exclaims in his death agony—

> I kissed thee ere I killed thee! No way but this—
> Killing myself to die upon a kiss!—

would present life's master passion in its every conceivable manifestation—from the first more rapid movement of the maiden's heart to that terrible madness of love which brings the tragedy to its end. What a life's labor for a man of genius! The picture which our engraver has copied is one of singular merit, and all of the characters are most admirably drawn. The scene is described by Othello to the duke, in the council chamber—

> *Oth.* Her father loved me; oft invited me;
> Still questioned me the story of my life,
> From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
> That I have passed.
> I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
> To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
> Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
> Of moving accidents, by flood and field;
> Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
> Of being taken by the insolent foe,
> And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
> And portance in my travel's history;
> Wherein of antres vast, and deserts wild,
> Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
> It was my hint to speak, such was the process;
> And of the cannibals that each other eat,
> The anthropophagi, and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to hear
> Would Desdemona seriously incline:
> But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
> Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
> She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
> Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
> Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
> To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
> That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
> Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
> But not intentively: I did consent;
> And often did beguile her of her tears,
> When I did speak of some distressful stroke
> That my youth suffered. My story being done,
> She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
> She swore—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
> 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
> She wished she had not heard it; yet she wished
> That Heaven had made her such a man: she thanked me;
> And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
> I should but teach him how to tell my story,
> And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spoke:
> She loved me for the dangers I had passed;
> And I loved her that she did pity them.

"COPYRIGHT SECURED ACCORDING TO [THE MORAL] LAW."—Mr. Martin Farquahr Tupper published a year or two since, in London, the first series of "Proverbial Philosophy," and has since completed the work in a second series, which, like the first, has been extremely and deservedly popular, and has already we believe reached a sixth edition. It will in a few days be reprinted in this city by Mr. Hooker, who has received from the author the following

"Imprimatur.

"In the absence of any copyright law, international, between Great Britain and the United States of North America; and with a view at once to protect my rights as an author, to save from the imputation of piratical dealings the honor of my transatlantic publisher, and to ensure for American readers an accurate edition of a work already well known in both hemispheres, I, the undersigned, being both author and proprietor of the work in question, hereby grant to Herman Hooker, publisher, of Philadelphia, my exclusive PERMISSION and AUTHORITY to print and publish within the United States both series of my 'Proverbial Philosophy.'—Provided that Herman Hooker furnishes an accurate reprint from the last London edition of the two volumes, without omission or addition. [Here follow the terms of remuneration.] And although from the want of positive law, this grant and authority may fail of having more than a merely moral sanction, it is still believed and expected, that the respectable booksellers of the United States will abstain from infringing the right thus bestowed on Herman Hooker, and that no fraudulent competition will arise to deprive him of the exclusive benefit of this my IMPRIMATUR. "MARTIN FARQUAHR TUPPER."

There is little prospect of the stoppage of literary piracies by act of Congress, and we shall look with some interest for the effect of this new mode of protection, which we understand many of the principal writers of England have determined to adopt. We shall see whether there is more integrity among the people than in the government—whether the grass will not grow over the threshold of the bookseller who dares reprint for his exclusive benefit a work issued by another house with the author's imprimatur. It is worthy of remark, as an illustration of the vexations to which foreign authors are subjected in this country, that the first series of the "Proverbial Philosophy" was republished in Boston, by some person ambitious of issuing a *cheap* book, in the form of *prose*, though the work is a succession of metrical essays!

Mr. GRISWOLD, who during the publication of the last three volumes of Graham's Magazine has been united with the proprietor in its management, withdraws after the present number from his editorial connection, but will continue to be an occasional contributor to its pages. Mr. Griswold devotes hereafter, until its completion, his exclusive attention to the *Biographia Americana*, mentioned elsewhere in this number as in the press.

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Drawn by W. Irvine. Etched by J. Fraser.

Jack Spatt's Passage to Newgate in a Nine Pin Alley.

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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JACK SPRATTE'S REVENGE.

A PISCATORIAL EPISODE.

BY JOSEPH C. NEAL, AUTHOR OF "CHARCOAL SKETCHES," "IN AND ABOUT TOWN," ETC.



DO you know Mrs. Brownstout? Everybody ought to know Mrs. Brownstout, for Mrs. Brownstout is in the market—not for sale—matrimonially speaking, her market was made long ago, and thence was derived the hearty appellation in which she rejoices. But as she occupies a conspicuous stand in the Fish Market, it is therefore presumed that everybody knows Mrs. Brownstout, who presides over the eventful destinies of shad and "pearch" and rockfish. That is, they know her "superficially," if we may be allowed the expression—in her commodities and in her outward appearance. When she passes by, they possess that degree of acquaintance with her exterior, to enable them to say "there goes Mrs. Brownstout," and when she is seated at her stand—strange perversity of human nature, that it is always sure to sit at its stand!—people are positive that it is really Mrs. Brownstout. They recognize her by her gait, or by her costume, or by the piscatorial circumstances that surround her, which is about as much as the world in general knows of anybody. But the moral Mrs. Brownstout—the historical Mrs. Brownstout—the metaphysical Mrs. Brownstout—in short, the spiritual Mrs. Brownstout, as contra-distinguished from the apparent Mrs. Brownstout, who merely sells her fishes and takes your money, why what does society at large know of her? To the popular eye, she counts one in the sum total of humanity—a particle, and nothing more, in the vast conglomeration of the breathing universe. There is no perception of her mental identity—her intellectual idiosyncrasy attracts no attention—her past and her future are not inquired into—the Mrs. Brownstout retrospective, and the Mrs. Brownstout prospective, are equally disregarded, so that those ambitious of shad may find her to be the Mrs. Brownstout present, and thus the life of this estimable lady, like the lives of most of us, is narrowed down to the single point of immediate action—she and we are important only when it happens that our services are wanted. Our story—who has not got a story?—all our beings, doings and sufferings—our loves, hopes, successes and disappointments—all the trouble we have taken—the vexations we have endured—the triumphs we have achieved—who that encounters us in the street ever thinks of them, or reflects that each of us, as we pass on our winding way, is a volume of exquisite experiences, bound in calf, and well worthy of the closest perusal? Not one, of all the vast multitude which throngs the path; and hence it is that the world, collectively considered, is more distinguished by folly than by wisdom, learning nothing from the problems that have already been solved, but preferring to stumble onward from the beginning to the end, without borrowing a ray of light from the lanterns of those who have gone before.

But it has been resolved that Mrs. Brownstout shall not be sacrificed in this unceremonious manner—that some passages of her existence shall be snatched from oblivion, to amuse or instruct, as the case may be, at

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least a portion of those into whose hands our pages may be destined to fall. For Mrs. Brownstout, notwithstanding the energetic expression of the outward woman, has had her share of the disasters which seem inevitable to the susceptible temperament. She, too, has had her "trials of the heart," and has found that though the poets seem to think that the sphere of young love's gambols is chiefly located "among the roses," he may yet exercise much potency when playing among the fishes. There is no scale armor against the darts of Cupid, and however steeled against such impressions the fair one may be, it is found, sooner or later, that she falls a prey to the tender passion.

It is an admitted fact, made evident by repeated observation, that this world is full of people—men people and women people—and that there are some among both, who set out and travel to a considerable distance on their earthly journey, upon the self-sustaining principle of celibacy, in a heroic effort not to be bothered with appendages, forgetting that, by a singular provision of nature, their proper condition is that of being bothered, and that, though they cannot see it, they must be bothered, to be at all comfortable. When we are alone we are not bothered; yet who likes to be alone?

> *"Better dwell in the midst of alarms,*
> *Than reign in this horrible place,"*

said Selkirk, in default of the noise of children and his wife's "alarms," and Selkirk had learned that stagnation is a tiresome piece of work. A few of those, to whom reference is made, protract their restless and uneasy experiment of trying to live a quiet, unperplexed life, in which they are unquiet and very much perplexed, until the period for all human experiment is over. But the great majority fail for lack of nerve, and retract from a late discovery of the truth. Your Benedicks and Beatrices are almost sure to participate in the lot of those delineated by the first of dramatists—they are certain, somehow or other, to sink into the very calamity against which they formerly protested, and, in an unguarded hour, malignant fate delights to betray them to the common weakness.

To some extent, it was the fortune of Mrs. Brownstout to be a living illustration of the truth of this principle. In her maiden days, Miss Felicia Phinney laughed at the importunities of her numerous admirers. Having early gone into the fish business, she was confident in her own resources, and felt but little disposed to sink to a secondary place in the firm; and therefore "the gentlemen in waiting" each experienced a rebuff so sharply administered, that they were but little disposed to put themselves again in the way of being similarly astonished—as she had a method of conducting herself little calculated to mollify the disappointment experienced upon such occasions.

One night—it was a lovely night during a warm spell which succeeded a "cold snap," in the early part of the spring—shad were selling at seventy-five cents, and were scarce at that—the moon shone sweetly upon the chimney-tops—the fire-plugs, which were lucky enough to be on the north side of the street, were tinged and tinted with lines of fairy silver, and the beams of softened light played with romantic effect upon the craggy sides and rough fastnesses of the curb-stones. A balmy southern breeze sighed through the streets and loitered round the corners in lazy luxury, whispering soft nonsense into the ears of the somnolent Charleys as they dreamily indulged in beatific visions of hot coffee and buckwheat cakes. All nature, including the brickbats and paving-stones, seemed to be wrapped in happy repose. The dogs barked not; even the cats had ceased to be vocal, and when any of these nocturnal disturbers appeared, it was plain from their stealthy step and subdued deportment, that they, too, felt the influence of the hour, and were unwilling to disturb the magnificent but tranquil harmony of the picture. It was, in short, a very fine night, particularly for the season, and though used by the undiscriminating many for the mere domestic purposes of snoring slumber, for which the coarser kind of night would answer just as well, yet this especial night was worthy of a more elevated fate, and it may be regarded as a great pity that such nights as these do not come in the daytime, when they would be better seen and more thoroughly admired—as sleep for the most part is imperative, and as there are but few of us who can manage its performance with our eyes open.

The main object of nights of this description, taking it for granted that every thing has its purpose, is to soften the heart—to render it flexible, malleable and susceptible to the softer impressions. The sun, for instance, melts the ice, and gives plasticity to many descriptions of candy; but its warmest rays are ineffective so far as the sympathies of the soul are concerned. No one is apt to fall in love at mid-day, or is much disposed to a declaration of passion at three o'clock of a sunny afternoon. Existence, at these periods, is, for the most part, altogether practical and unimaginative—good enough, no doubt, for buying and selling, and the eating of dinners; but not at all calculated to elicit the poetry of the affections. Whereas your moonlight evenings, when the frost is out of the ground, play Prometheus to sentiment, and, when the patient is not addicted to cigars and politics, both of which are antagonistical to this species of refinement, are sure to induce the bachelor to think that his condition is incomplete, and that there are means by which he might be made considerably happier. Thus it is that "our life is twofold"—that before tea we are one person, and that after this interesting event we are somebody else.

It was on such an evening as we have attempted somewhat elaborately to describe, and it was under such a state of circumstances as we have incidentally alluded to, that Jack Spratte escorted Miss Felicia Phinney home from a tea party given among themselves by the fish-merchants. Jack Spratte had been as merry as a "grigge" throughout the entertainment. He had danced and he had sung—he had played "pawns" and "Copenhagen"—he had "sighed in a corner"—he had loved his love with a "C," because she was "curious," "crusty" or "crooked," and so forth; but still Jack Spratte was heart-whole—sound as a roach and as gracefully playful as an eel. Jack

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Spratte, in that blind confidence for which some men are remarkable, thought that the hook had not yet been baited which was destined to discompose the serenity of his gills, and that he was no catfish in a pool, devoted to an early fry. He little dreamed that celibacy is very "unsartin," and that the cork lines and the lay-out lines, together with the dipsies, to say nothing of the gilling seines, the floats and the scoop-nets, are always about, and that the most innocent nibble may result in a captivation.

Jack Spratte was strong in spirit when he stepped forth from the festive hall and crooked his dexter arm for the accommodation of Miss Felicia Phinney. He was jocose in his criticisms and observations for a square or two, and he reviewed the sports of the evening with a degree of humor which entitled him to rank with the wits of the time. But the night was one not to be resisted, even by Jack Spratte. He soon found that his chest—the chest enclosing his susceptibilities—was not a safety chest, not a fireproof asbestos chest, such as they roast under cords of blazing hickory, and submit without damage to vast conflagrations—but, on the contrary, though he never suspected it before, rather a weak chest—he had an oppression at the chest—in short, an affection of the chest, resulting in a palpitation of the heart—and his tongue became hard and dry, while there was a peculiar whizzing in his ears, as if the "Ice-breaker" were suddenly letting off steam. He stammered and he trembled.

"It can't be the punch," observed Jack Spratte, internally to himself; "it can't be the punch that makes me such a Judy. I did n't take enough of it for that—no, nor do I believe it is the fried oysters, for I put plenty of Cayenne pepper and mustard on 'em."

No, Jack Spratte; it was neither the punch nor the oysters. They are wronged by the suspicion. It was the moonlight, mainly, and Miss Felicia Phinney in the second place. Amid the oysters, the punch and the blazing lamps—amid the joke, the laugh and the song—yea, even in the romp and in the redemption of pawns, Jack Spratte was safe. But a walk into the air proved fatal to him. The contrast was too much for his constitution, like an icy draught on an August day. Mirth often reacts into sensibility and the liveliest strain easily modulates into tenderness, just as extreme jocundity in a child is but the prelude to a flood of tears.

Jack Spratte acted without premeditation, and instinctively thought it wiser to begin afar off and to approach the subject by circumvallation. His first parallel was laid as follows:

"Miss Phinney," said he, and his voice faltered as he spoke, "Miss Phinney, don't you think that pearches is good, but that rockfishes is nicer—better nor sunnies?"

"Why, every goose knows that," replied the lady, forgetting in her dislike to the professional allusion of Spratte's remark, that geese are not particularly addicted to fish—"but what are you talking about sich things now for? We 're not setting on the end of the wharf, I 'd like to know—are we?"

"No, we 're not," hastily ejaculated Jack Spratte, who felt that the crisis of his fate was at hand; "but oh, Miss Phinney!—oh, Miss Felicia Phinney!—don't trifle with my dearest affekshins—don't keep me a danglin' and a kickin' with a big hook right through the gristle of my nose!"

The figurative style in which passion is apt to indulge, was strikingly manifest in Mr. Spratte's mode of expression, but it may well be doubted whether operated in a way likely to promote his cause.

"Well, if ever I heerd of sich a tarnal fool!" was Miss Phinney's unkind response; "Jack Spratte, I've not got hold of your nose yet, whatever I may do if you keep a cuttin' up in this crazy sort of way, and as for your affekshins, take care there is n't kicks about your other shins, which might hurt worse. Why—what—do—you—mean—anyhow?" continued she, with great emphasis and deliberation.

"I mean," gasped Jack Spratte, so overcome by the contending emotions of love and fear that he was constrained to catch hold of a lamp post with his disengaged hand, to prevent himself from falling; "what I mean is this—you 've got a nibble—yes, you 've got a bite!—haul me up quick, thou loveliest of sitters in the Jersey market—haul me up quick and stow me away in your basket. I 'm hook'd and I am catch'd—I 'm your 'catty' forevermore. String me on a willow switch and lug me right away home!"

And Jack Spratte came near fainting upon the spot. His heart was laid open, a feat of amatory surgery which almost proved fatal to the daring lover.

Miss Felicia Phinney stepped back and gazed at him in undisguised amazement.

"You, Jack!" said she, "you 'd better jine the teetotallers to-morrow, when you 've got the headache. You must be snapt now—any man that acts so queer must be blue."

"No, no, no!—I thought it was the punch myself, at first—but it 's not—it 's love—nothing but love—love without no water, no sugar, nor no nutmeg. They could n't make punch so strong—not even with racky-fortus stirred up with lignum-vitey! Take pity on me, do! May n't I hope, Phinney, may n't I hope? If you hav n't time to love me now, I can wait till you 're ready—yes, wait a hopin'."

"You 're much more likely to be sent a hoppin', Mr. Jack Spratte."

"I only want to be on an understandin' now—sort of engaged and sort of not engaged—just to know who I belong to."

"Well, once for all, you wont belong to me, Jack Spratte, no how it could be fixed," and Miss Felicia Phinney began to look enchantingly savage.

"Ah, now, do n't—the cork 's under—pull me up—ah, do!"

Jack Spratte sank upon his knees, with mouth open and upturned, as if he expected to be taken in hand immediately, and to have the hook gently and scientifically extracted, after the fashion of the experienced angler; but he was doomed to disappointment, and, to continue the metaphor, he may be regarded as a trout that broke the snood, and was left among the bulrushes to pine away, with the barb deep in its gullet—an image, to express this peculiar state of

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things, which is quite as poetical, true and striking as if allusion were had to the "stricken deer," or to the "arrow-wounded dove." Birds and quadrupeds have had a monopoly in this matter quite too long, and original sentiment must now prepare to dive among the fishes, for the sake of novel illustration.

"Jack Spratte," said the 'scornful ladye,' "quit lookin' like a porpus with the numps—I've done with you—get up and tortle home the straightest way there is, and think yourself confounded lucky that you didn't get spanked this very night. Marry you, indeed!—why, I wouldn't marry a decent man, or a good lookin' man, or a man with some sort of sense in his head; and nobody would ever tell sich a whacker as to say you are sich a one. Now do you hooey home, and don't try to follow me, if you happen to know when a fool is well off;" and the 'scornful ladye' walked disdainfully away, with an air like Juno in her tantrums.

Jack Spratte remained upon his knees, as if converted into a perfect petrifaction. His eyelids never twinkled—he seemed not even to breathe—to all intents and purposes he was, for the time being, a defunct spratte, and it is presumed that to this day he would still have been found upon the same spot, like a spratte done in salt, if the watchman had not threatened to arrest him for being *non com.*

"Where is she?" exclaimed he wildly, as he started to his feet.

"Where is what?" said the nocturnal perambulator.

"Mrs. Spratte!" cried Jack, with a bewildered air, "Mrs. Jack Spratte, that is to be. I'm goin' to be married, aint I?"

"I don't know whether you're goin' to be married or not," was the petulant reply; "but if you don't go away, you'll be like to spend the rest of the evening with the capun at the watch'us. It's not my business to tell people when they're goin' to be married, whether they're sprattes or gudgeons."

"Yes, that's it—I am—I am a gudgeon!" said Spratte, smiting his forehead and then darting away.

"A werry flat sort of a fish, that chap is," said Charley, with a sage expression.

Jack Spratte went directly home, just as he had been bid—he went home, not with any definite purpose in view—he did not want to sleep, he did not want to eat, he did not want to sit down—he merely experienced an undefined "want to go home," peculiar to the Anglo-Saxon race when they do not exactly know what to do with themselves, (all other people go out, under similar circumstances,) and therefore home he went, very much after the fashion of a livery-stable horse, when the gig has been demolished or the rider left in some friendly ditch. He came home like a whirlwind, but yet his feelings were those which may be supposed to belong to the minor vegetables—the most diminutive of the potato tribe. He had not been "strung upon a willow switch"—he, Jack Spratte, was enrolled among the "great rejected!"—a goodly company enough, but he derived no consolation from the thought.

Jack Spratte vowed vengeance!—Jack Spratte kept his word!!

Many other lovers shared the fate which had befallen the unhappy Spratte, and, to the general eye, it certainly did appear as if Felicia Phinney was to realize her boast, that "if other gals had to take up with husbands, she, at least, could do without a master," though it was perhaps clear enough that, in any event, the master was likely to be but a "negative quantity."

Miss Felicia Phinney waxed onward in years, and, as her years increased, her energy and her commanding spirit seemed to gather new strength. She became omnipotent in the market-house, and wo to those who dared to undersell, or tried too perseveringly to cheapen her commodities.

"Why now, aunty, is that the lowest?" was sometimes, and not unfrequently, the question.

"Sattinly—what d'ye 'spect?—Fishes is fishes now, and shads is skurse," would be the tart reply, and the saleswoman would slap a pair of shad together until they resounded through the arches of the market like the report of a swivel—"skurse enough, and the profits being small, them as prices ought to buy—that's the principle I go upon," and the fishes would again be brought in contact, to the great discomposure of all who happened to be within hearing.

In appeals of this sort, the maiden fish-woman seldom failed to be successful—especially when the customer happened to be rather unpractised in the affairs of the market—for there was something peculiarly imposing in her tone and attitude as she held a fish by the tail in each hand. Mark Antony himself was not more persuasive over the remains of the slain Cæsar, than was Miss Felicia Phinney when haranguing over her "skurse shad."

"Ha! ha! it's well she bought something," would be the after remark, "for if there's any thing I hate to do, it is being obligated and necessiated to flop a customer over the head with a shad—'specially if it's a lady, with a bran-new, tearin' fine bonnet—a hard flop with a shad is sudden death and run for the coroner, on spring fashions. But when people prices, they've got to buy. I go for principles, and if they wont buy, why, flopped they ought to be and flopped they must be, or our rights will soon be done for. People are gettin' so sassy now, that by'm'by, if they're not learnt manners, they'll take our shad for nothin' and make us carry 'em home to boot."

—

There certainly appears to be a retributive principle in nature which, sooner or later, victimizes us as we have victimized others—a species of moral *lex talionis*, which returns the ingredients of our chalice to our own lips. No man ever made a greater "bull" than he who manufactured a brazen representative of that animal, that Phalaris might roast his victims in it and hear their bellowing cries—for the ingenious artificer was himself the earliest victim, and roared like a calf. The original hangman does not live in story. It is but fair, however, to infer that he died by the rope, and either strangled himself or had that friendly office performed for him by another. All who introduced refinements in the application of the axe—that most aristocratic of executive instruments—have

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themselves been subjected to a different process of "shortening" from any set down in Miss Leslie's "Domestic Cookery," and probably the inventor of solitary confinement and the "Pennsylvania system of prison discipline," was she of the "mistleto bough" —the identical lady of the "old oak chest." The retributive principle goes even further than this. There are retributive husbands and retributive wives —such at least do they seem to be—whose office appears to consist in being a penance for previous jiltings, previous flirtations and antecedent insults of all kinds, to the blind little gentleman who primitively sports with bow and arrow, disdaining recourse to the use of fire-arms. In this sense, Mr. Brownstout was a retribution—a retribution for all the past offences of Miss Felicia Phinney. He had been ambushed far onward in her course through time; so that when she thought the past forgotten, and when she had mensurably forgotten the past, the retributive husband might, like a steel trap, be sprung upon her. Whether Brownstout—Mr. Brownstout—had been created and trained for this especial purpose, does not appear. He was but a little fellow, it is true—in this respect his person and his name were in evident contradiction to each other; but he was an ample sufficiency to bring about the purposes for which he was intended.

There is, they say, such a thing as love at first sight—an instantaneous attack, resembling somewhat the unexpected assault of cholera in Calcutta or thereabouts, where the victim, doubled up, at once falls to the ground. This spontaneous combustion is not perhaps so frequent in modern days as when the world was younger. Time and change, atmospherical or otherwise, modify all disorders, and by these influences, love, like the lightning, has, to a considerable extent, fallen under the control of science, and has ceased to be so rash, sudden and explosive as it was; while the actual cases do not exhibit symptoms so imminent and dangerous. Young gentlemen nowadays are not nearly so apt, according to the popular phrase, to be "struck all of a heap," as their grandfathers and their paternal predecessors are represented to have been. The Fire-King thought little of remaining in the oven until the dinner was baked—a feat at which precedent ages would have looked aghast—but experiment has since proved that the generality of our kind are salamanders to the same extent, and a similar truth appears to have been demonstrated as to the capacity existing in the present era, to withstand the fire of the brightest eyes that ever beamed from a side-box at the opera. Who ever hears that Orlando has shot himself for love with a percussion pistol, or with one of your six barrelled, repeating detonators? No—that fashion expired before the flint lock was superseded, and when the steam engine came roaring along, the lover ceased to sigh, and, instead of suffering himself to be pale and dishevelled, he looked in the mirror and brushed his whiskers; and as hearts are not knocked about so violently as they were at the period of small swords and chapeaus, it follows as a natural consequence that they are very rarely broken past repair.

Miss Felicia Phinney, it may be, from having so long evaded the "soft impeachment," was finally afflicted somewhat after the fashion of our ancestors. Her constitution not being accustomed—perhaps we should say seasoned—to such shocks, "took it hard." An individual of her "timber" could not be expected to "pine," but when Mr. Brownstout first insinuatingly and delicately asked the price of a shad—in those very tones which cause lovers' words to sound "so silver sweet by night"—she felt that her hour was come—and that her "unhoused free condition must be put in circumscription and confine." Whether she was affected by the force of contrast, in joining which, as Mr. Sheridan Knowles has taken occasion to remark, "lieth love's delight," or whether Mr. Brownstout only chanced to present himself at the propitious moment, is a problem which the parties themselves, unaccustomed as they are to such analysis, could not undertake to solve. It is true that Felicia Phinney was somewhat tall and not a little muscular, and that Mr. Brownstout had no pretensions either to length or to any unusual degree of latitude in form. She was bold, determined and rather Stentorian in her vocalities—he was mild, submissive and plausible when it was necessary—both serpentine and dovelike.

Brownstout saw that he had made an impression Every one intuitively knows when he has been thus fortunate, and he justly thought that if he had been so successful when only asking the price of a fish, results must ensue proportionably greater if he were actually to become the purchaser of the article; for, if a mere tap at the door is productive of notable consequences, a regular peal with the knocker cannot fail to rouse the entire household. Now Brownstout, who at that period was "a tailor by trade," but one who had a soul so much above buttons that he could but rarely be persuaded to sew any of them on, had a tolerably clear perception of the fact that it would be rather a comfortable thing—a nice thing, indeed—to hang up his hat in a house of his own, and to possess a wife gifted with the faculty of making money—a sublunary arrangement of surpassing loveliness, provided the wife be duly impressed with a sense of its symmetrical proportions, and has the good taste not to recur to the subject too often. On the one hand, he saw—"in his mind's eye, Horatio"—enchanting visions of ninepins, shuffleboard and other exercises of that sort, made still more agreeable by proper allowances of ale and tobacco—while on the other hand, a sufficient basis—"a specie basis"—for all these absorbing delights was evident in a stand at the mart piscatorial, femininely attended. There was a beautiful harmony in this aspect of the case, that came straight home to his bosom. It combined dignity with utility—poetry with practice—the sweet with the useful, in such architectural grace, that it was not in his nature to abandon the prospect. He had what few men have—a scheme of life before him, which dovetailed into all his peculiarities of disposition, and might be pronounced perfect. It is not then to be wondered at that Thais at Alexander's side, on the memorable evening when the mail brought the election returns from Persia, was not more soul-subduing

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than Miss Felicia Phinney seemed in the eyes of the enraptured Brownstout.

It was not in his way, to be sure. He was not altogether accustomed to such matters, but as he was aware of the truth of the axiom, "nothing venture, nothing have," he ultimately made the desperate resolve to buy a fish, and—reckless man!—to pay for it! —to buy, if necessary to the completion of his great design, several successive fishes and to pay for them, and he saw but one difficulty in the way. His road was clear enough so far as the mere purchase was involved, but it was the second clause in the programme of the operation which somewhat puzzled Mr. Brownstout, as indeed it often puzzles financiers of a more elevated range. He might buy, but, like Macbeth, he did not know how to "trammel up the consequence," which was to pay. It is true that a certain practical philosopher has decided that "base is the slave who pays," but there are times when circumstances so combine against the principles of "free trade" that to pay is unavoidable. Mr. Brownstout felt his situation to be a case in point, and he was sadly puzzled as to the mode in which this monetary obstacle was to be surmounted, until he remembered that, in default of assets, there is a mode of hypothecating one's hopes and prospects so that they may be "coined to drachmas." He resolved to borrow on his personal liability, secured by the "collateral" of his chances in matrimony, of course promising a premium proportionate to the risk. For the means of obtaining a half dollar's worth of fish, he was, at a future day, to return a full dollar, which is not unreasonable, considering the shadowy nature of prospective dollars, dependent on contingencies—dollars so situated are very uncertain dollars—dollars which are "to be or not to be," as the fates may determine. When any one says "I'll owe you a dollar," it often requires acute ears to detect even the approaching jingle thereof.

"A sweet morning, Miss Phinney!—a lovely morning—quite circumambient and mellifluous, if I may use the expression. Such mornings as this cause us bachelors to feel like posts in a flower garden—we may look on, to be sure, but no rosies and posies are blooming for us—we are nothing but interlopers and don't belong to the family—solitary and forlorn in the middle of the crowd. More juvenile people, such as you, Miss Phinney, don't realize those things, but for me!"—and Brownstout assumed an expression peculiarly plaintive, as he stood in the market-house *vis-à-vis* to the shad basket.

"I minds my own business, Mr. Brownstout, and never trades in rosies and posies," was the gentle reply; "the beautifulest mornings, to my thinking, is them when people bites sharp and are hungry for fish. Hyperflutenations and dictionary things are not in my way;" but Miss Phinney was evidently pleased with Brownstout's "hyperflutenations and dictionary things," and liked them none the worse probably because they were not very clearly understood.

"Your are right, madam—perfectly right. When people have a taste for fish they are generally fond of fish, and are likely to show their good sense by buying fish. I'm very much attached to fish myself. How are fish to-day?"

"Why, pretty well, I thank you, Mr. Brownstout; how do you find yourself?"

This being the first attempt at a joke ever essayed by Miss Felicia Phinney, she was quite pleased with the darling, and she laughed—rather rustily, it must be confessed, but she did laugh; and Brownstout, not being deficient in tact, he laughed too. If you desire to win people's hearts, always laugh at their jokes, whether good, bad or indifferent—more heartily, in fact, at those which are bad and indifferent than at the good ones. It proves your benevolence. The good joke can take care of itself and walk alone, while the others are rickety and require cherishing, and are also, on this account, the greater favorites with the author of their being.

Brownstout laughed—"ha—ha—hugh!" and Miss Phinney laughed—"he—he—haw!" Pretty well on both sides. This interminglings of laughs often leads to an intermingling of sighs, if care be taken not to laugh too much, for a lover habitually jocose seldom prospers with the fair, however deep the undertow of his sentimentality. Brownstout was aware of this, and subsided betimes into a more amiable 'havior of the visage.

He finally bought his fish, and as they dangled from his hand, so did he dangle after Miss Phinney, and the combined perseverance of dangling and purchasing at last brought him to the haven of his hopes. They were married, and Miss Felicia Phinney was duly metamorphosed into Mrs. Brownstout.

But who had urged this ill-starred attachment to so dire a catastrophe!—who but Jack Spratte—the Varney Spratte—the Iago Spratte—the worse than Schedoni Spratte!—Spratte, the rejected—Spratte, the despised!! He had never forgotten, though long years had elapsed, the outrage to his tender emotions on that memorable night of "Copenhagen and fried oysters"—of love and despair—when the expression of his lacerated feelings had been imputed to the effects of punch—when, in spite of assurances that "the hook was through the gristle of his nose," the obdurate fair had refused to "pull him up." Had Jack Spratte been oblivious of his wrongs? No—they had lain within his bosom as icy as a cold potato, while the sweet cider of his affections had passed through all the grades of fermentation—acetous and so forth—until they had become vinegar, sharper than the north wind—pepper vinegar, to which "pucanilies" are not a circumstance. The merry Spratte, in a single night, had been converted into a pike of the fiercest description. He frequented the shuffleboard—he early discovered the secret of Mr. Brownstout's attachment—he treated to slings and egg nog until he ascertained the relative position of parties, and all necessary particulars—he confirmed Brownstout's wavering resolution—he lent him the money to buy shad—and he, even he, stood groomsman at the ceremony, covering his procrustinated triumph in deceptive smiles, and eating cake as if his heart were filled with sympathetic emotions.

Why did Jack Spratte do this?—why?—because

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he knew Mr. Brownstout's sordid views—his nefarious designs—his intention to frequent the ninepin alley and the shuffleboard, while his wife sold fish in the market—his resolution never to work again. It was JACK SPRATTE'S REVENGE!! Diabolical Spratte!!!

The results which Jack Spratte had anticipated, as some compensation for his sufferings, were not of slow development. "Domestic uneasiness" gathered like a cloud around the hearth-stone of the Brownstouts; for Brownstout, being busily engaged in the pursuit of happiness, was not only absent the greater part of the day, but rarely made his appearance at all until one or two o'clock in the morning; and, when he did come, his first visitation was to his wife's professional check apron, to obtain an additional supply of the sinews of war.

"Husbands are luxuries, my dear, and must be paid for accordingly," was his only reply to words of remonstrance, and when the aforesaid pocket was put out of sight, he broke things, by way of demonstration, until it was again brought within reach.

Mrs. Brownstout, in the warmth of her affection, for a time tried kindness as a means of reform—she winked at her husband's idleness and made him a weekly allowance; but his ideas on the subject of gentlemanly expenditure developed themselves too rapidly to be confined within the bounds of such limits, and he had secret recourse to the pocket, until the deficiencies thus occasioned became too palpable to be concealed. The cash would not balance, and, naturally enough, the patience of Mrs. Brownstout then kicked the beam. She "flopped" her little husband—not with a shad, as might be expected, but with a shovel applied in its latitude, "broadside on."

The next morning, silence reigned through the hapless domicile of the Brownstouts. The masculine owner of that name had disappeared, and with him the pocket, check apron and all. Night after night he came not, and Mrs. Brownstout grew meagre and dejected.

"I'm a lone widder feller," sighed she, "or just as bad. When you aint got your husband, it 's pretty near the same thing as if you had n't none. But men is men all the world over, and you can't help it no how. When Brownstout fust came a courtin' to me, you'd a thought butter would n't a melted in his mouth, he pretended to be so suspicious. He swore he loved me; but now, just because of a little difficulty about the shovel, he 's shinned it like a whitehead, with my pocket full of change and all the spoons he could lay his hands on."

And so Mrs. Brownstout one evening sallied forth in search of the delinquent.

. . . . . .

The bar was in full practice—clients and "cases" flocked around it in abundance. Four "hands" with their sleeves rolled up could scarcely, with all their quickness, mix the "fancy drinks" fast enough to supply the demand, so numerous were the applications for refreshment. Corks were popping—the bottles gurgled—clouds of cigar smoke were "rolling dun," and men had to speak at the very stretch of their voices to be heard over the thunder of the balls, as they went trolling along the board and crashing among the ninepins, anon booming back adown the trough. There, amidst the crowd, divested of his coat and waistcoat, to give free play to muscular action, was Brownstout—the faithless Brownstout!—in his glory. His cigar and his half-empty tumbler stood upon an adjacent ledge—in the enthusiasm of the hour, he had not only bared his arms, but likewise girt his body with a bandana, and tucked his trowsers into his boots. There was a streak of chalk upon his face, which gave its general flush of excitement a still more ruddy tinge.

It was his throw!

Nicely did Brownstout poise the ponderous ball, which rested on his right hand, while the forefinger of the left remained for an instant upon its upper hemisphere. He paused a moment for an inspiring sip and a preliminary puff—and then—the living statues never displayed more grace in attitude—every head projected as if their owners would penetrate into futurity, and see results before they were accomplished. Brownstout bowed himself to the task, scanning the interval with that eye of skill which so surely betokens victory, and then, with a slide like that of the feathered Mercury—whizz!—bang!—slam!—boom!—bump!—smush!!—crash!!!

"Another set-up!" is the general cry, and Brownstout, with a back-handed sweep across his countenance, which scarcely concealed the half-suppressed smile of conscious genius beaming in every feature—though he would have looked indifferent had that been possible—turned himself once more to his tumbler and to his cigar, like one who felt that "he had done the state some service and they knew it." He had reason to be proud. Not only had he achieved victory for his "pard'ners" and gained the refreshment tickets—good for a drink and trimmings—consequent thereon—but he had also secured several bets, couched under the mysterious phrase of being for "something all round." Indeed, it is not certain that an "oyster supper for six" was not also dependent on the result, which Brownstout had mentally resolved should be an oyster supper for one on each of six specified nights, and not an oyster supper for six on one night; the last being a common arrangement, but regarded by him as at war with true economy, and as most "wasteful and ridiculous excess."

After the first burst of exultation was over, the victors seemed suddenly to become athirst—they smacked their lips, and made many other conventional signs expressive of that condition, jogging the elbows of the defeated and asking, very significantly, "what shall it be?"—a sound which awakened the smiles of "the bar," the members whereof began scientifically to handle the decanters chiefly affected by Mr. Brownstout's "brave associates—partners of his toil"—for had not he gained the decisive "set-up?"

"Set up!"—unlucky words! Well said Napoleon to the Abbe De Pradt, that from the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step. It was so with the emperor. He and Brownstout both found that often when we have gained a "set-up," we are nearest to a "set-down."

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"Out of the way!" shrieked a well known voice, the owner of which was endeavoring to force a passage through the crowd—"I'm sure he's here—he's always here, and I'm come to fetch him!"

"The old woman!" exclaimed Brownstout, in trembling dismay, as the tumbler slipped from his nerveless hand and the cigar rolled into the folds of his bosom.

"An old woman!" repeated the gentlemen of the bar, letting fall their "muddlers."

"His old woman!" re-echoed the nine-pin players, aghast.

"Brownstout's old woman!" was the general chorus.

"Run, Browney!"

"Hop, Stoutey!!"

"Make yourself scarce!"

Too late, alas! were these kindly hints from those who would have saved their beloved friend from the infliction of domestic discipline. Brownstout saw that retreat was impossible. His wife's broad hand was upon him. He fell back breathless with terror—it is presumed that reminiscences of the shovel danced athwart his brain.

Like another Mephistophiles, Jack Spratte appeared upon the scene. The author of mischief is always in at the catastrophe.

"You are a precious set of warmint!" said Mrs. Brownstout, as she glared fiercely around—"who am I to thank for deludin' my old man to sich places as this, to waste his time and my money on fools and foolery!"

"Thank me!" exclaimed Jack Spratte, hysterically, "me!—me! to whom you guv' the mitten!—me who got the bag to hold!—me, whose nose was put out of jint!—me, whose young hopes was drownded in cold water almost before their eyes was opened!"

The "*adsum qui feci*" of the Latin poet was never more finely "done into English," though it may well be questioned whether the atrocious Spratte had ever heard of Nisus and Euryalus.

The excitement became intense—the crowd huddled around—the boys rushed from the pins to listen to the denouement—and one thirsty soul at the bar showed his interest in the matter, by hastily swallowing the contents of three other gentlemen's glasses, to fortify himself for the occasion, after which he also hurried to the centre.

"It was me that done it all!" continued Spratte, gesticulating spasmodically—"I know'd he'd break your heart!—I know'd he'd hook your money!—I know'd he'd keep always goin' out and never comin' home agin! If it had n't been for me he'd not have married you—but now I'm revenged—now I'm happy—now I'm—ha! ha! hugh!" and Jack Spratte sprung high into the air, and, on his return to earth, spun round three times, and, exhausted by emotion, fell prostrate, upsetting a table upon which stood three "brandies" and one whiskey punch.

Mrs. Brownstout dropped her hands and suffered the almost inanimate form of her husband to go lumbering to the earth, while she stood petrified with despair at this terrible revelation. Her heart was congealed, and every bystander was stricken with horror at Spratte's having proved to be such a "debauched" fish!—all were moved inwardly, except the utilitarian who had imbibed the other gentlemen's liquor, and he seized on the chance to move outwardly, that he might sneak away without discharging the dues for that which he had ordered himself.

There were no more ninepins that night—the moral influence was such that the boys put out the lights without being told to do so—if they had not, indeed, it is probable the lights would have gone out of themselves. Mr. and Mrs. Brownstout went home in a cab—they were too much overcome to walk. Jack Spratte recovered by slow degrees—the three brandies and the whiskey punch, in which he was immersed, probably saved his life—but Jack Spratte never smiled again, no matter how good the joke. His bosom was seared—his heart was like a dried cherry several seasons old, and so he became a drummer in the marines, delighting only in the beating of tattoo and reveille, as two of the most misanthropic of employments—the one sending men to bed, while the other forces them to get up. He was severe upon these points of war, and it was noticed that he was always a little before the time in the performance of each. Such are the spiteful effects of blighted affections, which give acerbity even to a musician! But Jack Spratte's revenge had failed—most signally failed. After the events of the ninepin alley, Brownstout was an altered man. He might justly be spoken of as a great moral re-action. Stung to the quick at having been made an instrument of revenge—a mere drumstick of malignity, he burnt all the tickets in his possession, "good," as they were, "for refreshments at the bar"—he returned the check apron pocket to his wife, though perhaps it would have been more acceptable if any thing had remained in it. The spoons, however, were past redemption; but what are spoons in comparison with matrimonial comfort—what are spoons when one's husband works in the daytime and never goes out in the evenings? Mrs. Brownstout was a happy woman, and never even hinted at "spoons," except when she imagined that her husband's thoughts might perhaps be straying toward ninepins. That word always brought him straight, and she but rarely had occasion to say "spoons," except on the Fourth of July or about the Christmas holidays. As for the bibulous individual before alluded to, the poetic catastrophe to which he was an accidental witness made him so dry that he has been busy ever since in a vain endeavor to quench his thirst. He thinks of hiring himself out as a dam for any moderate sized river, and would do so, if the navigation company were liberal enough to put a drop of something in the water, just to take the chill off and to correct its crudities.

And such is the end of "JACK SPRATTE'S REVENGE."

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AN ADVENTURE IN CUBA.

BY EPES SARGENT.

"But, speaking of dancing, did you ever dance the zapateo?" asked my companion.

"I have never ventured to attempt it," was my reply.

"Then can you never have been in Cuba."

"That does not follow; for I was there once when the cholera and yellow fever were both raging. There was little dancing then, except such as delirium might prompt."

"The zapateo," said Smith, for it was he, a chance acquaintance, whom I encountered the other day on board one of the Sound steamboats, with whom I was conversing—"the zapateo bears the same relation to other dances in Cuba that the Fourth of July does to other holidays in the United States—or the canvas-back to other birds on the Potomac—or the salmon to our other fish—or the Mississippi to our other rivers—or Henry Clay to——"

"That will do, Smith; that will do in the way of comparison," interrupted I. "I think I understand what you would say. Pray proceed with your description."

"Every body in Cuba," said he—"that is, every body who is any body—plays on the guitar, as a matter of course, and dances the zapateo."

"But what is the zapateo?"

"It is simply a sort of backward and forward shuffle, danced to a quick and spirited measure, and in which two at a time only engage, keeping it up until one or the other is tired, when his or her place is taken by some one of the company. At first sight one would think it was quite an easy matter to catch the step, but in reality it requires long study and frequent practice to accomplish it with even tolerable grace. The feet follow the music so nicely that as they strike the floor you could catch the tune from the shuffle alone; and the best dancers introduce varieties, which, like the shakes and flourishes in singing, so disguise the original movement with ornamental additions that you would hardly recognize to what family it belonged. Well, to this dance the Creoles seem devoted body and soul. No entertainment is complete without it. For whole nights and days they will dance it without any apparent relaxation of enthusiasm, without any sign of fatigue. To surpass all competitors in dancing the zapateo is glory enough for any Creole lady or gentleman. Nor is excellence of this kind wholly without its reward. It is customary for a looker-on, if he be peculiarly charmed with the dancing of a lady, to put his straw hat upon her head, or throw his handkerchief over her arm, afterward redeeming it with a present of some kind, which, according to his generosity, may be a silver *rial*, or a gold ounce. I have seen a lady almost covered with hats and handkerchiefs in the course of a dance. As soon as it is ended, she holds up the article for the owner to claim. He, perhaps, says, "*da una vuelta*"—she whirls round him, going once more through the familiar steps, then stops and receives the gift of her admirer. Many a time have I known a beautiful young Creole carry from a ball a hundred dollars in gold, tied up in the corner of her handkerchief, the guerdon of her superior dancing. To refuse a gift on such an occasion would be an affront to the gentleman who made it."

"But is there no reward for the gentlemen who excel, as well as for the ladies?"

"Occasionally the ladies amuse themselves by presenting a sugar-plum or an orange, but it is rare that the male dancers receive gold or silver. Sometimes when a man dances extremely awkwardly, hats and handkerchiefs are showered upon him in mockery. He is obliged to receive them and offer them for redemption, and then his gifts are found to consist of half-smoked cigars, bits of orange peel, nut-shells, and all the worthless and despised things that can be found."

"Is not the individual, thus made sport of, ever roused to anger?" I inquired.

"Not if he be a true Creole, and to the manner born," said my companion. "I remember an instance, however, where a thoughtlessness was the means of involving a fellow countryman in a scrape that threatened to prove serious. Dayton and I had been dining on board one of our national ships, then in the harbor of Havana. We had both partaken pretty freely of the super-excellent *diejnot* which our friend, Lieutenant B——, had provided, and we were both primed for any frolic which might present itself. As we were returning to our lodgings somewhat late in the evening, the sound of music and dancing arrested our attention, and lent its aid to the champaign in kindling our blood. By a consentaneous impulse we entered the building where the fun seemed to be going on, and, on paying a few *rials* at the door, were admitted into a hall where a large company were assembled, grouped around a couple who were dancing the perpetual zapateo. Dayton, who had never before seen the dance, seemed to regard it now with intense interest, and I perceived from an occasional shuffling of his feet that he was eager to try them in this new and fascinating measure. 'By Jove, I think I can go it,' said he, putting both hands upon his knees and lowering his head to scrutinize more closely the steps made by the dancers. The spirit of mischief induced me to reply in accents of encouragement, 'To be sure you can dance it, Dayton. It is quite simple. Once get into it, and the music will

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carry you on, without your troubling yourself about the steps.' 'And why should n't I trouble myself about the steps?' asked he, 'they are simple enough. Any fool could learn them in five minutes. It is but patting the floor with your feet, thus—then coming forward with a sort of a hop and a step, thus—then back again, as that character with the red silk streamers to his jacket is doing—and there you have the whole mystery.' From the grotesque movements which my companion made, as he attempted to imitate the steps, I was convinced that he knew no more of the dance than a bear did of waltzing, but the opportunity of making some fun was too choice a one for me to let it slip by unimproved. 'Bless me, my dear fellow,' exclaimed I, 'how the deuce have you contrived to catch the trick of it so soon? Why, man, you must have practiced it before.' 'Never saw it before this evening, upon my honor,' said Dayton, earnestly, quite elated at the discovery of his new talent for dancing the zapateo. Here the gentleman who was then executing the dance, and who was one of the most accomplished dancers on the island, comprehended a nod which I made to him, and, ceasing, suddenly tapped poor Dayton on the shoulder, and signified to him that if he wished to dance a place was now vacant. The lady kept on with the dance, notwithstanding the withdrawal of her partner. Dayton's gallantry, pride and ambition were all strongly appealed to, and, handing me his hat, he boldly advanced, and, bowing to the lady, took up the vacated position."

Here a momentary interruption was produced in Smith's narrative, by the ringing of the supper bell. After we were seated at the table, he proceeded.

"Let me see. I left Dayton just entering upon the dance. The music all this while did not discontinue for a moment; and, striking an attitude which reminded me forcibly of one of Jim Crow's preliminary flourishes, Dayton commenced a species of shuffling which he believed in his heart to be the zapateo. For some moments, respect for the feelings of a stranger kept the spectators silent, but when he persevered in his grotesque and indescribable saltations, now apparently combining in his mind dim recollections of the sailor's hornpipe with emulatory imitations of the popular styles of Master Diamond and Mr. Rice—the general disposition to laugh could no longer be repressed. It burst forth in one loud, protracted shout. There had been much laughing before he commenced, and Dayton did not for a moment imagine that he was now the subject of it any more than he was before. And when the hats and handkerchiefs began to pour in upon him, and the ladies themselves clapped their little hands and cried *bravo*, he seriously believed that he had made an impression which even Fanny Elsler could not transcend. At length, the uproar became so great that the director of the ball, who seemed to think that the joke had been carried quite far enough, interfered to bring it to a termination. Tapping Dayton on the shoulder, he exclaimed, '*Pera, hombre!* Pera, hombre! (Stop, man!) My friend did not understand a word of Spanish, and turning to me with a face full of innocent inquiry, he asked: 'What does he say?' 'He says that you dance the zapateo superbly,' said I, while the tears ran down my cheeks from suppressed laughter. Encouraged by this, poor Dayton proceeded with increased energy, performing some of the most extraordinary vaultings I had ever seen off the stage. Again the spectators burst into a roar of laughter, and again the director, with a grave face, tapped the dancer upon the shoulder, repeating the exclamation, '*Pera, hombre! pera!*' 'What does he say now?' asked Dayton. 'He says he never saw the zapateo danced better,' returned I, half suffocating with the effort to appear serious. Overjoyed at his success, Dayton resumed his antics; but at that moment his partner withdrew, and, as no lady ventured forward to take her place, I persuaded him to stop. Now came the ceremony of redeeming the hats and handkerchiefs, with which his admirers had laden him. The owner of the first article held up redeemed it with a copper cent. The next gave an old kid glove, so stained and dirty that it was difficult to guess what its original color might have been. The next gave a wilted banana, black and dry. The next, a small piece of brown paper. The next, an iron nail, very rusty. The next, a sucked orange; and the last, the smallest possible end of a smoked cigar. Poor Dayton had not been prepared for a joke of this kind. I had given him to understand that good dancers frequently were presented with doubloons, but mentioned nothing of cigar-ends and sucked oranges. He conceived himself to be the victim of a premeditated insult; and, turning toward the donors as soon as they had exhausted their gifts, he returned them with interest, pelting the astonished Creoles vigorously with weapons which they themselves had supplied. They soon retaliated, and, with cries of disdain and anger, strove to seize him and pin him to the ground. This was a catastrophe which I had not anticipated. All was now tumult and confusion. I rushed to my friend's assistance, and both of us happening to be scientific pugilists, and much superior in size and strength to the gentlemen present, we fought our way to an open window, and leaped some ten feet to the ground. A pistol was discharged, as we alighted, from the hand of some enraged opponent, but it did no harm, and, gliding along the shady side of the street, we escaped farther molestation and pursuit. Poor Dayton! He never afterward danced the zapateo."

"What became of him?" asked I, as I finished my last cup of hyson.

"He died the next week, of the yellow fever, contracted by indiscreet exposure to the sun," said Smith. "I had it badly myself at the same time, but recovered."

"Shall we walk on deck? It is a beautiful evening."

"As you please."

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A CAUTION TO SEA TRAVELERS.

BY HARRY FRANCO.

It was on the first of March, in the year eighteen something,
I have not my notes at hand, and my mem'ry 's a dumb thing
In regard to dates and names, when for the first time I parted
With all the friends I loved, and almost broken hearted
Leaped on the packet's deck, just fastened to a steamer,
With the wind from the nor'west blowing "a regular screamer."
(All the hullabulloo of starting may be read in Mr. Dickens,)
And we were soon outside the Hook among Mother Carey's chickens.
We were eight-and-twenty souls, men, women, children and nurses,
And some were as lively as crickets, and some were as solemn as hearses.
There was Mr. Crowley, one of those old fashioned British grumblers,
Who, to get the worth of their money, contrive to break decanters and tumblers,
And Mr. Smith, who, it was thought, had taken a purser's names,
His whole baggage consisting of a wallet, decidedly an ill omen;
He was well enough in other things, about forty and somewhat burly,
In fact, rather good-looking, but most unaccountably surly.

Now, one may go to Albany and not care whether one travels with saints or sinners
Just as one is indifferent to one's company when one dines at public dinners;
But such indifference to one's companions when one crosses the Atlantic,
Would be culpable indeed, there is something so romantic
In being cribbed with twenty souls, unbeknown, upon the ocean,
Although 't is common enough, in this age of loco-motion;
It will not, therefore, appear in the least degree surprising
That Mr. Smith's appearance set all on board surmising;
Mr. Crowley gruffly said that the man deserved a halter,
And the common voice declared that Smith was a defaulter;
As ill reports spread fast, it was very soon bruited
From the cabin to the steerage that Mr. Smith had Swartwouted.
These reports he did not hear, for Mr. Smith was hard of hearing,
But he might have guessed as much from the glances and the sneering
Of the stewards and the boys; from the passengers, who, bolder,
Whenever they passed him gave him a cold shoulder.
And he doubtless felt, if he were the rogue we thought him,
That by some unlucky chance the Philistines had caught him;
A most uncomfortable reflection, for he could hope for no quarter,
And a spanking nor'west wind drove us fiercely through the water,
Indeed, a poor rogue in the midst of such good people
Must have felt out of place, and he could not but sleep ill.

It chanced that Mr. Smith and I occupied but one state-room,
(Now a state-room is a very different thing from a room-of-state, which is generally a great room.)
A little box with two berths and only one wash basin,
But the berths were scarcely wide enough to squeeze one's soul-case in,
So when we went to bed, that Mr. Smith might not shove me,
I crept into the under berth and he into the one above me.
There I lay half the night hearing the water dashing
Against the ship's side, with strange thoughts flashing
Across my half lulled senses; and now and then bestowing
A thought upon poor Smith, for whom I felt a growing
Sympathy; it has always been my failing
To compassionate poor wretches, whether they were ailing
From moral dereliction or from Fortune's crosses,
The loss of one's good name is the worst of earthly losses,
And therefore most needs pity.

Philosophers say that whiteness
May be produced at will, of an exceeding brightness,
By mixing the primitive colors; at least it has been stated
Although I believe the fact has never been demonstrated,
And, from the analogy of lights and sounds, I question whether
Silence might not be produced by mingling all manner of sounds together.
I thought thus while I lay in my narrow cabin, trying
To close my eyes in sleep, and there is no denying
That silence soon fell upon me, but whether it was owing
To waves splashing, men bellowing, winds blowing,
Children crying, maids squalling, ladies shrieking,
Ropes thrashing, sails fluttering, and masts creaking,
I know not to a scientific certainty; but I soon fell a dreaming,
And was suddenly aroused by a warm current streaming
Directly on my face; being dark as pitch I roared out, steward!
And away came John tumbling down to leeward.
Steward, said I, tell the captain the ship has sprung a leak on deck,
Here 's a stream of warm water running upon my neck!
"Warm water!" exclaimed John, as he reached out his hand to feel it.
"We must be in the Gulf—Lord, how the boat does reel it."
Be quick, I replied, bring a candle, for I 'm flooded,
"O, murder!" exclaimed John, as he returned, "Mr. Franco, you are all blooded!"

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The candle did, indeed, reveal a most terrific sight,
Which made John, who was as black as jet, almost look white.
And I, who am not often overcome with fear,
Fell down aghast when I saw Smith lying above me, with his throat cut from ear to ear.
He died by his own hand, but in truth wounded
By the cold glances of the fellow beings by whom he was surrounded,
Who should back to virtue's paths by gentle means have brought him,
And the loveliness of goodness by their own example taught him—
The apostolic mode of teaching, worth all the bookish knowledge,
As to saving sinners' souls, ever gained in school and college.
Poor Smith! where he came from, or whither he was going,
Could not be learned from his papers, and I never had the satisfaction of knowing.
But many a time since, too many times to number,
Have I been visited by him when dropping into a slumber;
And have started in my sleep, both on land and billow,
Thinking I could feel his warm blood pattering upon my pillow.

MORAL.

Whenever you travel by sea, be cautious in selecting a berth not to commit such a blunder
As I did with poor Smith, but take the upper one and let your room-mate sleep under.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

BY RICHARD H. DANA.

I look through tears on Beauty now;
And Beauty's self less radiant looks on me,
Serene, yet touched with sadness is the brow
(Once bright with joy) I see.

Joy-waking Beauty, why so sad?
Tell where the radiance of the smile is gone
At which my heart and earth and skies were glad—
That linked us all in one.

It is not on the mountain's breast;
It comes not to me with the dawning day;
Nor looks it from the glories of the west,
As slow they pass away.

Nor on those gliding roundlets bright
That steal their play among the woody shades,
Nor on thine own dear children doth it light—
The flowers along the glades.

And altered to the living mind
(The great high-priestess with her thought-born race
Who round thine altar eye have stood and shined)
The comforts of thy face.

Why shadowed thus thy forehead fair?
Why on the mind low hangs a mystic gloom?
And spreads away upon the genial air,
Like vapors from the tomb?

Why *should* ye shine, you lights above?
Why, little flowers, open to the heat?
No more within the heart ye filled with love
The living pulses beat.

Well, Beauty, may you mourning stand!
The fine beholding eye whose constant look
Was turned on thee is dark—and cold the hand
That gave all vision took.

Nay, heart, be still!—Of heavenly birth
Is Beauty sprung.—Look up! behold the place!
There he who reverent traced her steps on earth
Now sees her face to face.

SONNET.

SUGGESTED BY A PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM H. LEGGETT.

BY GEORGE BULL.

Like some proud oak, that from its forest-home
Goes forth to battle with the wave and blast,
From woods that nursed thee in their peaceful gloom
Undaunted was thy youthful spirit cast;
A self-relying soul, that fixed her eye
On daring deeds, achievements great and high,
And met by peril, menaced by distress,
From her imperial flight would not be thrown;
But, like the eagle of the wilderness,
Went forth to prey, unguided and alone,
To war with all that warred with man's free right.
The shrine has perished; but the sparks are sown,
As by the whirlwind, from its altar-site,
Thoughts that are fire and winged by words of light.

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A TALE OF CHAMOUNY.

BY T. C. GRATTAN.

(Continued from page 191.)

CHAPTER VI.

It will be remembered that as soon as poor Corryeur and his wife left Balmat's house, after the fruitless attempt to acquire tidings of their missing child, he who so brutally repulsed their entreaties for information also disappeared from the scene. It need hardly be stated that he had set out, by a circuitous path, on a visit to his little prisoner. He had effected his object of leaving no proof in the hands of her parents that she was concealed in his premises, or that he shrunk from a prompt and minute search. While he took his upward way through the wood on the road to Montauvert, and was soon lost to the eyes of the most inquisitive or suspicious of his neighbors, the unhappy parents, baffled in their best chance of success, had repaired to the village magistrate, detailed their misfortune, and loudly demanded inquiry, assistance, and, if possible, redress. All that could be granted to them was granted, namely, a summons for the appearance of old Jeannette with the men employed about Balmat's mill, and subsequently a strict search in the premises. This order was instantly obeyed, but the examination which was forthwith proceeded on produced no result. The men evidently knew nothing of their master's doings, and the old woman explained her somewhat doubtful expressions to Corryeur by the very natural and laudable feeling of a wish to give him at least the consolation of hope.

In the mean time the report of Julie's disappearance had spread through the village and reached the post-office. The attention of the antiquated female functionary who did the internal duties of that important branch of administration was thus drawn to the billet found in the box to Corryeur's address. On ordinary occasions it might and would have lain for days unheeded in the narrow recipient of mountain correspondence; but the good nature of the woman overcame the indifference of the postmistress, and her old bobbling letter-carrier was despatched in all speed—and that was not of mercurial quality—to convey the document that promised a chance of relief to the afflicted father and mother. This announcement of her safety, in Julie's well known handwriting, was indeed a world of comfort to them. And the strange fact of her favorite goat having also disappeared, seemed to carry conviction that both were somewhere together, and that not in any distant retreat. No one imagined the possibility of their both being a league up in the mountains. And so the matter rested for awhile, speculation and cogitation utterly failing to throw any decided light on the truth.

When Balmat reached the châlet, which was during the magisterial inquiry just mentioned, he found every thing as he had left it a few hours before, except that the sun now lighted up with all its splendor the gray and misty beauties of the morning landscape. The goat browsed patiently in the rich herbage, and no sound save the murmuring of the rock-formed cataracts broke the stillness of the scene. Gabriel peeped once more through the window bars, and saw that Julie still slept. Gently loosing the string which bound the goat, and unlocking the door of the hut, he let the animal walk in, and he watched the effect. It began at first to toss about the leafy and mossy carpet, and to nibble at some of its most tender materials, but in a few minutes it came up to the couch, and (whether it recognized its young mistress or not is beyond the reach of our philosophy) it instantly set up its wonted note of tremulous bleating, standing close to the object which its voice seemed calling into consciousness. Julie suddenly started up, rubbed her eyes with both hands, looked round and round the chamber, fixed her gaze for a moment on the window, then let it fall on the still bleating animal, which she as instantly embraced with animated delight, while it licked her face and returned her caresses, with a thousand grotesque yet affectionate gambols. Julie next arose from her reclining posture; and Balmat as instantly retired to allow her an opportunity of arranging her simple toilet unobstructedly. As he walked aside he threw up his eyes and hands in wonder—not at the familiar objects of romantic grandeur which surrounded the scene, but at the amazing change in his own nature, which had never till then known a sentiment of delicacy.

In a little while Julie was out on the greensward which surrounded the hut, and she ran affectionately toward Balmat, followed by her recovered favorite, and with looks beaming with gratitude she thanked him again and again for the kindness he had done her. She inquired how he managed to bring the goat so long and so difficult a road. Balmat replied that to come to those one loved such obstacles were as nothing; and though his answer was meant to apply to the animal, Julie did not fail to attach its meaning to Gabriel's self. She took it for granted that he had seen her parents and obtained the goat with their consent—for though she had most pleasant dreams, she never dreamt of the fact of his stolen expedition and the double journey he had made since supper time. He admitted his having seen her father and mother, assured her that her letter had quite satisfied them

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about her, and shuffled over her other questionings—thus mingling truth, lies and equivocation altogether.

"And now, Julie, you must think of your housekeeping," said Balmat, turning from her homeward theme. "While you milk the goat, I will make the fire. Here is a packet of coffee which I have brought with me, and a few fresh laid eggs which I picked up in my own hen-house, so that with the bread, butter, cheese and honey in store within, I think we shall make a breakfast that the Syndic of Sallenche might envy us for."

In a few minutes more the division of labor thus suggested was acted on; and in due time they prepared and finished their repast, with a gusto only known to the inhabitants or visiters of high regions, and the possessors of high spirits. A walk into the deeper recesses of the glen was next proposed by Balmat, and gladly acceded to by Julie, for she longed to explore the beauties of the place which she had as yet scarcely seen, except in the brilliant yet vague glimpses of the moon. They wandered along, and rambled about, and talked in a desultory manner of many subjects, all of them nearly as new to one as the other. They were in many points on a par of very strange equality. It is custom alone which gives manhood the superiority over childhood in matters of taste and feeling. The full grown inexperience of Gabriel, who had never known the advantages of reciprocated sympathy, reduced him quite to a level of his companion's girlish tone of reasoning, on every topic beyond the mere material occupations in which his life had been passed; while the animation of her more lively intellect actually took the lead in many points of the conversation, which turned chiefly on the nature of the new formed and anomalous friendship which had so marvellously sprung up between them, and thus their talk was like that of two young and uninformed tyros, rather than the converse of a pair whose disparity of years and difference of sex were in keeping with their widely discrepant characters. They interchanged ideas, and mingled comments, and bandied questions and answers with a total absence of the timidity of ignorance on one hand and the assumption of knowledge on the other. Maturity and childhood met each other half way; and that morning's conversation, perhaps unparalleled in its kind, possessed all the springy freshness and pure vivacity of youth and innocence.

Balmat's constant exercise and total want of rest for the previous four-and-twenty hours had tired out his robust frame, and his mental excitement during that period called also for repose. So, after wandering about for an hour or more, he sat down on a tufted bed of wild thyme, in the shadow of a granite block, with Julie by his side, her apron filled with a dozen varieties of bright and fragrant flowers, heretofore unknown to her comparatively lowland experience.

"And now you will keep your last night's promise," said she, carelessly tossing her floral treasures about, and archly looking up at her murky countenanced companion. "You will now tell me why you brought me here, and how long you mean me to remain, and what I am to do in this beautiful desert?"

"Certainly, I will tell you all that," replied Balmat with a smile which changed the expression of his face into something like good looks; "and I hope you will quite understand me, my dear little Julie.

"Now, in the first place, you know very well that every one in the world—except yourself perhaps—hates me. And I must confess that I hate every one but you, Julie. I am, just lately, ever since the day your little brother fell into the river, thinking that it is a terrible thing not to love some one or other, and to have nobody that really loves me. I, therefore, have encouraged rather than repressed that fancy which I took for you so suddenly. I have found myself gradually, day by day, liking you better and better, and in proportion as I liked you better, I seemed to like myself better—but every body else in the world worse and worse. There is something within me, Julie, that wont let me scatter my good nature about the world upon every one, as the wind blows the flowers and buds in all directions. It is more like the sun, fixing its beams in this little glen—and—and—"

"Yes, Monsieur Balmat, but the sun shines upon the mountains and valleys also," said Julie, completely demolishing Gabriel's already broken metaphor.

"Well, that was not exactly what I meant," said he, somewhat abruptly and in a self dissatisfied tone. "What I mean is that my feelings, such as they are, are of a fixed and positive kind, and that I can't bear to like more than one person, and that now that I find that I *can* like one, I am capable of going any lengths in my love for that one."

"And I am that one?" asked Julie, putting her hand on Balmat's.

"Yes, on my sacred word, Julie, you are, and there is nothing I would n't do for your happiness," replied he, taking up the little hand in his coarse one and putting it to his lips; but astonished at this stretch of gallantry, he laid it down softly again beside him without kissing it.

"Well, then," said Julie briskly, "come with me now to our mill, and make friends with my father."

"No, Julie, no—I cannot do that—that is to say, not all at once. You must give me time. The first thing to be sure of is your affection for me. If I can secure that, I am afraid I must come to better terms with your father and mother. That is the worst of it—but I have made up my mind for even that."

"Then, why did n't you at once shake hands with them weeks ago, and come to see us every day at the mill, and make us all happy? Surely that would have been the best way for all our sakes, instead of giving yourself the great trouble you have done here."

"Julie, I never could have brought myself to visit your father on the chance of making you like me. My pride would not let me expose my weakness before him and the rest of your family. Besides, you would not have liked me there. You would have seen in me nothing but my bad qualities. But here I have you to myself. You have a proof, in all I have done here, how very much I must love you; and by being here alone with me you may in a little time find out whether you really can like me, and how much."

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"Well, but after all, I must by and by know you mixing with other people. We cannot always live alone in this wild place."

"Not *here*, Julie. But I have a notion that we might find a place still more lonely, though a great deal larger than this, far off, away beyond the mountains, and beyond the sea, in a strange country where we should meet none of the odious people who live here. What would you think of that?"

"I can't bear to think of it at all. Nothing would make me give up my dear papa and mamma, and my brothers and sisters, and I know no odious people—I am sure the neighbors all round us are very kind and very good."

"Julie, you must not speak of them in that way. I hate them all."

"Then how can you like me, who like them all so much?"

"That I do not know," said Balmat seriously. "But it is certain that I do like you as much as I hate the rest—"

"Then, perhaps, for my sake you will like them by and by."

"Perhaps so. God knows what effect you may produce on me—but you must love me first, Julie; and it is for the chance of that that I have brought you here. So let us forget all the stupid people who live elsewhere, and see what we can do for each other here."

"I am sure I can never do enough for you, Monsieur Balmat, in return for all you have done for me already."

"My dear Julie, you have done more for me, without knowing it, than perhaps I can ever do for you. You have opened my eyes on my own heart, and enabled me to see down far into its depths."

"Well, now, do tell me what it is like, and what you found there."

"Why I don't exactly know what it is like, Julie, if it is n't the salt mines of Foully," said Balmat, with another of his improving smiles. "For amidst a great deal of darkness, I think there is here and there a little glimmering spark—"

"Which we must work up and turn into something very wholesome and palatable, my dear Monsieur Balmat," said Julie, taking his hand and looking beamingly up into his face.

"God bless you, Julie!" said he, squeezing the little hands together in *both* of his. But he immediately loosed his hold, and covered his eyes with his broad palms; and turning suddenly round, laid his face earthward, and neither spoke nor moved for some minutes.

Julie watched him quietly for awhile. Then gently rose up and walked away a little distance. She went over toward the goat and played with it, looking still at Balmat. She then stepped softly up beside him. His hands had fallen from his face; and while she saw that he was fast asleep, she observed the trickling mark of a tear that had come out from his closed lids and moistened his swarthy cheek.

It was full two hours before Gabriel awoke. His awakening was electrical. He sprung at once on his feet, looked round in every direction, and not perceiving Julie anywhere, he ran to the hut, then in a moment emerged from it, and was hastening along the path which he had himself formed, toward the opening of the glen on the way to Chamouny, when he was arrested by a burst of childish laughter faintly heard, and looking upward he perceived the object of his search sitting on a projecting ledge of granite far above him, her goat by her side, her own head and the neck of the animal fancifully decorated with wreaths of wild flowers, a quantity of which little Julie amused herself by scattering down toward her astonished, pleased, but somewhat alarmed friend. For mixed with his delight to find that she had not escaped from him, was an almost involuntary shudder on observing the perilous position to which she had climbed, and sat perched on, with an apparent unconsciousness of danger. This absence of nervousness in situations of risk, arises either from a reckless disposition or a confidence in one's own resources. The latter was the case with Julie. And Balmat was already impressed with a sufficient insight into her character to be convinced of it. He therefore made no ill-judged effort to hurry to her relief, nor did he show any anxiety; but sending up a kind gesture or two, in token of recognition and satisfaction, he beckoned her down with a coaxing air. Agile and sure-footed, because sure-headed, Julie made little difficulty about the means of descent. She stepped from stone to stone, and clung by whatever wild grass or weeds she could grasp at on her way; stopping from time to time to wait a salute to the admiring and expectant Gabriel, or to call her goat, who respectfully followed her track, as if taking a lesson from her prudent activity. In a few minutes she had come down from a height that it must have required an hour to ascend to; and when she touched the grass-covered earth again, Balmat could not resist the impulse to take her in his arms, and for the first time he impressed a kiss on either side of her flushed and animated face.

"I gave you a nice fright, did n't I?" said Julie laughing.

"Why, certainly, I was alarmed to see you in so dangerous a place, and really, my little friend, it was very impru—"

"Come, come, Monsieur Balmat, it is not that I mean, and you know very well it was not that which frightened you so much—but you thought I had run away home—I know you did, and it was that which made me laugh at you."

"No, I assure you, my dear Julie, I could n't believe that, because—"

"Then why did you hurry off so fast, after looking for me in the châlet? Ah, Monsieur Balmat, you see it is no use, you cannot deceive me."

"Nor do I wish it, Julie. But—"

"But what? You are afraid to confide in me? Is n't that it?"

"No, not exactly that; but you are very young, and you do not yet quite know your own mind, and you know me scarcely at all, and so—"

"And so you are resolved to keep me as a sort of

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prisoner in this delightful place, notwithstanding that I am so happy in it I would not leave it for the whole wide world."

"Not for the *whole* wide world, Julie, but perhaps you would for that little bit of it on which your father's mill is now standing? Eh! confess it now in your turn, Mademoiselle Julie, were you not very much disposed to run off toward home when you thought I was sleeping just now?"

"O fie, Monsieur Balmat—*thought* you were sleeping! You know very well you did sleep most soundly; and it is quite as true that I never dreamt of going home. I might easily have done so if I chose it."

"Then why did'n't you?"

"Because I think it would be very dishonorable to you, after all the pains you have taken to make this place so nice for me; but I fairly tell you, Monsieur Balmat, that as soon as I get tired of being here I will escape from it, unless you let me go away freely."

"Well, Julie, that is fair warning, and now we understand each other; and I promise you solemnly that whenever you tell me you wish to go you shall have my full permission."

Such was the convention between the friends; and for the rest of the day they talked it over, and many points arising from it, with an increasing confidence in each other. But even from this first day's unbroken intercourse, it was evident that the inevitable ascendancy to be gained by one of two minds so situated, was already inclining in Julie's favor. Young as she was, her inexperience was overbalanced by the natural strength and buoyancy of her character, and by the total artlessness of nature which put those qualities forth without any effort. Balmat, rough, bold and cautious, had always an object to strain for in this strange intercourse. He was never quite at his ease, because never sure of himself. And his repeated projects for saying or planning something to gain an influence over Julie were constantly frustrated by some such abrupt and upsetting remarks as I have already recorded. It may be taken as a fact that in all such mental partnerships the simple, straightforward intellect will be sure to take the lead, if both are on a tolerable par of equality in point of talent; and that it is not in any case a question of youth or age.

CHAPTER VII.

A fortnight passed over without any of those abrupt or startling incidents which form epochs in a life or give effect to a story. Day after day, Gabriel Balmat was sure to make his appearance, soon after sunrise, at the châlet, to quit it again at nightfall, and return home to inquire about the business of his mill, which went on its usual slovenly and imperfect way, under the management of his men. Old Jeannette saw with wonderment the great change in her master's manner and temper. Something had evidently come over him, of a bright and soothing nature, like a sunbeam that makes a path of light through a dark wood. The old woman was pleased at this; for she liked him about as much as the keeper of a menagerie may like the beasts he feeds, and coaxes, and dreads the while. But as soon would she have dared to question the mysterious workings of Balmat's heart, as the keeper aforesaid would hope to know what passed in the brains of *his* savages. Gabriel had, therefore, that greatest of luxuries for a mind strong enough to bear its own happiness, the pleasure of enjoying a secret, without the want of a confident or the intrusion of a *friend*, as inquisitive pesterers are, in common parlance, called.

The poor Corryeurs did not know what to think or how to act. Their feelings on the one hand, and their "friends" on the other, were a perpetual torment to them. What with inborn anxiety and unasked-for advice, they had not a moment's peace. The thousand projects, self-conceived or suggested by others, thwarting each other, and all one by one abandoned, baffled every attempt at detail from any source open to my inquiries. I confess myself curious to know what parents could do or might feel in a case like this; but as my readers are already aware that there was no actual danger hanging over our heroine, we may pass by all inquiries as to the fears and hopes of the father and mother. One little incident arising from them must, however, be recorded.

It was on the sixteenth morning of Julie's voluntary exile from her home, and just as the sun, rushing up to the topmost height of heaven, burnished the snow-covered peaks into a brightness that was too dazzling for Gabriel Balmat's eyes, that he turned them for a moment round, to see that no one followed or observed him, as he took the wood path toward Montauvert, on his usual walk to the châlet. Keen as a hawk that has its heart fixed on its prey, and its glance on the lookout for the sportsman, Gabriel caught sight of a human figure crouched behind a pine tree, and evidently in the attitude of one that watched. He doubted not for an instant that it was his movements which were thus observed. The doer of a secret deed has always a spy in his conscience. Balmat was as cunning as he was suspicious. He therefore paused a few seconds carelessly, then lounged into the cover, with the air of one indifferent or thoughtless. But the moment he was concealed from view, he darted suddenly through the brushwood, round in the direction of the hidden figure; and, as he gained the rear of the position, he observed a man stealthily but quickly going in the line he had himself taken a few minutes before. He was instantly on the track of his imagined follower, whom he recognized as one of the youths employed at Paul Corryeur's mill. His conviction of his being watched and dogged by order of the persons he still hated so cordially, threw him into one of those fits of calm fury, so terrible in a temper like his. In a few minutes he was close behind the youth, who paused on the path with straining looks to discover the object he believed himself to be pursuing. In a moment more a powerful stroke from Balmat's staff brought the stunned and terrified youth to the ground; for as he reeled and fell, he caught a view of the bloodless face of his assailant, whose desperate look was more frightful than his upraised weapon. Another and another blow fell quick on the prostrate and now senseless body, and a few

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seconds would have certainly left it a corpse, had not the appearance of another person, and the loud cries for mercy which broke on Balmat's ear, arrested him for a moment in his bloody work.

"Oh, spare him! It was not his fault—he acted by my orders—he only did the bidding of a mother seeking to recover her child."

As Balmat turned round and saw Madame Corryeur, all the desperate passions of his nature became at once concentrated. The rage of the tiger interrupted in his bloody feast—the revenge of the savage Indian who has tracked his enemy to his last retreat—the fiercest and most deadly feelings that could stimulate a man to murder, rushed all at once upon him. He gazed for a few moments on the imploring figure of the poor woman. But he saw her indistinctly, for the film of passion was upon his eyes. A confused murmur of words was in his ears; but he did not distinguish her plaintive entreaties for mercy to the helpless victim at his feet, accompanied with appeals for news of her lost daughter.

He deliberately strode forward, and at every step he grasped his weapon with more strength, while his lips became closer compressed, his eyes more fixed, and his brow more firmly knit. The woman, now for her own sake terrified to excess, marking the fearful look which glowered on her, and the appalling calm with which Balmat raised up his arm as if to strike, sank on her knees, with lifted hands and a loud shriek that made him start and pause. That one wild sound brought him into complete consciousness. The image of little Julie seemed magically interposed between him and the mother thus miraculously saved. The rigid tension of muscle—and mind—was all at once relaxed. His right arm dropped slowly down by his side; a ghastly smile passed over his pale lips; and quietly waving his left hand in the direction of the valley, he said, in a calm tone.

"Go home, Madame Corryeur, go home—you have no reason to be alarmed—go home!"

Like a reprieved criminal at the scaffold's foot, she could not at the first moment understand the announcement of mercy. She still maintained her kneeling posture, and her words ran on in the same tone of supplication.

"Why, you don't suppose I was going to do you any harm?" said Balmat.

"Oh, no!" replied she, recovering at once her consciousness of safety, and the cunning which prompted an avoidance of any thing likely to offend him. "It was only for that poor lad that I implored your compassion—he is punished sufficiently for my fault."

Balmat threw a scowl at the now recovering youth, who groaned and writhed from pain. He then said, in a quiet but determined way,

"Let this be a lesson to you and to him; and keep this little adventure to yourselves. If I am further troubled by you or your people, I have my revenge in my own hands, Madame Corryeur."

"Alas! I fear so!" exclaimed she, "you have us all in your power, Gabriel; do then be merciful," (for *once*, she was near adding, but she gulped down the words,) "and put me out of pain with regard to Julie."

"What an extraordinary woman you are," replied he scoffingly. "What could I know of your daughter more than every body knows? She has herself told you, two or three times under her hand, that she is well and happy."

"Ah, Gabriel, you do know more than that, and perhaps even that is not true."

"True or false, it is none of my business—you know you once accused me of having murdered her."

"I ask your pardon for that suspicion—but that you have some hand in her concealment I am now certain."

Balmat only answered by a laugh of mockery; and then adding, as he pointed to the wounded youth who now slowly raised himself from the ground,

"You had better look to that lout and take him away."

He walked off into the wood with a steady and resolute air, not deigning to reply to the entreaties for a few words more, for a few minutes delay, which the afflicted mother continued to pour out as long as he was within hearing or sight. She was afraid to follow him; and when he disappeared she turned her attention to the young man, stanched the blood that flowed from his head, and returned with him to the mill, from whence she had stolen out unknown to her husband, a couple of hours before, to lie in wait for and watch the proceedings of the object of her suspicion, and now, more than ever, of her terror also.

Balmat, in the mean time, proceeded on his devious route, turning and twisting like a frightened hare; but not so much from dread of a renewed pursuit as from the hope of escaping from his own agitating thoughts, ere he reached the châlet and presented himself as usual with an unruffled aspect to his now dear-loved prisoner. Madame Corryeur was not more terrified by the expectation of Balmat's threatened violence than *he* was at the recollection of it, nor more rejoiced at the escape which had saved him from the commission of the crime he was within an instant of committing. The wild shriek which had recalled him to a sense of his atrocity still rang in his ears. It was like a voice from Heaven sent direct to his heart. It was the warning of a guardian angel, to make him pause on the brink of a precipice. He shuddered at the retrospect. He felt that if he had dealt one felon blow and killed the mother of Julie, he was lost beyond hope. His next step would, as it seemed to his turbid mind, have inevitably been the murder of Julie, and then perhaps his own destruction. Picture upon picture rose up in his imagination, one more horrid than another. His suffering was intense. At times he stood still, and, placing his hand upon his eyes, strove, as it were, to shut out those frightful images. Then he would run forward for a space, as if to fly from his pursuing thoughts. Again he flung himself on the ground, and rolled about in mental agony. At last, he regained sufficient self-command to enable him to continue his path with some show of calmness. It was a fixed determination to fly altogether the scene of his suffering and the chance of its renewal, that thus gave him a respite from despair. To scrape together all the ready money he could lay hands on, to sell his property in his house and mill, to carry off

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Julie into the depths of the mountain chain, and farther if their retreat should be discovered, were the abrupt but positive resolutions now formed: and, having thus made up his mind, he at length felt himself in a fitting mood to approach the chàlet, and in appetite for the morning repast.

During the fortnight which had just passed, with all the apparent speed which monotony gives to time, Julie had become a perfect enthusiast as to the nobler beauties of nature with which she was in such close communion; and she was, day by day, more enamored with the romantic independence of her present life. A fortnight so passed, in such sequestered solitude with scenes like those, without care or disquietude, and with an absolute equality of enjoyment, was like a day in the computation of life. On a child of Julie's temperament it was, nevertheless, sure to stamp an ineffaceable influence. The opening vigor of her character expanded with maturity like a flower shone on by the ripening sun. Her mind seemed every hour to take in lessons of strength and purity, from the observance of nature's grand simplicity. The sunrise and sunset, the march of the moon, the regulated anarchy of Heaven's starry host, the stupendous mountains, and all their tributary forms of hill, vale, stream and cataract, worked upon the intellect of this young creature, until she felt herself as more a thing of them than of the mortal world to which she appertained. Had education been at hand, to graft its miracles of knowledge on this stem of rude enthusiasm, our little Julie might have become a paragon of cultivated science, instead of the heroine of a simple mountain tale.

CHAPTER VIII.

Julie's liking for Balmat grew rapidly, and took firm root as it grew. It was not a mere childish fancy for an attractive object, likely to be effaced by the new impression of another more attractive; but a solid regard founded on one of those fixed principles which arise in early life from very brief occurrences. The soil of a young mind brings promptly to maturity any seed of sentiment which is chance-sown in proper season. It dispenses with all the culture of reason and reflection, which in more advanced years is required to justify an attachment or confirm a passion. It was gratitude that formed the basis of Julie's regard; and, in a generous mind capable of doing a service without selfishness, and receiving one without envy, *that* is the best foundation for affection. Neither was Balmat's one of those fleeting fancies which sports with its object, as a plaything to be changed, on some caprice, for a new toy. He looked upon Julie as the instrument of a higher power, intended to turn him into the ways of virtuous thought. In a more elevated mood, he at times considered her as a little missionary from Heaven itself, sent on his path of life to lead to his conversion. While with her, he was ever alive to this notion; and he admitted, as if by right, in their daily intercourse, her supremacy on almost every matter of feeling, opinion, or sentiment.

All this was very flattering to a girl hitherto the associate of children and treated only as a child. Unconscious of any merit that could entitle her to so much consideration on Balmat's part, she regarded it as the effect of sheer good-nature and benevolence; and knowing herself to be the only object on which he had ever exercised those qualities, she was grateful in a far greater degree than she would have been to any other person. With the usual mistake of the inexperienced or thoughtless, she made the great error of estimating Balmat's character according to his conduct toward *her*. That is the proper standard by which to measure men's affections, but not their opinions. We may very well love, and love very well, the object we do not esteem. We rob the heart of one its best privileges when we insist on its rejecting the offerings of those who treat *us* well, merely because they act ill toward others. Love, in all its modifications, is, and ought to be, an individuality. But Julie, had she been older or wiser, would have known that few men are every thing to all men; and that each individual is entitled to form a distinct and separate estimate of each. As it was, she was as thoroughly satisfied of Balmat's worth as she had reason to be of his regard; and a few days of their intercourse wholly removed every previous impression in his disfavor. His delight at this result was unbounded and deep felt. He viewed himself, day by day, as a better man. Julie's embrace was worth a dozen homilies. He felt as though baptized into grace without water. He was virtually recanting his errors, without the performance of penance. The shock produced by the incident I have awhile ago recorded was, therefore, violent in the extreme. He seemed to have at once relapsed into all his former ferocity! Had he not imagined that the form of Julie interposed between her mother and his uplifted arm, he would have believed himself abandoned both by Heaven and her. But the wild workings of his mind all revolved round the conviction that she was his only chance of safety and happiness—the star by whose brightness he had alone to steer; and, in that voyage of life which he now contemplated, he was resolved to carry her with him as at once his pilot and his cynosure.

Julie could not rightly comprehend Balmat's manner, or reach the exact meaning of the vague hints dropped by him during this morning's visit. His mind was evidently troubled, and his words were, at times, unconnected and rambling. It was clear that his thoughts, like evening shadows, embraced some far and dun perspective, on which they threw a still deeper shade. Julie was yet too childish and inexperienced to send her mental vision into the space of abstraction in which her companion's wandered; but she had good sense enough to abstain from any attempt to pry into his secret thoughts.

The day was passed, as usual, by the two friends, sauntering in the glen, reposing in the shade, and, at times, retiring into the chàlet, for purposes of refreshment or for the preparation of each homely repast. They talked pretty much to the same effect as at other times, on subjects rather circumscribed, but full of local interest; but the particular tone of thoughtful

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ness which overcame all Balmat's efforts to conquer it, cast a heaviness quite unusual over the day's intercourse. He looked, now and then, with an air of regret at every object, as if a mental leave-taking was passing in his mind. He felt as if driven out, by the necessity of fate, from a paradise of his own making; and he was perplexed by doubts and fears as to Julie's feelings on the proposal he was so soon to make, and so resolved to enforce. As evening came on, and his mind was more made up, he grew proportionately more composed, and he took his leave for the night in his usual affectionate and disembarrassed manner. Julie had almost forgotten his former air of uneasiness; and she prepared to retire to rest, as soon as he left the châlet, locking the door with his accustomed caution, which all his confidence in his beloved prisoner never induced him to neglect.

As Balmat took his downward course toward home, he felt the oppression of the sultry air hang round him like the heavy gloom which seemed as though it stifled his thoughts. Yet the unusual closeness of the atmosphere was not particularly remarked by one so little alive to exterior impressions, and not observant of changes of weather, to which he was at most times indifferent. For the last fortnight, a succession of splendid days and nights had given an additional enchantment to the scenery of the Alps. Not a cloud had hovered on their sides, and yet the sunbeams were tempered by those delicious breezes which seem to steal out of the mountain's breast, for no purpose but to sport with the wild flowers, and waft their perfumes abroad. Julie, who had fully enjoyed those exquisite advantages of the season and the climate, had felt, as she lay down on her leafy couch, all the oppression of the thick and heavy contrast to the balmy breath of the preceding nights. She tossed about uneasily for a while, envying the goat which occupied a rude shed outside the châlet; and, for the first time since she had taken up her present quarters, regretting and being discontented with the restraint which prevented her from rushing out into the open air, and seeking, on a bed of grass, the refreshing rest which was banished from her own. But youth and the impulses of nature make light of almost all obstacles of atmosphere or climate. Julie was soon asleep; nor were her ears disturbed by the distant growl of the thunder, nor her eyes affected by the pale flashes of lightning, which were like faint reflections from the snow heaps that received the distant illumination.

As soon as Balmat reached his dwelling, he began in earnest to look into his accounts, and turn in his mind the various details of his affairs necessary for the regulation of the removal which he contemplated for the morrow. Thus employed, he paid little attention to the oppressive heat, and less to the distant voice of the storm, which, as night set in, became more confirmed. It was evident, to every one in a mood for observation, that nature was laboring in some great convulsion. Whirlwinds swept along the valley, raising up the dust, in spiral columns, till it mingled with the misty shrouds that came down from the mountain's sides. Rolling masses of vapor pressed on those lighter mists, and sudden darkness covered the whole landscape. The trees were shaken to the earth. Even the gnarled stems became flexible, and bent their stubborn bulk before the blast. The waves of the little river were swollen and tossed in foam, far beyond either bank. The colossal battlements which hem in the valley were raked by the sudden storm-gusts, and huge fragments of rock were hurled down below. As the hurricane increased, the time-worn trunks of heavy pine trees were snapped across, branches were whirled about like feathers in the air, and the ground groaned with the monstrous birth of uptorn roots, scattered to and fro like unburied skeletons. And then, while the hoarse wind galloped on, and the deep mouthed caverns echoed its fierce moaning, the portals of heaven appeared thrown wide open. The clouds cast out their hitherto pent-up furies. Vivid streaming fires poured forth, and the rattling volleys of sound which followed every flash, were like the shouts of mischief-loving fiends who sported in the elemental war.

Such is the moment when the mind that despises the mean home of human nothingness flies panting through the thunder-shaken space; soars far above the sordid confines of worldly things; and, with the pride that suits the soul, feels that earth is not wide enough for man.

But he who now rushed out into the storm and braved its fury, was not moved by any such elevated imaginings. It was the mere impulse of human passion, the powerful sense of affection stirring the pulse of animal courage, which urged forth Gabriel Balmat to throw himself between the natural fears of his young prisoner and the possible dangers to which she might be exposed. Not being a man of lively fancy, he was not tortured by the dread of what might have already happened. But the whole force of his feelings being excited, he toiled along his path with the desperate confidence of a bold mind that believes itself, in the moment of action, invulnerable and invincible. His only feeling was "Let me reach her!" Once on the spot, he had no doubts as to his ability to soothe, inspire, and save her. And so he labored on; blown to the earth more than once by the wind, drenched by the flood of rain, beaten by the hailstones, half blinded by the sulphurous flashes, and almost stunned by the thunder claps and the roaring of the storm.

When he was about half way up the path to the châlet, a sudden cessation of all those difficulties took place. All was still and calm, as though nature had sunk into a deep sleep. Not a sound was heard but the rushing of the mountain streams, now swelled into so many cataracts, and which, here and there sweeping across Balmat's path, formed new obstacles to retard but without power to finally prevent his progress. Never had he made so fatiguing a march, yet never had he felt less susceptible of fatigue. He was braced up to a power of physical endurance that nothing seemed capable of subduing. The calm, which had so suddenly succeeded to the late furious agitation, left him time for reflection; and now, for the first time, his thoughts turned, for a moment, to the

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possible personal chances which might have befallen Julie in her solitude, and to the effect which so fearful a tempest might have produced on her mind. The mental shock of this reflection urged him electrically forward. He soon reached the entrance of the glen; and, pushing on through every impediment of mud and stones, forced onward by the rushing stream, he was making rapid progress, when a sudden flash of lightning and a close following thunder-clap told him that the storm had burst out anew, and near at hand. He sprung forward with breathless speed. A quick succession of flashes showed him his way clearly. He gained a view of the little hut. He threw up his hands toward heaven and uttered a faint shout of joy, when, at that instant, another cloud, which seemed waiting over the spot in order that he might witness the catastrophe, opened wide; a stream of fire shot out directly upon the chalet's roof; the crash of the thunder was so quick that Balmat could not hear the noise of the shattered walls, but he was in no want of light to see that the little building was split open to the earth, and that it lay on it a heap of ruins. Who has not felt the heart-sickness of fear for a beloved object—the sense of powerful affliction at being unable to ward off a danger from the one best loved. It was such that now unmanned the fierce Balmat, for a moment, even unto complete prostration. Then came the horrid thought that Julie must have been destroyed, and *that* was the spring that gave him instant motion again. His was a mind to rush into a knowledge of the worst. He sprung forward, leaped over the rugged barrier of ruined wall, and beheld Julie pale, breathless, but unharmed, sitting on her little couch, and looking up with fixed gaze at the mountains, which were incessantly illuminated by the broad flashes, and might be supposed shaken to their very base by the terrific peals that rattled through the whole Alpine chain.

As soon as Julie saw Balmat she rushed into his arms. He was completely overpowered by the varied emotions so rapidly excited and so forcibly felt. He clasped her close, but did not speak a word in reply to her expressions of delight at having him with her, of astonishment at her escape, and of admiration at the awful scene which was still at intervals represented before her.

"Oh, Julie!" said Balmat, at length, "I have suffered much on your account, but most of all from remorse at having exposed you to this. Thank God you have escaped! You must now leave this wretched place. The storm is going down to the valley. We may safely follow it, Julie. Let us hurry away—the rain is still heavy—you must not linger here or on the road."

"And where are we to go, Monsieur Balmat?" asked she, almost tremblingly.

"Where? wherever your heart prompts to, Julie," said he.

"Oh, thank you, thank you a thousand times! To my father's, to my father's then. Oh, think what my parents may have felt on my account during this scene. How wicked I have been to have left them so long in suspense about me! You would have taken me home long ago if I had required it. Oh, I am ashamed of myself! This frightful scene has been a punishment for my unnatural conduct. How good God has been not to kill me outright! Oh, come, come, Monsieur Balmat! my dear, kind friend and protector, take me home!"

"Yes, Julie, I will indeed take you home, and much do I give praise to Heaven for having spared you. Oh, dearest Julie, if you knew what agony I felt about you you would love me, I am sure."

"I do love you, very, very much. I assure you I do."

"And you will not let your father and mother turn you against me?"

"Oh, they will love you too, you may depend on it they will, when you restore me to them, when I tell them all you have done to make me happy, and the fearful danger you have snatched me from—and come to share it, all out of love to me."

"Well, Julie, I trust in you. I care not for any one else; but I hope the memory of this night will make you love me always, and in spite of every one."

With these words solemnly spoken, Balmat wrapped Julie's cloak about her, produced her bonnet from the rubbish around; and, hastily snatching a few articles of her dress, he took her under his arm and carefully led her out. Once beyond the ruined walls, she stopped, and anxiously looked about. Balmat knew what she sought for, and, leading her aside, he said,

"Oh, it is no matter for to-night. I will come up for her in the morning—never mind her."

"Ah," said Julie, quickly, and stopping as she spoke, "I understand you—she is dead—she is killed by the lightning!"

"Yes, my little friend, it is indeed true. Your favorite lies dead there—I saw her as we came out."

A violent flood of tears was Julie's answer. Without speaking a word she hastily drew her arm from under Balmat's, turned toward the shed, and there saw the lifeless body of her goat, the object of her last fortnight's constant attachment, the companion of her solitude, the link which seemed to keep up her connection with her family. She was sincerely and severely grieved. Balmat did not attempt to console her childish and affectionate regret. He would have patiently stood beside her all night, had she remained there weeping over her lost favorite. But she soon turned away again; for, child as she was, she had the higher object of home happiness strongly stirring in her heart.

Very few words were spoken on the way to the valley. They soon arrived at Paul Corryeur's house. There were lights within, as if the family had not yet retired to bed; though the storm had gradually spent itself, and a fresh delicious calm had followed upon its furious traces.

"Open the door!" said Balmat, striking against it with his stick,

"Oh, God! it is that monster Gabriel," exclaimed the mother's voice from within. Balmat's teeth were involuntarily ground together, and he blushed deeply, —but there was no light to betray his agitation.

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"Oh, my dearest mamma, it is I—pray let me in," said Julie.

A scream of joy was the answer; and, in a moment, the door opened, and both father and mother appeared, and clasped their recovered daughter in their arms. Balmat stood for awhile without moving, looked on, and seemed to enjoy the scene.

"What is all this? Whence came you, Julie? Where has she been, Gabriel? Tell me all about it,—I can listen to every thing, any thing now I have her safe again," said Corryeur.

"She will tell you, neighbor Paul," replied Balmat, in a voice broken and almost inaudible.

"Oh, God bless you for this, Gabriel! You have saved my life, in restoring my child!" sobbed forth Madame Corryeur.

"Come in, come in, Gabriel, you are drenched with the rain, and looking dreadfully tired. Come, and have something to comfort you—come in," said Paul.

"No, Paul, not to-night—I really cannot," replied Balmat, resisting his entreaties, and his efforts to lead him into the house.

"Well, then, to-morrow you will come to see us—to let us thank you for this blessed relief—to explain all that has occurred—to be friends with us, in short—you will come to-morrow, Gabriel?"

"Oh, yes, you surely will?" added the mother.

"Aye, that he will. *I* promise for him. He will not refuse *my* invitation," exclaimed Julie, embracing Balmat with the most affectionate air."

"Julie, you have performed a miracle! Yes, my good neighbors, I *will* come to see you to-morrow," said Gabriel. Then, cordially squeezing the hands of both husband and wife, and imprinting a long kiss on Julie's forehead, he walked away; while they, after watching until his dark form began to disappear in the gloom, retired into their now happy home again. Gabriel looked back at them as they stood; but long before the distance between them was enough to conceal them from his sight they were invisible to him, from the gushing tears that dimmed his eyes; and in stifling his sobs he was almost choked by the emotion that he would not for worlds have betrayed.

PART II.

CHAPTER IX.

The lapse of time between the close of the first part of this story and the opening of this is like the chasm of a glacier, appearing almost nothing when the whole is taken in by the mind or the eye, but full of many a rugged point and rude projection, both difficult and dangerous when examined in detail. But this interval of six or seven years must be now bounded over, without our descending to the minuteness of scrutiny into feelings or events. Great changes had taken place, physical in the one instance, and moral in both, in the two chief personages of our story. The whole tenor of their life had received a new direction, and their beings purposely seemed fixed forever.

Immediately on the reconciliation between Balmat and the Corryeurs, the former proposed, and they accepted the offer, that he was, from that memorable morning, to take upon himself the whole charge of Julie's education; and, without actually adopting her as his child, which the laws admitted, but which was a measure—he scarcely knew why—extremely repugnant to his feelings, he intimated that she alone should be the final possessor of all the property he then had or might afterward acquire, an inheritance of small positive value then, but which he hoped by industry and perseverance to make an object of more worth. In pursuance of the authority which this gave him over the pursuits of his young protegé, he decided, and her parents consented, that she was to be immediately placed at a boarding-school, at Martigny, her education to be conducted at his expense and under his control. There she was consequently placed, and there she remained, laying in a store of such knowledge and accomplishments as were suited to her station in life, visited frequently by her father and mother, constantly by Balmat, and gradually growing up into a fine, well-informed, and right-thinking young woman.

Julie Corryeur was in her eighteenth year, when, her education having been pronounced complete, she left the school where she had passed so long a time profitably and pleasantly, where she had made many friends by her good sense and good nature, and for which she felt all the mixed attachment inspired by the scene of childish joys, modified, as such enjoyments always are, by the feeling of restraint and the check of control which deprive them of that perfect buoyancy which is the fairy spell of happiness.

During this period of probation for her entrance into the busy scenes of the world, a considerable change had taken place, as has been already stated, and, as might be divined even without the statement, both in Julie's personal appearance and in her way of mind. She looked and felt and thought as a woman; and it will not be considered unnatural that almost every feeling and sentiment had for its chief impulse him who had by degrees become to her the dearest object in life. The early but indelible impression of her mountain adventure had stamped her character with a deep enthusiasm, but not of that kind which sometimes runs wild in vague abstraction. Julie's required and found an object on which it might become concentred. The pride of having, as a mere child, effected a total revolution in such a mind as Balmat's soon became blended with her regard for him from whom it had its source; and, as she grew toward womanhood, she could not avoid seeing that her influence over him had increased in that degree by which the convert to an opinion becomes the martyr of a cause. He was wholly devoted to her, and health, wealth, and every human good was identified in his thoughts with the absolute possession of Julie Corryeur. His conduct for upward of six years was correspondent with this thorough attachment to a virtuous and sensible girl. He was a reformed man. He became attentive to his business, civil to, if not quite sociable with his neighbors, indulgent to his old

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woman, and in all ways unexceptionable in his bearing toward the members of the Corryeur family, young and old.

I cannot undertake to trace the growth of the master passion which gradually advanced toward full development in the heart of this mysterious man. The progress from conception to maturity, from the seed to the full-blown flower, is an unfathomable miracle, at which the inquiring mind stops short. So does the moral budding and blossoming of human feeling baffle research and defy analysis. Suffice it to say, that Balmat's affection for the artless child had grown into passionate love for the blooming girl; and as soon as he thoroughly understood his own sentiments he could not help their forcing themselves into the observation of those most concerned. Julie had by some sure instinct discovered his feelings, even before he acknowledged them; and the father and mother only saw in the open avowal the realization of long indulged hopes and expectations. In a word, Gabriel Balmat was the accepted lover of Julie Corryeur, and some little arrangements of property and domestic accommodations were alone required to allow of the day for the marriage being fixed and the engagement being made public.

Every thing went smoothly with Balmat. He had no rival. The very superiority of Julie to the other village girls while naturally attracting admiration at the same time inspired a sentiment of respect which considerably damps the ardor of rustic pretensions. She was wholly free from the contemptible vanity that leads some women on to the encouragement of many admirers, in the hope of more closely attaching one favored lover. Julie ran no risk of that most dangerous of female speculations; and Balmat's dormant but well remembered ferocity was another considerable safe guard against any interference with his passion on the part of younger but less determined aspirants. He was, therefore, as yet, unconscious of the existence in his soul of the meanest and most degrading of all the passions; but jealousy was there, deep hidden and rankling, and only waiting for some real or imagined provocation to burst out in volcanic violence. Unhappily for himself and for her whose well-being was now bound upon his, an opportunity soon occurred for the outburst, which swept before it the whole harvest of years of moral cultivation.

The French invasion of Switzerland and Savoy took place. It is not within the scope of this story to admit of political details, and the very mention of this great national event must be considered but as an episode to the narrow subject of personal adventure, the chief incident of which actually grew out of the transaction of history which is thus alluded to in subserviency to it. French enterprise and Swiss patriotism are hackneyed themes, and the gallant actions which arose from the collision are so widely known and so well recorded as to leave no want of, and scarcely room for their recital here. The great and abounding tragedies of war must be left untouched, to let us concentrate our attention on one deep drama of domestic life.

Gabriel Balmat's intellect was not broad enough to allow of his comprehending the grand motives of nationality. He was scarcely susceptible of the local attachment which is commonly and mistakenly called love of country, but which is in ordinary minds rather a love of self, and an instinctive pride in whatever they feel themselves to form a part of. It has been already seen that enmity was the natural growth of his disposition, which was almost insensible (except in one mighty instance) to affection. He, therefore, felt none of the stirring impulses which inspired many among the warriors who sprung forward to repel the invader. But he fought with bravery, and his hatred of the enemy made him strike home with as much energy as though a loftier inspiration had nerved his arm. Scenes of blood became familiar to him, and his main propensity was thus gratified and strengthened; while, from the general hatred against Frenchmen at large so naturally fostered among his compatriots, his vindictive feelings acquired a more extended sphere of action. Every native of the country which outraged and oppressed his own, was, in his eyes, an object of particular vengeance; and this generalized feeling became in some measure to his distorted intellect a justification for the individual enmity which he after awhile adopted.

When the sturdy mountaineers were driven before the French armies, the different portions of the country successively occupied were covered with depôts of the sick and wounded, and, in many instances, several of those were placed in single billets in the houses of the farmers and peasants of the valleys on the line of march. Chamouny had its share, and Paul Corryeur and his family gave a cordial and comfortable shelter to one, a young man who, with the rank of sergeant, possessed manners of a superior order to that station, and whose fine person and handsome countenance appeared to greater advantage from the delicacy and languor consequent on pain and confinement. A rifle shot through his shoulder, received a few weeks previously, quite disabled him of the use of his right arm, and frequent attacks of fever, which succeeded to the immediate severity of his hurt, left him in a state that could scarcely be called convalescent.

Kind hearted people like the Corryeurs required no inducement beyond the least complicated compassion to ensure their attentions to the wounded stranger.

But refinement, education and taste would be little better than worthless, had they not produced in the feelings of Julie a still tenderer interest for this new object of her admiration as well as her pity. The vulgar benevolence which knows no distinction of persons in a crowd of wretchedness, is, after all, a less elevated feeling than that which instinctively selects its objects for peculiar regard. Julie Corryeur would have succored and served the meanest of God's creatures, from a feeling of duty; but there are few minds which could derive from that sentiment alone such a spring of alacrity as that with which she performed her offices of kindness toward Henri Lavelette.

This young Frenchman was, like thousands of his countrymen in those exciting days, an enthusiastic patriot, loving France, liberty and glory; and, in that

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powerful passion for public things, having no room for any affection of a private nature beyond the attachment so interwoven in the hearts of Frenchmen for their family connections. It was therefore, and not from any insensibility to softer emotions, or from an incapacity to appreciate Julie's merits, that the thought of making love to her never entered his heart, —for, in spite of all theories of physiology, it *is* by that road that such notions reach the head. He was delighted to find a well-informed and intelligent girl in the house of a Chamouny miller; and perhaps her being very good-looking rather added a zest to her great good-nature.

Julie, unaccustomed to manners so accomplished and captivating, was naturally pleased with the society of her new acquaintance, and a rapid familiarity was the consequence between them. The absence on either side of any serious impression gave fuller play to their mutual efforts to please. They knew none of the embarrassment which is always an obstacle to a perfect understanding between persons who are unconsciously about to fall in love with each other. They spoke freely together, and there was no reserve in the communicating of their opinions of others or of each other. How long it is before a man really in love can tell the object how highly he values—how much he loves it! A woman can *never* do so.

The young friends now in question, not having that formidable difficulty before them, the warmth of their mutual regard was proportioned to its rapid growth. Paul and Christine Corryeur, becoming every year more matter-of-fact and not a bit more worldly-wise, never imagined any danger from their daughter's intercourse with the sick soldier, believing her to be firmly hedged in by the solemnity of her engagement to Balmat from any possible intrusion on the part of another. Their ignorant confidence was justly placed in the present instance. But it must be clearly understood that it was so by chance, and it must not furnish either example or excuse for dull and unobserving fathers and mothers in the general walks of life. Altogether, there was not any where to be found a more unembarrassed and confiding circle than that contained in the house of Paul Corryeur; and the return of Gabriel from a roving expedition beyond the Great St. Bernard was now anxiously looked for by the whole party, as the completion of a plan of social enjoyment rarely to be found in such troublous times and in all the circumstances of the case.

The wished-for day arrived. It was autumn time, and the assembled family were abroad in scattered groups by the river side, and in the narrow pasture ground which intervened between it and the mountain's base. The elderly couple were quietly walking arm in arm, the youths and the younger sister jumping and running about, while Julie and Lavalette lounged along the river's side, familiarly talking over her approaching prospects in married life.

A keen eye and quick perception may read in the gait and attitudes of a beloved object, even when the voice cannot be heard or the countenance seen, the general state of the mind, though not perhaps the immediate subject of thought. How easy it is to discover the hurried step of agitation, from the slow movement of despair or the broken and buoyant march of joy. How eloquent is each action of the human frame—the arms folded or tossed about, the head elevated or down hanging, the foot firm fixed or faltering. Nature is, in fact, in all its multiplied developments, a combination of languages, and *this* is one which the glance of affection reads with intuitive accuracy, as though it were written in a book. Such a glance was now steadily fixed on Julie Corryeur; but it was affection of that kind which while it reads rightly is sure to interpret wrong.

When Gabriel Balmat now returned to his native village, after one of those roving expeditions, on which he was a volunteer, animated with success, and flushed with the indulgence of his sanguinary propensity, he did not choose, like his comrades, to come in the beaten road in that species of irregular, but triumphal march which amused them by its picturesqueness and éclat. His unsocial spirit led him to prefer a solitary walk by a mountain path, and he wished to steal unobserved and unexpected into the midst of the family circle of his friends, to judge for himself of the effect which his sudden appearance might produce. Besides this, there was a latent feeling of suspicion always lurking in his mind, arising from the want of confidence in the sincerity of others, which is the sure accompaniment of self-disesteem, and which forms the most congenial soil for the growth of jealousy; and such a feeling strongly seconded this clandestine approach to the scene where I now wish to transport my readers. Totally unperceived by the groups below, he reached a little plateau on the mountain side, and gazed downward with a stern and inquiring eye. He quickly singled out the figure of his betrothed; and he marked beside her, with a frantic pang of astonishment and fury, the figure of a man, in the well known and detested uniform of the French armies. Wily as he was bold, he in an instant dropped on one knee and watched. He clearly saw in the easy gait and graceful gestures of Julie that she was happy and pleased with the words of her companion, who assiduously, while he addressed her, suited his action to the speeches he poured forth. At one moment his hand was on his heart, in the next it was stretched forth, while his head turned toward her, as though he would impress some observation—or some pledge, as Balmat read it—upon her. At the distance of a hundred yards, which separated them, he could not distinguish the expression of Julie's face. But nothing further was wanting to inflame him. And when he at length saw the stranger enemy take one of his mistress' hands in his and press it to his lips, he was hurried away beyond all restraint. His rifle was in a moment leveled and the trigger as instantly pulled.

"Holloa!" exclaimed Henri Lavalette, as he heard the well-remembered sound of the bullet cutting the air close to his head.

"Ah! there is Gabriel!" cried Julie, starting at the report and turning her eyes toward the place, where he had now risen on his feet again, anxiously watching the result of his shot. And, as she spoke, she ran for-

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ward, followed by her brothers and sisters, shouting welcome to him who had (though they knew it not) sent so rude and so ruthless a herald in proof of his close neighborhood.

"Ah, that is the way Gabriel Balmat always announces his approach ever since he took up arms," said Paul Corryeur to Lavalette, as the latter joined him and his helpmate, both hurrying in the direction of their now descending visiter.

"He must be a keen marksman to miss so closely the object he only wishes to pay a compliment to," observed the Frenchman.

"Oh, he is one of the best shots in the valley!" said Paul.

"In that case I had a narrow escape," thought the Frenchman, but he said nothing, being impressed with a painful suspicion that the bullet was certainly intended for his head, instead of the trunk of the pine tree which stood before him and in which it had lodged.

Gabriel instantly saw that he had missed his mark. His first impulse was to rush down and complete his bloody purpose with the unloaded weapon, but the shouts of his young friends, and above all the animated figure of Julie as she moved forward to welcome him excited an immediate and almost miraculous impulse of self-control. In an instant his pulse was steady, his brow smooth, his air unembarrassed; but his pale cheek and livid lip showed that the blood had not yet returned from his heart with the rapidity which a few moments before had hurried it into that great reservoir. He left his place and stepped quickly down, with an easy and guiltless manner, to meet his delighted mistress. At sight of her blooming countenance he was quite overpowered. He had never known her to deceive him, and he at once acknowledged the full force of her long experienced virtue and affection. The momentary doubts of her faith which had flashed across his mind on witnessing the incident of familiar gallantry which had raised his arm to murder the offender, vanished the first glance he threw on her. But his deadly hatred of the stranger was not for an instant shaken in the renewed confidence inspired by his mistress' manner; and in the system of deep dissimulation which he presently adopted there was no abandonment of the design that a sudden impulse had prompted him to attempt.

[*To be continued.*

"A CLOUD WAS O'ER MY SPIRIT, LOVE."

BY MRS. R. S. NICHOLS.

A cloud was o'er my spirit, love,
A shadow on my heart,
As from the gay and dazzling throng
I sadly drew apart;
I could not brook the idle mirth
That seemed to me so vain.
But sighed to think how soon we'd meet
So soon to part again.

There are strange thoughts and fantasies
That crowd each waking hour,
As vague and dim as midnight dreams,
Without their soothing power;
They've haunted me in joy and mirth,
In darkness and in strife;
They prey upon my heart, and waste
The fountain of my life.

Oh! on that well-remembered eve,
As 'neath the stars I sate,
This troop of viewless phantoms came
To me, all desolate;
They whispered dark, unholy words,
That made my spirit weep,
Till wearied with unearthly strife
I sunk in slumber deep.

'T was then methought a vision fair
Came floating from the skies,
It clasped my unresisting hand
And bade my spirit rise;

And as we soared amid the realms
Which crowd eternal space,
I, with no fear or trembling, saw
The angels, face to face!

I heard the joyful matin hymn
From God's illumined ears,
The hymn that at creation's dawn
Was chanted by the stars!
Oh! who hath heard the melody
Of voices like to these,
That through the high and vaulted skies
Are borne on every breeze!

I saw eternal battlements,
And watchers stood thereon,
With starry helms, and eyes too deep
And bright to look upon;
While on their pure and deathless brows
There shone the promise-seal
Which God's right hand had there affixed,
"I will thy sorrows heal!"

I saw, and from my fainting heart
A shout of gladness broke,
While soft the vision floated by,
And I in joy awoke!
The cloud hath fled my spirit, love,
And passed for aye the shade
That gathered round my heart, and which
Distrust and grief had made.

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THE WIFE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS, AUTHOR OF "MARY DERWENT," ETC.

Like ivy, woman's love will cling
Too often round a worthless thing.

It was midnight in London, the theatres were closed, the houseless wanderer sought the dark alley which had sheltered his wretchedness many a miserable night, and lay crouching to the wall as the watchman paced heavily by, lest he might be dragged forth from his hiding place and deprived of his sole remaining possession, personal liberty. Laboring men and honest trades-people had been long asleep, the side walks were deserted, save by the midnight reveler, the abject and the vicious, but through the fashionable thoroughfares carriage after carriage, laden with manly and beautiful life, swept by, their splendor but half revealed by the blaze of the enameled lamps they carried.

A fashionable house in the West End was thrown open to the distinguished of London that night, and, long after the street lamps had burned themselves out, lordly equipages rolled to and from the illuminated mansion. The rainbow light that streamed through the drapery of each tall window had fallen on many a beautiful form gliding up those steps, but in no instance had it touched a being more lovely than the fair young girl who paused with modest grace to gather up her scarf before she followed her companion, an elderly lady, through the labyrinth of statues that lined the broad stair-case.

She reached the drawing-room; music was swelling through the glittering crowd assembled there—the strains of a light cheerful waltz. A glow rushed over her cheek, and the folds of azure gauze that covered her bosom rose and fell with its pleasant throbbings, till the sprig of white jasmine that gathered them at the throat trembled as if shaken by the night wind. Lucy Sprague was seventeen, and this was her first ball, the first time that she had ever stood an equal in the gay throng. It seemed like enchantment to her, the glitter of diamonds, the swelling music, and the crowd of breathing life, bathed in that glowing lamplight. It was no marvel that her bosom heaved and her soft eye sparkled as she gazed upon it.

As Lucy Sprague, the orphan heiress, had descended from her carriage, two young men were crossing the street, arm in arm. They had just come from a neighboring club house, and, if the light had been sufficient, an observer might have detected the glow of wine on their cheeks, and a sparkle of the eye which betrayed excitment if not confirmed inebriety. One of them, a dark haired young man, with midnight eyes and features such as one dreams of for a reveling poet, uttered an exclamation of delight as his observation was drawn to the young heiress, and springing forward he stood in the shadow, grasping his companion's arm, and with his eyes riveted on the girl till she disappeared from the stair-case.

"Come! fortunately I have an invitation," he said, forcing his companion toward the door.

"Surely you will not attempt it; remember the wine you have taken. Your are already half intoxicated."

"With the beauty of that girl, boy, not with wine, —come!"

"No; if you wish to present yourself to the countess in this condition, I will be no party to the outrage; why, man, that hair is falling over your forehead like an unpruned grape vine."

"Confound such comparison! You can think of nothing but grapes and the blood of grapes. I tell you the sight of that heavenly girl has rendered me sober as a cardinal," and as he spoke the young man dashed back the raven curls that had, in truth, almost concealed his forehead, gave them a twist from the temples with his hand, and turned with a laugh to his friend.

"There, will that do? Am I sufficiently presentable?"

"As you will be to-night," replied the more reasonable companion, smiling in spite of himself, for there was something so spirited in the handsome face turned toward him, so frank and determined, that he saw no hopes in contending against his project of entering the house, and could only resolve not to bear him company.

"So you will not go?"

"Most assuredly I will not!"

"Good night, then—breakfast with me to-morrow, and I will tell you all about her."

"Good night."

They shook hands. The next minute young Burke was ascending the staircase of that palace dwelling, composedly as if it had been his own home. He urged his way through the crowd, and reached the dancing room. The object of his search was there, sitting by the tall lady who had entered the house with her. Burke took a position directly opposite the window they occupied. Many a smiling look fell on him from the dancers as they whirled by; eyes brighter than the diamonds that flashed above them were turned upon him from the crowded walls, for Burke was the fashion. Though a younger son, wild, impulsive, and prodigal, his great personal beauty, his accomplishments, and the fascination of his address, rendered him a favorite even among the elder ladies,

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who could not make up their minds to discountenance him altogether, though terrified every day of their lives lest he might persuade some of their aristocratic daughters to throw themselves away and share his extravagance and poverty, or redeem him from the latter.

"Hay, Burke, are you here playing the wall-flower?" said a young guardsman, as he turned from escorting his partner to a seat. "How is it that I have not seen you among the dancers?"

Burke muttered some vague answer to this address, and did not seem inclined to become more sociable. The guardsman was passing on, but that instant he caught a glimpse of Lucy Sprague, where she sat half concealed by her protectress. An expression of pleasant surprise came over his face, and, after convincing himself by a quick glance that it was impossible to cross the room, he bowed. Burke was looking at the young girl; he saw the smile accompanied by a gentle bend of the head with which she acknowledged his friend's recognition, and turned eagerly toward him.

"Do you know the lady?" he said.

"Know her? of course I do; how beautiful she has grown! Shall I present you?"

"Certainly."

The guardsman looked up. It was not usual that the fastidious young man before him permitted an introduction, now he seemed eager for it.

"But you must dance, I can see by her face that she is dying for a partner—unfortunately I am engaged."

"With all my heart," replied Burke; "but who is she?"

"An orphan of good descent, and heiress to a neat fortune. Stewart, the great banker, is her guardian, and that is his wife, sir. How her diamonds light up the beauty of my own sweet friend as she leans over her! There is no fear of losing cast in that quarter, she will set half the town crazy in a month."

When the next quadrille struck up, Lucy Sprague stood in the circle with young Burke; her small feet trembling to the music as she waited her turn to dance, and her cheek glowing with blushes called forth from the admiring eyes that fell upon her from every direction, now that her beauty was rendered conspicuous by the attention of a partner so distinguished.

The dance was over and Burke still lingered by the side of his partner; the wine which he had drank, the brilliant beauty that he gazed upon, music and the voluptuous breath of flowers, all served to excite his wondrous powers of pleasing. The warm, wild poetry of his nature was aroused, it burned upon his lips, and gave expression to his eyes. The young girl listened, and it was enough. The rich tones of that voice seldom found their way to a heart which was not subdued by their eloquence and earnestness, for though wayward and dissipated, Burke was always sincere. His faults were the more dangerous that there was a dash of chivalry and much that was noble always mingled with them.

"Shall we dance again," he murmured, "or would you prefer the air of this balcony, it overlooks the garden."

"The balcony," she said, with girlish eagerness, then checking herself she added, blushing, "the heat is oppressive here."

Burke lifted the mass of crimson drapery that fell behind the seat they occupied, and, flinging open a sash, the young pair stepped forth to a full view of the moonlit garden, its shrubbery and the flowers that greeted them with their gentle breath. The music came softly from within, and all around lay the quiet moonlight. It was a dangerous hour for the heart of that guileless creature—dangerous for them both, for with him love was salvation, or injustice—with her, life or death; she was a woman, and to her love was but the beginning of immortality.

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Lucy Sprague was alone in her chamber, her palm yet warm with the clasp of her partner's hand when he had whispered "good night" at the carriage door. There was music still hovering about her senses—not that which had made her feet tremble on the chalked floor with child-like eagerness for the dance, but the heart thrilling music of a human voice—his voice who had conversed with her in the balcony. When she sunk to sleep that night a smile lay upon those lips as she dreamed; it broke over her whole face like sunlight on a magnolia flower. It was all a dream, a wild sweet vision, and, when the sunshine rode through the curtains of her bed-chamber, the young girl awoke smiling, and with a blush on her cheek, a blush brought there by the memory of visions that had haunted her slumber—visions of a village church with the strong light shut out by creeping ivy, and two persons kneeling together in the holy calm thus created. She arose and hurried on her dress, for it seemed late and she was not certain at what hour young Burke would call.

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"Lady, Mr. Stewart desires your presence in the library."

Lucy bent her head to the footman who had delivered this message, and he turned away without observing the pallor which it brought to her face. She arose, put aside the drawing she had been employed upon, and made several other self-deluding excuses for remaining in the room, though her hand trembled more and more every object she touched, and her face became absolutely pale with apprehension. At length, she made a desperate effort and went down, more nervous and unpleasantly agitated than she had ever been in the whole course of her life. Mr. Stewart was a grave, gentlemanly person, who had outlived every thing like impulsive feeling years before he became the guardian of that orphan girl. She came to him in his spacious library blushing as if she had done something to be ashamed of. The banker received his ward courteously as ever, though an anxious and stern expression lowered on his forehead, and he sat down evidently pondering some unpleasant subject in his mind. She knew what it was, and placed herself in the darkest corner of the room, mustering what courage she might for an in-

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terview which under any circumstances would have been embarrassing, and was now peculiarly so.

For some moments, the man of business sat in his easy-chair looking askance at the changing features of his ward, while he toyed with the pages of a volume which lay on a table where his right hand rested, evidently wishing to seem occupied with it alone.

"I wish to converse with you, Miss Sprague, on a subject which is far from a pleasant one to me at least. Mr. Burke has just left me."

He paused as if expecting some reply, but Lucy sat with her eyes fixed upon the carpet, and but for the mutations of her cheek might not have seemed conscious of his address.

"Your silence convinces me of what I before suspected," he said, more quickly, "that the young spendthrift was not authorized by you to make the assertion which he did make."

Lucy looked up now, and the color settled to a red crimson on her cheek.

"Mr. Burke had my permission to speak with you," she said, with gentle firmness; "my full, free permission; you would not have been troubled else."

The banker turned in his chair and looked keenly in her face.

"It pains me to hear it," he said, "for I can never consent to a union which must bring you to certain poverty, perhaps to a worse fate.

Lucy turned pale, but met his eyes firmly, as one who had made up her mind and was not capable of abandoning a position once resolved on. The banker arose, sat down on the *fauteuil* she occupied, and took her hand with a degree of parental kindness never exhibited to her before.

"Let me entreat you," he said, "reconsider this matter; you cannot know the character of this young man."

"I know it better than his detractors; he acknowledges his faults, he conceals nothing," said the young girl, gaining power of voice and confidence with each word; "you judge him harshly, sir."

"I judge him as the world judges, with the experience of sixty years to aid my observation. I *know* that he will never become a good man, or a kind husband to any reasonable woman, much less to one beautiful, warm-hearted and gently nurtured as you have been."

Lucy felt the tears start to her eyes, for some part of the banker's speech had brought to her mind the memory of those who had indeed nurtured her infancy with such affection as young parents sometimes weave about an only child. She felt how beautiful a feeling domestic love was; how much of heaven might be gathered under our roof, and these reflections did not aid the banker in his attempt to dissuade her from the heart-dream that had in truth bewildered her better judgment.

"He is poor and extravagant," persisted the banker, mistaking the source of her emotion.

"I have money enough for both; his fine taste need not be thwarted," was the generous reply.

The banker pressed his lips together, for her firmness disturbed even his philosophy.

"A wine drinker, a heartless profligate in every thing."

"Nay, heartless he is *not*—it is unjust, cruel, he does not deserve it—if he were all this, I have one firm defence to make for what I intend to do!" she broke off and her cheek became crimson beneath the tears that flowed over it.

"May I inquire what that reason is?" said the banker.

"I love him!"

"And are doubtless persuaded that he seeks you from love in return, and not for the thousands left by your father."

There was a touch of sarcasm in the banker's voice, and it fell harshly on the struggling heart of his ward.

"I *know* that he loves me for myself alone. I am as certain of it as that my pulse beats, or my voice is now filling your ear—I want no better proof than beats in my own bosom—heart answers to heart in this!"

There was something beautiful in the confidence which filled that young heart—beautiful but dangerous; for a moment the cold eye of her guardian lighted up with admiration, but he saw the precipice on which she was standing, and proved how deeply his interest was enlisted in her welfare by the trouble which he took to drag her away.

"I cannot consent to this sacrifice—*will* not consent."

"I grieve that this is your determination," said Lucy, with meek dignity, "but my word—my soul is pledged, I cannot war forever against his pleadings and my own heart. He has faults—I acknowledge he has—no one admits that more frankly than himself, but he will amend them. You do not know how warm and true his nature is!"

The banker shook his head.

"Let it be so, then," she added, smiling through her tears, "*I* can love him spite of his faults."

"This is sheer infatuation," muttered the banker, pacing up and down the library after his ward had left him, "but if she will fling herself away I am exonerated—there is no legal power by which it can be prevented.

—

That dream was accomplished in the church which stood on her own beautiful estate. Lucy Sprague knelt by the side of that dangerous man. The good pastor who had held her at the baptismal fount pronounced the words of union, but his voice broke and he looked compassionately on the young creature kneeling at his feet, as if the task which he was performing were painful to his good heart. The ivy that crept over the little porch, and the tall windows were filled with a dirge-like wind, and the tablet sunk in the wall to her parents seemed like a scroll written over with reproaches.

She stood up, with the golden circlet on her finger, the veil of Mechlin lace swept to her feet, and the pearls on her neck lay motionless in the dim light. But when the bridegroom pressed his lips upon her hand and whispered a few words unheard by the rest—the

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pearls heaved upon the rosy swell of her throat, a happy blush shone through the gossamer veil, and when she went forth, when the bells pealed a welcome and children scattered a carpet of blossoms under her feet from the church door to the carriage; when the horses crushed them as they dashed off, a happier bride could never have breathed than Lucy Burke. And if love—true, warm-hearted, ill-regulated love—could render a heart happy hers might well be so; for if ever a human being doted on another, with the whole strength of his manhood, that being was Thomas Burke. She did him no more than justice there; his thoughts were all on the young and lovely woman he had wedded; not on her possessions—possessions which had now become his own, save a trifling settlement prepared without her knowledge by the guardian, and signed unread by the husband. No, no, Thomas Burke cared nothing for the money; it would have been better, perhaps, if he had indeed possessed more of the mercenary character imputed to him.

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"My wife—my own sweet wife!" How strongly though musical the words fell upon her ear—how full of brooding tenderness were the soft eyes that dared not look upon the face of that manly made husband—so young, so gloriously beautiful—turned upon her with all that wealth of tenderness beaming through! They sat in silence, for the full tranquility which brooded in their hearts was unfitted for any effort at conversation, save the fragmentary symbols so gently endearing which now and then broke from the lips as with linked hands the husband and wife looked forth on the dewy morning together.

"How changed every thing seems here," murmured the bride; "I did not know that our own home was so full of pleasant objects; the garden smiles like an Eden this morning."

"It is an Eden, and here," said the young husband, kissing the forehead uplifted to his face, "here is my Eve—Adam never fell for one more lovely."

"But may not the tempter creep in?" It was a vague question, brought on by thoughts of her guardian's caution, and Lucy repented having spoken it before the words had left her lips, but he only kissed her again, and observed,

"Not while we love each other thus."

They went into the house together, and sat down to breakfast, happy and confident in the future.

A year went by, Lucy Burke was in town once more, the most flattered beauty of a season. Her husband, too, was there; thoughtful manhood and happiness, pure and deep, had given new dignity to his person and a more finished grace to his manner. No man about town was more popular. There was none who gave such suppers, or entertained his friends so lavishly. His establishment was kept up on the most expensive scale; his horses were unrivaled, his equipage remarkable for its costliness, its splendor and the exquisite taste which even in magnificence avoided gorgeousness. Lucy's fortune had not been enormous at first, though fully sufficient for splendor and occasional prodigality, but the style kept up in her home was princely, and could only have been warranted by the most abundant supply of money. Still the generous woman was happy; she knew herself to have been rich, and with no idea of the relative value of money and that which it purchases, never dreamed that her possessions were melting away like snow in the warm sunshine. She was flattered in the world, followed after and caressed to a degree that could not fail to excite her self love, especially as she saw that it gratified her husband. He was still to her the first and dearest object in existence; no music came to her ear so sweetly as his footfall on the stairs, when she could retire to her dressing-room and think of him in peace; no sight gladden her eye so surely as a glimpse of his fine person as she rode through the Park or passed him in her carriage while standing on the club-house steps. Amid all her triumphs, all her splendor, the well spring of her young heart was kept pure and free. The little hour spent with her husband over the breakfast table, in her pretty morning-gown and her delicate face shaded by a deeply bordered cap of costly lace, was the most precious hour of the twenty-four to her. She had not yet repented the choice she had made, and wrote her guardian so.

And Thomas Burke, was he changed in his love of that generous woman?

No, no—changed he might be, but not in his love for her—there he kept firm, though his old habits were creeping insidiously back upon him, and all good resolutions melting from his heart beneath the influence of a town life and old associations.

At length this alteration in his habits forced itself on the attention of his wife. A shadow fell upon her heart, and occasionally her sweet face took a careworn expression; but with the anxiety came a strength and fervency of affection unknown in her heart before. She kept her pledge and did most truly love him in spite of his faults.

Lucy was sitting alone in her dressing-room one night—for she never allowed herself to retire until he returned home—she had taken a book and turned its leaves somewhat nervously, for hour after hour was wearing away and still he came not. At length, toward daylight, there came a double knock at the street door, which aroused the beautiful watcher, who had fallen asleep in her chair with her cheek nestled against the swansdown that lined her dressing robe. She started up—a pleasant smile stole to her before drowsy eyes, and she hastened to hear the porter unclose the door. He was too sound asleep in his leathern chair, and when the knock was again repeated Lucy girded the dressing gown around her waist with a silken cord which belonged to the festal garments she had just flung off, and taking a lamp hurried down stairs. She opened the door and there stood her husband flushed with wine; his hat off and the masses of raven hair falling over his brow damp and dishevelled. He stooped unsteadily, and made a random effort to rescue his beaver from the ground. Lucy shrunk back, and every vestige of color left her face; he came into the hall, stumbling as he walked, holding out his hand to greet her with a vague smile which seemed fearfully out of place on those soulless features.

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Lucy glanced hurriedly toward the porter's chair. The occupant was sound asleep, breathing deep and full, like a man determined on his entire measure of rest, let circumstances go as they might.

Lucy looked upon his unconsciousness with a sense of relief. He need not be a witness to the degradation of his master; this thing could never happen again, and no one would have seen it but herself. Poor Lucy Burke! she knew for the first time how heavily lies the knowledge we would forget, but have not the power. A world of suffering passed through that gentle heart while she was gazing in the face of her husband, that face so pale and unnatural in its expression.

She took his arm soothingly and led him up stairs to her dressing-room. He flung himself into the deep chair which she had just left, smiled in her face with an expression that made her heart sick, and falling heavily back sunk to sleep on the cushion that had supported her, with his head resting on the crimson velvet yet warm from the pressure of her cheek.

The poor wife stood gazing sorrowfully upon him, her meek eyes were full of tears, and after a little she stole away to a corner of the room, knelt down by a pile of cushions, and, smothering her sobs in their silken billows, seemed to be praying with painful intensity. At length she arose to her feet, with an air of gentle resignation, and gliding toward her husband, who still slumbered on in the dull heavy sleep of inebriety, she bent down and removing the damp hair from his forehead, kissed it. Then she stole away into her bedchamber and remained till morning in its gorgeous gloom watching him through the open door, but herself concealed all the time lest he might awake and be abashed in her presence.

Alas! poor wife, this unhappy night was but the prelude to many more equally wearing, equally humiliating to that true heart.

And now the beautiful face of Lucy Burke grew anxious with care and suffering. She no longer frequented the gay circles that would have won her forth from the splendid solitude in which her days were spent, but her step grew languid in that sumptuous home, her meek eyes dim with watching. Almost every night that irregular knock summoned her to be the witness of her husband's degradation. But she hoped on, whispering to herself, "it will be better soon, my true love must win him back, for still I *do* love him in spite of his faults."

—

The guardian's prophecy was accomplished at length. Ruin, total and irretrievable ruin, swept over the thoughtless husband. Ruin that overthrew the household gods from his hearthstone and left his young wife standing amid the fragments, astounded by the magnitude of difficulties that surrounded her; terrified by a dread of losing the object dearest to her on earth by some act of that law which crushes the poor man as it does the felon, she sat trembling within her desolate home, miserable, but firm in the deep affection that no time, no prosperity or misfortune could shake for an instant.

The last and most cruel blow came—her husband was in prison. When the young wife heard this she arose, gathered her mantle about her, and went forth into the street on foot and unattended.

There is in the heart of London a huge building, dark and fearfully gloomy, uprearing itself and frowning over the cheerful dwellings and beautiful specimens of architecture that surround it, like a blasted fortress cumbering a beautiful country with its huge proportions. The very sight of this prison-house is enough to make the soul shudder. Many a wretched heart has withered within its walls or broken in the intense agony of its sufferings; many a head has turned gray while watching those damp, naked walls, year after year, till hope and even the wish for liberty grew feeble with suffering. Man's inhumanity to his fellow creatures was written on every massive wall, sunk deep in the cold flags worn by the prisoner's foot. There Shylock creditors demanded their pound of flesh, and there the profligate, the unfortunate and the poverty stricken herded alike in gloom and misery. There the villain gloried in his sin; unblushing vice chuckled over former evil deeds close by the honest unfortunate, who, bowed down by shame and sorrow, ate his scanty portion in tears, longing for a grave scarcely more terrible than that which immured him.

Within these walls, a prisoner, with no hopes of release, lay Thomas Burke. They had given him a cell to himself, and there in solitude he lay tossing to and fro on his straw pallet; ever and anon he sat up and looked upon the bolted door with bloodshot eyes and lips that trembled as he gazed.

She came at last, and the sound of her footfall on his dungeon floor stole to that feverish heart like dew upon a bruised flower.

The young wife sat down by his couch and tried to force back the tears that lay so heavily on her heart, but as she laid her hand upon his forehead and gazed into his face, so changed with the midnight revel and his own bitter thoughts that a stranger had not recognized it, sobs burst from her bosom, and bending down she kissed him again and again, as if she feared that he might deem them a reproach.

He turned away and muttered hoarsely to himself.

"Can nothing be done—must we remain here forever?" said the wife, conquering her tears.

The young man sat up and made an effort to appear calm.

"Leave me, Lucy," he said, "leave me to the fate I have so well merited. You are not quite destitute. Thanks to your guardian for that—not to me, wretch that I am—I never thought of providing for you—I who loved you so—"

Lucy started up and a flood of joy rushed over her face.

"And have we any thing left? where? how? tell me, my husband. I thought that all was gone."

"There is a settlement of some thousands, I do not know how many, but enough for your comfort. So he told me at the time—I never read it!"

Lucy did not hear him out, she started up, tied on her bonnet with hands that trembled like aspens, and knocked hurriedly on the door. They let her out and Burke was alone again.

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"She, too, has left me," he muttered in a choked voice, and falling back on his couch he wept like a child.

Once more the young wife stood before her guardian, not with the warm confidence which had formerly strengthened her in that presence, but trembling like a frightened bird, and pale with terror lest her suit might be denied.

It was denied, at first sternly and with words of calm reproach, but there was something in the agony of spirit with which she prayed—a self devotion so touchingly holy, that even the man of business was moved to compassion. She saw it in his face, and falling at his feet gathered both his hands between hers and covered them with tears and murmured such words of gratitude as no human being could have resisted.

"Be it so," he said at length, and for the first time in twenty years the man of wealth felt that his voice shook, while he could scarcely see the pale, joyful features uplifted at his words, from the mist that had crept over his eyes. "Be it so, but when his debts are paid where will you go? how live?"

"Where he goes there will I be, and where he dies there will I be buried." Her face was like that of an angel as she thus adopted the most beautiful poetry of love.

The banker laid his hand on her head and murmured, "Poor child—poor child—how unworthy is he of such love."

"Not unworthy! oh, not unworthy!" said the wife pleadingly, "he will redeem the past now—I am sure he will."

The banker shook his head, but arose and supporting that feeble creature with his arm they entered a carriage together.

—

"Joy, joy, my husband! You are free again, free and not so very destitute—look here!"

Lucy had a thousand pound note in her hand, but she trembled so from head to foot that when she held it toward her astonished husband it fell fluttering to the stone flags.

He did not pick it up then, for a dearer burden lay against his heart—his wife—his own true wife—who wept upon his bosom as she had never wept before in her whole existence.

—

A gallant ship with outspread sails was careering on the Atlantic, and many a dim eye turned sadly toward the horizon where the British Isle had last appeared.

"It is gone," said Burke, turning away that no one might witness his anguish, "we have no longer a home."

"But we are together," whispered his wife, nestling her hand into his, "we are together."

A slight cough interrupted her speech, and when it went away there was a fever spot burning redly on her cheek. The husband saw it and his lip quivered.

"This air blows chilly from the water, let us go down," he said, and with his arm supporting her waist the husband and wife went into the cabin together.

Another lapse of time. The husband and wife were in a foreign city with strange faces all around them. They had taken rooms at a hotel, but the tramp of so many feet, the noise and bustle irritated the invalid and frightened sleep from her pillow.

"Oh that we could be alone," she murmured turning languidly in her easy-chair with the restlessness of disease. If I were quite alone with you, Thomas, with no human face to look at me save yours, this fever would go away."

"We *must* be alone, this noise renders you worse every day. Try to rest a little till I come back again."

"I knew that he would reform; how good he is, how happy we shall be," murmured the invalid. As she closed her eyes a tear struggled through their lashes, but it was born of happy feelings and she slept after.

Burke went out to a reading-room and found the advertisement that he sought for, "A house to let ready furnished in a retired part of the city." That night Lucy was removed to her new home. The repose and stillness fell refreshingly on her while she was supported to the chamber prepared for her reception, and she smiled as they laid her on the snowy bed, but there was something in her face that startled the husband, a chill came upon him and he turned away to weep.

"Why do you look so sorrowful," said the invalid smiling once more. "I am better now every thing is so quiet—to-morrow, next day perhaps, I shall be much better, it is only fatigue, you know," her eyes closed as she spoke, and that wretched man heard a sound in her breath that chilled him to the heart. He sunk upon his knees and the bed shook beneath the violence of his grief.

That night Thomas talked wildly to his wife as she lay so still upon her couch; but she gave him no answer, though the voice of his agony might have kindled a stone to compassion. She breathed not—she moved not—the pillow on which her cold cheek rested had neither wrinkle nor fold in its snow-white cover. The winding sheet that fell over her lay motionless, like folds of marble around a statue. When he arose in his agony of repentance and pressed his quivering mouth to her lips they chilled him to the heart, and he felt for the first time that she was dead, for "it was the first cold kiss she had ever given him."

DO NOT DESPAIR.

BY S. D. PATTERSON.

Do not despair. Though round thee sorrows gather,
And anguish pierces with its poisonous sting—
Remember then, that storms and wintry weather
Are but the preludes to a glorious spring.

Do not despair. Thou 'st seen the sunbeam o'er thee
Dispel the darkness of the tempest's gloom—
Thus, though life's pilgrimage be sad before thee,
Faith will illume and guide thy footsteps home.

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CROMWELL AT THE COFFIN OF CHARLES I.

BY CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

I.

Old Earth hath not a story, with awe more strongly blent
Than the hour when from the brow of Charles his crown was rudely rent,
And the iron men of that iron time, with a bearing proud and high,
Determined, in their heart of hearts, that their haughty king must die.

II.

They led him forth to die a death, that to the felon's heart
Makes the deepest tides of human shame to the cheek in crimson start,
To the block they led him, while around, in warlike pomp, yet dumb,
The warrior hosts that conquered him to his awful funeral come.

III.

How sped along the hearts of all who marked the steel's quick flight,—
A thrill, deep-seated—curdling—keen, as they witnessed the wild sight,—
When the head, that once gave law to realms, rolled the scaffold's planks beneath,
And pride-curled lip and scornful eye were passionless in death!

IV.

The spell was broken!—like a whim of woman's feverish brain,
Had passed the well forged, centuried power of England's kingly reign,
And freed, as from the captive's limbs fall iron gyves away,
The verdant glades of the Father-land slept, bathed in Freedom's ray.

V.

A mightier than the sceptered, a stronger than its lord,
Had snatched away the diadem and hacked it with his sword,
And, waking from its slumber deep Old England's lion heart,
Caused its most fiery energies to fiercest action start! . . .

VI.

"Stand, or we shoot!—Stand, at the word!" The matches ruddier flamed,
As the watchers of the kingly corpse their jealous challenge named.
"Stand!" and each wary guardian's eye glanced to his neighbor's face,
Anxious to know who sought, thus late, that proud yet solemn place:

VII.

For on a couch, right royally, in London's lordliest hall,
Rested, beneath Britannia's arms, a dark, funereal pall,—
And still below, in death's last guise, a simpler tale was read—
An oaken coffin pictured here the presence of the dead.

VIII.

The torches in their regal stands revealed a gorgeous scene,—
Curtains of rarest crimson hue, and ostrich plumes between,
The spoils that power had gathered were piled profusely round,
And all that wealth or taste could crave, in that lordly room was found.

IX.

The scene spoke power, and pomp, and pride—yet silence brooded there;
Nor swell of mirth, nor burst of song, from manly one or fair,
Parted the almost cloistered gloom—nor e'en the sleeper's breath
Fell on the ear to tell of life,—while splendor mocked at death.

X.

Where were they? All!—the glittering host, who lately reveled there,—
The nobles, vowed through weal or wo their prince's fate to share;
And *they*, the dames of high descent, the mothers of a race
Who recked not aught of danger, save when coupled with disgrace?

XI.

Where were they now?—Go seek along the blood encrimsoned sod,
Where the noblest gave their lives to war—their spirits to their God;
Go where in old ancestral halls clouded is each fair brow,
And tones of wail, and breaking hearts, speak woman's gathered wo.

XII.

They had battled well—those cavaliers!—And bold their war notes pealed
In many a fearless, daring charge, on many a well-fought field;
They had nobly borne—the gentle ones!—who cheered those warriors on,
And knew—like the Egyptian queen—to die when hope was gone!

XIII.

And *he!* for whom such service leal, such high emprise was shown,
Knew not, nor recked, of the dread doom that swept him from a throne;
Yet—"vanity of vanities"—like a guilty felon thing,
In the halls where all bent low to him, lies what *was* England's king.

XIV.

. . . . "Stand, or we shoot!" again rang out the watchers' warning word,
As from the distant space and gloom the comer's step was heard,
But heedless all of shot or shout the intruder ventured on,
Until beneath the torches' glare his lineaments were shown.

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XV.

They range aside, for well they knew the bearing, stout and stern,
Of *him* whose glance could awe the proud, and battle's current turn;—
The great Avenger of the wronged—fair England's daring son,
Whose sword had known no sheathèd rest till all it claimed was won.

XVI.

No victor's glance flashed free and full—no rush of triumph's wave,
As he passed to where his victim's form lay shrouded for the grave;
But ever and anon there swept, as if beyond control,
To the eye's marge the *tides* of thought, that billowed o'er his soul.

XVII.

And bending forward—that strange man! to high resolvings strung,
From the pale features of the doomed the snowy vestment flung,
Then, waving back the wond'ring guards, bent lower his proud head,—
And thus gave free vent to his mood, o'er the all-unconscious dead:—

1

He sleeps: Life's fitful pageant o'er,
How calmly rests he now;
No warring passions pour their floods
Along that kingly brow:—
While hushed to their eternal rest,
The eyes flash forth no scorn,
And the heaveless line of the sleeper's breast
By no surging pride is worn.

2

He sleeps—like to some sculptured thing;—
Where now the voice of pride
That carried fear to timid hearts
And urged the battle's tide?
Where now the sneer that spoke his hate,
As he trod the *Commons'* aisle,
And he dared in the dream of his high estate
At our just rebuke to smile?

3

And where the air of graver doubt
With which his doom was heard,
When England's tried, true-hearted men
Their judgment stern preferred?
Where now that latest steadfast look
With which he searched my soul,
As though he fain would bare each nook
To its wild, yet dread control?

4

All gone! the mighty is laid low,
The spoiler's power is o'er,
And the cottage-homes of a weary land,—
He shall slay their youth no more!
No longer by mount, plain and glen
Shall the stricken sink to die,
Or the blood of leal and saintly men
Pale the overarching sky.

5

Like a troubled dream he has passed away,
And men still stand aghast
As their minds brood o'er the wondrous scene,
Of a KING to judgment passed;—
Of a throne whose props are bent to earth,
A sceptre snapped in twain;—
Of a diadem that is nothing worth,
Of old England's riven chain.

6

But over all—beyond all this,
A grander change appears;
It floods my soul, as to the seer
Come trooping future years;
And, like a giant slumbering long,
My country's genius starts,
And the echo of her ransom-song
Is the gush of humble hearts!

7

And who, when all these things are known,
Will then denounce a deed
Through which, with God our trust and guide,
Our native land we've freed?
Who brand us other than we are,—
The van of patriots yet to be,—
Men who will every peril dare
For *Freedom* and the *Free!*

8

And will men so record our act,
When coming years shall span
The nations by our code, and form
A brotherhood of man;—
When peer and vassal shall be known,
As legend *name* of olden time,
And man shall fill no more a throne
Or climb to it by crime?

9

It matters not—one heart at least,
Although it mourned his doom,
Bears that within its inmost core,
Yielding Remorse no room;—
He died, that freedom might be given
To groaning realms, too long oppress;
And now that Slavery's yoke is riven,
King!—*tyrant!*—*victim!*—rest. . . . . .

XVIII.

The noiseless wing of morning swept to where the speaker stood,
And the torches paled and died as there it poured a radiant flood:—
One look—a lingering, wistful look,—to the dead man is thrown,
And CROMWELL, from his victim's side, in musing mood, is gone!

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PAOLI.

A STORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

CHAPTER I.

A being not too bright nor good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles. *Wordsworth.*

On a pleasant slope of a hill in Chester county stands an old stone mansion, a staid, venerable structure, whose small windows, huge eaves, and antique doorways tell of the colonial times. The house is indeed in its second century, having been built about twenty years prior to the old French war, by a Quaker farmer of some fortune, when on the eve of marriage. Here he lived until age overtook him, an exemplary member of his sect, happy in his family, and happy also in the consciousness of having striven to do good; for Friend Paxson—such he was called in the homely language of his people—had the kindest of hearts and an ear ever open to misery. No beggar went from the kitchen porch until his case had been inquired into, and relief administered if the object were worthy, or, even being unworthy, were very necessitous. And a kind admonition from the mild Quaker was known, more than once, to have led to the reformation of those who had defied law and been deaf to the reproaches of friends. Friend Paxson eventually grew to be regarded by the neighborhood in the light of a father. If an erring son were to be reformed the good Quaker's counsel was called in. If any of the young people showed a disposition to put off the habiliments of the sect, the gentle authority of Friend Paxson was invoked. In the hour of joy, at the couch of sickness, by the bedside of the dying he was alike the friend and comforter, a humble pattern of the earlier disciples of him who went about doing good. He carried out to their full extent the forgiving doctrines of the gospel. Once, a drunken laborer insulted him: Friend Paxson sent his needy wife firewood for the winter, and the man came in tears and begged his pardon.

What the good Friend was to other men his wife was to other women. The same kind heart beat in each: the same humanity characterized both. On one point only they differed, and on that but rarely. With her sex's greater tenderness, the wife was sometimes disposed to pass over offences leniently, which a sterner sense of justice in the husband regarded in a stronger light; for if undue severity in any thing were the fault of Friend Paxson, it was in the almost Judaical strictness with which he maintained the peculiar discipline of his people. Few men there are whose minds are not warped in some way; and he could more easily forgive a breach of the moral law than an infraction of the rules of his sect.

The aged couple had an only daughter, a sweet, gentle creature, the very counterpart of her mother. But under the plain dress and rigid etiquette of her people, Rachel Paxson had a heart alive to every womanly sympathy, one that felt it could love, and, if need be, suffer. She was just such a being as Wordsworth has described in those exquisite verses part of which we have placed at the head of this chapter. Nor was it long before the affections of that true heart were fixed, and with the concurrence of her parents. The one who had won her plighted troth was the orphan son of an early friend of her father, who, left destitute at an early age, had been taken in and brought up by the kind Quaker. The children had played together when neither was ashamed to gather butter cups in the fields, and parting to go to school at a distance, did not meet again until after a separation of several years. In that period Rachel had sprung up into a graceful but timid girl, and Henry Abbott had become a tall, ruddy, frank, bold stripling. We need not tell how these two young people, living together in the same farm-house, in a neighborhood where there were few to associate with, gradually came to regard each other with an affection different from that of friends. By walks down the lane on the Sabbath; by hours under the old buttonwood at starlight; by a thousand little acts of kindness mutually extended to each other, they learned to love. The old folks looked on and said nothing; but when Rachel, blushing as if ashamed to rehearse the story even to herself, hid her face on her mother's lap and told that Henry had sought her love, the mother tenderly raised her up, and, kissing her forehead, said,

"Thou hast done right. Thy father and I will not say nay. Henry is very dear to us, and I am glad thee thinks he can make thee happy."

The tear of emotion that fell from the speaker's eye on the cheek of her daughter was more eloquent than her words.

So it was arranged that the young couple should be married when Henry should attain his twenty-first and Rachel her eighteenth year.

CHAPTER II.

O! mornin' life, o! mornin' love! *McAlarvell.*

Oh! the first love of youth. Poets have sung of it and rhapsodists eulogized it, but they who have once felt that emotion find no language, in after life, to do it justice. There is something so holy, something so aspiring, something so free from the base alloy of earth in the first serious passion we experience, that

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we often think it is wisely sent by God to lift us heavenward. He who truly loves is so far forth a better man. We never knew one under the influence of a first affection whose heart was not expanded to all humanity, and who did not feel more keenly the miseries as well as sympathize more fervently with the joys of his brother men.

And there is a poetry in a first affection such as we never again experience. It flings a glow around all things, brightening the hill side, beautifying the vale, and making those we love still lovelier. How can we describe its emotions? It is like going out early on a fresh morning in summer, when the dew on the grass, the songs of birds, the breezy woods and the fragrance rising from every flower, make the heart run over, only, that the joy and gush of feeling in a first love is infinitely more ecstatic. And the memory of those hours lives with us through life; and though we may form other ties and be happy, yet we look back on this as a traveler on a pleasant hill, when his journey is done, gazes afar on the smiling meadow whence he started at morning.

The love of Henry and Rachel was of this character. To be by her side listening to her mild voice, or to walk with her leaning relyingly on his arm, even though no words were spoken, was bliss. And, with Rachel, to do any little kind act for him, to watch for his return when absent, though blushing to acknowledge her eagerness to her own heart, was happiness supreme. No jealousy ever disturbed their affection; no difference planted barbs in their hearts to rankle in after years: they were like two rivers, that rise in different hills, but meeting flow on through a pleasant plain, bright, unruffled and fringed with woods and flowers.

But the hand of fate was forging a bolt that was soon to destroy this happiness. We have said that Henry was frank and bold: we should have added, he had a heart indignant at outrage. At the school where he was educated he had, unconsciously to himself, imbibed notions scarcely compatible with the peaceful character of his sect. He had learned to read with enthusiasm the lives of the great military commanders of his own and former times; and over the pages of Plutarch he had often dreamed wild, boyish dreams of glory. But these visions gave way, on his return home, to a more engrossing passion. When, however, the Revolutionary war broke out, and every week brought some new tale of outrage, or some fresh story of patriotic resistance, the young man's bosom began again to glow with his old feelings. Rachel saw them and endeavored to check them. She triumphed; but a second time his passion awoke more powerful than before. It may appear strange that Henry, knowing the inflexible sentiments of her father on points of discipline, gave way for an instant to temptation; but it must be remembered it was not only one, but many passions which were at work in his heart—love of glory, the thirst of youth for enterprise, indignation at wrong, and, lastly, the conviction that our oppressed country needed the aid of all her sons. But even with these influences, the love he bore for Rachel might have conquered, but for an incident which decided his wavering course beyond the possibility of change.

He was, one evening, returning from Philadelphia, whither he had been on business, when he saw a party of refugees—for the country was already infested with these men—robbing a poor man's house and barn, who, tied to a tree, was forced to see his wife and little ones driven from their home in tears, without the possibility of help. Henry came so suddenly on them as to be unperceived. His natural indignation at wrong prompted him instantly to rescue the man, and he succeeded accordingly in cutting the bonds before he was discovered. The two then made a successful rush for the muskets of the refugees, which had been set against the side of the house while their owners were engaged in plunder. The parties were two to one, but the result was not long doubtful; for the man, smarting with his wrongs, shot the leader of the refugees at once, and Henry, suddenly assailed by two, was forced to despatch one of his antagonists in the same way. The rest then took to flight.

But no sooner had he turned away from the laborer, after receiving his grateful thanks, than the consequences of his late act rose up before him. He had done that which would forever cut him off from his sect, and which, he feared, would bring down the marked disapprobation of his benefactor.

It was night when he reached home, and the family had retired. Before breakfast, on the ensuing morning, the story had reached the farm-house, and Henry met at the table, for the first time in his life, countenances of cold disapprobation. He turned to Rachel. She looked anxious and alarmed. Several times he resolved to broach the subject, but pride or an evil fate prevented him. On rising the father calmly bade him remain while the women left the room. What passed at the interview it is needless to tell in detail. The benefactor was, for once, stern, perhaps unjust, but he deemed he was doing right, and he spoke the truth when he said his heart had never been so pained. Henry endeavored to defend himself, and in so doing assailed the Quaker's prejudices. A discussion ensued: the young man became warm, because he felt his excuses were unjustly disregarded: the inflexible Friend, knowing that his conduct in this affair would be canvassed by the neighborhood, and believing himself called on to cast away any earthly weakness he might feel, pronounced sentence on his protegé, by telling him never thereafter to think of Rachel as a wife.

Henry left the room, smarting with a sense of wrong. He sought an interview with Rachel, but it was denied. Neither mother nor daughter were visible. Had he waited a few hours he would have learned that they had been forbidden to see him by the husband and father, but who soon relented sufficiently to withdraw this prohibition; and he might from this have drawn a hope that eventually he would be forgiven. But he did not wait. In the bitterness of his heart, thinking that all had turned against him, he left the mansion, and before night had enlisted in the army. From that hour, the doors of the farm-house

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were shut against him irrevocably. Even Rachel's mother, whose heart at first had secretly blamed her husband for over strictness, gave Henry up, and the poor girl was left to weep over his dereliction and her own breaking heart in the solitude of her chamber. And no one can tell her sufferings who has not experienced the struggle between notions of duty which lead one way, and the pleadings of a heart which would take her another.

CHAPTER III.

And home and heaven were in her meek blue eyes.—*Anon.*

It was a mild September afternoon, and the tea-table was spread at Friend Paxson's. The linen of snowy white swept nearly to the floor, leaving space only for the claw feet of the walnut table to be visible. A pleasant breeze stole in at the open window, occasionally waving the damask cloth, and filling the room with coolness and fragrance. The slanting beams of the setting sun, breaking through the bowed shutters of another window, slept on the floor by the side of a cat that lay quietly purring. By a third window sat the mother, soberly attired in drab, her white kerchief neatly folded across her bosom, and her cap of studious neatness rising above a brow placid and nearly unwrinkled, and suggesting thoughts of a life of gentle benevolence, even without the meek blue eyes and kind motherly expression which dwelt on the face. She had just put her needle in its silver sheath, and laid her knitting in her lap, as if in thought, when a step was heard and her husband entered the room.

He was her exact counterpart, only that his broad, square brow, though more ample than hers, was, if possible, a shade less sunny; but the smile which rose to his face on entering was kind, open, and eloquent of many years of loving affection for her he was now approaching. His first inquiry showed that he had been absent all day, and how youthful was still the affection he entertained for his wife.

"Art thou better, Hannah," he said, in a mild, kind tone, seating himself opposite to her, and taking her hand in his, "than when I went away this morning?"

"I feel much better, it was but a morning headache," she said, kindly, with her eyes bent lovingly on him. "We have been waiting for thee this hour. I thought thee would be hungry, so I got James to go out this afternoon and he brought in some fine woodcock."

A pleasant smile, showing how much this delicate little attention was appreciated, glowed on her husband's face. But it soon faded. It was evident there was care at his heart.

"What ails thee?" said the wife, in a tone of some anxiety. "Art thou sick?" and she rose from her chair as if to hasten to him.

"No, Hannah, but my heart is heavy. I am in a strait and know not what to do. I have looked within, but all is doubt."

He paused, but his wife remained silent, though a look of anguish was on her face. Her husband soon resumed.

"I have heard that the English meditate a secret attack on Wayne—thou knowest Anthony, he was a wild lad in his youth—and, if he is not apprised of it, he will be murdered with all his troops in cold blood. The intelligence I have is sure, I heard it by accident, and none know it. Now what can I do? Shall I sit here and let my fellow men be butchered, or shall I go and warn Wayne? If I do the latter, may he not await the attack, and I thus become an abettor in the crime of war? Yet, if he should be murdered," and the Quaker, forced out of his usual composure, arose and paced the room, "and the good cause suffer!—for Washington surely is in the right, much as I disavow resistance—since we had better submit to wrong than right it forcibly."

He paused in his walk, his countenance exhibiting the struggle in his bosom. And well as he knew his own heart, the good Quaker was yet ignorant of all the influences now at work in it. His soul was in the American cause, and he had already begun secretly to look on Henry's devotion to it with less stern disapprobation than at first. Though he reprobated the war, he daily prayed that the king's heart might be turned, for so he innocently hoped to settle the difficulty. And now, when the disastrous battle of the Brandywine was fresh in his memory, and when he had seen day after day, in his own immediate neighborhood, the rapacity of the British soldiery, the idea that a detachment of his country's troops, many of them yeomanry of his own acquaintance, should fall victims to a midnight massacre, stirred his soul to its depths. Had he been a less strict sectarian, or possessed one whit less benevolence of heart, the conflict would soon have been over. With his wife the question was instantly decided, and her inclination, unknown to herself, furnished her with arguments. But it is ever thus with human nature.

"I see thy way clear, Joseph," she said; "that is, I am prompted how to act if I was placed as thou art. I would send instant word to Wayne. We must not," she continued, rising, the color mounting to her mild cheek in her excitement; "we must not sit quietly and suffer our brothers to be murdered, or their blood will be on our heads. Warn Wayne to fly, for he cannot withstand the enemy, and thy duty is done."

The husband was thoughtful for an instant, and he raised his eyes as if in silent prayer. Suddenly a light flashed over his face, dissipating the look of care, as the sun scatters the morning mists from the valley.

"The bright sunshine," he said, solemnly, "hath shown my path. I see my way before me. The feeling of duty is strong upon me to send word to Wayne, and prevent this foul crime."

"But who canst thou send?" said his wife, in perplexity.

The husband caught her mood, for he saw that he had no one in the household whom he could trust on so delicate a mission. A silence ensued.

"If Henry were here—" began the wife, but suddenly, recollecting the forbidden subject, she stopped.

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"Say on, Hannah," said the husband, mildly, and his eye me hers. There was something in it, apart from the words, which encouraged her to proceed.

"Then if Henry were here he might be trusted, or if we could send James to camp he might find out Henry, and so the boy's story be credited."

"Nay," said her husband, shaking his head; "James is over wild now, and I would not place him in the way of temptation. Would indeed that Henry were here."

He spoke gently when he mentioned the youth's name, for in the last half hour much light had broken in on him. We never feel for others so much as when we have been tempted in the same way; and the late struggle in his mind had revealed to him, clearer than he had ever guessed before, the character of the young man's feelings. And that revelation brought with it charity for what the Quaker still regarded as a heinous error.

"I will go myself," he said, after a pause. "They will believe me, and I will urge Wayne to retreat, and perhaps may thus save bloodshed."

"You will come to harm, surely," said his wife, tremulously, alarm depicted on every feature of her countenance.

"God will be with me," said he, in a tone of mild reproach, "whether there or here. A slight meal, Hannah, and then I will depart."

The wife said no more, but bowed meekly, for she felt the justice of the remark. In a minute Rachel entered. The eyes of both parents turned gently on her, and the father noticed for the first time how very pale she had become. His heart smote him. He had never before seen, in all its force, that resigned look, nor guessed from it the suffering of his innocent daughter. He heaved an involuntary sigh, but said nothing of his intended journey, leaving that for his wife to explain after he had departed.

CHAPTER IV.

Listen! and I will tell you all
The battle of Haddon Hill.—*Minot.*

The sky had become overcast, and a sharp rain was falling when, toward nine o'clock, the good Quaker reached the camp of Wayne. He was instantly conducted to the general, who heard his story with attention.

"Ha!" exclaimed Wayne. "This must be looked to. Your information is positive, Mr. Paxson, and we are indebted to you for this warning, which I hope may be timely. But excuse me for a minute," and, turning to an aid-de-camp, he issued orders to push out videttes in every direction, and patrol the road leading to the enemy's camp, as well as to post two new picquets, one on a third path leading to the Warren Tavern, and another on a road in the rear.

The position of Wayne was about two miles from the Paoli Tavern, in a spot inaccessible by public roads. Here he was awaiting the arrival of Gen. Smallwood to move on the enemy in the direction of the river Schuylkill, but the Quaker's information at once thwarted his plans. He saw that the British would probably outnumber him, and that no alternative was left but to hazard a precarious battle or to retreat. The latter was an alternative little agreeable to his fiery disposition. The men were happily already under arms, awaiting the order to march, and he now issued the command for them to form. At this instant a patrol dashed into camp, with his horse smoking, and brought the intelligence that the enemy was advancing, in great force, along the Swedesford road. Instantly all the lion of Wayne's nature was aroused.

"Major," he said, turning to an officer beside him, "gallop to Colonel Hempton—the enemy are pushing for our right—tell him to wheel by sub-platoons to the right, and, marching off by the left, so gain the road leading on the top of the hill toward the White Horse." The major bowed, withdrew, sprung into his saddle, and went off like an arrow.

"We must form the light infantry and the first regiment, gentlemen, on the right. These, with the horse, ought to enable us to cover the retreat."

The troops were rapidly marshaled to their places, Wayne himself remaining with them. In a few minutes the British were seen advancing through the rain.

"Fire!" thundered the general.

The rattling volley swept along the line and was answered by one even more deafening from the foe, who, perceiving the scanty numbers opposed to them, cheered and dashed forward.

"In God's name, why don't Hempton move?" exclaimed Wayne, perceiving that, though the colonel had formed his troops according to order, he did not put them in motion. "Tell Colonel Hempton," he continued, turning to an aid, "to move instantly."

The British were now pouring on in resistless numbers, and the retreating troops could not be covered until the fourth regiment had been added to the detachment under Wayne. The contest soon became animated. The enemy pressed on with great vigor, huzzaing at his evident victory. Colonel Hempton had only now begun to move tardily, and the line was continually giving way before the conquerors. Wayne was every where, ordering the officers, animating the men, and rallying the broken line. But, though he succeeded in making good his retreat, with the detachment immediately under him, he could not save all his troops. Many of them, detached from the ranks and losing their way, were overtaken and bayoneted, notwithstanding their cries for quarter. Some of the sick fell into the hands of the foe, and these were butchered in their beds. In one portion of the field, the victory was changed into a massacre. In vain the conquered laid down their arms, in vain they plead for mercy, they were recklessly stabbed to the heart by the English soldiery. To this day the events of that night make the reader shudder: to this day, the name of Gray, the British leader, is execrated in popular tradition as the author of *the Paoli massacre.*

CHAPTER V.

For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.—*Coleridge. Mariner.*

The good Quaker had seized the opportunity, when

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Wayne turned to issue his orders, and left the camp, for now that his purpose had been accomplished he was anxious to escape from the vicinity of the expected strife. As he moved along the lines of soldiery, his eye wandered to and fro in search of Henry, for his heart glowed to behold again the son of his adoption, but the young man was invisible.

The rapidity of the attack scarcely allowed the farmer, however, to extricate himself from the soldiery, but he pushed on as fast as possible, and, though the firing soon grew rapid and even once or twice appeared approaching, he escaped becoming involved in the mass of the retreating force. Half an hour passed, and he fancied himself rid of the contending parties, when suddenly, at a turn of the road, he came in sight of a band of English soldiery, detached from their ranks, as he at first supposed, either by accident or to execute some duty. But a few minutes satisfied him that they were a marauding party holding the restraints of discipline, for the time, at defiance.

"Hilloo!" said the sergeant of the party, speaking thick, like a man intoxicated. "Whither so fast, old Broadbrim? Does the good dame know thee is out to-night?" and he mimiced the address of the sect, as a buffoon would on the stage.

"What wouldst thou have?" said the old Friend, mildly, drawing in his rein, and boldly confronting the man.

"By G—d, it's the old rascal who told Wayne you were coming to attack him!" said one of the party, dressed in the uniform of an American soldier, stepping to the front—"I saw him pass to the general's tent. Yes! it's the same white horse and the sneaking, hypocritical face under his hat."

"James Wilson," said the Quaker, in a tone of mingled surprise and reproof, eyeing the deserter, "art thou here! Hast thou sold, like Esau, thy birthright, and joined the men whom, an hour ago, thou wast wishing to encounter in deadly fight? I fear," he added, turning to the party, "that one who would betray his country would not stop to add falsehood to treachery."

"Hold your canting tongue," said Wilson, with an oath, striking the unresisting Quaker across the mouth. "He dare not deny that he told the enemy of your approach. Ask him."

"I have nothing to say," replied the Quaker, mildly but firmly, for he would not even then prevaricate, "except that James here oweth me a grudge, as he has openly said heretofore, for ridding the neighborhood of him on account of certain evil practices of his," and he wiped the blood from his mouth.

This conversation had passed far more rapidly than we have related it; indeed so rapidly that the whole of the party had just come up as it was finished. Hot from the field of battle, drunk with liquor and the blood of those they had already massacred, and seeing in the person before them a rebel and a member of an unpopular sect, the soldiery did not wait to inquire further, but, with a wild laugh of derision, sprung on the Quaker, dragged him from his horse, buffetted him, and had already raised more than one bayonet to his breast, when the drunken sergeant interposed.

"Don't," he said, hiccuping at every few words, "don't—let—us massacre the man. You're British sol—diers, remember—my brave—lads. He's a rebel and a spy—and damme—let's hang him—that's the way to punish the king's enemies. We'll leave him here—a terror—to all evil doers."

This proposition was hailed with a drunken shout, the girth of his own saddle was fabricated into a halter, and the unoffending victim dragged to the nearest tree. He maintained his firmness in this extremity, for fear was a stranger to the old Quaker's heart. But he thought of his wife and daughter, and resolved to make an effort for his life.

"What harm have I done ye?" he said. "I am a man of peace, and have had neither part nor lot in this unhappy conflict. Besides, I know that, even if I have offended against your laws of war, I cannot be punished in this summary way. What you do is nothing short of murder."

Those of the party who still retained glimmerings of sobriety, saw the force of what he said, and interposed.

"Let him then deny that he visited Wayne," said Wilson, craftily, "and we will let him go. Shan't it be so, comrades?"

The old Quaker paused. A single sentence would save his life. But that sentence would be an untruth. He did not long hesitate.

"I have nothing to say. May God forgive you. Oh! Hannah, Rachel," he exclaimed, with a natural burst of emotion, "would I could see ye again—but the will of Heaven be done."

They hurried him toward the tree amid drunken shouts and laughter, the sergeant himself holding the halter, and another moment would have sent the spirit of the mild Quaker to its God; but at this crisis the sharp rattle of a musket was heard, and the sergeant, leaping up like a deer, fell dead to the ground, dragging with him his victim.

"Huzza for the States—give it to 'em, my lads. Use the butt of your muskets, you that have no bayonets. Down with the murderers."

As that clear, bold voice rose on the air, a half dozen armed men appeared, like apparitions, in the bend of the road, and dashing in among the astonished soldiery, some with fixed bayonets and some with clubbed muskets, carried consternation before them. The intoxicated foe made no resistance. A few fell, smote down while gazing stupidly on the assailants, and the rest took to flight, darting wildly through the brush into the woods, as if there were the safest covert.

"My father—my benefactor—he is dead!" said the voice which had before spoken, but now its tone was one of agony, and Henry, for it was he who had come up thus opportunely, knelt by the side of the prostrate and senseless Friend. But in a minute the good Quaker revived and opened his eyes, having only been stunned by falling on a rock that shot up out of the soil.

"Henry, is it thou?" said he kindly.

The young officer gazed a moment in astonishment

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for there was forgiveness, regret and love all united in that tone and look. A tear gushed into his eye. The old man arose to his elbow and opened his arms, and Henry fell into them and wept like a child.

"Let us forget the past," said the good old Quaker, at length. "I have erred, my son, but I see now my error."

"Oh! no—father, protector, my best of friends," said the impetuous young man. "I alone was to blame. I was too hasty—I went away in anger—"

"Then let us forget, or remember only to profit by it. I see now, my child, that there are ordinations of Providence far above our understanding. By doing what hitherto I thought a sin, thou hast been made the instrument to save my life. But God's ways are not our ways, and henceforth I will be more humble, by his assistance, and more distrustful of my poor, weak judgment. He made and loveth us all—why should we then not forgive each other?"

In such conversation passed the few first moments after his deliverance.

It was by accident that Henry had arrived in time to save his benefactor. He had been separated from the retreating army, and in seeking them had come across the party of drunken soldiery.

The lover was not long in inquiring after Rachel. The father told all—how that she had suffered by Henry's absence, and how that his own heart had first begun to reproach him. He no longer forbade the visits of the young officer.

"It is against the discipline of our sect," he said, "for me to give thee a daughter, but I will not say thee nay. Take her, and the blessing of the Almighty be upon thee. I could have wished that thou hadst not departed from the simplicity of our people, but the things that seem even as a cross to us are often for the best. In heaven there will be no sects."

As the old man spoke these words they reached the point where it was necessary to separate, for Henry's duty would not permit him to see his benefactor home, nor did they consider any further peril probable. The old Quaker raised his hands and uttered a silent prayer for his young friend, and thus they parted—both better men than when they met.

Our story draws to a close. Henry left the army the next year, on account of a severe wound which incapacitated him from service. He soon after married Rachel, for which she was, as of course, disowned. But both still continued to attend the meetings of their fathers; and, in due time, on proper application, they were taken into the Society. On Henry's part, this was done as much out of deference to his father-in-law as from choice. He gradually, however, as he grew older, became more sedate; and, dying at a good age, left behind him a family whose descendants, to this day, wear the formal cut and broad hat of the Quakers.

MY STAR-BROWED STEED.

A MEXICAN PATRIOTA'S LAMENT.

BY THE POOR SCHOLAR.

THERE was one—he is gone—there is none—I am lone!—
  Oh! no more shall I stride thee, my star-browed steed—
No more in gay gallop our course shall on
  Through the wild woods, war victim, you bleed!—you bleed!
For their aim was too true, though 't was not for you:
  And a bullet ne'er pierced a prouder heart,
And a lighter hoof never dashed the dew,
  Nor flung up the flint till the flame would start;
For thy gallop was wilder than red roe freed
From the leash that exiled her, my star-browed steed!

Brilliantly black as the raven's wing—
  Save the meteor mark—the lone white star—
That the foeman feared as he saw it spring,
  Like light from the smoke of the sulphur war—
And thy shrill neigh rang through the ranks afar,
  O'er the cheer and the cannon long and loud;
And many a nerve would that wild neigh jar—
  For well knew the foemen thy spirit proud:
That you 'd trample their troops like a broken reed,
And ride o'er their ranges, my star-browed steed.

When I rode on the cerras, a cacadore,
  Scarce was stained the bright spur till you outstripped the bengics,
And down the barranca me bravely you bore,
  While the steel on the stone woke the echoes and eagles:
And vain was the flight of the mad mustang,
  As you doubled and wheeled on his circling track,
Still nearer and clearer your hoof-strokes rang
  Till the lasso was launched o'er his foaming neck;
For the prairie horse in his wildest speed
Could not clear from the course of my star-browed steed.

O'er the Bravo's tide and the Brazos' wave,
  Safe from shore to shore hast thou been my shallop;
And I've laughed at the foiled foe who dared not brave
  The swollen streamlet that stayed his gallop—
And safe in the saddle I 've reached my ranche,
  When the gun to my grasp has been glued with blood,
And the wild war-whoop of the cursed Comanche
  Came ringing revenge from the Cross-trees wood—
Nor the yell of the Bravo did I hearken or heed,
While I stood in thy stirrup, my star-browed steed.

Thrills the trumpet now telling the triumph that 's won—
  But it thrills not thy spirit, my murdered steed;
For the glassed eye glads not—the *soul* is gone,
  And the wounds that wept wildly now barely bleed:
Cold—cold is the foam on your nostril now!
  Till the foeman's blood and the freeman's tear
Shall blend on the black lock that waved o'er thy brow
  Shall I wear on my weapon the sad souvenir,
While asleep 'neath the soil where thy *soul* was freed,
No vulture shall vex thee, my star-browed steed.

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DAGUERREOTYPE PICTURES.

TAKEN ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

BY MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

It was the first of January, 1843. A carriage drew up to the door of the Astor House, and into it stepped two young men—both well dressed, both handsome, but very different in feature, manner and style. The most striking in appearance of the two was a tall, dashing, manly looking fellow, with bold black eyes and hair of the same hue—a dark but brilliantly colored complexion, a Roman nose, and a mouth expressive of great resolution and energy of character.

The other, more modest, more unassuming in mien, was, perhaps on that very account, by far the most interesting of the two. His head and face were perfectly Grecian; a profusion of remarkably beautiful hair of a light brown, fine, soft and wavy, seemed to harmonize with the expression of his hazel eyes and his delicately chiseled mouth. His whole tone in look and demeanor was that of refinement, purity, moral and intellectual elevation.

After ordering the coachman to drive to Union Square, they commenced a conversation, of which the following is an abstract.

"Do you know, Fred," said the last mentioned of the two, "I have a sort of presentiment that my fate will be decided this day for life?"

"And do you know, Charlie, that I too have 'a sort of presentiment' of the very same kind? For I fully intend this day, if appearances warrant, to propose to the beautiful widow in Union Square."

"Beautiful! You are joking! Where can her beauty be?"

"In her diamonds, to be sure. They are a fortune in themselves, if real, and as I intend to have a pretty close survey of them to day, I cannot be deceived on that point."

"But you do not seriously mean to marry the woman! Why she is almost an idiot, and old enough to be your mother."

"So much the better for me, my dear fellow. The truth is, Vernon, my purse is getting low, and my bills are getting long, and if I don't fill the one and settle the other soon—why I shall be settled myself, that's all."

"But how can you possibly hope to succeed? Senseless as she is, she has a certain cunning, which will be sure to penetrate your motives."

"Let me alone for that—she thinks herself a beauty still, and lends as willing and confiding an ear to the voice of flattery as she did at sixteen. But once touch the string of vanity in such a woman's heart, and that of caution rings in vain. But once whisper your admiration of her eyes, and she forgets her diamonds."

"Well, Richmond, I cannot wish you success, for if you *do* succeed I shall pity both you and your victim, from my heart."

"Spare your pity, if you please, sir, and explain your presentiment."

"I intended to have done so; but I cannot now. You would only laugh at it in your present reckless mood."

As Richmond was about to reply, the carriage stopped at a door in Union Square. The friends were shown into a gaudily furnished drawing-room, where, on an orange-colored lounge, reclined the lady of the mansion—a little, sallow, withered, peevish-looking woman, who forced, not a smile, but a smirk, as they entered, and bade them, in a small, cracked voice, be seated.

Frederic Richmond drew a chair close to her sofa, while his friend, sauntering through the spacious room, surveyed its furniture and its occupant with a look of mingled pity and surprise. There was a vulgar and glaring ostentation in both, which was revolting to his taste. The ornaments of the room were rather showy than rich; but the lady's apparel was blazing with a profusion of the most brilliant diamonds. Her dress was a bright rose-colored silk, deepening by contrast the sallow tint of her skin. A smile of gratified vanity broke over her thin and wasted features, "like moonlight o'er a sepulchre," as she listened to the extravagant compliments of Richmond; but the glare of light from bracelet, brooch, ferroniere and necklace seemed so bitter a mockery of the ruin it illumined, that Vernon turned away with a sigh and hurried from the house.

He had waited but a few moments in the carriage, when his friend joined him with an exulting smile on his thin, disdainful lip.

"The diamonds are mine, Vernon!" he exclaimed as he seated himself, "and next week I shall want your services as brideman."

"You must choose some other, Frederic, it would be very painful to me to countenance so heartless a proceeding."

"As you will, sir, I shan't quarrel with you for your ridiculous fastidiousness; but let us talk of something else."

The next person to whom they made their bow was an authoress, who had published, under the signature of "Malvina," some very *Sapphoish* effusions,

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entitled "Lays of a Wounded Heart." Perhaps my readers never heard of it.

This lady was seated in an *attitude*, on a cerulean-colored ottoman, with her light, *very* light blue eyes bent pensively on a book. Her dress—cold as was the day—was of white muslin, and her yellow hair hung in *unnatural* ringlets on her shoulders.

Though the gentlemen would not sit, and were evidently in haste to be gone, she insisted upon reading them an impromptu sonnet, which, she said, she had just composed, beginning with—

"Break, break my heart! for why shouldst thou
Still linger on in misery?"

One would have thought that the voice must have been a sighing one to match those pleading attitudinizing eyes; but, unfortunately for the sentiment of the sonnet, it startled and astounded the hearers by its extraordinary gruffness; and they were constrained to come to the conclusion that it would require repeated blows to "break" a "heart" whence such a voice proceeded.

Richmond scribbled on a card, ere he took his leave, and handed to the lady, with a theatrical air, the following ridiculous and *bathetic* couplet.

"Request no more so sweet a heart to break!
Entreat it not to for thy Frederic's sake!"

"She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh," and kissed her lily hand to him in graceful gratitude as he bowed out of the room.

CHAPTER II.

Like a jem in a beautiful casket, or rather like a lovely portrait in a fitting frame, sat the young and graceful Mrs. L. in her reception-room, receiving with blushes and smiles the compliments of the day from a circle of fashionable admirers. Her hair, black and brilliant as jet, confined beneath a net of gold—her small but exquisitely moulded form arrayed in a changeable silk of a pale golden hue—a delicately wrought French cape, rivaled in whiteness by the beautiful neck it veiled—the tiniest and prettiest foot imaginable peeping from the full robe, and resting on an embroidered cushion. It was indeed a charming picture, and the two friends would gladly have passed more than the fashionable minute in gazing and admiring, had not their engagements called them elsewhere.

Their next visit was to the fashionable and beautiful Mrs. M. and her two accomplished daughters, Virginia and Grace.

Distinguished in society by their loveliness, elegance and refinement, blessed with every luxury except the best and dearest of all—the riches of the heart—these three lovely beings are victims to a restless passion for excitement, which nothing seems to allay, and their lives are passed in a succession of frivolous amusements, frittering away, from hour to hour, heart, mind and soul, until they have almost forgotten that such things are!

"With a desperate attempt to escape from the ennui of an unfurnished and unsatisfied mind," they hurry from rout to ball, until in the din, the loud world-music of fashion and gayety, "the still, small voice of that inward spirit which is to inherit the immortal ages" is stifled and unheard.

As the two heroes of my story entered the splendid apartments, a graceful tableau caught—it was intended to catch—their eyes. The still beautiful Mrs. M. in a highly tasteful cap, and a dress of crimson velvet, was seated on a sofa, and at her feet, on a low stool, her youngest daughter, Virginia. A cloud of amber curls veiled her soft cheek and snowy shoulder as she leaned her head against her mother's knee, with her dark blue eyes half closed, and a faint, sweet, dreamy smile flitting about her rosy mouth. While her sister, Grace, in an attitude which at once recalled her name, stood bending over a classic vase of flowers, with her dark and braided hair, pale cheek and soft yet brilliant black eyes presenting a striking contrast to her fairy-like sister.

A silk dress of the palest rose-color fitted closely to her beautiful form, and was terminated at the throat by a small embroidered collar of linen cambric. She was listening with downcast eyes to the ardent compliments of a handsome young Spaniard who stood by her, and was just about handing him a half-blown rose, when, seeing Vernon enter, with a well-managed start of affected surprise and pleasure, in the true spirit of coquetry, she let it fall at her feet.

Ere the Spaniard noticed the apparent accident, Richmond had sprung forward, raised the flower to his lips and hid it in his bosom, and quick as lightning the graceful girl had drawn another from the vase and placed it in the hand of the young foreigner, whose dark eyes flashed with delight as he received it. A low, musical, but somewhat affectedly prolonged laugh from Virginia betrayed her knowledge of the *ruse*, which none had seen but herself.

"My dear Virginia," whispered her careful but unconscious mother, after the gentlemen had departed, "don't laugh *too* often, unless there is something to laugh at. It sounds affected. The laugh is very sweet, my love, but you must not waste its sweetness. Neither of the gentlemen just gone is a desirable match, you know. And, Grace, I must beg of you not to disarrange another bouquet for the sake of a person so utterly insignificant as this Don Juan Jose del Hernandez.

CHAPTER III.

It was eight o'clock on the evening of the same day. The ladies' drawing-room at the Astor was brilliantly lighted, and Charles Vernon, fatigued with the social duties of the day, threw himself on a sofa beside a very beautiful woman, who welcomed him with her sweetest smile, exclaiming—

"I have left but one visit unpaid, and that must remain so, for I am weary, stupid, flat and unprofitable. I have exhausted all spirit, wit and sentiment, and have but one idea left, and that is—"

"What?" said the lady, tapping her foot impatiently.

"That I would rather be here than any where else in the universe."

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Engraved by R.B. Jarvis

"But how can you presume to be here after the acknowledgment you have just made, that you have brought neither wit, spirit, nor sentiment to amuse me with?"

"For that very reason did I come—knowing that the magic of your presence would restore them if any thing could."

"And whose is the name on your list that you treat with such neglect?"

"It is a pretty one; but I never saw the original. I was introduced to her on board a steamboat, by her father, last summer; but she had a thick, green veil over her face—I always had a blue horror of green veils—her form, however, was beautiful; and on the strength of that I promised her father to call upon them."

"And what is the name?"

"Amy Arnold."

"Amy Arnold! She is one of my pets! Go this moment and fulfill your promise! You will not regret it."

"But I am so tired."

"Go!"

"But I am so happy here."

"Go!"

"Well, then, since you will be so cruel, I must quote my friend Miss Squeers, of Dotheboy's Hall—'Artful and designing 'Tilda! I leave you.'"

The lady laughed, and the gentleman, with a sublime shake of the head, departed.

CHAPTER IV.

It was a pleasant scene upon which young Vernon intruded about an hour afterward. A large, old-fashioned parlor lighted by a blazing fire, Amy Arnold, blindfolded, in the midst of a dozen little boys and girls, pursuing them with outstretched arms, her dark hair braided smoothly on her brow, her beautiful lips parted with the excitement of the chase, and her form seen to advantage in a rich silk of silver gray, plainly but very gracefully made. The merry shouts of the children had prevented her hearing the door open, and one roguish little urchin had pushed the intruder almost into her arms, ere she was aware of his presence. She laid her soft hand eagerly, but gently, on his shoulder, exclaiming, "Ah, papa! is it you I have caught? I am so glad! Untie the blinder for me, do! for I am really tired," and she bent her beautiful head before him.

Taken by surprise, poor Vernon could only obey without a word; but in his confusion he fumbled so long at the knot that she put up her own hand to assist him. She started as she met his touch—it was not the rough clasp of Capt. Arnold that she felt. The blinder fell! and she raised to our hero's face a pair of soft, gray eyes—Vernon thought them the loveliest he had ever seen—and there they stood for a full minute gazing on each other. She with the color deepening in her fair young cheek, and a look full of wonder, dismay and confusion—and he with an expression of mingled embarrassment and admiration.

Fortunately at that moment Capt. Arnold himself came in, and greeted his young friend with a cordial welcome to his house. While the little frolicsome Harry, who had caused all the trouble, sprung to his father's knee, and relating the *contretemps* with infinite glee, set them all laughing together, so that ease was at once restored. And when, at eleven o'clock, Vernon rose to take his leave he could not help blessing in his heart the fair lady on the sofa in the Astor House drawing-room, who had insisted so imperiously upon his leaving her three hours before.

CHAPTER V.

"My dear!" said Mr. Frederic Richmond, in his softest voice, three weeks after his wedding with the widow, "You have never shown me your splendid set of diamonds since the happy day on which you promised to be mine."

"My set of diamonds! What *do* you mean, Mr. Richmond," replied the lady in a sharp tone, which grated rather harshly upon his musical ear.

"Don't trifle with my feelings, love. I mean the set you wore last New-Year's day."

"Oh, yes! You can see THEM *any* day at Marquand's—I hired them for the occasion!"

"The deuce you did! And how the devil am I to settle with my creditors, I should like to know?"

"Don't swear, Mr. Richmond, it wears upon my nerves."

"Hang your nerves, madam!" and the disappointed fortune-hunter, striking his clenched hand upon his forehead, hurried from the room, and soon after from the country.

"I told you, you would never regret it," said the fair belle of the Astor, as she stood, a week ago, with Charles Vernon and his beautiful Amy—no longer Amy Arnold—in the library of an elegant mansion on the banks of the Hudson—and Amy lifted her dark eyes fondly to his face and whispered with a sportive smile,

"*Do* you regret it, Charles?"

LOVE AMONG THE ROSES.

With Flora's basket borne above,
Gay Laura o'er the mead was dancing;
With merry words she laughed at love,
Her saucy eyes around her glancing,—
But as she went with playful art,
Sportive as winds when evening closes,
The boy-god struck her to the heart—
For Love lay hid among the roses!

Beware, sweet maids, the subtle foe,
Where'er you are he slyly lingers,
With smiling look but bended bow,
And arrow quivering in his fingers.
And when you think him far away,
Be sure the god at hand reposes—
Oh! fly the cheat or fall his prey,—
Love ever hides among the roses!

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A SKETCH OF THE LA FAYETTES.

FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF ONE WHO KNEW THEM.

BY HELEN BERKELY.

"The La Fayettes! The hero's children, and the hero's grand-children! How can I leave Paris without making their acquaintance!" said I to myself, as I remembered that, in one short month, we should turn our farewell glances on the closing gates of the gay capital, which is not inaptly designated as "*le paradis des femmes*."

The following morning beheld me on my way to the hôtel of the La Fayettes. I was accompanied by Madame B——, an intimate friend of the family, whose introduction alone would ensure me a gracious reception.

"*Nous voila!*" said my friend, as we drove gaily through the convenient *porte cochère*. "La Fayette's son, George Washington, the adopted son of your General Washington, with his wife and numerous family, occupy the same hôtel as Madame la Marquise de Lasteyrie, La Fayette's only daughter. But, if you have no objection, we will make our first visit to Madame Lasteyrie, for I am exceedingly anxious that you should not lose an opportunity of seeing her. That you are an American will be an instant passport to her affections."

The smiling *petite concièrge* replied to our inquiries, that Madame Lasteyrie was at home, and our faces reflected some of the good humored smiles which were rapidly flitting over hers at the agreeable intelligence. One touch of the pretty *concièrge's* fingers to the silken bell rope suspended beside her, and before the sound it awoke had died away, a footman appeared, whose duty it was to usher us into the presence of Madame Lasteyrie. He preceded us up one flight of stairs, and then another, and another, and still another, until our limbs grew too wearied willingly to keep pace with him.

"Has Madame Lasteyrie changed her apartments?" demanded Madame B——, resting from her fatiguing ascent.

"*Mais, oui, Madame*, she has given up her saloon and boudoir to Madame George La Fayette's nurse and children. Two of the little ones have been ill lately, and the noise in the other rooms disturbs them," replied the footman, in French.

"That is exactly what I should have expected of Madame Lasteyrie," remarked Madame B——, turning to me; "she always sacrifices her own comfort to that of every body else."

The man overheard her, and, looking back, exclaimed, with more feeling and enthusiasm than is usual to persons in his station,

"*Ah, oui, Madame, elle est un ange!*"

"And because she is an angel," said Madame B——, as with elastic steps she bounded up the last flight of stairs, (which with the *entresol* included brought us to the fifth story) "my friend must not feel surprised at being conducted to the neighborhood of the skies to behold one of their inhabitants."

"Oh, I shall be content if I find she has any claim to her dwelling place."

"Announce *my* name only," said Madame B—— to the footman, as he ushered us into a small carpetless ante-chamber. "Madame de Lasteyrie is probably not prepared, at this hour, to see strangers, but I will be responsible for her receiving my friend."

The footman disappeared, returned, and admitted us into a miniature apartment, simply, almost scantily furnished, which served General La Fayette's estimable daughter both as drawing-room and *salle à manger*. Over the mantel hung a fine portrait of the renowned hero himself. But a more glowing and faithful image of him might be traced in the benign countenance of the venerable lady, who rose to receive—or rather, if I give the true term to her reception, to *welcome* us.

She was attired in a sober-colored dress, scrupulously neat, but of remarkably coarse texture, and to which the touch of no Parisian *couturière's* fingers had given an air of fashion, while it destroyed every appearance of simplicity. Over her bosom a white cambric kerchief was plainly folded, and on her head she wore a ribbonless and bowless cap, apparently of no more costly materials. A few loose curls of her own silver hair fell about her exceedingly fair face, and gave to it an expression of softness which would have been totally destroyed by the ungraceful false hair beneath which American ladies (with false pride and falser taste) think it decorous to hide their own snow-besprinkled locks. Madame de Lasteyrie was long past her prime; but the deep lines on her mild though animated countenance told from their situation that they had not been traced by discontent, nor worn there by care. Her address, in addition to the suavity and ease peculiar to all French ladies, was characterized by an air of kind sincerity, which in a moment won the confidence and inspired the esteem of every one brought within her sphere.

She was sitting, when we entered, near a bright wood fire, in front of a couple of meanly clad and sickly looking old women, and beside a pale cheeked young one, with a babe at her breast. A little tattered

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urchin stood at the woman's knee, and grasping in either hand a huge slice of dry bread, which he was so absorbed in devouring that he found it inconvenient to desist cramming his mouth at our entrance; although he looked up indeed with an expression of fear lest we had come to share his repast.

Madame de Lasteyrie rose in haste, and it might have been with some slight confusion on seeing a stranger; but Madame B——, introducing me without apology, said, "I have brought you one of my American friends."

"That she is an American would be sufficient to render her welcome, even without her being your friend," replied Madame de Lasteyrie, shaking hands with me warmly; "my love and admiration for your noble country form a link between me and all Americans."

The kind old lady then begged us to excuse her a few minutes, and turned to her less elegantly attired but not less welcome guests. After giving them a few directions in a low tone and patting the head of the ragged and famished looking boy, who hardly discontinued his repast at the touch of her gentle hand, she dismissed them. They left her presence with well stored baskets, swelling bundles, and, if I might judge from their faces, full and grateful hearts, which communicate a holy joy to her own, such as all may easily experience but none readily describe.

As the door closed upon them, Madame de Lasteyrie seated herself by my side, and commenced an animated conversation principally about America and the Americans. Once or twice she alluded to her heroic father, and the high opinion he entertained of our country and government, but tears gathered in her gentle eyes as she spoke of him, and made me forbear to pursue the interesting topic. Our visit was of somewhat longer duration than etiquette would have authorized, but in the presence of one so frank and true it was impossible to prevent *feeling* from usurping the place of conventionalism.

After bidding her good morning we were conducted to the appartments of Madame George La Fayette. The elegant comfort of those spacious rooms formed a striking contrast to the poorly furnished little chamber we had just left. Madame La Fayette, her husband and several of her children were at home, and we passed a pleasant half hour in their society. The same frankness of manner and absence of form which I had remarked in Madame Lasteyrie prevailed amongst them. To say that they were agreeable, interesting, cultivated, and warm hearted, would be but to do them bare justice; yet, fascinating as they were, I found my thoughts ever and anon wandering to the quiet chamber at the top of the house, the famished little beggar boy and poverty-stricken women, and to the saint-like countenance and affectionate tones of the benevolent marquise as she moved about amongst her indigent visiters, calling a smile to the wan cheek, and looks of grateful affection to dimmed and sunken eyes.

"Why did you not tell me something about that good delightful Madame Lasteyrie?" said I to Madame B——, as we re-entered our carriage after bidding adieu to the La Fayettes.

"Because I wished to interest and surprise you, and I knew you would be impressed if you saw her as you have just beheld her, and as I was sure of finding her."

"Pray, what was the meaning of the old woman and the young one, and the baby and boy?"

"Was not their meaning obvious enough? To me 'pauper' seemed written on every feature of their faces."

"But are they especial *protégés* of Madame Lasteyrie? Do tell me something of their history."

"About *them*, in particular, I know nothing. I have seen a great number of Madame Lasteyrie's '*mendicant family*,' as we call them, but these must be some new objects of charity."

"She is very charitable then, is she not?"

"Her time, her fortune, and whole life, are devoted to acts of charity. She has long since given up *le beau monde*, and her little world, her sphere of *use*, and therefore of enjoyment, is in the haunts of poverty, the houses of affliction, and often the dwellings of penitent vice. Her heart overflows with love to all mankind, and with the desire to benefit all God's creatures, from the highest to the very humblest. What her daily occupations are, I am sure you would never have discovered from her conversation, for she possesses the rare virtue of never parading her good deeds to the world; but I think you might have discovered the tone of her mind by the peculiar gentleness of her manners, the interest she took in your health, even though you were a stranger, the quickness with which she discovered any signs of indisposition, and the impressive manner in which her advice was given."

"She surprised me very much; I was at a loss in seeking to comprehend the interest she seemed to take in me."

"My reply will not compliment you. It was merely attributable to her habitual goodness, and desire to benefit her fellow creatures. Had you come to her in a threadbare dress, and been so pock-marked as hardly to leave a feature distinguishable, her manner would have been the same."

"I shall not easily forget her," I answered, "even should we never meet again; but I sincerely hope that many days will not pass before we do meet, for my thoughts will be constantly with her."

My desire was granted; in less than a week after our visit I was hurrying through one of the narrowest, muddiest, and most obscure streets in Paris, when I perceived a lady approaching whose face was familiar, although I could not at first remember to whom it belonged. An old gray cloak was folded tightly around her. Her dress was gathered up to a height which ensured its escaping even a *soupçon* of mud, and her feet were protected by heavy wooden shoes. From beneath her well-worn and strangely fashioned black silk bonnet, a few soft but snowy locks were loosely curling, and these I recognized immediately; and then I quickly remembered that placid brow, those serene eyes, and the cheering smile that lingered about those lips, and knew that it could only be Madame Lasteyrie.

She recollected me the instant I pronounced her

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name, and paused to shake hands, exchange a few words, advise me against exposure in that keen air, and reflect upon the true American carelessness, or vanity it may be, which had prevented my guarding my feet more effectually against the cold and damp. I thanked her, and she passed on; but I had little opportunity of showing her that her words were not lost upon me, for our stay in Paris was so short that we only met once more.

It was in the afternoon, somewhat past visiting hours, though several American gentlemen had not taken their leave, when Madame Lasteyrie called upon me. Our valet had left the ante-chamber for a moment, therefore she entered unannounced. At the first glimpse of that antiquated black silk bonnet, the rusty gray cloak, and clumsy wooden walking shoes, well bespattered with Paris *boue*, my friends with one accord rose to bid me good afternoon. I presented Madame Lasteyrie with a chair, and then said to a couple of them as they shook hands, "Stay, stay, I wish you would not go," accompanying my words with a glance which I intended should convey the idea that there was some especial reason for their remaining. The words and significant glance were, however, equally thrown away. Both gentlemen looked at me in surprise, gave another doubtful look at Madame la Marquise, who was quietly drying her thick over-shoes by the fire, and said, "Oh no, you have business—we will not interrupt you—good morning." They evidently mistook La Fayette's noble-hearted daughter for a *couturière* or an old *bonne*, or it may be some person of even less consequence. I was not more fortunate in making my wishes known to the other gentleman; he, as his companion had done, construed my words into mere civility, and seemed bent on imagining that there would be an impropriety in his resuming his seat, as I must have some private business with the good woman in the gray cloak.

They left me, and I had leisure to devote myself to Madame de Lasteyrie. Though I could not help regretting that my friends were either so obtuse, or that I could convey so little meaning by looks, which were intended to convey so much, I was probably the gainer by their absence. My kind friend was, unconsciously, induced to speak with frankness and feeling upon many subjects, on which she would not have dwelt before entire strangers. I succeeded in persuading her to give me a sketch of some of her little protegés, and the scenes of which her mode of life made her a daily witness. How much that was lovely, interesting, and touching had the alchemy of her kindly spirit extracted from sources which to less generous hearts, presented nothing but the coarse, insipid, and even the revolting! She assured me that her visits amongst the poor afforded her indescribable happiness, and that her tastes for literature, social intercourse, and amusements, were rather sharpened than impaired thereby. What a mission on earth was hers! How blessed her life, spent in soothing the cares and alleviating the pains of suffering humanity, and in dispensing amongst the poor—what wealth cannot purchase for the rich—peace, cheerfulness and content!

It was with sincere regret that, after a long and animated conversation, I saw Madame Lasteyrie rise to bid me adieu. I was never so fortunate as to see her again. In a few weeks we left Paris, and with a many whose names are linked to a thousand pleasing associations, but few that left on my heart so sweet and lasting an impression as La Fayette's noble-souled daughter.

THE TWICE TOLD SEAL.

THE MOTTO BEING "GOD BLESS YOU."

BY ELIZABETH OKES SMITH, AUTHOR OF "THE SINLESS CHILD," ETC.

The letter was a common one,
A business letter too,
Announcing some commission done,
And therein its words were few.
I read it idly, tossed it by,
And then a pretty seal
And kindly motto met my eye,
That gave my heart to feel

A something more than business air,
As if for gentle dame
A dash of chivalry were there,
Half blending with her name,
And made the slightest office seem
A grand one to do—
It might have been a woman's dream,
Which she from knighthood drew;

It might have been; perchance the seal
Was carelessly applied—
"God bless you," has a look of zeal,
Of earnest truth beside—
I lingered on the words awhile;
They always touch the heart,
And oft, too oft, a tear beguile,
When the beloved depart.

Days passed away—the seal once more
I read with sweet surprise—
Not careless now, if so before,
"God bless you" meets mine eyes;
Some gentle hand the words again
Beneath the seal repeats,
And my heart feels not idle, vain,
The blessing that it meets.

I know not whose the gentle hand,
If ever pressed in mine,
If often met in social band
Where honor, truth combine;
I only feel, howe'er unknown,
Though drear life's path may be,
A quiet joy that there is one
Who thus remembers me.

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REVIEW OF WYANDOTTÉ.*

BY EDGAR A. POE.

"WYANDOTTÉ, or The Hutted Knoll" is, in its general features, precisely similar to the novels enumerated in the title. It is a forest subject; and, when we say this, we give assurance that the story is a good one; for Mr. Cooper has never been known to fail, either in the forest or upon the sea. The interest, as usual, has no reference to *plot*, of which, indeed, our novelist seems altogether regardless, or incapable, but depends, first, upon the nature of the theme; secondly, upon a Robinson-Crusoe-like detail in its management; and thirdly, upon the frequently repeated portraiture of the half-civilized Indian. In saying that the interest depends, *first*, upon the nature of the theme, we mean to suggest that this theme—life in the Wilderness—is one of intrinsic and universal interest, appealing to the heart of man in all phases; a theme, like that of life upon the ocean, so unfailingly omni-prevalent in its power of arresting and absorbing attention, that while success or popularity is, with such a subject, expected as a matter of course, a failure might be properly regarded as conclusive evidence of imbecility on the part of the author. The two theses in question have been handled *usque ad nauseam*—and this through the instinctive perception of the universal interest which appertains to them. A writer, distrustful of his powers, can scarcely do better than discuss either one or the other. A man of genius will rarely, and should never, undertake either; first, because both are excessively hackneyed; and, secondly, because the reader never fails, in forming his opinion of a book, to make discount, either wittingly or unwittingly, for that intrinsic interest which is inseparable from the subject and independent of the manner in which it is treated. Very few and very dull indeed are those who do not instantaneously perceive the distinction; and thus there are two great classes of fictions,—a popular and widely circulated class, read with pleasure, but without admiration—in which the author is lost or forgotten; or remembered, if at all, with something very nearly akin to contempt; and then, a class not so popular, nor so widely diffused, in which, at every paragraph, arises a distinctive and highly pleasurable interest, springing from our perception and appreciation of the skill employed, of the genius evinced in the composition. After perusal of the one class, we think solely of the book—after reading the other, chiefly of the author. The former class leads to popularity—the latter to fame. In the former case, the books sometimes live, while the authors usually die; in the latter, even when the works perish, the man survives. Among American writers of the less generally circulated, but more worthy and more artistical fictions, we may mention Mr. Brockden Brown, Mr. John Neal, Mr. Simms, Mr. Hawthorne; at the head of the more popular division we may place Mr. Cooper.

"The Hutted Knoll," without pretending to detail facts, gives a narrative of fictitious events, similar, in nearly all respects, to occurrences which actually happened during the opening scenes of the Revolution, and at other epochs of our history. It pictures the dangers, difficulties, and distresses of a large family, living, completely insulated, in the forest. The tale commences with a description of the "region which lies in the angle formed by the junction of the Mohawk with the Hudson, extending as far south as the line of Pennsylvania, and west to the verge of that vast rolling plain which composes Western New York"—a region of which the novelist has already frequently written, and the whole of which, with a trivial exception, was a wilderness before the Revolution. Within this district, and on a creek running into the Unadilla, a certain Captain Willoughby purchases an estate, or "patent," and there retires, with his family and dependents, to pass the close of his life in agricultural pursuits. He has been an officer in the British army, but, after serving many years, has sold his commission, and purchased one for his only son, Robert, who alone does not accompany the party into the forest. This party consists of the captain himself; his wife; his daughter, Beulah; an adopted daughter, Maud Meredith; an invalid sergeant, Joyce, who had served under the captain; a Presbyterian preacher, Mr. Woods; a Scotch mason, Jamie Allen; an Irish laborer, Michael O'Hearn; a Connecticut man, Joel Strides; four negroes, Old Plin and Young Plin, Big Smash and Little Smash; eight axe-men; a house-carpenter; a mill-wright, &c., &c. Besides these, a Tuscarora Indian called Nick, or *Wyandotté*, accompanies the expedition. This Indian, who figures largely in the story, and gives it its title, may be considered as the principal character—the one chiefly elaborated. He is an outcast from his tribe, has been known to Captain Willoughby for thirty years, and is a compound of all the good and bad qualities which make up the character of the half-civilized Indian. He does not remain with the settlers; but appears and re-appears at intervals upon the scene.

Nearly the whole of the first volume is occupied with a detailed account of the estate purchased, (which is termed "The Hutted Knoll" from a natural mound upon which the principal house is built) and of the progressive arrangements and improvements. Toward the close of the volume the Revolution commences; and the party at the "Knoll" are besieged by a band of savages and "rebels," with whom an understanding exists, on the part of Joel Strides, the Yankee. This traitor, instigated by the hope of possessing Captain Willoughby's estate, should it be confiscated, brings about a series of defections from the party of the settlers, and finally, deserting himself, reduces the whole number to six or seven, capable of bearing arms. Captain Willoughby resolves, however, to defend his post. His son, at this juncture, pays him a clandestine visit, and, endeavoring to reconnoitre the position of the Indians, is made captive. The captain, in an attempt at rescue, is murdered by Wyandotté, whose vindictive passions had been aroused by ill-timed allusions, on the part of Willoughby, to floggings previously inflicted, by his orders, upon the Indian. Wyandotté, however, having satisfied his personal vengeance, is still the ally of the settlers. He

* *Wyandotté, or the Hutted Knoll. A tale, by the author of "The Pathfinder," "Deerslayer," "Last of the Mohicans," "Pioneers," Prairie," &c., &c. Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard.*

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guides Maud, who is beloved by Robert, to the hut in which the latter is confined, and effects his escape. Aroused by this escape, the Indians precipitate their attack upon the Knoll, which, through the previous treachery of Strides in ill-hanging a gate, is immediately carried. Mrs. Willoughby, Beulah, and others of the party, are killed. Maud is secreted and thus saved by Wyandotté. At the last moment, when all is apparently lost, a reinforcement appears, under command of Evert Beekman, the husband of Beulah; and the completion of the massacre is prevented. Woods, the preacher, had left the Knoll, and made his way through the enemy, to inform Beekman of the dilemma of his friends. Maud and Robert Willoughby are, of course, happily married. The concluding scene of the novel shows us Wyandotté repenting the murder of Willoughby, and converted to Christianity through the agency of Woods.

It will be at once seen that there is nothing *original* in this story. On the contrary, it is even excessively commonplace. The lover, for example, rescued from captivity by the mistress; the Knoll carried through the treachery of an inmate; and the salvation of the besieged, at the very last moment, by a reinforcement arriving, in consequence of a message borne to a friend by one of the besieged, without the cognizance of the others; these, we say, are incidents which have been the common property of every novelist since the invention of letters. And as for *plot*, there has been no attempt at any thing of the kind. The tale is a mere succession of events, scarcely any one of which has any necessary dependence upon any one other. Plot, however, is, at best, an artificial effect, requiring, like music, not only a natural bias, but long cultivation of taste for its full appreciation; some of the finest narratives in the world—"Gil-Blas" and "Robinson Crusoe," for example—have been written without its employment; and "The Hutted Knoll," like all the sea and forest novels of Cooper, has been made deeply interesting, although depending upon this peculiar source of interest not at all. Thus the absence of plot can never be critically regarded as a *defect*; although its judicious use, in all cases aiding and in no case injuring other effects, must be regarded as of a very high order of merit.

There are one or two points, however, in the mere *conduct* of the story now before us, which may, perhaps, be considered as defective. For instance, there is too much *obviousness* in all that appertains to the hanging of the large gate. In more than a dozen instances, Mrs. Willoughby is made to allude to the delay in the hanging; so that the reader is too positively and pointedly forced to perceive that this delay is to result in the capture of the Knoll. As we are never in doubt of the fact, we feel diminished interest when it actually happens. A single vague allusion, well managed, would have been in the true artistical spirit.

Again; we see too plainly, from the first, that Beekman is to marry Beulah, and that Robert Willoughby is to marry Maud. The killing of Beulah, of Mrs. Willoughby, and Jamie Allen, produces, too, a painful impression which does not properly appertain to the right fiction. Their deaths affect us as revolting and supererogatory; since the purposes of the story are not thereby furthered in any regard. To Willoughby's murder, however distressing, the reader makes no similar objection; merely because in his decease is fulfilled a species of poetical justice. We may observe here, nevertheless, that his repeated references to his flogging the Indian seem unnatural, because we have otherwise no reason to think him a fool, or a madman, and these references, under the circumstances, are absolutely insensate. We object, also, to the manner in which the general interest is dragged out, or suspended. The besieging party are kept before the Knoll so long, while so little is done, and so many opportunities of action are lost, that the reader takes it for granted that nothing of consequence will occur—that the besieged will be finally delivered. He gets so accustomed to the presence of danger that its excitement, at length, departs. The action is not sufficiently rapid. There is too much procrastination. There is too much mere talk for talk's sake. The interminable discussions between Woods and Captain Willoughby are, perhaps, the worst feature of the book, for they have not even the merit of referring to the matters on hand. In general, there is quite too much colloquy for the purpose of manifesting character, and too little for the explanation of motive. The characters of the drama would have been better made out by action; while the motives to action, the reasons for the different courses of conduct adopted by the *dramatis personæ*, might have been made to proceed more satisfactorily from their own mouths, in casual conversations, than from that of the author in person. To conclude our remarks upon the head of ill-conduct in the story, we may mention occasional incidents of the merest melodramatic absurdity: as, for example, at page 156 of the second volume, where "Willoughby had an arm round the waist of Maud, and bore her forward with a rapidity to which her own strength was entirely unequal." We may be permitted to doubt whether a young lady of sound health and limbs, exists, within the limits of Christendom, who could not run faster, on her own proper feet, for any considerable distance, than she could be carried upon one *arm* of either the Cretan Milo or of the Hercules Farnese.

On the other hand, it would be easy to designate many particulars which are admirably handled. The love of Maud Meredith for Robert Willoughby is painted with exquisite skill and truth. The incident of the tress of hair and box is naturally and effectively conceived. A fine collateral interest is thrown over the whole narrative by the connection of the theme with that of the Revolution; and, especially, there is an excellent dramatic point, at page 124 of the second volume, where Wyandotté, remembering the stripes inflicted upon him by Captain Willoughby, is about to betray him to his foes, when his purpose is arrested by a casual glimpse, through the forest, of the hut which contains Mrs. Willoughby, who had preserved the life of the Indian, by inoculation for the small-pox.

In the depicting of character, Mr. Cooper has been unusually successful in "Wyandotté." One or two of his personages, to be sure, must be regarded as little worth. Robert Willoughby, like most novel heroes, is a nobody; that is to say, there is nothing about him which may be looked upon as distinctive. Perhaps he is rather silly than otherwise; as, for instance, when he confuses all his father's arrangements for his concealment, and bursts into the room before Strides—afterward insisting upon accompanying that person to the Indian encampment, without any possible or impossible object. Woods, the parson, is a sad bore, upon the Dominie Sampson plan, and is, moreover, caricatured. Of Captain Willoughby we have already spoken—he is too often on stilts. Evert Beekman and Beulah are merely episodical. Joyce is nothing in the world but Corporal Trim—or, rather, Corporal Trim and water. Jamie Allen, with his prate about Catholicism, is insufferable. But Mrs. Willoughby, the humble, shrinking, womanly wife, whose whole existence centres in her affections, is worthy of Mr. Cooper. Maud Meredith is still better. In fact, we know no female portraiture, even in Scott, which surpasses her; and yet the world has been given to understand, by the enemies of the novelist, that he is incapable of depicting a woman. Joel Strides will

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be recognized by all who are conversant with his general prototypes of Connecticut. Michael O'Hearn, the County Leitrim man, is an Irishman all over, and his portraiture abounds in humor; as, for example, at page 31, of the first volume, where he has a difficulty with a skiff, not being able to account for its revolving upon its own axis, instead of moving forward: or, at page 132, where, during divine service, to exclude at least a portion of the heretical doctrine, he stops *one* of his ears with his thumb; or, at page 195, where a passage occurs so much to our purpose that we will be pardoned for quoting it in full. Captain Willoughby is drawing his son up through a window, from his enemies below. The assistants, placed at a distance from this window to avoid observation from without, are ignorant of what burthen is at the end of the rope:

"The men did as ordered, raising their load from the ground a foot or two at a time. In this manner the burthen approached, yard after yard, until it was evidently drawing near the window.

"'It 's the captain hoisting up the big haste of a hog, for provisioning the hoose again a saige,' whispered Mike to the negroes, who grinned as they tugged; 'and, when the craitur squalls, see to it, that ye do not squeal yourselves.'

"At that moment, the head and shoulders of a man appeared at the window. Mike let go the rope, seized a chair, and was about to knock the intruder upon the head; but the captain arrested the blow.

"'It 's one o' the vagabone Injins that has undermined the hog and come up in its stead,' roared Mike.

"'It 's my son,' said the captain; 'see that you are silent and secret.'"

The negroes are, without exception, admirably drawn. The Indian, Wyandotté, however, is the great feature of the book, and is, in every respect, equal to the previous Indian creations of the author of "The Pioneer." Indeed, we think this "forest gentleman" superior to the other noted heroes of his kind—the heroes which have been immortalized by our novelist. His keen sense of the distinction, in his own character, between the chief, Wyandotté, and the drunken vagabond, Sassy Nick; his chivalrous delicacy toward Maud, in never disclosing to her that knowledge of her real feelings toward Robert Willoughby, which his own Indian intuition had discovered; his enduring animosity toward Captain Willoughby, softened, and for thirty years delayed, through his gratitude to the wife; and then, the vengeance consummated, his pity for that wife conflicting with his exultation at the deed—these, we say, are all traits of a lofty excellence indeed. Perhaps the most effective passage in the book, and that which, most distinctively, brings out the character of the Tuscarora, is to be found at pages 50, 51, 52 and 53 of the second volume, where, for some trivial misdemeanor, the captain threatens to make use of the whip. The manner in which the Indian *harps* upon the threat, returning to it again and again, in every variety of phrase, forms one of the finest pieces of mere character-painting with which we have any acquaintance.

The most obvious and most unaccountable faults of "The Hutted Knoll," are those which appertain to the *style*—to the mere grammatical construction;—for, in other and more important particulars of style, Mr. Cooper, of late days, has made a very manifest improvement. His sentences, however, are arranged with an awkwardness so remarkable as to be matter of absolute astonishment, when we consider the education of the author, and his long and continual practice with the pen. In minute descriptions of localities, any verbal inaccuracy, or confusion, becomes a source of vexation and misunderstanding, detracting very much from the pleasure of perusal; and in these inaccuracies "Wyandotté" abounds. Although, for instance, we carefully read and re-read that portion of the narrative which details the situation of the Knoll, and the construction of the buildings and walls about it, we were forced to proceed with the story without any exact or definite impressions upon the subject. Similar difficulties, from similar causes, occur *passim* throughout the book. For example: at page 41, vol. I:

"The Indian gazed at the house, with that fierce intentness which sometimes glared, in a manner that had got to be, in its ordinary aspects, dull and besotted." This it is utterly impossible to comprehend. We presume, however, the intention is to say that although the Indian's ordinary manner (of gazing) had "got to be" dull and besotted, he occasionally gazed with an intentness that glared, and that he did so in the instance in question. The "got to be" is atrocious—the whole sentence no less so.

Here, at page 9, vol. I., is something excessively vague: "Of the latter character is the face of most of that region which lies in the angle formed by the junction of the Mohawk with the Hudson," &c. &c. The Mohawk, joining the Hudson, forms *two* angles, of course,—an acute and an obtuse one; and, without further explanation, it is difficult to say which is intended.

At page 55, vol. I., we read:—"The captain, owing to his English education, had avoided straight lines, and formal paths; giving to the little spot the improvement on nature which is a consequence of embellishing her works without destroying them. On each side of this lawn was an orchard, thrifty and young, and which *were* already beginning to show signs of putting forth their blossoms." Here we are tautologically informed that improvement is a consequence of embellishment, and supererogatorily told that the rule holds good only where the embellishment is not accompanied by destruction. Upon the "each orchard *were*" it is needless to comment.

At page 30, vol. I., is something similar, where Strides is represented as "never doing any thing that required a particle more than the exertion and strength that were absolutely necessary to effect his object." Did Mr. C. ever hear of any labor that *required* more exertion than was *necessary*? He means to say that Strides exerted himself no further than was necessary—that 's all.

At page 59, vol. I., we find this sentence—"He was advancing by the only road that was ever traveled by the stranger as he approached the Hut; or, he came up the valley." This is merely a vagueness of speech. "Or" is intended to imply "that is to say." The whole would be clearer thus—"He was advancing by the valley—the only road traveled by a stranger approaching the Hut." We have here sixteen words, instead of Mr. Cooper's twenty-five.

At page 8, vol. II., is an unpardonable awkwardness, although an awkwardness strictly grammatical. "I was a favorite, I believe, with, certainly was much petted by, both." Upon this we need make no further observation. It speaks for itself.

We are aware, however, that there is a certain air of unfairness, in thus quoting detached passages, for animadversion of this kind; for, however strictly at random our quotations may really be, we have, of course, no means of proving the fact to our readers; and there are no authors, from whose works individual inaccurate sentences may not be culled. But we mean to say that Mr. Cooper, no doubt through haste or neglect, is *remarkably* and *especially* inaccurate, as a general rule; and, by way of demonstrating this assertion, we will dismiss our extracts at random, and discuss some entire page of his composition. More than this: we will endeavor to select that particular page upon

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which it might naturally be supposed he would bestow the most careful attention. The reader will say at once—"Let this be his *first* page—the first page of his Preface." This page, then, shall be taken of course.

"The history of the borders is filled with legends of the sufferings of isolated families, during the troubled scenes of colonial warfare. Those which we now offer to the reader, are distinctive in many of their leading facts, if not rigidly true in the details. The first alone is necessary to the legitimate objects of fiction."

"*Abounds* with legends," would be better than "is filled with legends;" for it is clear that if the history were *filled* with legends, it would be all legend and no history. The word "of," too, occurs, in the first sentence, with an unpleasant frequency. The "*those*" commencing the second sentence, grammatically refers to the noun "scenes," immediately preceding, but is intended for "legends." The adjective "*distinctive*" is vaguely and altogether improperly employed. Mr. C. we believe means to say, merely, that although the details of his legends may not be strictly true, facts similar to his leading ones have actually occurred. By use of the word "*distinctive*," however, he has contrived to convey a meaning nearly converse. In saying that his legend is "*distinctive*" in many of the leading facts, he has *said* what he clearly, did not wish to say—viz.: that his legend contained facts which distinguished it from all other legends—in other words, facts never before discussed in other legends, and belonging peculiarly to his own. That Mr. C. *did* mean what we suppose, is rendered evident by the third sentence—"The first alone is necessary to the legitimate objects of fiction." This third sentence itself, however, is very badly constructed. "The first" can refer, grammatically, only to "facts;" but no such reference is intended. If we ask the question—what is meant by "the first?"—*what* "alone is necessary to the legitimate objects of fiction?"—the natural reply is, "that facts similar to the leading ones have actually happened." This circumstance is alone to be cared for—this consideration "alone is necessary to the legitimate objects of fiction."

"One of the misfortunes of a nation is to hear nothing besides its own praises." This is the fourth sentence, and is by no means lucid. The design is to say that individuals composing a nation, and living altogether within the national bounds, hear from each other only praises of the nation, and that this is a misfortune to the individuals, since it misleads them in regard to the actual condition of the nation. Here it will be seen that, to convey the intended idea, we have been forced to make distinction between the nation and its individual members; for it is evident that a nation is considered as such only in reference to other nations; and thus, *as a nation*, it hears *very* much "besides its own praises;" that is to say, it hears the detractions of other rival nations. In endeavoring to compel his meaning within the compass of a brief sentence, Mr. Cooper has completely sacrificed its intelligibility.

The fifth sentence runs thus:—"Although the American Revolution was probably as just an effort as was ever made by a people to resist the first inroads of oppression, the cause had its evil aspects, as well as all other human struggles."

The American Revolution is here improperly called an "effort." The effort was the cause, of which the Revolution was the result. A rebellion is an "effort" to effect a revolution. An "inroad of oppression" involves an untrue metaphor; for "inroad" appertains to *aggression*, to attack, to active assault. "The cause had its evil aspects, as well as all other human struggles," implies that the cause had not only its evil aspects, but had, also, all other human struggles. If the words must be retained at all, they should be thus arranged—"The cause like (or as well as) all other human struggles, had its evil aspects;" or better thus—"The cause had its evil aspect, as have all human struggles." "Other" is superfluous.

The sixth sentence is thus written:—"We have been so much accustomed to hear every thing extolled, of late years, that could be dragged into the remotest connexion with that great event, and the principles which led to it, that there is danger of overlooking truth in a jealous patriotism." The "of late years," here, should follow the "accustomed," or precede the "We have been;" and the Greek "pseudo" is objectionable, since its exact equivalent is to be found in the English "false." "Spurious" would be better, perhaps, than either.

Inadvertences such as these sadly disfigure the style of "The Hutted Knoll;" and every true friend of its author must regret his inattention to the minor morals of the Muse. But these "minor morals," it may be said, are trifles at best. Perhaps so. At all events, we should never have thought of dwelling so pertinaciously upon the unessential demerits of "Wyandotté," could we have discovered any more momentous upon which to comment.

OUR BOOK TABLE.—The extended notice of Mr. Cooper's last novel crowds the notices of other works into a very small space, and compels us to defer several reviews prepared for the number.

The Poems of Samuel Rogers, with numerous illustrations, just issued by Lea & Blanchard, will be noticed in full in the December number.

"Foot Prints," a neat little volume of fugitive poems, has been laid upon our table by John Pennington. These poems originally appeared in the "Banner of the Cross," and are for the most part upon religious and patriotic subjects.

"Dream of a Day and Other Poems," by James G. Percival: Mark U. Newman, Broadway, New York. The review of this volume is deferred.

"Jay's Family Prayers" are issued in a new edition by Lindsay & Blackiston, Philadelphia. This is an admirable work, and, as an assistant in family devotion, there is none superior.

Lea & Blanchard have issued a new edition of Youatt on the Horse, with additional dissertations by Skinner. We need only say that this is a text-book among horsemen. Every man who owns a horse should have one.

Carey & Hart announce for the holidays The Literary Souvenir: A Christmas and New Year's offering for 1841, with ten beautifully engraved plates, by Cheney and others; after pictures by Sully, Chalon, and Doughty. Elegantly printed, and splendidly bound in various colors and richly gilt.

Also, The Poetical Works of Thomas Moore. The only complete edition. Edited by Mr. Moore. With autobiographical prefaces. The whole complete in one pocket volume, with beautiful engraved portrait and title. Price $3.50, magnificently bound. Containing all that is in the ten volumes, London edition.

Also, Gems of the Modern Poets, with a biographical notice of each, by Mrs. S. C. Hall.

The Harpers appear to be absorbed in the cheap publication trade, and issue each month a dozen or more.

Winchester has sent us Fireside Recollections and The Young Sculptor, by Mrs. Ellis. Also, One Hundred Romances of Real Life, by Leigh Hunt, printed from good type, in the usual style of the New World publications.

"Marion's Men" is the title of a fine American novel just issued by H. J. Rockafellar, 98 Chesnut Street, at the low price of a shilling each, or ten copies for one dollar.

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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NORA MEHIDY.

OR THE STRANGE ROAD TO THE HEART OF MR. HYPOLET LEATHERS.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Now, Heaven rest the Phœnicians for their pleasant invention of the art of travel.

. . . . . .

This is to be a story of love and pride, and the hero's name is Hypolet Leathers.

. . . . . .

You have smiled prematurely, my friend and reader, if you "think you see" Mr. Leathers foreshadowed, as it were, in his name.

. . . . . .

(Three mortal times have I mended this son of a goose of a pen, and it *will not*—as you see by the three unavailing attempts recorded above—it *will not* commence, for me, this tale, with a practicable beginning.)

The sun was rising (I think this promises well)—leisurely rising was the sun on the opposite side of the Susquehannah. The tall corn endeavored to lift its silk tassel out of the sloppy fog that had taken upon itself to rise from the water and prognosticate a hot fair day, and the driver of the Binghamton stage drew over his legs a two-bushel bag as he cleared the street of the village, and thought that, for a summer's morning, it was "very cold"—wholly unaware, however, that, in murmuring thus, he was expressing himself as Hamlet did while waiting for his father's ghost upon the platform.

Inside the coach were three passengers. A gentleman sat by the window on the middle seat, with his cloak over his lap, watching the going to heaven of the fog that had fulfilled its destiny. His mind was melancholy—partly for the contrast he could not but draw between this exemplary vapor and himself, who was "but a vapor,"* and partly that his pancreas began to apprehend some interruption of the thoroughfare above—or, in other words, that he was hungry for his breakfast, having gone supperless to bed. He mused as he rode. He was a young man, about twenty-five, and had inherited from his father, John Leathers, a gentleman's fortune, with the two drawbacks of a name troublesome to Phœbus, ("Phœbus! what a name!") and premature gray hair. He was, in all other respects, a furnished and well conditioned hero—tall, comely, courtly, and accomplished—and had seen the sight-worthy portions of the world, and knew their differences. Travel, indeed, had become a kind of diseased necessity with him—for he fled from the knowledge of his name and from the observation of his gray hair, like a man fleeing from two fell phantoms. He was now returning from Niagara, and had left the Mohawk route to see where the Susquehannah makes its Great Bend in taking final leave of Mr. Cooper, who lives above; and at the village of the Great Bend he was to eat that day's breakfast.

On the back seat, upon the leather cushion, behind Mr. Leathers, sat two other chilly persons, a middle aged man and a girl of sixteen—the latter with her shawl drawn close to her arms, and her dark eyes bent upon her knees, as if to warm them, (as unquestionably they did.) Her black curls swung out from her bonnet, like ripe grapes from the top of an arbor—heavy, slumberous, bulky, prodigal black curls—oh, how beautiful! And I do not know that it would be a "trick worth an egg" to make any mystery of these two persons. The gentleman was John Mehidy, the widowed tailor of Binghamton, and the lady was Nora Mehidy, his daughter; and they were on their way to New York to change the scene, Mrs. Mehidy having left the painful legacy of love—her presence—behind her. For, ill as he could afford the

* Man 's *but a vapor*
Full of woes,
Cuts a caper,
And down he goes.—*Familiar Ballads.*

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journey, Mr. Mehudy thought the fire of Nora's dark eyes might be put out with water, and he must go where every patch and shred would not set her a weeping. She "took it hard," as they describe grief for the dead in the country.

The Great Bend is a scene you may look at with pleasure, even while waiting for procrastinated prog, and Hypolet Leathers had been standing for ten minutes on the high bank around which the Susquehannah sweeps, like a train of silver tissue after a queen turning a corner, when past him suddenly tripped Nora Mehudy homeless, and stood gazing on the river from the outer edge of the precipice. Leathers' visual consciousness dropped into that mass of clustering hair like a ring into the sea, and disappeared. His soul dived after it, and left him with no sense or remembrance of how his outer orbs were amusing themselves. Of what unpatented texture of velvet, and of what sifting of diamond dust were those lights and shadows manufactured! What immeasurable thickness in those black flakes—comparing with all other locks that he had ever seen as an edge of cocoa-meat, fragrantly and newly broken, to a torn rose leaf, limp with wilting. Nora stood motionless, absorbed in the incomparable splendor of that silver hook bent into the forest—Leathers as motionless, absorbed in her wilderness of jetty locks, till the barkeeper rang the bell for them to come to breakfast. Ah, Hypolet! Hypolet! what dark thought came to share, with that innocent beefsteak, your morning's digestion!

That tailors have, and why they have, the handsomest daughters, in all countries, have been points of observation and speculation for physiology, written and unwritten. Most men know the fact. Some writers have ventured to guess at the occult secret. But I think "it needs no ghost, come from the grave," to unravel the matter. Their vocation is the embellishment—partly indeed the creation—of material beauty. If philosophy sit on their shears, (as it should ever) there are questions to decide which discipline the sense of beauty—the degree in which fashion should be sacrificed to becomingness, and the resistance to the invasion of the poetical by whim and usage, for example—and as a man thinketh—to a certain degree—so is his daughter. Beauty is the business thought of every day, and the desire to know how best to remedy its defects is the ache and agony of the tailor's soul, if he be ambitious. Why should not this have its exponent on the features of the face, as other strong emotions have—plastic and malleable as the human body is, by habit and practice. Shakspeare, by the way, says

'Tis use that breeds a *habit* in a man,

and I own to the dullness of never till now apprehending that this remarkable passage typifies the steeping of superfine broadcloth (made into superfine *habits*) into the woof and warp of the tailor's idiosyncrasy. Q. E. D.

Nora Mehudy had ways with her that, if the world had not been thrown into a muss by Eve and Adam, would doubtless have been kept for queens. Leathers was particularly struck with her never lifting up her eyelids till she was ready. If she chanced to be looking thoughtfully down when he spoke to her, which was her habit of sadness just now, she heard what he had to say and commenced replying—and then, slowly, up went the lids, combing the loving air with their long lashes, and no more hurried than the twilight taking its fringes off the stars. It was adorable—altogether adorable! And her hands and lips, and feet and shoulders had the same contemptuous and delicious deliberateness.

On the second evening, at half past five—just half an hour too late for the "Highlander" steamer—the "Binghamton Stage" slid down the mountain into Newburgh. The next boat was to touch at the pier at midnight, and Leathers had six capacious hours to work on the mind of John Mehudy. What was the process of that fiendish temptation, what the lure and the resistance, is a secret locked up with Moloch—but it was successful! The glorious *chevelure* of the victim (sweet descriptive word—*chevelure!*)—the matchless locks that the matchlocks of armies should have defended—went down in the same boat with Nora Mehudy, but tied up in Mr. Leathers' linen pocket handkerchief! And, in one week from that day, the head of Hypolet Leathers was shaven nude, and the black curls of Nora Mehudy were placed upon its imitated organs in an *incomparable* way!!

. . . . . .

A year had elapsed. It was a warm day, in No 79 of the Astor, and Hypolet Leathers, Esq., arrived a week before by the Great Western, sat aiding the evaporation from his brain by lotions of iced lavender. His wig stood before him, on the blockhead that was now his inseparable companion, the back toward him; and, as the wind chased off the volatile lavender from the pores of his skull, he toyed thoughtfully with the lustrous curls of Nora Mehudy. His heart was on that wooden block! He dressed his own wig habitually, and by dint of perfuming, combing and caressing those finger-like ringlets—he had tangled up his heart in their meshes. A phantom, with the superb face of the owner, staid with the separated locks, and it grew hourly more palpable and controlling. The sample had made him sick at heart for the remainder. He wanted the rest of Nora Mehudy. He had come over for her. He had found John Mehudy, following his trade obscurely in a narrow lane, and he had asked for Nora's *hand*. But though this was not the whole of his daughter, and he had already sold a part of her to Leathers, he shook his head over his shiny shears. Even if Nora could be propitiated after the sacrifice she had made, (which he did not believe she could be) he would as lief put her in the world of spirits as in a world above him. She was his life, and he would not give his life willingly to a stranger who would take it from him or make it too fine for his using. Oh, no! Nora must marry a tailor, if she marry at all—and this was the adamantine resolution, stern and without appeal, of John Mehudy.

Some six weeks after this, a new tailoring establishment of great outlay and magnificence, was opened

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in Broadway. The show-window was like a new revelation of stuff for trowsers, and resplendent, but not gaudy, were the neckcloths and waistcoatings—for absolute taste reigned over all. There was not an article on show passible to William Street—not a waistcoat that, seen in Maiden Lane, would not have been as unsphered as the Lost Pleiad in Botany Bay. It was quite clear that there was some one of the firm of "Mehidy & Co." (the new sign) who exercised his taste "from within, out," as the Germans say of the process of true poetry. He began *inside* a gentleman, that is to say, to guess at what was wanted for a gentleman's *outside*. He was a tailor gentleman, and was therefore, and by that quality only, fitted to be a gentleman's tailor.

The dandies flocked to Mehidy & Co. They could not be measured immediately—oh no! The gentleman to be built was requested to walk about the shop for a half hour, till the former got him well in his eye, and then to call again in a week. Mean time, he would mark his customer in the street, to see how he performed. Mehidy & Co. never ventured to take measure for *terra incognita*. The man's gait, shrug, speed, style and quality, were all to be allowed for, and these were not seen in a minute. And a very sharp and stylish looking fellow seemed that foreman to be. There was evidently spoiled some very capable stuff for a lord when *he* was made a tailor.

"His leaf,
By some o'er hasty angel, was misplaced
In Fate's eternal volume."

And, faith! it was a study to see him take a customer's measure! The quiet contempt with which he overruled the man's indigenous idea of a coat!—the rather satirical comments on his peculiarities of wearing his kerseymere!—the cool survey of the adult to be embellished, as if he were inspecting him for admission to the grenadiers! On the whole, it was a nervous business to be measured for a coat by that fellow with the devilish fine head of black hair!

And, with the hair upon his head, from which Nora had once no secrets—with the curls upon his cheek and temples which had once slumbered peacefully over hers, Hypolet Leathers, the foreman of "Mehidy & Co.," made persevering love to the tailor's magnificent daughter. For she *was* magnificent! She had just taken that long stride from girl to woman, and her person had filled out to the imperial and voluptuous model indicated by her deliberate eyes. With a dusky glow in her cheek, that looked like a peach tinted by a rosy twilight, her mouth, up to the crimson edge of its bow of Cupid, was moulded with the slumberous fairness of newly wrought sculpture, and gloriously beautiful in expression. She was a creature for whom a butterfly might do worm over again—to whose condition in life, if need be, a prince might proudly come down. Ah, queenly Nora Mehidy!

But the wooing—alas! the wooing throve slowly! That lovely head was covered again with prodigal locks, in short and massive clusters, but Leathers was pertinacious as to his property in the wig, and its becomingness and indispensableness—and to be made love to by a man in her own hair!—to be obliged to keep her own dark curls at a respectful distance!—to forbid all intercourse between them and their children-ringlets, as it were—it roughened the course of Leathers' true love that Nora must needs be obliged to reason on such singular dilemmas. For, though a tailor's daughter, she had been furnished by nature with an imagination!

But virtue, if nothing more and no sooner, is its own reward, and in time "to save its bacon." John Mehidy's fortune was pretty well assured in the course of two years, and made, in his own line, by his proposed son-in-law, and he could no longer refuse to throw into the scale the paternal authority. Nora's hair was, by this time, too, restored to its pristine length and luxuriance, and, on condition that Hypolet would not exact a new wig from his new possessions, Nora, one summer's night, made over to him the remainder. The long exiled locks revisited their natal soil, during the caresses which sealed the compact, and a very good tailor was spoiled the week after, for the married Leathers became once more a gentleman at large, in two instalments, having bought, at an expense of a hundred dollars, a heart, and two years of service, one of the finest properties of which Heaven and a gold ring ever gave mortal the copyhold!

EVENING AND MORNING.

BY T. B. READ.

When bell of vesper calls to prayer,
With slow and solemn toll,
Soft heavenly sounds pervade the air,
And penetrate the soul,

Whose notes administer to me,
As upward thoughts arise,
A foretaste of that melody
Eternal in the skies.

When morning gilds the rolling waves,
And tips the hills with light,
Affrighted darkness seeks the caves,
The gloomy realms of night.

Then swells the soul, and all within
With glorious visions burn
Of that bright morn when Night and Sin
Shall fly to ne'er return.

Then, oh, my soul, prepare, obey
The certain warning given;
Here night must end the brightest day—
Eternal day is Heaven.

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THE WIFE.

BY MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD, AUTHOR OF "THE CASKET OF FATE," ETC.

"All precious things, discovered late,
To those that seek them issue forth;
For Love, in sequel, works with Fate,
And draws the veil from hidden worth."

CHAPTER I.

COLD and white as the bridal blossoms in her hair was the youthful cheek, which a glow of love and pride should have kindled into color—for Harriet Percy, though about to become the bride of one of the most admired and distinguished men in the country, was too well convinced of his indifference to be happy in the prospect. She knew that with him it was a marriage of expediency. That he was poor—that he required means to further his ambitious views, and that, though uniformly kind and respectful in his manner when they met, he had scarcely bestowed a thought upon her mind, heart or person, during the three weeks which intervened between their introduction to each other and this their bridal morning.

For years before that introduction, even from childhood, she had worshiped his lofty genius, and admired at a distance his noble form. He was the idol of her every dream—her hero—her ideal! His haughty bearing, his coldly intellectual expression, which would have repelled a less ardent and romantic heart, had for her an inexpressible charm. And when, at a party given by a mutual, match-making friend, during the first season of her entrance into society, he had been introduced to her, she was so agitated and confused by her various emotions, that she could only blush and reply in monosyllables to his polite attempts at conversation.

Poor Harriet was angry and mortified at herself; and utterly unsuspicious, in her own guileless truth, of any mercenary motive on his part, she was not less amazed than delighted when, after two or three interviews of the same description, he formally proposed to her father for her hand, and was at once accepted. Exulting in her conquest, yet awed by his distant demeanor, she hardly knew at first whether to be happy or the contrary; but loving and gentle as she was, there was a latent spirit of pride and lofty resolution in her soul, which she had never dreamed of till it was awakened by her present situation.

With a woman's instinct, she learned to read his heart. She saw that the demon Ambition had obscured, without obliterating, its nobler and more tender feelings, and she trusted to time and her own truth to conquer the one and arouse the other.

But in the mean time she would be no pining victim to neglect. Her sweet lip curled—her dark eyes flashed—her high spirit revolted at the thought! She would sooner die than humble herself in his eyes! She would love him, it is true, dearly, deeply, devotedly; but it should be in the silent depths of a soul he could not fathom. Not till he should own a love, fervent and devoted as her own, would she yield to the tenderness he inspired. Not till then should be unveiled to him the altar on which his image dwelt enshrined like a deity of old, with the breath of affection for its incense, ever burning over and around it, and the fruits and flowers of feeling and of thought—its sacrifice.

She would wed him, because her fortune could assist his efforts for the good of his country and his own distinction. She would have bestowed that fortune upon him without her hand, but she knew his pride too well to dream he would accept it, and her resolution was taken.

For his life Mr. William Harwood could not have told whether his intended bride had any claims to beauty or to talent. He saw that her manners were refined, he knew that her fortune was immense, and he was satisfied. He heeded not—he never dreamed of the riches of her heart and mind. But while ambition and selfishness blinded *his* eyes to her superiority, it was not so with others. A dazzlingly fair complexion, soft, wavy hair, of the palest brown, hazel eyes, intensely dark and fringed with long, thick lashes of the same hue, a straight Greek nose, a mouth of exquisite beauty, in the expression of which sweetness and spirit were charmingly combined, a light and gracefully moulded form—these were the least of her attractions. A thousand nameless graces, a thousand lovely but indescribable enchantments in manner, look and tone, betrayed the *soul* within; and yet, with all this, she was so modest, so timid, so thoroughly feminine and gentle in all her ways and words, that the world never dreamed of calling her a beauty, or of making her a belle. It was those she *loved* that she enchanted.

CHAPTER II.

She stood like a beautiful statue by his side. She quelled her tears—she hushed her heart, and spoke in accents calm and cold as his own the vows which were to bind them for life unto each other. She received the congratulations of friends and acquaintances without a sigh, a blush, a sign of emotion—modestly but coldly. Even Harwood himself wondered at her strange self-possession, and while he wondered

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rejoiced that she had so little feeling to trouble him with. But when her father approached to say farewell, and lead her to the carriage, which was to bear her far from home, her proud resolve gave way! She threw herself on his breast and sobbed passionately and wildly, like a grieved and frightened child, till her husband, astonished at such a display of emotion in one usually so quiet and subdued, drew her gently away, and seating himself beside her in the carriage, ordered the driver to proceed.

Harriet withdrew from his arm, pleaded fatigue, covered her face with her veil, and soon succeeding in conquering every outward sign of emotion, sat still and silent during the journey.

It was the evening of the wedding-day. The bride had retired to dress for dinner, and Harwood sat dreaming before his library fire, when a note was put into his hand by a footman. What was his surprise at the contents!

"You do not love me!—and no pretence of love which you may adopt from motives of duty or compassion will avail with me. You had your object in proposing this union—I had mine in accepting that proposal. Be content that those objects are gained, and let me be your wife but in name, I beseech you.

"HARRIET HARWOOD."

Harwood stared at the paper in astonishment at first; but he had always looked upon Harriet as a child, and he soon began to consider this as some childish and romantic whim, which required his indulgence.

Amused, perplexed, and, if the truth must be told, a little piqued withal, he hastily wrote on a slip of paper—"Be it so!" and folding it, laid it on the table by the side of her plate.

Harriet blushed as she entered, but took her seat quietly and silently. She glanced at the paper, and with a trembling hand unfolded it. Her cheek and eye kindled as she read, and her pretty lip quivered for a moment. The next she put the billet by, and proceeded, with calm and graceful self-possession, to the duties of the table. And Mr. Harwood thinking to himself, for the first time, that his wife was a remarkably pretty woman, dismissed the subject from his mind, and discussed his dinner with great *goût*, and the political topics of the day with still greater.

Fair reader! you will say that Mr. William Harwood was a most unfeeling person. But that was by no means the case. He had been, from childhood, so devoted to intellectual pursuits, that he had never found time even to think of love. Had his good angel but whispered to him, at that moment, that his beautiful *vis a vis* loved him as her life, and that her full heart was waiting and expecting his love in return, he would have given it us in honor bound, and have wondered that he never thought of it before; but the trouble was, he didn't happen to think any thing about it; and I, for one, cannot find it in my heart to scold him, for if he *had* thought I should have had no story to tell.

CHAPTER III.

Seeing Harriet only at meals, and absorbed in his ambitious schemes, Harwood at last almost forgot that he had a wife, and the poor girl strove to content herself in her own silent and secret worship of her husband—

> But love, unloved, is but
> A wearying task at best!
> Better be lying in the grave,
> In dreamless, careless rest!

She mingled sometimes with the gay; but society had no excitement for a mind like hers. She could not long enjoy a conversation in which her heart was not in some way interested. For, while the poetry of feeling was her element, Harriet was not an intellectual person—she was more spiritual than intellectual—her heart supplied the place of a mind.

One evening, at a party, a young English officer approaching Harwood exclaimed, "My dear sir! do you know, can you tell me the name of that beautiful creature leaning by the window? There, that pale, dark-eyed girl in white! You ought to know, for she has been looking at you, with her whole soul in the look, for the last five minutes."

Harwood looked up; he caught the eloquent gaze of those beautiful eyes; he saw her start and instantly avert them, with a sudden blush, as if detected in a crime, and strange and new emotions thrilled his heart. The hour had come. Love, the high-priest, had suddenly appeared at the altar, and the fire was kindled at length, never again to be wholly extinguished. For the first time aroused to a sense of her singular loveliness, for the first time suspecting her hidden passion for himself, he colored, smiled, and seemed so confused that his friend was turning away in surprise. But Harwood recovered himself, and taking his arm, led him forward and introduced him to his wife.

As we have said before, Harwood was by no means without a heart, but his giant intellect and his situation in life had hitherto rendered him unconscious of so valuable a possession. After listening for a few moments impatiently to Harriet's graceful and *naive* conversation with the handsome young officer, he drew her hand within his arm, and pressing it tenderly, whispered "Let us go home, dear Harriet; I am weary of this scene."

"Dear Harriet!" Was she dreaming! the words, the tone, the look, the light caress, all thrilled to her inmost heart. Her eyes filled with tears, and trembling with the heavenly ecstasy of the moment, almost fainting, indeed, from excess of emotion, she murmured,

"Yes, let us go at once."

He sprung into the carriage after her, and drew her to his heart. "Oh, William! do you—do you love me? Can it indeed be true?"

"*My wife!*"

The scene is sacred—let the curtain fall.

CHAPTER IV.

> "More close and close his footsteps wind,
> The magic music in his heart
> Beats quick and quicker till he find
> The quiet chamber far apart."

At an unusually early hour, the next evening, Har-

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wood returned to his now happy home, and, hastening up the stairs, paused at the door of his wife's boudoir, arrested by her voice within. She was singing, in a low and touching voice, and with exquisite taste, a simple song which he had never heard before. Though naturally very fond of music, it had happened by some strange chance that he had not heard Harriet play or sing, indeed he did not know that she possessed the accomplishment. The words of the song went straight to his heart, and thus they ran:

I knew it! I felt it!—he loves me at last!
The heart-hidden anguish forever is past!
Love brightens his dark eye and softens his tone;
He loves me—he loves me—his soul is mine own!

Come care and misfortune—the cloud and the storm—
I've a light in this heart all existence to warm—
No grief can oppress me, no shadow o'ercast,
In that blessed conviction—he loves me at last!

Echoing, with his rich, manly voice, the last five words, Harwood opened the door and held out his arms, and his happy and beautiful wife flew to his embrace, with a fresh and artless delight, peculiarly fascinating to the world-worn man she worshiped.

CHAPTER V.

For three months, Harwood was a devoted lover and husband, and Harriet was happy in his love; but he could not all at once, and forever, forego the glorious dreams of his youth—and by degrees he returned to his political duties, and grew gradually stately and cold, and apparently indifferent as before.

And now Harriet was more wretched than ever. Now, that she had once experienced the happiness of being loved, caressed, admired, she could not endure life unblessed by tenderness and hope. By nature, ardent, susceptible, dependent upon those around her for happiness, and clinging to all who could offer her affection, it had been only by a violent struggle that she had forced herself into a state of apparent apathy, during the first few weeks of her marriage; but, once aroused from it, she had abandoned her whole being to the enchantment of Love's happy dream, and henceforward life was lost without it.

Her husband's returning coldness and neglect had wounded, but not subdued her heart; and what was the wife to do with all the now unemployed feeling and fancy awakened in its depths.

The interesting young officer, before mentioned, had fallen in love with Harriet at first sight, ere he knew she was the bride of his friend; and, though distinguished in the field by his bravery and skill, *self-conquest* was an art he had neither learned nor dreamed of. Visiting from time to time at the house, he soon saw her unhappiness, and penetrated its cause. His sympathy was excited—his visits grew more frequent—with refined and subtle tenderness, almost irresistible to a heart like hers, he entered earnestly into her pursuits—read with her, walked with her, sang with her—praised her mind and heart—called her "the sister of his soul," and so adapted himself to her tastes and her affections that Harriet found herself on the verge of a precipice, ere she was aware she had overstepped the limits of propriety and discretion. It was a sort of spiritual magnetism, which she tried in vain to resist.

Harriet would never have been guilty of actual crime—she was too proud and too pure for that; but in a soul so highly toned, so delicately and daintily organized as hers, the slightest aberration, in thought, look or deed, from the faith which was due to her husband, produced a discord, involving the loss of self-respect, and consequent misery and remorse.

And now Love and Sorrow swept the strings, and awakened a melody sweet, but plaintive as the sound of an Æolian harp. They had made her a poet, and she poured forth, in frequent verse, the various emotions they aroused.

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Harwood had just returned from a long journey. He had been unsuccessful in two or three important projects, and, disgusted with the uncertainty attending his pursuits, he had suddenly determined to abandon politics altogether. His heart yearned toward his sweet wife as it had never yearned before. He had been away from her so long! He *needed* her love now, he needed her soft voice to soothe and comfort him, and he came prepared, not only to receive but to give consolation. He entered her boudoir softly, intending to surprise her. She was reclining on the sofa asleep—pale and sad, with tears still lingering on her lashes, and her fair hair streaming from her childish brow—her lips half parted, and sighing as she slept, she looked so enchantingly lovely that he sprung forward to awaken her with a kiss, when a paper, lying loosely in her hand, arrested his attention. He drew it softly from her. It was addressed "To My Husband," and thinking himself thus justified in reading it, he did so, with what emotions may be better imagined than told. It was as follows:

Oh! hasten to my side, I pray!
I dare not be alone!
The smile that tempts, when thou 'rt away,
Is fonder than thine own.

The voice that oftenest charms mine ear,
Hath such beguiling tone,
'Twill steal my very *soul*, I fear,
Ah! leave me not alone!

It speaks in accents low and deep,
It murmurs praise too dear,
It makes me passionately weep,
Then gently soothes my fear;

It calls me sweet, endearing names,
With Love's own childlike art,
My tears, my doubts, it softly blames—
'Tis *music* to my heart!

And dark, deep, eloquent, soul-filled eyes
Speak tenderly to mine;
Beneath that gaze what feelings rise!
It is more kind than thine!

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A hand, even pride can scarce repel,
Too fondly seeks mine own,
It is not safe!—it is not well!
Ah! leave me not alone!

I try to calm, in cold repose,
Beneath his earnest eye,
The heart that thrills, the cheek that glows—
Alas! in vain I try!

Oh! trust me not—a woman frail—
To brave the snares of life!
Lest lonely, sad, unloved, I *fall*,
And shame the name of wife!

Come back! though cold and harsh to me,
There 's *honor* by thy side!
Better unblest, yet safe, to be,
Than lost to truth, to pride!

Alas! my peril hourly grows,
In every thought and dream;
Not—not to *thee* my spirit goes,
But still—yes! still to *him*!

Return with those cold eyes to me,
And chill my soul once more,
Back to the loveless apathy,
It learned so well before!

Jealousy, anger, pity, remorse and love were at war in the breast of Harwood; but, with a moment's reflection through the past, upon his own conduct, the three latter conquered, and, kneeling by her side, he pressed his lips upon her brow. She murmured softly in her sleep, "Dear, darling husband! do you love me?" and the color trembled in her cheek like the rosy light of morning on the snow.

Harwood pressed her passionately to his heart, and she awoke terrified, ashamed, penitent, yet happy at length beyond expression, for she forgave and was forgiven. She had overrated, in her sensitive conscientiousness, the extent of her error. Her fancy, her mind, rather than her affections, had been beguiled. Harwood felt at once that the dewy bloom of purity had not been brushed from the heart of his fragile flower, by the daring wing of the insect that had sought it, and henceforth it was cherished in its proper home—his own noble and faithful breast!

REPLY OF THE GREAT OAK AT GENESEO TO THE CHARTER OAK AT HARTFORD.

BY WILLIAM H. C. HOSMER.

I.

Thanks, brother of the kingly crest,
For missive unto me addrest!
The *fay*, who bore thy greeting fair,
Is waiting my response to bear;
And while his acorn cup is filled
With nectar by the night distilled,
And, full of mischief, banquets he
On luscious comb of swarming bee,
I 'll mar, with crabbed lines of age,
The greenness of this leafy page.

II.

A thousand summers on my crown
Have poured their golden sunlight down—
Winds of a thousand winters wild
Snows at my feet have high uppiled
And still my venerable form
Towers in defiance of the storm.
I stand, a melancholy tree,
In valley of the Genesee—
My throne is on the river bank,
Once dark with oaks, that, rank on rank,
Raised their proud rustling plumes on high,
Encased in harken panoply.
From acorns, sown by me, they sprang,
But the bright axe their knell hath rung,
And scarred and lonely I am left
A king of realm and subjects reft.
Unsound am I at heart—and clay
Is crumbling from my roots away,
As if my mother earth would shun
In his decline her royal son.

III.

Much have I seen—beneath my boughs
Tall elk have grazed with antlered brows,
Crouching for prey, on mossy limb,
My leaves have screened the panther grim,
And I have heard the mammoth's roar
Shake, far and wide, the forest floor.
Since rose, by light and raindrops fed,
From forest mould my branching head,
Like flowers have flourished and declined
The wasting tribes of human kind.
Above their unrecorded graves
Primeval wood no longer waves;
But flinty implements of chase,
That tell of a forgotten race,
While furrow broad his ploughshare turns,
Oft the brown husbandman discerns.

IV.

The Seneca, who ruled of late
These meadows, is of modern date—
Long ere his blazing camp fire shed
On yon dark river gleam of red,
A people, now extinct, possest
This vale with health and beauty blest.
They reared their tent poles in my shade,
First fruits on smoking altars laid;
With blood they reddened not the sod,
Nor shaded trail of battle trod,
And skilled were they in peaceful arts,
For *love* found harbor in their hearts.
The forests of the North outpoured,
In evil hour, a robber horde—
This harmless race they hunted down
As wolves shy deer, in forest brown;
To flame their pleasant hamlets gave,
To young and old a common grave.
Brief reign the conquerors enjoyed,

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By fiercer foes in turn destroyed;
Braves of bold port and haughty crest,
Well named the "Romans of the West,"
For equal was their triumph shout
That tribes from earth were blotted out.

V.

From flowery vale and mountain's brow
Gone are the Aganuschion now;
Pale Children of the Rising Sun
At length the mastery have won—
Their painted structures crown the height
With roofs and spires in sunshine bright;
Changed to white wool to thymy weed,
Where "lordly horse" and heifer feed,
And Commerce guides her freighted ark
Where the plumed Indian *steered* his bark.
When through my top the night wind sings,
Forsake the dust old forest kings;
Around my patriarchal bole,
While near the moon-lit waters roll,
They meet, a throng of shadows trail,
Chanting a low and mournful wail.

VI.

All broken is that little band,
Patient of toil and strong of hand,
Who left New England homes to rear
An empire's proud foundation *here*.
Beneath the landscape's verdure bright,
They rescued from domain of Night
To smile and blossom like the rose,
Their consecrated bones repose.
Ancient brother, in their name
Equal honor may we claim!
Bound are thy coiled roots to earth
In the land that gave them birth;
Near thee were their cradles made,
They in childhood near thee played;
But a realm of virgin soil
Was their theatre of toil.
Here their iron manhood passed—
Here they won the prize at last—
Here their funeral hillocks rise
Linked with holy memories.
Have I written all have fled
To the country of the dead?
Still a *cherished few* remain,
Bright links of a broken chain!

VII.

A far-famed man, of noble mien,
Lord of these hills, these pastures green,
And topmost on the pioneers,
In the pale winter of his years
Yet lives with youthful strength endowed,
His figure like my trunk unbowed,
And sends like me, though worn and old,
To scythe-armed Time defiance bold.
The name *he* bears that *warrior* bore
Who hid, when night dusk mantle wore,
Deep in thy gray and cavernèd bole
Insulted Freedom's parchment scroll.
Brave men, who in a desert lone,
To lay a nation's corner stone,
The joys of polished life forsake,
And Solitude's long slumber break—
Dread pangs of thirst and hunger bear,
And Genius of Distemper dare,
Are worthy of a prouder meed
Than ever followed martial deed.
Late to their grave such men should go,
For them the tide of song should flow,
And generations, as they pass
Like chiming raindrops down the glass,
From age to age, with pious care,
Should tombs that hold their dust repair.

VIII.

Oak of the Charter! I have heard
The raven croak prophetic word,
And voices at deep midnight cry
"*The moment of thy fall is nigh!*"
Soon Nature's law must be obeyed,
Her debt by man and oak be paid—
But long at foot of Wyllys' Hill,
Thy stem may healthful juices fill!
Lived by the free-born and the brave,
Long may thine honored branches wave,
Neglected in my sad decline
The fate of waning power is mine;
The vines that round me clung of yore
My rugged bark embrace no more,
And birds that erst my prunes trilled
Their nests mid richer foliage build.
Gone is the glory of my prime,
And near is my appointed time—
Full grown, I wrestled with the gale
When thou wert but a sapling frail,
Aye! ere the warming breath of spring
Woke thee, a tender infant thing,
Red chiefs, in beaded garb array'd,
Held their war-councils in my shade.
Last of the wood I lift my head,
My *Sitwon Family* are dead.
And may the blast soon pipe my knell,—
Yours, while a twig remains, Farewell!

NOTES.

And I have heard the mammoth's roar—Stanza III

A few years since, the skeleton of a mammoth was exhumed, within two miles of the site of the Great Oak of Genesee, from a marshy spot, near a spring on the upland bright, near where Temple Hill Academy now stands. The bones were too much decayed for preservation, except the teeth which may still be seen.

A people, now extinct, passed—Stanza IV.

There is a tradition among the Senecas that a people formerly lived in the Genesee Valley who tilled the earth like the white man, and who were skilled in many useful and ornamental arts. Remains of their pottery may be still seen. They were exterminated by tribes of the Algonquin stock, who were in turn subdued by the conquering Iroquois, styled by the Jesuits the Romans of the West.

Gone are the Aganuschion now—Stanza V.

"The Virginia Indians gave them the name of Massawomekes. The Dutch called them Maquons, or Makakuase, and the French Iroquois. Their appellation at home was the Mingoes, and sometimes the Aganuschion, or United People."—*Clinton.*

The name he bears that warriors bore—Stanza VII.

"The lights were instantly extinguished, and one Captain Wadsworth, of Hartford, in the most secret manner carried off the Charter, and secreted it in a large hollow tree."—*Con. Hist. Coll.*

But long at foot of Wyllys' Hill—Stanza VIII.

In reply to an inquiry respecting this tree (says Dr. Holmes) a daughter of Secretary Wyllys wrote to me from Hartford. "That venerable tree which concealed the Charter of our rights, stands at the foot of Wyllys' Hill. The first inhabitants of that name found it standing in the height of its glory. Age seems to have curtailed its branches, yet it is not exceeded in the height of its coloring, or richness of its foliage. The trunk measures 21 feet in circumference, and near 7 in diameter. The cavity which was the asylum of our Charter, was near the roots, and large enough to admit a child. Within a space of eight years, that cavity has closed so, as if it had beheld the divine purpose not worth it had been reared."

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INTIMATE FRIENDS.

BY F. E. F.

"That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

"MAMMA, Mrs. Grant is down stairs," said Nora Vere to her mother.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Vere, in a tone of vexation, "what can bring her out this damp morning—just as I am in the midst of cutting out this work, too. Well! I suppose I must go down."

"I believe she always chooses disagreeable weather on purpose," rejoined Nora, "for the sake of catching us unprepared. I had just time to make my escape before she was shown in."

And in another moment Mrs. Vere was in the parlor receiving her friend with all the cordiality in the world, as if she had been the very person above all others that she had most desired to see; and Nora too, her dislike of Mrs. Grant being conquered by her love of gossip and desire to hear the particulars of the last night's ball which she had been prevented from attending, joined them presently.

"I am sorry, Nora," said Mrs. Grant "that you were not at Mrs. Kendal's last evening. It was the gayest party we have had this season."

"I was sorry indeed," said Nora, "not to be there. We were engaged with some friends at home. Who was the belle?"

"Oh, Miss Linden, of course. She is always the prettiest, best dressed and most admired girl wherever she is. Young Hamilton was devoted to her."

Now, as Miss Linden was Nora's avowed rival, and "favorite aversion," and Mr. Hamilton her own particular admirer, she well knew that Mrs. Grant gave her this agreeable piece of information in the hope of saying something disagreeable, so she answered, with the frankest expression and most cordial tone,

"She always looks beautifully, and I know Mr. Hamilton admires her."

Had she lived in the Palace of Truth, which, fortunately for her and the rest of us, none of us do, she would have replied,

"She never looked pretty in her life, and Hamilton don't admire her at all, and I doubt whether he even danced with her last night." She however contented herself with asking Miss Grant, who danced wretchedly and seldom got partners, whether she had waltzed a great deal, to which the young lady replied,

No, she seldom waltzed. "It laid one open to so many observations."

Nora, who waltzed like a sylph, could not let that pass, and she replied, with spirit, that she did not think so. Once upon a time it might have been so, but all that was old fashioned and considered in bad taste now, and proceeded to eulogize the waltzing of a fashionable foreigner whom she pronounced beside (as if that were quite secondary) "very agreeable," and asked if Miss Grant did not find him so.

Miss Grant, who spoke French very imperfectly—which Nora shrewdly suspected when she asked the question—although she set up for a linguist and a blue, said that she did not take much interest in these foreigners, as she thought they generally were very frivolous; when the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Belmont, who was a mutual friend of both families, whereupon a very general and spirited critique was passed upon all their friends and aquaintances at large.

"Nora," continued Mrs. Belmont, "your dress at the assembly was perfect—your flowers exquisite—I never saw you look better." Whereupon Mrs. Grant turned her cold gray eyes on Nora, and, scrutinizing every article she had on, from her collar to her shoe strings, as if she were taking an inventory of every thread she wore, and wondered where the money came from, said, slowly and not over approvingly,

"Yes, Nora is always exquisitely dressed," rose and took her leave.

"That is more than can be said for her or Lucy," said Nora, ere the door had quite closed upon her parting visiters.

"You may say that, my dear," rejoined Mrs Belmont, laughing. "You ought to have seen them last night."

"What *did* they wear?" asked Nora, with the utmost interest and animation.

"What did they *not* rather," returned Mrs. Belmont. "Droll as Mrs. Grant's caps usually are, I think she rather outdid herself last night."

"What was it?" asked Mrs. Vere, to whom the very word "cap" always carried a deep interest.

"Oh, I cant describe it," replied her friend. "Such a concatenation of ends of gimp and gold lace and mussy flowers I never saw, even on her head, before. I do n't know where she could have had it made."

"She made it herself, of course," said Nora, with infinite contempt. "Does she not make every thing? She prides herself on being what she calls 'smart,' and I never knew one of your 'smart' women who did not dress vilely."

"I agree with you," answered Mrs. Belmont. "Better be simple and unpretending, if you can't afford to go to Lawson's and buy the real thing at once. But Mrs. Grant thinks she can imitate almost any imported head-dress she sees."

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"Yes," joined in Nora; "and, when she has made something outlandish, thinks it looks *French*." And, from Mrs. Grant's caps, they passed to Miss Grant's frocks and flowers, which did not fare much better, and, by the time they had fully discussed their mutual friends, the interest and animation of the conversation dying away, Mrs. Belmont bade them good morning.

"I wonder what pleasure a woman of Mrs. Belmont's age can take in going to parties night after night, as she does," said Nora to her mother, after that lady's departure.

"I own I am surprised at it," answered Mrs. Vere, "as she has no daughter to matronize. If I did not consider it my duty to go with you, I am sure nothing would induce me to submit to such fatigue and wear and tear of body and mind. But Mrs. Belmont has extraordinary spirits. She is constitutionally gay."

"Well," continued Nora, "that may be a happy constitution, but it is not a dignified one. I like to see a woman fall into the sear and yellow leaf gracefully, not be dancing and dressing like a young girl and out every night as long as she is asked."

"I think, Nora," said her little brother, looking up from his slate as his mother quitted the room, "that ours must be the only perfect family in town."

"The only perfect family? Why, what do you mean, Tommy?"

"Why," returned the child, with much simplicity, "I have been listening to you and mamma, and it seems to me that every body has got so many faults except us that we must be the only perfect people you know."

Nora laughed heartily as she answered, "I don't know that we are perfect, Tommy. Perhaps if we were to hear other people talk of us we might find that we had some faults too."

"Had Nora and Tommy had the gift of clairvoyance and could in spirit have followed Mrs. Belmont down Broadway, as she overtook Mrs. Grant, they would speedily have discovered that Nora's conjecture was not as impossible as it at first struck Tommy's young mind.

"You are going to Mrs. Vere's next Monday, I suppose?" said Mrs. Grant.

"Oh, of course. They entertain a good deal this winter, don't they?"

"A great deal. I don't know how they manage it," continued Mrs. Grant. "With Mr. Vere's limited means and their expensive habits, how they contrive to dress and spend as they do is more than I can comprehend."

"I know," continued Mrs. Belmont, dropping her voice to the true confidential pitch, "from what Mrs. Vere told me, that they are very much pressed for money," and then she proceeded to mention some little circumstances that Mrs. Vere had inadvertently let drop, in relation to their family affairs, adding, "I should not, of course, mention these things did I not know the strong interest" (curiosity would have been the better word) "you take in the family, and all that relates to them."

"Oh, certainly, certainly," answered Mrs. Grant. "You may safely talk to me, I am so much attached to them all, and only mention these things with regret."

"Of course," rejoined Mrs. Belmont. "One cannot see a family like the Veres committing such extravagances without pain. They have noble qualities, but it is a pity they are so imprudent."

Mrs. Grant chorused in, as to their "noble qualities," and the ladies praised their friends vaguely and in generals for a few minutes, when they returned to their failings with renewed vigor, leaving generals for details and particulars.

"Indeed," said Mrs. Grant, "I don't know how Mrs. Vere can reconcile it to her conscience to dress Nora as she does. If her object is Hamilton, I think she is sadly mistaken in the means. Young men don't fall in love with a girl because she dresses well. Indeed, in times like these, it is calculated to have a contrary effect. They can't afford to marry expensive wives, who bring nothing;" to which Mrs. Belmont, who had neither sons nor daughters grown up, answered carelessly, "That's true."

"But Hamilton is rich," and, having reached Stewart's, where she wished to make some purchase, bid her friend good morning.

Now what was the tie that bound these three families together—for a week never passed that either the Veres did not spend an evening with the Grants, or the Grants drop in at Veres, and Mrs. Belmont was forever at both places.

It is very evident that, though the intimacy was great, the friendship did not amount to much. Habit and the love of gossip can only explain the enigma, for an enigma it does seem, at first sight, that two families who certainly did not like each other, and to both of whom the third party was indifferent, should be upon terms of such mutual intimacy as existed in this little clique.

Mrs. Vere and Mrs. Grant had known each other early, when their small children and small incomes had been rather subjects of mutual sympathy and interest, and, living much out of society, they had been what might really be termed friends. But as time progressed, and their children grew up, different views and feelings were developed, and the friendship degenerated into intimacy, and the interest into curiosity, and thus, as is too often the case, the form lasted after the sentiment had departed, and what was once sympathy bore now very much the aspect of antipathy. Nora Vere looked upon Lucy Grant as a girl who, being ugly, wanted to pass for clever or "intellectual," as she would say, and laughed at her pretensions and quizzed her German and pronounced her "a humbug." Lucy, on her part, indignant at seeing the lovely Nora's beauty, waltzing and dressing prove so much more attractive than her more solid (not to say heavy) acquirements, spoke of her as "vain and frivolous." The young Veres voted the Grants "dull prigs," (for the whole family were smitten with the desire for literary distinction) and what term the solemn Grants found profound enough to indicate their contempt of the careless off-hand Veres has not yet come to our knowledge.

Nora Vere was a very pretty creature, with her

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clear hazel eyes and bright chestnut hair and sylph-like figure the very personification of youth, health and happiness; and if she was somewhat given to the two sins of fashionable life, ridicule and extravagance, she was yet at heart a high-spirited, sweet-tempered, warm-hearted girl, and did not ridicule her friends, only those who passed for such. At any rate, Frederick Hamilton, being young himself, would not have changed her faults for the Grants' virtues, and so, notwithstanding the moral that *should* "adorn this tale," (for we must own the truth,) he did admire her the more for her very pretty dressing. Unfortunately, even in these hard times, young men will worship beauty and admire effect, and a brighter fairy was never seen in a ball room than Nora Vere; and so, in spite of all Mrs. Grant's prophetic, not to say triumphant, anticipations, Frederick Hamilton, deeming himself rich enough to please himself, did offer hand and heart to the acceptance of the proud and happy Nora.

"And what *did* Mrs. Grant say, mamma?" was the eager inquiry of the bride elect, on her mother's return from a visit to that lady to announce the engagement, for Mrs. Vere's happiness was never perfect until she had the triumph of communicating it to her friend, nor her mortifications and sorrows complete while she could conceal them from Mrs. Grant. And when Nora returned her bridal visits in her own carriage, no where did she leave her card as "Mrs. Frederick Hamilton" with such entire satisfaction as at Mrs. Grant's.

"And now, Nora," said her husband, as they drove away from the door, "let us have little or nothing to do with that woman."

"With all my heart," she replied. "I don't like any of them."

"It is not the people so much," he replied, "whom I dislike, as the terms you are on. For, Nora, if you'll forgive me for saying so, I don't think that species of skirmishing and sharp-shooting that existed between you either womanly or lady-like."

"That it is not lady-like I fully agree with you," replied Mrs. Hamilton, "but oh," she continued, laughing, "*it is very womanly.*"

A DREAM OF THE PAST.

BY CAROLINE ORNE.

That sweet spot 's before me, all tranquil and bright,
I best loved when my bosom was buoyant and light,
As the bird that in June on the apple-tree spray,
Half buried in blooms sorely warbles its lay,
Then soars till the cloud that of down appears wove,
Seems folding it round like a mantle of love.

The light that came down through the locust-tree leaves,
Was like hope to the bosom that loves and believes;
As it fell on the wild flowers, their cups filled with dew,
My spirit reflected the same sunny hue,
And, as silent their incense arose on the air,
Mingled with it my thoughts it seemed softly to bear.

In the sky that bent o'er me, with aspect serene,
As upward I gazed through the waving boughs' screen,
Just veiled by its calm azure depths from the view,
Hovered forms, so I deemed, with hearts loving and true,
And oft, I imagined, I heard the low thrill
Of their soft spirit notes echoed back from the hill.

Give me back the sweet spot, with its soft dreamy light,
Where the moss was so green and the flowers were so bright—
Where the breeze that the boughs of the locust-tree waved,
With its balm and its freshness my brow so oft laved—
Where warbled the bird amid blossoms and dew,
Where my heart amid flowers had its dwelling place too.

The tree is still there with its light graceful leaves,
And amid them the breeze still its morning song weaves—
On the apple-tree spray the bird's brooding wing,
Stirs the blossoms till far their sweet odors they fling,
But the flowers of the heart, fresh as those on the spray,
That bloomed in life's morning, O where, where are they?

THE MOTHER'S JEWEL.

ILLUSTRATION OF A PICTURE.

Thy fair young face is like a gentle star
Mirrored in lake where water-lilies lie,
At still of night, dreaming of sisters far,
Who bloom by rivers in the calm blue sky—
Oh! there 's a rapture in thy glist'ning eye,
Uplooking to thy mother's, such a joy
Fraught with all innocence and sweetness high,
Thou seem'st of heaven as well as earth, dear boy!
Life is a race through darkness, and the goal
Lies far away; but keep a steady soul,
Be right, be firm, and thou shalt win the prize:
Though others, stumbling, from the course are driven,
Thou 'lt keep right on and struggle to the skies,
And still, in age as now, be fit for earth or heaven! P.

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AN AUTUMN LANDSCAPE.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

A KNOLL of upland, shorn by nibbling sheep
To a rich carpet, woven of short grass
And tiny clover, upward leads my steps
By the seamed pathway, and my roving eye
Drinks in the vassal landscape. Far and wide
Nature is smiling in her loveliness.
Masses of woods, green strips of fields, ravines
Shown by their outlines drawn against the hills,
Chimneys and roofs, trees, singly and in groups,
Bright curves of brooks, and vanishing mountain tops,
Expand upon my sight. October's brush
The scene has colored; not with those broad hues
Mixed in his later palette by the frost,
And dashed upon the picture, but in tints
Left by light scattered touches. Overhead
There is a blending of cloud, haze and sky;
A silvery sheet with breaks of softest blue;
A trembling veil of gauze is stretched athwart
The shadowy hill-sides and dark forest-flanks;
A soothing quiet broods upon the air,
And the faint sunshine winks with drowsiness.
Far sounds melt mellow on the ear: the bark—
The bleat—the tinkle—whistle—blast of horn—
The rattle of the wagon-wheel—the low—
The fowler's shot—the twitter of the bird,
And e'en the hum of converse from the road.
The grass, with its low insect-tones, appears
As murmuring in its sleep. This butterfly
Seems as if loath to stir, so lazily
It flutters by. In fitful starts and stops
The locust sings. The grasshopper breaks out
In brief harsh strain amidst its pausing chirp;
The beetle, glistening in its sable mail,
Slow climbs the clover-tops, and e'en the ant
Darts round less eagerly.

What difference marks
The scene from yester-noontide. Then the sky
Showed such rich, tender blue, it seemed as if
'T would melt before the sight. The glittering clouds
Floated above, the trees danced glad below
To the fresh wind. The sunshine flashed on streams,
Sparkled on leaves, and laughed on fields and woods.
All, all was life and motion, as all now
Is sleep and quiet. Nature in her change
Varies each day, as in the world of man
She moulds the differing features. Yea, each leaf
Is variant from its fellow. Yet her works
Are blended in a glorious harmony,
For thus God made His earth. Perchance His breath
Was music when he spake it into life,
Adding thereby another instrument
To the immeasurable choral orbs
Sending the tribute of their grateful praise
In ceaseless anthems toward His "great white throne."

THE ORIOLE OR HANGING BIRD.

BY MISS C. MITCHELL.

My gentle little oriole,
  That sits in yonder tree,
And sings so sweet and plaintively,
  To call thy mate to thee—

My pure and pretty oriole,
  Thou 'rt free from care or pain;
Thou flit'st about so noiselessly,
  Then to thy nest again.

Thou 'rt beautiful, my oriole,
  Thy form so fair and light
Is decked with orange brilliantly,
  In various hues so bright.

Oft have I seen thee, oriole,
  Flit through the willow tree;
And, though I 've watched thee steadily,
  I would not injure thee.

I love to see thee, oriole,
  Plume thy soft downy breast,
And carry grass so faithfully,
  And moss to line thy nest.

And it is a pleasure, oriole,
  Thy whistling notes to hear,
When sitting in the mulberry,
  They come so soft and clear.

And thou art happy, oriole,
  There 'neath the summer sky;
Where thou canst chirp so joyously,
  And soar with wings on high.

But winter's winds, dear oriole,
  Will drive thee far away,
Where summer blooms more verdantly
  Beneath the sunny ray.

Then for a season, oriole,
  I may not see thee more,
But thou wilt live there peacefully,
  Along that blooming shore.

But when the spring, sweet oriole,
  Returns I may see thee,
And hear thee sing so cheerfully,
  In our green willow tree.

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A TALE OF CHAMOUNY.

BY T. C. GRATTAN.

(Concluded from page 240.)

CHAPTER IX.

"Welcome, welcome!" said Julie, as she embraced her lover with all the subdued ardor of a warm heart and a modest mind—for she felt and admitted him to be *her lover*, without any of those checks which may possibly arise between my readers and my hero, in consideration of the discrepancies existing between him and his mistress. It must however be recollected that Julie was ignorant of many of them. Long habit from childhood up had almost wholly worn out the sentiment of respectful repugnance—so to express it—which at first interposes between a young person and one so much more advanced in life; and as for the *very* first impression, that of terror and loathing, excited in Julie's mind against Balmat on the occasion which introduced them to each other, I have already shown that it was totally effaced almost as soon as conceived. She had known him now for several years, as her steady friend, and, by the concurrent testimony of every one, as a man of habits, temper, and desires wholly reformed. She knew this good work to be of her doing, and she was naturally proud to magnify the favorable qualities and slur over the blemishes in a character which was in a measure of her own creating.

So it was that when she now met Balmat, after some weeks of separation and anxiety for his safety, she did not suspect in this expression of his countenance the diabolical feeling of which it was the index. While the other young persons present shuddered with terror at his aspect, she attributed to bad health or over fatigue the paleness of cheek, the lividness of lip and the nervous energy of eye which she could not fail to observe.

"You are ill, Gabriel?" said she, tenderly.

"Somewhat ill at ease, perhaps," replied he.

"What troubles you, my friend? Oh, let me share your anxiety?"

"Who is that Frenchman, Julie? and how came he here, and on such terms of unseemly familiarity with you?"

"Unseemly!"

"Yes—who and what is he?"

"Your answer is brief—your questions sternly put, Gabriel—"

"Who is he?"

"He is a wounded soldier, left on parole in my father's care, an amiable and friendly youth, whose situation and manners claim kindness and lead to intimacy."

"So it appears from the fervor with which he kissed your hand. If he goes so far in public, on what terms are ye together privately?"

"On none that are unbefitting me as his friend, nor dishonoring to you as my future husband. He approaches—I beg you to recover yourself."

The tones and the looks of the two speakers in this short colloquy must be imagined from the reader's knowledge of their separate characters, and of their position toward each other. Julie, with the instinctive tact of womanhood and good sense, saw at once the first symptoms of the fiend that had taken possession of her lover's mind. To drive the devil out was her only thought. She never imagined the possibility of combatting the false notion by any roundabout means, and she therefore resolved not to use another word in argument or opposition. She paused and stood aloof while her father and mother came up, and, after the usual greeting, presented the two strangers to each other. Balmat, thoroughly brought to himself by Julie's decided manner and convincing words, had recovered his usual color, and turned the naturally saturnine expression of his countenance into a smile. He gave his hand to Lavalette, and, after a word or two of commonplace civility, he said, with as much graciousness of air as he could assume,

"Sir, the friend of my friends becomes in virtue of that title my own; I shall be glad if my coming can in any way promote your pleasure in these parts."

The gay and unsuspecting Frenchman, deceived by the words and air, and looking only for blunt frankness in the mountain warrior, took for granted what was said, and replied, laughingly,

"I shall be too proud of so gallant and estimable a neighbor, but your first approach was really a little too close to me—the whistling of your bullet awhile ago was not, I confess, as pleasant as the tones of your voice are now."

"Why the fact is," said Balmat, "these Savoyard rifles of ours are so accustomed to be leveled at your countrymen's heads, that it was with difficulty I pointed mine an inch or two at one side of yours when I fired my salute. But such a mistake shall not occur again, I promise you."

These ambiguous words passed unheeded, or were taken as a joke, and the deadly smile which accompanied them was rightly read by no one present. Conversation went on, the groups collected together, and after awhile all moved toward the house, where a homely but solid repast was partaken of with hearty appetites; and a couple of flasks of Rhenish, produced

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to do honor to the health of Gabriel, completed the exhilaration of the good spirits of all present.

Balmat watched the stranger closely; and the result of his observation was his conviction that however Julie might be unaffected by the Frenchman's attentions, the latter was beyond doubt deeply enamored of her, and resolved to supplant him in her regard. His dull and dogged mind could conceive no less serious object in the light gallantries of passing compliments which Lavalette lavished as usual on whatever female pleased him and that chance threw him near. Had he known the mischief he was preparing for himself he would have suppressed his attentions.

After supper the whole party were soon again in the open air; and Julia took the earliest opportunity of addressing Balmat on the subject which had for the last two hours entirely occupied her mind. The straightforwardness of her character made her on this, as on every other occasion, reject all those subterfuges of conversations by which a person having an object in view endeavors to draw another into the mention of something that may lead to it, and thus give an appearance of accidental coincidence to what was the *result* of premeditated plan. She despised all cunning devices; and it was to the simple energy of her mind that was owing the influence which she exercised over that of Balmat, from the very first days of their acquaintanceship. She now passed her arm under his, and, leading him a little way aside from the rest of the party, she said,

"Gabriel, we have never yet had a doubt of each other, and scarcely a slight difference of opinion—a rare thing, they tell me, between lovers—and I am resolved that there shall be no cause of quarrel between us if I can help it. Therefore——"

"What do you mean, Julie?" asked he, in affected surprise, for he feared yet did not like to admit that in all his assumed politeness toward Lavalette and in his efforts to appear cheerful he had been unable to impose on his penetrating mistress.

"Therefore," continued she, "I am resolved that our French guest must find some other lodging this very evening, and that I see him no more till we are married, Gabriel."

Had Julie seen the smile of ghastly delight which broke on her companion's countenance, would she have understood the heart-workings of which it was the type? Probably not. She would have mistaken it, as my readers must not, for the natural expression of pleasure at being relieved from a troublesome suspicion, or at discovering a new fruit of delicacy toward him in her who was about to join her destiny with his. Such feelings might have had some slight effect, but they were as naught to the absorbing sentiment which suddenly possessed him, and which must be divined from the sequel of my story.

"Yes," said Julie, uninterrupted by a word from Gabriel—for he *could* not speak even had he essayed it—"it is clear, even to my faint knowledge of the human heart, that the presence of this stranger annoys you, to say the least. I can fancy your thinking our intimacy sudden, and perhaps a little too close. But if you knew how animated and how frank his manners have been, how great his gratitude for our care of him, and what an interest he feels in the whole family, you would make allowance for what may appear too rapid or indecorous. Why, even the very action that so much displeased you, his kissing my hand, was only performed as a sort of seal set on a compact of alliance between him and me and you, Gabriel, as my husband—for he knew every thing of our engagement and our projects, and our whole conversation was about you. I trust this explanation will please you—why, Gabriel, you do not listen to me!"

"Eh!" exclaimed he, starting and turning his looks full on Julie. "Please me? oh, yes—much, very much! You say he will go this evening?"

"Yes; but I have said much since I said that. You have not heard me—you *are* ill, Gabriel—you look now just as you did when I first met you after you discharged your rifle. What ails you, my friend? Let us return to the house—my mother will give you some cordial—pray, Gabriel, tell me what ails you?"

"Nothing in the world, dearest; I am subject to sudden change of looks of late, ever since this war broke out, but I am well, very well—this evening, you said, eh?"

"That was not what I said *last*, Gabriel, but I *did* say that I wish Monsieur Lavalette could be provided for elsewhere this very evening."

"He shall! Yes, Julie, under all the circumstances I think it better he should remove at once. The gossips' talk of the valley must not be excited. But where can he find a lodging—such a one as will ensure his comfort, and in some measure repay him for the loss of all he has been accustomed to here? Can you think of no place suited to him, Julie—can you suggest no domicile?"

Julie was struck by the impatient, yet manœuvering utterance of Balmat. She saw there was more in his mind than his words expressed. She suspected that he was dissatisfied with her half-heard explanation of the Frenchman's intimacy, and that he was now striving to lead her on by his questions into some expression of anxiety or interest for the object of his unreasonable jealousy. The rapidity of her thoughts prevented in a great measure the pain arising from them, but she resolved to give no hint nor offer any opinion that might confirm the suspicion she was so convinced she had discovered.

"It is not for me to suggest a fitting place for this young man," said she. "It is enough that I am anxious he should change his quarters from our house——"

"To become a guest in mine," said Balmat, no longer able to restrain the expression of his already formed resolutions, and finding that he could not succeed in getting Julie to make the proposal which, for his own reasons, he did not wish to have originated with him.

"What! will you take this trouble on your own hands, Gabriel! This is indeed being kind to us all. My father and mother will feel deeply indebted to you for this act of hospitality. You must mention the

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matter and arrange it with them, so as that no wound may be given to the feelings of Monsieur Lavalette."

"I should rather the affair were settled by them than me, Julia. It might look officious and particular if I proposed it, and you know I am not fond of appearing to do good natured things."

"No, unfortunately you are not, Gabriel. And great injustice do you do yourself by the objection to put your good qualities forward, and the wish to make your faults seem worse than they are."

"You are too indulgent to me Julie," replied Balmat, with a thoughtful air; and he paused a moment, as though a struggle were taking place in his mind. Perhaps a feeling of compunction, a dread of consequences—not for himself but for her—rose between him and the deed he contemplated. But if so, they were faint and brief, compared with the deadly resolutions he had formed. The demon within hurried him remorselessly along. He therefore abruptly resumed:

"You must settle this point with your father—*he* must propose the change—and I will now go home and prepare for the reception of my guest—but, pray, do not let it seem as if I either urged or wished his coming, for I cannot bear to become the subject of praises and thanks."

"But you will come back, Gabriel, to conduct Monsieur Lavalette to his new quarters?"

"Most certainly."

When Balmat returned, after a short absence, he found that every necessary arrangement had been made. Paul Corryeur had, at Julie's request, broken to Lavalette the subject of her conversation with Gabriel, and said that it was rather at her suggestion than his wish that the change was proposed. Lavalette, with the careless confidence of youth and of his national character, acceded cheerfully to the plan for his removal, the particular motive for which he did not scrutinize, and to which, at all events, he felt he had no right to object, half prisoner as he considered himself. No stronger feeling existed to make it any but a matter of indifference to him, and he made ready his knapsack with alacrity and speed. Night had now fallen, and every thing outside Corryeur's house was dark and dismal. There was a drizzling rain, and but little inducement for any of the family to volunteer a walk of a quarter of a mile and back. Yet so anxious was every male member of it to pay a mark of respect and kind feeling to their guest on this occasion of his quitting their hospitable roof, that they one and all proposed to accompany him and Balmat. But Paul interposed, and, insisting on his right to pay alone this mark of honor to his young friend, and having a good deal of the patriarchal punctiliousness of character appertaining to his country, he would allow no one to interfere with what he considered a very material point of homely etiquette. He therefore decided that he alone should form the escort; and, as his word was law with his sons, they, however reluctantly, acquiesced and gave up their intention. Their explanation was quite satisfactory to Lavalette, who was but little inclined to give any one trouble or inconvenience, and he begged, but in vain, that the father would relinquish his part of the ceremonious intention which he would not suffer his sons to complete. But on this point Corryeur was inflexible, and the trio prepared to set out.

While the discussion went on Julia had given her entire observation to Balmat, remarking in him a concentrated abstraction of manner, as though his whole thoughts were fixed on one remote point. Yet there was a side-long kind of attention paid by him to what was going on, which might be scarcely discerned and could not be described. It did not, however, escape the keen glance of Julie. She was uneasy and dissatisfied, she knew not why, and dared not inquire even of herself. A strange presentiment of ill seemed to possess and cling to her. She endeavored to shake it off, and by personal action to counteract the painful agitation of her mind. She bustled about on various small pretences, but she never let her eye wander for a moment from the object of her scrutiny.

She at length, with a thrill of surprise and fear that almost paralyzed her, saw him furtively take a large bladed knife from a side table where it had lain since supper time, and, while he seemed carelessly regarding the family group occupied with its leave-taking of Lavalette, he quietly slipped the weapon into the breast of his jacket, and carefully concealed it with the lapel. In a minute or two more, he, Paul Corryeur and the Frenchman were on the point of quitting the house together, when he said, with an air of most honest simplicity,

"Mr. Corryeur, you will permit me to leave my rifle here till morning—the rain would do it no good, and, as we are all friends, I shall not want it on the way home."

With these words he placed the fusil in a corner, the youths promising to take care of it, and Lavalette, on observing this, was unable to refrain from a feeling of satisfaction and increased confidence—he knew not why, for he was not conscious of any actual doubt of his new acquaintance from the moment of their introduction to each other. He slung his knapsack across his shoulder, repeated his adieu to every member of the family, and coming the last to Julie—as she stood with her head placed, as if for support, on the back of a chair, her cheeks pale and her eyes fixed—he started in astonishment and almost in alarm; but not without a mixture of pleasant feeling to temper those ingredients of uneasiness. For the first time during his intercourse with Julie, he was now struck with the conviction that she loved him. The circumstances of the case were too rapid to allow of his nicely weighing or estimating at their real value the feelings which combined to produce this sudden conviction. Deceived as he certainly was, he had nevertheless many excuses for his hasty notions, and even if vanity had its share in producing the mistake, appearances were strong enough to justify it. Such an impression as that which glanced across his mind is, in any case, too gratifying not to give pleasure to the individual who receives it unexpectedly. Lavalette's being a Frenchman was perhaps no bar to his susceptibility of such an error, but the buoyant egotism of his countrymen is not one whit more likely to lead to it

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than the supercilious self-sufficiency so common among our own. At any rate, a Frenchman in such a case was little likely to take an ungenerous advantage of such a discovery, imagined or real, on the present occasion. Lavalette only pressed Julie's hand with a more respectful tenderness than usual, bade her good night in a suppressed but significant tone, and vowed in his own mind to be at her feet as early as possible the next morning.

Julie was almost unconscious of this more than common warmth of manner. She could only mark its effect on Balmat, and she inwardly shrunk from while she fixed her fascinated gaze on the fearful expression of his scowling brow. An impatient gesture seemed to hurry his right hand toward his breast, where the knife lay concealed. With the other he caught Lavalette's arm, exclaiming abruptly,

"Come, sir, it is too soon—or too late—for these fooleries. Mr. Corryeur waits, and the rain increases, —come!"

The sudden grasp and the rude voice brought the Frenchman to himself. He turned round quickly, and in a moment more the trio had left the house. They walked along the path by the river side, Balmat maintaining a strict silence, and Corryeur alone giving any evidence of a wish for conversation. He spoke in his usual kind manner to his late guest, whom he considered as rather unceremoniously removed from those quarters where his presence had been a source of a little trouble it was true, but which was amply repaid by his gentle and amiable manners, and his many agreeable qualities. Lavalette acknowledged those friendly proofs of consideration by brief replies, for his mind was preoccupied, and, though without any actual or marked anxiety, not quite at ease. They passed on through a dark thick copse, about half way between the two mills, and in a few minutes more they were at the door of Balmat's house. He knocked loudly and impatiently. In a little the door was opened by a tottering, feeble, half blind, and nearly deaf old woman, whom a former acquaintance after an absence of ten years would scarcely have recognized for the Jeannette of the first part of this story. She, however, it was who, having lingered in the service of her master through age and infirmity, still lived to witness this night of deepest gloom in the dark destiny of him she served so long and so faithfully.

"To bed, to bed," said Balmat, in that authoritative tone so familiar and so absolute to the long accustomed crone, who, having placed her lamp in her master's hand, and muttered some words of civility or ill-temper—it was impossible to distinguish which—hobbled away, leaving Balmat and the others to complete the events of that portentous hour without hindrance or observation from her.

"Good night, good night, my young friend. We shall soon see you," said Corryeur, grasping Lavalette's hand. The latter flung his knapsack within the threshold of his newly appointed residence, and gaily exclaimed,

"No, no, Corryeur, we must not part here. It would ill beseem a youth like me to be outdone in civility by one from whom I have met with so much kindness. You have given me an escort to my new home. Now I must do as much by you, and see you safely back again to your house. You were positive, so must I be. Not a word! Here, take my arm this time—I insist on it!"

"Poh! poh! This must not be—I cannot allow it. You are still weak and delicate, and the rain increases. You must not, Lavalette! Gabriel, aid me in persuading this foolish boy to go quietly to bed. He is now your guest and in your safe keeping. Good night, good night!"

While Corryeur attempted to move away alone, and Lavalette pertinaciously caught his arm and drew it within his own. Balmat neither spoke nor stirred. Had there been light enough and an observer at hand, his face had no doubt shown one of those expressive gleams of ferocious joy of which it was at times so susceptible; or his very attitude have betrayed the inflexible resolution with which he contemplated the deed, the completion of which accidental causes seemed now to favor and facilitate. Corryeur, finding resistance useless, yielded to the forced escort of his young friend, and, as they finally walked off together, the former, half laughing, half angry, said to Balmat,

"Well, Gabriel, you see he will not be shaken away from me. But you must pay him off for this bye-and-bye—you must punish him for the mischief he is doing himself."

Whatever was Balmat's intended reply, it "stuck in his throat." But he followed on the steps of the two men as closely as he could do without being seen or heard by them.

CHAPTER X.

The quick but stealthy step of Balmat was not heard by those whom he followed, for their own brief but animated conversation absorbed the attention of each. Lavalette, deceived by the promptness of observation which often mistakes the meaning of the symptoms it discovers, and hurried on by the impetuosity of character which betrays its purpose before securing success, had at once and in ardent terms proceeded to explain to Paul Corryeur his mistaken belief in Julie's affection and his own till then unacknowledged regard for her, and in glowing terms to implore the father's consent to his visiting the family the following morning in the capacity of an admitted suitor. Corryeur, astonished and afflicted at this burst of unexpected intelligence, stopped short, and, in a few embarrassed expostulating phrases, begged his young companion to give him time for reflection and inquiry into the state of his daughter's feelings, adverting to the long contracted engagement between her and Gabriel, and expressing his terror at the bare idea of rousing the latter's vengeance. Lavalette replied by a light and disparaging epithet applied to his rival; and Corryeur cut short the colloquy by insisting on his companion's instant return to his night's quarters in the house of the man to whom he meant so deep an injury, and expressing a hope that the enjoyment of his hospitality would rouse a better feeling,

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to overcome the light fancy he had formed, and to put a stop to any measures which might produce misery and ruin to all involved in his pretensions.

"Well, well, Mr. Corryeur, let us at least part friends for to-night," said Lavalette," to-morrow we will talk more of this. Don't be angry with me—I did not think you would consider matters in so serious a light—and, in mark of friendship, let 's shake hands on parting."

"Yes, Henri, I have a great friendship for you—we all have—and, as a token of mine, here, take this handkerchief—I have two, and your neck is bare—tie it on, and hurry *home* through the rain as fast as you can—and remember the rights of your host, and forget all you have been just saying to me, and—"

"No more, no more, my kind friend!" exclaimed the Frenchman, carelessly tying the handkerchief round his neck. "This token of friendship shall appear against you in the morning—I take it as a proof of your consent! Good night, good night."

Before Corryeur could repeat his remonstrances his companion turned away, and he then, perplexed and agitated, bent his footsteps toward home, where he arrived in a few minutes, and, finding that all the family had gone to bed, he retired to his chamber, after having for half an hour paced anxiously up and down the floor of the common sitting room.

As Lavalette resumed his way back toward Balmat's mill, he fancied he heard another footstep close beside him, pattering on the slippery path. He paused, but the impenetrable darkness was not to be pierced. Again he stepped forward—again he heard the tread close following, like the echo of his own. He suddenly stopped again and stretched out his arms, but nothing met his touch. A startling thrill of terror ran through his blood. The vague feeling of a close and mysterious danger oppressed him. He remembered the rifle shot that evening—his intended wrong to Balmat, and fear and conscience worked together in his brain and heart. Once more he moved onward, and once more the closing step of his unseen follower was heard distinctly on his path.

"Who 's there! stand back!" exclaimed he, in nervous agitation, turning round, with the words, and stamping his foot involuntarily on the ground.

"Traitor! Take that!" murmured a hoarse voice now behind him—proving that he had turned toward an imagined, and only left himself more exposed to a real foe—and, with the words, a knife blade was plunged into his body deep between his shoulders. He fell, uttering a cry of alarm and pain. His assailant bent down after him toward the earth, and instantaneously struck again on the prostrate body. A stifled scream followed this second blow.

"Ha! what a woman's voice you have, French dog!" cried the ferocious Gabriel, again drawing back the weapon and a third time raising his arm to strike. But, at the moment, a crashing sound close by, as if some heavy substance fell among the copsewood, arrested his attention.

"What devil is that!" exclaimed he, starting up from his kneeling posture, but at the same time grasping tight the handkerchief tied round his victim's neck. The dead silence was only broken by the gurgling of the blood in the young Frenchman's throat. This sound was shocking, even to the ruthless murderer, thus doubly interrupted in his cruel work.

"Some struggling chamois," muttered he, turning his head aside from the suffocating man, and straining his ears for further evidence of this explanation of the first intrusive noise. But no leaf rustled—and a sense of supernatural dread rushed through the heart so dead to human fear. His fingers instinctively loosened their grasp of the handkerchief, and the body which he had by this means held partly up now fell heavy and senseless down again.

"'Twas quickly done!" said he, in stifled tones of still unsubdued ferocity. "Let this finish it well!" and, as he spoke, he made one more random stab, leaving the knife in its fleshy sheath. He then, with unsteady arms, dragged the body aside from the path and flung it among the bushes, close to the spot from which the unexplained sound had erewhile proceeded. He then quited the scene of his exploit with hurried steps, and he often turned his ear to listen, but death seemed reigning around. Within five minutes more he was at home. There all was still and dreary. He had no observation to fear. He recovered his somewhat scattered thoughts, carefully washed the blood from his hands and his dress, which had been stained in three or four places. Thus guarding against direct evidence, he made some artful dispositions of negative disproof to provide against the anticipated morning's inquiry, and then he sought his homely bed with a hard heart and an unmurmuring conscience. He slept soon and soundly.

In the mean time, Paul Corryeur, with nothing on his conscience, meriting no reproach from others or from himself, unstained with guilt, and as nearly faultless as an individual in his station could well be, was nevertheless as disturbed and wretched in his mind as though some committed crime had brought down its own punishment. He in vain sought repose. Restless and agitated, fearful of disturbing his wife, yet, finding it impossible to lie still in his uneasy bed, he resolved to get up and dress himself again, and, at once, to bring relief to his mind—even in the certainty of what he apprehended—by going directly to his daughter's room, and ascertaining, from her own lips, the truth or error of Lavalette's assertion as to the state of her affections. Not venturing to strike a light lest it might awaken his helpmate, he hurried on his clothes and groped his way to Julie's room. Opening the door softly, he called her by name, but receiving no answer he approached her bed, and put forward his hand with the view of breaking what he supposed her profound and innocent slumber. He shrunk back, almost as much scared as though a lifeless body had arrested his touch, on finding the cold pillow unoccupied by his daughter's head. A moment or two more convinced him she was not there; and then the whole host of nervous apprehensions which sweep so rapidly through the brain of the sensitive portion of mankind reveled uncontrolled in the mind of the agitated father.

He left the untenanted room, and passed in quick succession to all the others in the house, rousing by

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his lamentations every member of the family, of whom he made repeated but fruitless inquiries for his missing child. The mother, startled into the consciousness of a thousand fears, joined her cries to the accents of general surprise and alarm. Her thoughts flew back to the time when Julie was before missed and sought for so long in vain. Now, as then, the mother's fears fixed intuitively, she knew not how or why, on Gabriel Balmat, as the author of some mysterious mischief hovering over her daughter's head. Aye, even now, affianced and pledged as Julie was, sure as her intended husband must be of the possession of the long cherished treasure on which his heart seemed fixed, still did Madame Corryeur, indespite of all reasonable belief, persist in asserting her conviction that Gabriel had enticed Julie away, to lead her into some ill, or to do her some harm.

There was, however, no time left for the indulgence of those nervous speculations. An instant search was resolved on. The whole family—father, mother, sons and servants, all prepared to sally forth, provided with lanterns and pine-wood torches, and various of those household weapons which come ready to the hand of men rushing out with the imagined probability of violence to be encountered. The party scattered wide from the house as they turned out into the open air—but all seemed instinctively and without previous concerted plan to take the road toward Balmat's mill; and seven or eight persons abreast, with some yards of interval between each, left no possibility of a missing individual being passed undiscovered on the route. The rain came down in torrents, and almost extinguished the torches which the bearers waved to and fro in the thick gloom, while its heavy fall on the pathway and the trees nearly stifled the voice of Paul Corryeur as he loudly utterred his daughter's name.

At length they reached the fatal copse; and there two or three of the party at once came to the term of their search, by discovering the body of Lavalette weltering in gore, and, within a few yards of it, within the brush wood and young trees, that of Julie, prostrate on the earth, drenched with rain, and quite insensible. It is hard to detail the various sensations, movements and expressions which form the materials of a scene like this. The horror and grief paralyzing some, exciting others, and confusing almost all—the precious time lost in exclamations, wringing of hands and covering of faces—the little good done by bursts of feeling, and the mischief arising from want of presence of mind, are all displayed in nine cases out of ten of abrupt disclosures or sudden accidents, and most particularly if bodily hurts are accompanied by blood.

Shocked as the whole party was at the sight of the ghastly wounds and distorted countenance of the young Frenchman, still the horror struck parents were naturally more dismayed by the view of their child who appeared to have shared his fate, as her garments also showed sanguined marks, and, more strange and appaling still, her right hand was covered by the crimson stain. A silent and mysterious awe now seized on all the bystanders.

"Home! Home! Let us bear her home," said the agonized father, lifting up Julie in his arms and tottering under the load.

"And the murdered body, what must be done with it?" asked one of the workmen, who was the first to recover in some degree his self-command.

"Take it to the house of the murderer, to be sure!" exclaimed Madame Corryeur, in frantic tones. "To him who has destroyed not only this poor youth but his own affianced wife—to Gabriel Balmat!"

On these words being pronounced the whole party looked round on each other with glances of alarm, as though the utterance of the terrible name might call up its ferocious owner, ready armed to immolate new victims to his rage.

"Hush, hush, madame!" exclaimed the man who had before spoken; "nobody must be accused without proof. Let the magistrate be roused up, and a due inquiry begun. In the mean time, go some one to Balmat's house and call him to the spot."

"Call him to the spot!" echoed the half-distracted mother. "And what fool expects to find him to answer to the call? The double murderer has not waited for the call of justice, I'll warrant him. You may seek, but never hope to find him. Oh, Julie, Julie, my child, my child!" and, shrieking with the anguished tone of a bereft parent, she followed the hurried but uncertain steps of her husband, who was lighted on his way by his sons and the women servants; two men waiting under the influence of the former spokesman, to whose directions they submitted in the management of the following circumstances of the sad affair.

"What's to be done, Simon?" asked one of the others.

"Why, I'm thinking"—replied he—"yes!—it is, after all, better to carry the body to Balmat's house. There are many ways in which a murderer may be discovered. Come, let's lift it up, Jacques, you and I; and do you, Pierre, run to the village and bring the bailli to meet us at the mill."

In a very short time the bearers of the awful burthen had reached Balmat's house, in which they perceived a light; and they knocked at the door, which was in a minute or two opened by Gabriel himself, who, while he was in the act of doing so, said, in a jocular tone, loud enough to be heard by those outside,

"Ha, ha, Monsieur Lavalette, you are come back at last, are you? I had left the lamp alight, but I suppose you found a pair of bright eyes to shine on your path, eh?"

"Yes, Balmat, your guest *is* come back—look at him!" said Simon, loosening his hold, and letting the body fall at Gabriel's feet. The latter held his lamp close down, with an air of gloomy curiosity, to the face of the prostrate man, and then exclaimed, with an emphasis of assured conviction,

"He is *dead*!"

"He is, indeed! Touch him—you have no objection?" said Simon.

"Poor fellow!" uttered Balmat, at the same time stooping and moving the body on one side.

"By heavens, the wounds bleed afresh! Mark

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that, Jacques!" cried Simon, as the blood gushed out on the floor.

"Why, what is all this? There has been murder done here!" said Balmat, in a cold and callous tone.

"I believe there has, Gabriel! and, before more is said on the subject, I recommend you to wait till the magistrate comes. He will be here soon."

"This is a sad business, Simon—we must enter on the inquiry calmly. Wait, my brave fellows, till I hurry on my clothes—step into the parlor, you will find a fire there, and the supper I had prepared for my unfortunate guest."

"What! Do you think that Jacques or myself could sit down to eat in the parlor, while such a spectacle as this lay close by us in the hall?"

"Poh, poh! Simon, a man is but a man; and a little blood is not so very shocking, particularly if it be an enemy. When the French invaders shot your brother at Chamouny they were not so squeamish."

"Aye, Gabriel, but shooting in fair fight and stabbing in the dark are different things."

"Why, as for that, if death is in the wind it matters little whether it comes in daylight or darkness. There is a doom in those things, my good Simon, and no doubt your master thinks of the matter as I do—but wait awhile, we will talk it over by-and-bye."

As Balmat retired to his sleeping room, the two men cast significant glances of disgust and doubt toward each other and after him. After some time, he came back dressed, and with an air of indifference.

"You have not hurried yourself, Gabriel," said Simon, with a sarcastic air.

"I never do any thing in a hurry, Simon—nor your master either, it seems, when a thing is to be done *well*."

"What do you mean by coupling my master's name this way with your own cold blooded manner of thinking and acting? I don't understand you, Gabriel."

"Yes, you do, Simon! Come, come, my lads, you know I am Paul Corryeur's sworn friend, besides being his countryman and his son-in-law, that is to be—so there is no use in playing so deep a game with me. Perhaps I would myself have done as he has, and not made any fuss about it afterward."

Before any answer could be given to this deeply insidious remark, a clatter of footsteps announced the arrival of the magistrate and some of his myrmidons from Chamouny. Balmat, with stern civility, stood forth to meet him, and he gazed on the several individuals, official and not official, who crowded into his house, his countenance the only one which did not betray some active emotion, his the only voice which was steady and unbroken in all that was said throughout the agitated scene.

The bailli, a sturdy, clear-headed villager, without fear, favor or affection, for any one, entered on his official duty, determined to see justice done. He began the inquiry in a cautious, matter-of-fact way, and listened attentively to the answers made to him—a most important means, too often overlooked by zealous functionaries, for finding out the truth. The statements of the men who discovered the body were marked and noted down by his attendant clerk. The body was then examined carefully, the wounds described, and then a somewhat desultory series of remarks were put forth by the bystanders, tending toward a clearing up of the mysterious affair. The general impression, at first, was that Balmat was the murderer. But this arose rather from preconceived notions as to his readiness to perpetrate such a deed, rather than from any evidence, direct or circumstantial, likely to criminate him; and his imperturbable silence and indifference of manner, the bleeding body before him, made it hard to believe that he had struck the blows. When he, in his turn, calmly and deliberately made *his* statement of what had passed, when he gave his testimony as to the young Frenchman having been abruptly expelled the previous evening from the house of Paul Corryeur, and of his offering him shelter in his own, when he gave his version of the conversation which took place on their all arriving at his house, artfully observing that Corryeur peremptorily objected to his sons' accompanying them, and making it appear that it was for the arguing out of a dispute that Corryeur drew Lavalette slowly away toward the copse in serious altercation, that he himself had, from delicacy, retired and occupied himself in preparing materials for supper for his guest, and that, after waiting a considerable time, he had gone to bed, leaving the lamp lighted ready for his return, his excited audience, ready for a prompt impression, received one, in their own despite, decidedly against the last man in the neighborhood who, in ordinary circumstances, would have been deemed capable of doing the bloody work in question. But finally, when the handkerchief round the Frenchman's neck was recognized as belonging to Corryeur, Balmat declaring that Lavalette wore none such when they left his house together, and when the green-hafted knife with which the crime was consummated was acknowledged by the men who picked it up beside the body to be one of their master's set—none like it being found in Balmat's house—was it surprising that the latter was declared innocent and Paul Corryeur denounced as the guilty man?

One feature only was wanting to complete this picture of mistaken opinion, and almost excusable injustice. Simon, Jacques, and the other man who, having roused up the magistrate, had, by his directions, sought the village surgeon, and now appeared with him, felt it necessary, in the present stage of the inquiry, to state what, from a feeling of regard to their young mistress, they had hitherto forborne from mentioning—and they, through their spokesman Simon, simply and truly related the fact of Julie having been found prostrate, senseless, and marked with blood close beside the Frenchman's body, and being carried home from the fatal scene by her father and brothers.

Painful as was the conviction to the minds of the assembled groups, no doubt now remained that Paul Corryeur had, in a moment of furious resentment, killed the Frenchman with his own hand, his daughter having, from some unexplained mysterious circumstance, been present, and in some way compromised in the transaction. Loud were the exclamations of

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Simon mixed with indignation at this general belief, accompanied by sundry gesticulations and movements of limbs and features, the broad indices which tell the secret of human passions and feelings. There was but one exception present. That one may be imagined; pale, silent, immovable the workings of his heart, too deep and dark to let their slightest indignation reach his countenance, the purposes of his mind too inflexible and stern to betray themselves by the movement of a single member or the quivering of a muscle. The colorless cheek spoke emotions, it is true. But did it tell its own nature? No! While the observers, whose sympathy for their species overcame their repugnance to the individual, one and all pitied "poor" Balmat at this discovery of his affianced wife's complicity in the hideous crime, he had but one thought preying, vulture-like, upon his heart. "It was, then, Julie who was close by when I did the deed! It was her faint scream of horror that I took for my victim's cry of pain! She heard me speak and strike! She saw not, but in her mind's eye. Yet she sunk senseless before my guilt, and the blood of him I immolated has fallen on her, to stain at once her pure person and her spotless reputation." Such was the thought that transfixed the culprit, and plunged its sting into his conscience.

While Balmat stood thus entranced, the magistrate detached two of his official attendants, who were accompanied by several volunteer associates, on the mission of arresting Paul Corryeur on the charge of murder, and conveying him to the village prison, until more regular depositions could be taken on the dark affair, and measures carried into effect for the better security of the suspected prisoner. This portion of the proceedings finished, the doctor, whose services had been called into action, proceeded to take a professional view of the gashes inflicted on the body before him. Having probed and measured methodically the two least important of those, he no sooner attempted the same operation on the first inflicted and deadliest of the three, than the slight quivering of nerve and faint moan of pain told that the vital spark was not yet quite extinct.

"The man is not quite dead," said the doctor, turning to the bailli and the few persons who still remained, among whom was Simon; for he, in spite of all proof, convinced of his master's innocence and equally so of Balmat's guilt, (so strong is the impression of an ancient grudge) had resolved to wait and watch the latter closely—and not for the first time, as my readers will remember when they recall the circumstances of his adventure in the pine wood, between Chamouny and Montauvert, so many years before, and learn that he still bore the marks of Gabriel's cudgel on his skull.

"Indeed! Is it possible?" exclaimed the bailli.

"Not dead!" echoed Simon to the doctor's announcement, in a tone loud enough to rouse Balmat from his reverie, and at the same time fixing his eyes on him in keen scrutiny.

"No, he still breathes and his pulse beats," repeated the doctor; and, as he spoke, his words seemed to startle Gabriel Balmat into an utterly new existence. His face was suddenly lighted up by a blended glance of terror and of joy so rapid as to defy separation, and both so fearful in their expression that even Simon shrunk for a moment from it. A convulsive spasm of features spoke the fierce pang of excitement that galvanized the sufferer's torpid feelings. He sprung forward from his rigid position, and, with arm momentarily outstretched, as though to clasp close some coveted possession, he exclaimed,

"What! still breathing! Quick, then, let 's put him to bed—I will myself take care of his recovery!"

"This prompt offer does honor to your humanity, Gabriel," said the bailli. "Come, my lads, lift up the wounded man carefully and carry him to where Mr. Balmat points out."

"His chamber is all ready here, close at hand—*I* will place him in his bed—*I* will watch by him. Is there any chance of his *recovery*, doctor?" said Balmat, in impatient and almost agitated tones.

"It is a hundred to one against him—but the power of skill is almost infinite—we must never despair."

Any one accustomed to the language of the faculty would have reduced those odds at least ninety per cent. Balmat had but little intercourse with physicians, and therefore took the calculation as it was offered.

"No, no, we must never despair," said he, his heart relieved from a heavy weight, by learning the almost total hopelessness of the case. And he at once recovered his former impassible appearance; having in these abrupt transitions of feeling escaped attracting notice, except from the individual who had, as it might be said, an instinct of hatred and suspicion toward Balmat working in his mind.

Poor Lavalette, who had by this time displayed evident symptoms of life, was now carefully raised from the floor by the men who, following the doctor's directions, prepared to carry him into the room to which Balmat led the way. But in consequence of a few words whispered cautiously by Simon to the bailli, the latter interfered, declaring with the peremptory air of official authority that the wounded man, being now under the peculiar guardianship of the laws and the government, he, as the representative of both, must secure him in his own safe custody until the ends of justice were entirely satisfied. He therefore insisted that the senseless body should be removed to the village hospital, there to be tended until death or recovery should settle the question.

But here the interposition of the doctor again changed the question, he protesting with all the due pomposity of science that removal from the house would be instant death to the patient. And therefore a warm dispute took place between the magistrate and the physician, during which Balmat, immovable and silent once more, inwardly prayed that the bleeding sufferer would moan away his life, so miraculously respited, as it were, to inflict on the murderer the tortures of protracted suspense. The discussion was warmly carried on the while, and existence might have oozed away from the unfortunate subject of dispute had not Simon made a proposition to which both parties acceded and which satisfied all present, under

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the plea that the life of his master being at stake it behoved him to look to the possible recovery of the Frenchman, he claimed the right of watching at his side accompanied by one of the magistrate's men, at least until returning reason and the power of expressing himself allowed the patient to declare the truth. The bailli, whose suspicions of Balmat had been aroused by the powerful appeal whispered into his ear by Simon, was well satisfied with this arrangement, and, the doctor having carefully prescribed every measure to be taken, the scarcely breathing Lavalette was finally placed in bed, with his careful guardians close beside him; and the living types of justice and medicine having at length withdrawn with the remaining attendants, Balmat was left to pace his parlor in deep and solitary reverie.

CHAPTER XIII.

Great was the astonishment, indignation and grief excited in Paul Corryeur's family when the official messengers of the bailli, and the group of persons who followed them, appeared for the purpose of arresting and conveying him to prison. He was himself calm and undismayed. Having ascertained that his daughter had sustained no bodily harm, and being convinced that her mental sufferings were not associated with any feeling of remorse, he held lightly the charge which appearances in some degree justified. When his sons and his workmen offered to oppose force to the authority which dared to lay hands on him, he peremptorily forbade it; and when the official instruments of his arrest, turned from their natural proneness to severity by his open bearing, gave him evident opportunities for escape, he spurned the chances of evasion which would have compromised his character. The only expression which fell from him during the scene which could by any means be tortured into a meaning of admitted guilt was on its being remarked that his handkerchief was found twisted round the Frenchman's neck, evidently for the purpose of aiding the stabs by producing strangulation. On this he exclaimed, more to himself than to those about him,

"Ah! He prophesied that that handkerchief would tell against me! Little did he think—unfortunate boy!"

This low murmured expression of feeling was eagerly caught up by one of the satellites of justice, who all, from the highest to the lowest in foreign countries, have an intuitive greediness for whatever may criminate an accused person, however high their individual opinion of his worth, or however strong the general proofs of his innocence. And on this slender thread of suspicion did the too acute observer mentally string a whole series of anticipated interrogatories, accusations, and condemnations, such as find parallels in almost every process of criminal *justice*, as the torturing practice of continental courts is mistakenly named.

No sooner was Corryeur removed from the house, and walking, his sons by his side, with a firm and rapid pace toward the place destined for an incarceration which he contemplated with indifference or contempt, than his wife, hitherto restrained by his presence and his strict orders against any outbreak of declamation which might have disturbed Julie, burst into a loud and furious torrent of rage and grief, unable longer to bear the thought of her excellent husband's being accused and dragged along as a felon, while the man whom in her heart's conscience she believed to be guilty was left at large, and while her own roof contained a living evidence of the truth, she hurried to her daughter's room, accompanied by the two maids, and approached the bed where Julie lay, her young sister sitting beside it, bathed in tears.

From the time of Julie's being discovered in the copse she had never spoken. Sense and recollection had both returned under the influence of motion, and aroused by the loud talk of those who bore her along and by whom she was surrounded subsequently to her arrival at her father's house. As the truth of her situation, and the memory of the scene in which she had acted so important yet so negative a part gradually broke on her, reason had nearly fled from the shock she experienced. Yet she uttered no scream, acted none of the violent scenes which a common mind involuntarily exhibits on such occasions, asked no questions and made no revelations. Silent, but not the less intensely agitated, she listened to all that was now said, ran over in her mind all that she had erewhile heard, saw in the broad light of her imagination the fearful scene that had passed close by her side, and from all those ready materials worked up a vivid picture of horror, on which her thoughts seemed to rest with an intensity that was akin to the obstinate fidelity with which madness attaches itself to some fixed idea.

Who may describe the fevered flush, or the icy chill, the suffocating gasp, the nervous shudder which one and all make sport of the frame when the mind is a prey to such agony as this? There was no relief for her. A word, an exclamation might bring ruin on the head of him she knew to be guilty—him whom she at once loved and loathed, for horror at his cowardly crime had not yet torn up the roots which gratitude and affection had struck into her heart. Tears! she had none. Horror had frozen them at their source. She might have torn her hair, or beat her breast, or wrung her hands. But such vulgar remedies do not suggest themselves to a person acting in unison with such a mind as hers. She neither spoke nor stirred. So that to those around she appeared to have not recovered her perception, while in truth she was more alive to all that was done or said in reference to the frightful transaction than any of those who talked it over, or interfered in it.

When, then, her mother entered her room, with half distracted gestures, and abruptly informing her of her father's arrest, she loudly implored her who knew the truth to tell it, acquitting her of all blame, nor throwing a shadow of suspicion on the mysterious circumstances under which she herself had been found, Julie at once saw the whole bearing of this new turn in the affair, and made up her mind as to the course she had to pursue.

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"Will you not, Julie, will you not save your father's honor and life! Will you not, my child, fearlessly avow the truth, and let justice be done even though your heart may suffer a pang in the struggle? Oh, my child, what can be so dear to you as your parent's safety and reputation? Believe me, Julie, every thing else should be as naught in comparison with these. It is only to speak one word to avenge the murdered man, to snatch your father from his threatened fate, to punish the wretch who did the cruel deed. When you have done this how easy will your conscience be—how light your heart! You will rejoice in your own escape, and will be really our child once more, free and unshackled and happy!"

"Mother!" said Julie, speaking in a tone of sudden solemnity that made all present start back, as though it were a voice from the grave, "Mother, my father *shall* have justice. For all the rest let me implore you to leave it between Heaven and me."

With these words she sprung from her bed, rejecting the assistance of the other women, and proceeded to hurry on her clothes, with an energy which showed that some new action of the mind had restored the physical powers to all their accustomed force and vigor. Her dressing finished, she had only one request to make, and she made it in a tone of such mingled peremptoriness and supplication that her mother saw she must be at once indulged and obeyed. All Julie asked was to be left uninterrupted to go her own way and follow her own course, pledging herself for her father's safety and her own. No remonstrance was offered nor obstacle opposed to her, when she wrapped her cloak hastily around her and left the house, unaccompanied, and declining all explanation of the purpose on which she was about to act.

I need scarcely describe her hurried walk from her father's house to that which a few hours before she considered as her second home, in which she had anticipated the remainder of a happy life—a home already endeared by even stronger ties than those which had bound her to the residence of her infancy. Every one who has studied the human heart will readily imagine the place to which Julie's steps were bound, as well as the state of mind in which she trod the accustomed path. Day was now dawning, and there was light enough to show every object on the way. Who cannot picture the agitated girl involuntarily shutting her eyes and turning her head aside as she passed the spot where the bloody deed had been acted? Or the sinking of heart which repressed for awhile her energy of spirit as she stood at the threshhold of Gabriel Balmat's door, and felt as though some invisible but potent hand opposed itself to her resolution of entering the house. In vain did a prophetic voice seem to whisper in her brain warnings against so perilous a step. In vain did the picture of the fierce assassin stalking uncontroled in his den rise on her mind's eye. Other and more powerful suggestions spoke to her conscience; while the image of her unprisoned father and her wretched mother displaced the hideous portrait which had haunted her, and virtue and justice lent their united aid in carrying her on her course.

The door lay open, and on the floor, just within it, was a pool of blood, while all across the corridor were marks of the many feet which had dabbled in it. Heart sickness and disgust had now no influence on Julie. She firmly, though with shuddering, walked through the terrible evidence, and, as she passed another open door on her right hand, she saw the livid face of Lavalette on the bed where they had laid him, and the backs of the two men who silently bent down over what she believed to be his corpse. Her purpose was not with the dead. She moved on a little further, and then stopped for a moment at the door of the parlor, the handle of which she had not for awhile the courage to turn. For within she heard the heavy footstep, which her quick and familiar ear instantly recognized as *his*. Her brain reeled—she was on the point of falling—she leaned for an instant against the wall—and she strove to utter the name of Jeannetou. But the old woman still slept, having never been disturbed during the previous busy hours; and Julie felt that a strong effort was necessary to prevent herself from again sinking, and thus risking, if not ensuring, the total defeat of her now absorbing object. Giving a new proof of the powerful impulse of mind over physical infirmity, she sprung up, and promptly turning the handle of the door, entered the parlor.

When Balmat saw her glide into the room he started back with fright and shame. Julie came upon him like an accusing angel, but she was so wan and haggard, and her noiseless step fell so awfully silent on the floor, that she seemed for a moment to his distempered mind more like a spectre from the grave than a being of the skies. He soon recovered from this first impression and was roused to the reality of the scene. The horrid images of disgrace and punishment which had been for some time passing before him, as he had paced his room in gloomy perplexity, came now as it were in a tangible form to hurry on his doom. He stood for a moment powerless and without motion; and he gazed on Julie as she calmly fastened the door and then dropped on the nearest chair. A rush of deep emotion suddenly subdued his fierce despair. He approached a few paces toward her, with faltering steps, and with half stifled breath he spoke.

"Julie—dare I still say my own Julie?—why are you here?—to accuse, to overwhelm me? Why are you here?"

"Mark me, Gabriel—but give me time—I am faint and half mad with misery. I know every thing—I have heard all—"

"You *saw* nothing, Julie—you cannot be sure who did it—you can *prove* nothing!"

"Oh, Gabriel, I have seen as well as heard too much—*his* dead body, your passion-choked voice—I saw you take up the knife—oh God! I heard you strike the fatal blows—would they had fallen on me, and spared me this agony of thought and memory."

"Julie, you will not come forward to prove against me? You will not be the means of my destruction? You will not separate us for ever!"

"Gabriel, can I see my father perish? And *are* we not separated forever?"

She covered her face with her hands and sobbed

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aloud; while the stern murderer, as though the better impulse which had by its prompt action softened and soothed his soul was all at once turned into guilt again, looked on her with a fiendish glare, and said in harsh accents,

"So, then, you pronounce your own doom as well as mine—your whole thoughts are for your father—whom I hate—and you renounce me altogether?"

"Gabriel," replied Julie, shocked but not terrified at his abrupt ferocity, "*you* sealed our fate with that guilty hand. Chance made me a witness of the dreadful act. I saw, I feared your purpose, I followed in the hope of averting it. Trembling for you—not daring to utter to my father the suspicion which would have compromised you—a coward silence sealed my lips, and deprived me of all power of action during the time I trod on your path, all of you three, you and your two victims. When he—*the first* of them—was left alone, and walked back unconscious of his fate, I was close to him—but I could not sound the warning that would have probably saved him, but at the same time branded you. Alas! one word might have saved both! I was at hand when the blow was struck. Oh! how it seemed to pierce my heart as well as his! Your terrible voice was as the voice of death to me. I sunk down senseless. How long I lay so I know not, but coming to myself again, and stretching out my hand to rise from the drenched earth, it fell on the body by my side—it passed over his face, and I felt the warm stream that flowed from his wounds. Oh, that warm feel of blood! How deadly sick it made me! I sunk down once more—and only awoke to reason to find myself in bed, and all my family around me. You may judge the rest that has followed so quickly—my father's arrest—my mother's despair—my cruel suffering. And here I am, Gabriel, alone with you, and unknown to every one—for I slipped into the room unseen—the sole witness of the deed—not to reproach, denounce, or do you ill, but only to secure your safety from danger and dishonor both, and to implore your mercy for my innocent father and on me his wretched child."

"*My* mercy! What mockery do you make of me."

"Yes, Gabriel, yes—*your* mercy! You surely would not let him suffer for your act—you would not withhold the truth and let him perish!"

"What, then, you would have me *confess*?"

"Oh yes, yes! Ease your conscience of at least one heavy load, and save an innocent man"—

"Julie, you said just now you were the sole witness against me. You were wrong to tempt me so. Why did you come here? Why did you trust yourself with me alone? Was it not braving fate?"

The deep accents in which this fierce questioning was uttered, the scowl that stole across his brow, the measured step with which he strode forward, the nervous clenching of his hands—all these fearful symptoms of a desperate purpose failed to produce one feeling of terror in Julie. She looked on him with sad emotion, but with no expression of fear. As wild beasts are tamed by a look of courage, so was this savage man subdued by this air of virtue. He stopped and gazed upon the face which he had so long admired, the form he had so long coveted, and he saw in its full force that unassuming heroism of character which he had so long worshiped, the same in this dark hour as in those far distant days when the intrepid child threw herself before his ferocious rage, or subsequently encountered, undismayed, the elemental crash which made even him to tremble.

In one of those irresistible impulses of feeling, which, as has been already seen, exerted at times so powerful an effect on him, Balmat threw himself on his knees before her whom, but a moment gone, he was on the point of immolating to the fierce instinct of self-preservation. As though a minute had done the work of years of penitence, he bent his face on her knees, and catching her hands in his—while she shrunk and trembled at the murderer's touch—he burst into an uncontrollable and unbroken flood of tears.

Julie knew not the previous workings of his mind. Having had no apprehensions for her own safety, she was unconscious of her escape. She thought it was remorse for the crime he had committed which had already beat the culprit's stubborn heart; and she doubly rejoiced in his sudden repentance and the security it seemed to give that her father would have the benefit of a full confession. Yet she felt an instant pang of doubt lest Balmat might relapse into his former mood.

"Now, now, Gabriel," said she, "now is the moment, while Heaven is working in your heart, to do a great act of justice. Now, this very moment, write down your full confession of the deed, and save my father."

"Be satisfied, Julie; your father is already saved. You shall live to prove his innocence—and know that the Frenchman is not dead."

"Not dead! Alas! I saw him even now—"

"Faint, dangerously hurt, but not *yet* dead—and with every chance of revival enough at least to seal my fate by a disclosure."

"Heaven be praised! Then the crime of murder is not on your soul—he may live—he may recover altogether!"

The *crime!*" said Balmat with a contemptuous sneer. "That I hold lightly—but the punishment and the disgrace—how are they to be avoided?"

"By instant flight. Quick, Gabriel, ere a fatal turn may take place in the wounded man. Did you believe I would have counseled aught that would not save you and my father both? No, no! I know your desperate hardihood, and that without my persuasion you would have stood your dangerous ground. Write, Gabriel, write a full confession—acquit my father—extenuate as you may the rash and fatal deed—then fly far into those mountain fastnesses, where no man's foot may track you, and then across the frontier, where you may wait in safety the Frenchman's fate."

"Will you fly with me, Julie? Say yes, and I consent."

Had Julie stood before the altar of her faith in sacred communion with Heaven, her vow had not been more solemn nor more irrevocable than the hurried resolution she now swore in her heart's depths,

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never to unite her hand with that which was stained with the blood of an intended murder. But her prompt and energetic spirit was alive to the danger of forcing to desperation the being she had now to deal with, in this crisis of his fate.

"With you!" exclaimed she in admirable self-command, "and leave your name to be the sport of every tongue, and the ban to be pronounced against you without a voice to plead your cause or uphold your fame! Would this be wise, Gabriel? Would it be worthy of your affianced bride?"

"Most admirable creature!" cried he, "there is yet the hope of redemption in your love. Oh, Julie, how entirely you have been and are yet every thing to me. The only drop of balm in the bitter mixture of my mind, the only ray of light in my dark nature, has been my passionate love for you. Heaven made me a wretch—your virtue re-created me. I have lapsed again into my original doom—but even now you step between me and the gulf—and I feel as though saved once more. You will follow me, then? You promise that?"

"Follow you, Gabriel? Where? How? Why at such a moment as this, when all is yet doubt and gloom, put questions or conditions on the subject of our common safety? I will do all I can or ought to do."

"Enough! and until we meet again, you swear—even should this miscreant Frenchman recover—you will be only mine—nothing shall tempt you—"

"Nothing on earth shall make me break my plighted faith while you are on it, Gabriel!"

Here he would have embraced her, but she shudderingly avoided the attempt, and placing before him the writing materials from his open escritoire, he wrote, at her dictation, a short but full avowal of his crime, wholly acquitting Paul Corryeur of any complicity in it; and he then signed the paper and addressed it to the village magistrate, scorning to offer any motive for the deed, or to put forth one word in extenuation. This done, he took with him his watch, some pieces of gold, and his walking staff; and urged on by Julie, who called his attention to the groans of the wounded man—those fearful warnings of his possible recovery—he stepped through the open window on the lawn outside, and was lost in a few moments to the gaze of the once more exhausted girl. She placed the important document in her bosom, and with one faint exclamation—"They are both saved!" a hysterical laugh told the crisis of her agitation, and she sunk on the floor grasping the precious paper in her hand.

At this moment Simon, who, hearing the latter part of the murmured conversation between her and Balmat, had stood close at the door, entered the apartment, and by loud calls arousing the old woman, means were soon taken for Julie's relief. The opportune return of the doctor, to examine the state of Lavalette, completed her recovery, and with the joyous hope of his escape from death, and accompanied by the trusty Simon, she hurried to the bailli's house, produced Balmat's confession, and made her own deposition as to the affair; while Simon's statement of the conversation he overheard between her and Balmat, left no hesitation on the magistrate's mind as to the justice of releasing Corryeur. The day had not passed over without Lavalette's having regained sufficient strength and recollection to swear to the facts of the attempt upon his life, and to his perfect recognition of Balmat's voice accompanying the assassin's stroke. In a few days he was pronounced out of danger. In a little more he was convalescent; and within two months he had taken his leave of Chamouny, on his return to France; Julie having firmly rejected the offers of his hand and heart, in terms which left him no hopes of a possible revocation of the sentence.

In the mean time no tidings came to her of the wretched Gabriel. Weeks, months and years rolled on. His name was no longer the theme of public talk. The memory of the desperate deed was almost fading away. The law had done its duty. As an amply convicted and self-confessed felon, his property was confiscated to the state. He had no heirs but the public, and they rejected the revolting inheritance of his former possessions. No one would occupy his dwelling. No purchaser could be found for "the bloody mill." But the curious would go at times to peep through the crevices of the decaying door, or through the broken windows at its side, to gaze on and shudder at the deep stains on the floor, which gave the place its awful appellation.

For twelve years Julie continued in her state of dark uncertainty and obstinate celibacy. At length a strange discovery released her from her vow. A crystal hunter of the valley, in one of his arduous and perilous excursions across the Mer de Glace, was horror struck at perceiving, close above a narrow fissure in that solemn desolation, *a skeleton hand*, held up as if to mark the fearful grave of some long lost wanderer. Assistants from the valley soon repaired with him to the spot; and the discovery of Gabriel Balmat's watch amongst the remnants of clothes hanging to a skeleton in the cavity, proved beyond doubt that he had been the wretch who, struck by the hand of Providence on his attempted escape from justice, had slipped as he traversed the dangerous path, and left his bleaching bones in the desert.

No moral need sententiously be pointed out, to wind up this true and dismal story. Let those who might otherwise pass unheeding by the scene where it is laid, gaze on Gabriel Balmat's ruined house and mill, and read a lesson from his fate, while a cheering compensation for the gloomy thoughts they may suggest is near at hand, for several of the Corryeur family are still to be found in the paternal abode; and, *above all*—literally so in years, in worth and in virtues—is Julie—Julie *Corryeur* still—in all the estimable energy of an independent spirit, and a mind unshaken by the early trials which might have subverted one less sound and pure than hers.

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A DAY IN THE WOODS.

OR ENGLISH AND AMERICAN GAME.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

It wanted scarce an hour of sunset, on a calm, bright October evening—that season of unrivaled glory in the wide woodlands of America, wherein the dying year appears to deck herself, as it is told of the expiring dolphin, with such a gorgeousness of short-lived hues as she had never shown in her full flush of summer life and beauty—it wanted, as I have said, scarce an hour of sunset, and all the near and mountainous horizon was veiled as it were by a fine, gauze-like drapery of filmy yellow mist, while every where the level sunbeams were checkering the scenery with lines of long rich light and cool blue shadow, when a small four-wheeled wagon, with something sportsman-like and rakish in its build, might have been seen whirling at a rapid rate over one of the picturesque uneven roads, that run from the banks of the Hudson, skirting the lovely range of the Western Highlands, through one—the fairest—of the river counties of New York. This little vehicle, which was drawn by an exceedingly clever, though somewhat cross-made, chestnut cob, with a blaze on his face, and three white legs, contained two persons, with a quantity of luggage, among which a couple of gun-cases were the most conspicuous, and a brace of beautiful and high bred English pointers. The driver was a smart, natty lad, dressed in a dark gray frock, with livery buttons, and a narrow silver cord for a hat-band; and, while he handled the ribbons with the quick finger and cool head of an experienced whip, he showed his complete acquaintance with the way, by the readiness and almost instinctive decision with which he selected the right hand or the left of several acute and intricate turns and crossings of the road. The other was a young gentleman of some five or six-and-twenty years, finely and powerfully made, though not above the middle height, with curly light-brown hair and a fair, bright complexion, indicative of his English blood. Rattling along the limestone road, which followed the course of a large rapid trout stream, that would in Europe have been termed a river, crossing it now and then on rustic wooden bridges, as it wound in broad, devious curves hither and thither through the rich meadow-land, they reached a pretty village, embosomed in tall groves and pleasant orchards, crowning a little knoll with its white cottages and rival steeples; but, making no pause, though a neat tavern might well have tempted the most fastidious traveler, they swept onward, keeping the stream on their right hand, until, as they came to the foot of a small steep ascent, the driver touched his hat, saying—"We have got through our journey now, sir; the house lies just beyond the hill." He scarce had finished speaking, before they topped the hillock, and turning short to the right hand pulled up before a neat white gate in a tall fence, that separated the road from a large piece of woodland, arrayed in all the gorgeous colors wrought by the first sharp frost of autumn. The well kept winding lane, to which the gate gave access, brought them, within a quarter of a mile, to a steep rocky bank feathered with junipers, and here and there a hickory or maple shadowing the dense undergrowth of rhododendrons, kalmias and azalias that sprung in rich luxuriance from every rift and cranny of the gray limestone ledges. Down this the road dived, by two rapid zig-zags, to the margin of the little river, which foamed along its base, where it was spanned by a single arch, framed picturesquely of gnarled unbarked timber, and then swept in an easy curve up a small lawn, lying fair to the southern sun, to the door of a pretty cottage, which lay midway the northern slope of the valley, its rear sheltered by the hanging woodlands, which clothed the hills behind it to their very summit. A brilliant light was shining from the windows to the right of the door, as if of a merry fire and several candles mingled; and, in a minute or two after the wheels of the wagon rattled upon the wooden bridge, it was evident that the door was thrown open; for a long stream of mellow light burst out on the fast darkening twilight, and the next moment a tall figure, clearly defined against the bright background, was seen upon the threshold. A minute more and the chestnut cob was pulled up in front of the neat portico, and the young Englishman leaped out and darted up the steps.

"Well, Fred, you're here at last—"

"Harry, old fellow, by Jupiter! but I'm glad to see you!"

"And so am I right glad, Fred; and really obliged to you for coming up to see me here in the mountains. I would have come down to the river myself for you, but I had to ride over into Deer Park after breakfast, to get a match for Master Bob there"—pointing as he spoke to the chestnut cob, which, not a whit the worse for his long rapid drive, stood champing his light bit and pawing up the gravel, as if he had but just been brought out of his stable. "I hope he brought you up in good style, Fred?"

"That he did, Harry; that he did in prime style! Two hours and forty minutes from—Newburg do n't you call it?—up to your gate here; and that 's twenty-eight good miles, I fancy—"

"Thirty, Fred, thirty; every yard of it. It 's twenty-eight and better to the village—but come in, come in; and, you sir, get out all the traps and put them in the hall till Timothy has time to look to them, and take

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Bob round to the stables and go to work upon him. What are those—pointers, Fred? Exactly! well, put them in the little kennel by themselves, and see they are well fed and bedded. Pointers are no use here, Fred. English-broke pointers, I would say—they range too high, and cannot face our coverts. But come in. I was just taking a cup of coffee and a weed; for I dined early, knowing that you could not be here in time; and we will have some supper by and by, and in the mean time you shall either join me in the Mocha, or have a long cool drink, or something short, just as you fancy it."

And with the words, my old friend Harry Archer—for the host was no other than that worthy, who had exchanged his *menage* in the city for a snug shooting-box among the hills of Warwick—led his old friend, who had but lately landed from the Boston steamer, through a small vestibule adorned with stands of myrtle and geranium and two or three camellias, into a narrow hall or passage, the walls of which were decked with several pairs of red deer antlers—whence swung full many a sylvan implement—a map or two of the adjoining states, and several of Herring's life-like portraits—the champions of the English turf, the winners of the Leger and the Derby.

"This is but a little box, Heneage," said Harry as they entered—"My *one* spare bed is literal. There were but four rooms in the house when I bought it; unless you count the garrets, which are not habitable; but I have built a kitchen and two or three servants' rooms behind; and so we must make shift till I get rich enough to add some more bed-chambers—the people hereabout swear that I am crazy, and that I lodge my horses and my dogs better than I do myself. But if it is small, Fred, it is snug and clean;" and with the word he threw open a door to the right, and leading his friend into a little library—"This is my snuggery," he added, "and that," pointing to a door opposite the windows, which were two in number, reaching to the ground and overlooking the lawn and river, "that is my bed-room. Across the *hall*, as we call it by a liberal courtesy, is the dining-room, and behind it your dormitory. Now, then, take this arm-chair by the fire—and here comes Timothy—you've not forgotten Timothy, Fred? It's Master Heneage, Tim!"

"Nay! but ay's vara glad to see thee," exclaimed Harry's inimitable Yorkshireman, pulling his toplock with his left hand, while he thrust out the other horny paw with a grin of unfeigned delight—"Ay's vara glad to see thee i' these parts—noo, damn me if ay isn't! An' hoo's they aw i' Yor'shire?"

"Right well, Tim; all of our friends; all that I think of, that's to say—but I see you stick to Mr. Archer yet, Tim!"

"Stick tull hun—weel ay wot—he wud na get along at aw without me. He's got faive horses oot i' t' stable, and seven dogs i' t' kennel; forbye auld Charon—for *he* gangs whaure he wull—and hoo'd he do without Tim Matlock? Nay, nay! ay's niver quit him, Measter Heneage; but ay'll gang noo and fetch oop soom hot coffee—or mayhap, sur, you'd tak a soop o' t' auld Shrub or Glenlivat."

"No! no, Tim, coffee by all means—and now I'll blow a cloud, so hand me—ha! do you stick to the Manillas as of old? Well, it is certainly impossible for any thing to be nicer or more comfortable than this."

And well might he say so; for though the room was small, not above eighteen feet by sixteen, with a low ceiling and large projecting mantel-piece, and though the furniture was simple and by no means expensive, nothing could be more truly or more tastefully complete. A large book-case of the black walnut of the country filled the recesses on either hand the fire-place, their glass doors showing a well chosen library of something more than a thousand volumes, classics and history, and the best English poets and romances, with a few French and Italian writers, in elegant and costly bindings. The space above the fire-place was filled, instead of a mirror, by a large case with a sliding front of plate glass, containing an arm-rack lined with crimson velvet, well garnished with two superb twin double-barreled guns, by Purdy, a heavy ounce-ball rifle, by the same prince of makers, a short but large-bored twelve-pound duck gun, a case of nine-inch pistols, by old Kuchenreuter, a smaller brace, by Nanton; and three or four hunting knives, of various sizes and construction. On either side the door which led to the bed-chamber, stood a small slab or table, the one arranged with inkstandish, portfolio, *presse papier* and all the apparatus of the scribe; the other covered with powder-flasks and shot-pouches, screw-drivers, dog-whips, drinking-flasks, and, in short, every thing a sportsman could require, not thrown about at random, but all displayed symmetrically, and bright, and free from dust. The walls were hung with several excellent line engravings, from sporting subjects, by Landseer. The floor was carpeted with a grave but rich Brussels, which was not unpleasantly relieved by the deep crimson curtains and cushions of the massive old fashioned settees and sofas, with which the room was bountifully furnished. A large round centre-table, with a crimson cloth, supported a tall brass reading-lamp, and was strewn thickly with portfolios of good engravings, an annual or two, the Spirit of the Times, and the last numbers of the Turf Register, with several English Sporting Magazines, and other periodicals; but it was now pushed back from the fire toward the large, soft-cushioned sofa which occupied the whole length of the opposite wall, and its place taken for the nonce by a small trivet, on which stood an antique salver, with a coffee pot and sugar dish of richly chased and massive silver, a cut glass cream jug, with a small stand of liqueurs, two tiny glasses, and two coffee cups of Sevres China. A pile of hickory logs was crackling and flashing cheerfully upon the hearth; a pair of wax candles were blazing on the mantel-piece; the superannuated Russian setter, to whom Tim had alluded, was dozing on the rug; and, heedless of the neighborhood of her natural foe, a beautiful, soft, tortoise-shell cat sat purring on the arm of Harry Archer's own peculiar settle. Such was the aspect of the room, which Heneage, fresh as he was from London and all the finished comforts of English country-houses, in the

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first month of his first visit to America, pronounced the very acmé of perfection, as a bachelor's establishment.

"Wait till you see my stables, and my kennel, my quail-house, where I save them through the winter, my little flower garden, and my dairy, and my ice-house. We have turned Jacks of all trades, Timothy and I. And now, with the exception of my *old* woman, for—this is a very moral country, and I am, you know, a *very* moral man—to save my character, I got the ugliest and oldest cook in all America—upon my soul I sometimes fancy she must have been in the ark with Noah!—with the exception, as I say, of my old woman, you have seen all the members of my *ménage*. She cooks and makes the beds, and cleans the chambers, as she persists in calling the bed-rooms, being of course a Yorkshire woman—Tim would have died had I got even a Northumbrian—and Timothy is butler, and stud-groom, and valet, and game-keeper, and, of late, I believe, head gardener; and that imp, Dick, who drove you up, with an extraordinary negro genius, who never takes his clothes off from one year's end to the other, or sleeps in a bed, summer or winter, preferring the hay-loft at all seasons, do all the work of the house, garden, kennel, stable, and of my little farm; just twenty acres, Fred! on which I feed two Alderneys, and fatten yearly a dozen or two of right black-faced Moorish mutton."

Meantime, the friends discussed their coffee, and puffed their favorite cheroots, and, meeting now for the first time in many years, chatted of many things, and called old scenes to mind, and asked and received tidings of many an ancient friend, and passed, in short, two hours as pleasantly as could have been devised if they had planned it, until the door was opened, and Timothy thrust in his sleek black head at the aperture, informing them that "T' soopper was ready noo, and wad be cold if they waited ony langer"—a piece of information which brought them to their legs with speed; and not them only, but Master Charon likewise, who, though he had been voted slow and superfluous in the field, had yet abated nothing in the keenness of his nose, so far at least as meal times were concerned, come they as often as they might. The dining-room, which was precisely of the same dimensions with the library, was furnished with the same nice attention to details, the same harmonious taste, which imparted an appearance of luxury and richness to articles in themselves by no means extraordinary. The curtains and all the furniture, as in the other room, were crimson, the hues of the carpet in some sort matching them; a large sideboard of black walnut faced the fire-place, glittering with fine cut glass and a small but beautiful selection of old fashioned silver, among which shone resplendent a superb cup, or vase, won by the prowess of the owner at the Red House, against no few or mean competitors in pigeon shooting, and two tall richly gilded tankards, watching like sentries on the flanks of the array. The table was drawn up close to the fire, which blazed with a fierceness that would have been almost intolerable, but for a screen that intercepted a portion of its heat, and was covered by a cloth of dazzling whiteness, whereon was arranged a supper service with two covers, in a style so accurate and tempting as to have pleased the sagest *gourmet*, while the morocco armed chairs, which stood at either end, promised a world of voluptuous comfort. The whole room was one blaze of light, and nothing could by any means have been conceived more cheerful than the aspect of the whole.

"Now, Fred," said Harry as they entered, "I trust your drive has given you an appetite, for I have no doubt Timothy has got us something tolerably eatable. What is it, hey, Tim?"

"Nay, sur, ay 's sure ay canna tell ye; for ay 's been sorting Measter Heneage's things loike, and suppering oop t' twa pointer dogs he brought wi' him."

"Well, well, take off the covers and let us see. Broiled wood duck here; which I can recommend, Fred; they are as good a bird as flies, excepting always the royal canvas-back—let me give you half a one; with a squeeze of that lemon, and a dash of Cayenne, you'll find it more than passable. There, cover those cock up again, Tim, and put them by the fire—are those the birds I shot yesterday? Exactly! that 's right!—let 's see those side dishes—ha! cauliflowers *a la crême*, and stewed cellery. Now then, Fred, what wine? There 's some dry, still Champaign in ice there, if you like it; and some pale Sherry here, that I think good; there 's claret in the cellar; but I think the weather 's too cold for the Bourdeaux—Port does not suit this climate; but I 've got some Madeira that will do your heart good."

"Oh! Champaign, Harry, Champaign for supper always. Your Sherry and Madeira are dinner wines, *me judice*."

"I agree with you, Fred; open that long neck, Timothy. Well, now, what think you of the wood duck?"

"Excellent—good indeed—but why do you call it *wood* duck, Harry?" answered Heneage, with his mouth half full of the tender, juicy broil.

"Because they live in woods, Fred; and perch, and build their nests in trees."

"Oh! humbug! that 's a touch too much of a good thing, old fellow."

"It 's true, though, every word of it. You 'll find game here one thing, and game in England quite another, I can tell you, Master Fred—aye! and covert shooting here in these wild swamps and wooded hills a very different sort of matter from a Norfolk battu. The big glasses, Tim, the long-stemmed beakers!" he interposed; and his orders were speedily obeyed; and the rich, dry Champaign stood mantling, with no cream, and a few bead-like bubbles only floating around the brim, in two tall half pint goblets of Venetian crystal.

"By George! but that *is* splendid, Harry," exclaimed Fred Heneage, as the seductive liquor disappeared. "Yes! half a woodcock, if you please."

"No half about the matter, Fred; they are but little chaps, these woodcocks of America—not half so big as ours. But then, they positively swarm here."

"Why aye!" responded Heneage, receiving the whole bird, which Harry sent to him, with all com-

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placency. "Why aye! Frank Forester, whom I saw for an hour or two in New York, told me as much—by the way, I forgot to tell you that he says he will be here on Friday. Where will you stow him?"

"O, I make *point de façon* with Master Frank. He will take Tim's room, I suppose; who will turn Dick out; that is to say, if he does not prefer a room at old Tom Draw's, in the village. I often stow my supernumeraries there. What did he tell you anent the woodcock?"

"Oh, I don't know—some wondrous yarn or other; I did not pay very much attention, or believe one half of what he said—something about killing them by hundreds in a day."

"Well, so we do; the commodore and I bagged last year, between sunrise and sunset, one hundred and fifteen."

"Not really! And how many shall we get to-morrow?"

"Try another glass of Champaign, Fred, and then I'll explain. Do you think this too cold?"

"No! perfection. A bit of that cauliflower, if you please. Now, then, about to-morrow."

"Why, Fred, this is *full* shooting, as we call it here; and, in the autumn, birds are not to be found in such swarms as in July—nevertheless, it is a very good year—there has been quite a sharp frost these last three nights, to the northward, and they are coming in fast. I have killed none to speak of yet, and not a gun but mine has been fired in the valley these two months. So I think we are pretty sure of sport. I shall kill from twenty-five to thirty cock off my own gun to-morrow, and Frank would do nearly as much, if he were up here. You, I suppose, will get fifteen—"

"Cool that, by Jupiter!" replied Fred Heneage—"why, I can beat Frank Forester like bricks!"

"You *could*—you mean to say—you *could* beat him three years ago in a Norfolk turnip field."

"Yes could I, or on a Scottish moor, or in an Irish bog."

"I dare say—I dare say," responded Harry, very coolly; "but you see, Fred, a Scottish moor and an Irish bog are vastly different things from a Yankee swamp, as you will find before you have been out an hour to-morrow. The first requires, I admit, the wind and sinews of a mountaineer, the pluck of a prize fighter, and the endurance of a Captain Barclay,—the second cannot be braved with impunity but by one who can 'bound from hag to hag,' as Scott has said it, 'like any Bilhope stag,' but the unstable bottom, the fallen trunks, the mossy tussocks under foot, the tangled vines and thorny briers woven in strange inextricable mazes about your knees and thighs, and even up to your breast and face, the dense impenetrable foliage over head, the impossibility of seeing your dog half the time, although he may be on a dead point ten feet from you—the necessity of firing nine shots out of ten, even when pointed, as if they were chance shots—of killing above half your birds, if you kill them at all, by firing on an instinctive calculation of their line, seeing them only 'with the eye of faith,' as poor J. Cypress, Jr. used to call it—all these things, and the farther fact that two at least of the winged game of these regions—the quail, namely, and the ruffed grouse—are the quickest and strongest on the wing, the hardest to hit at all, and the most difficult to stop by hitting of any birds that fly—make the odds so very great that the best English shot will bungle it cruelly for the first season; and if he shoot well on the second, I call him a right apt disciple. And so I say that if you *could* beat Frank like bricks three years ago, he can beat you three times as badly now. His first year he shot shamefully, though he, like you, had the advantage of beginning in the autumn, when most of the leaf was down. I, on the contrary, commenced in July, when every thing is in full leaf, and such a flush of foliage as you cannot conceive from any thing you ever saw at home. Now Frank shoots quite as well again as he did when he left home, and you will not shoot half as well as you did, at least for the first year—after that you will improve at once, and if you stay here three or four seasons you will astonish yourself when you get home, or, what is the same thing, when you by accident get any open shooting."

"Well, it may be so—I suppose it is, if you say so, but I don't know. Did you ever shoot badly here?"

"Not badly—no, Fred," answered Harry, "badly is not the word at all—infamously!—I shot infamously the first year."

"And do you really shoot better now than you did at home?—you were a good shot always."

"So much so that I very often think it would be impossible for me to miss a shot at all in partridge shooting, or one in six in battu. But come, we have got through our game. Timothy, look alive, man—bring the caviare, and devilled biscuits, and what will you have by way of tipple, Fred?—a bowl of mulled wine, or some hot rum punch? I've got some very old pine-apple rum, or simple whiskey toddy—the Ferintosh is undeniable, I tell you."

"Why, Harry, I believe the rum punch is the thing."

"Very well—see here, Timothy, hand this caviare to Mr. Heneage, and fill us out a thimble full a piece of that curious white cognlac; and then look sharp, and bring a tankard full of water screeching hot, and a flask of the rum from the second locker, a bottle of Scotch whiskey, sugar and lemons, and the cigar box. Now then, take a bit of the biscuit, Fred, and a taste of caviare—wash it down with that brandy—that *is* a curiosity; white brandy is rare in this country, but I imported this myself. And now, when Timothy comes back, we'll transplant ourselves to the chimney corner—have a small trivet just to hold our glasses and materials, and blow a cloud till bed time." Many minutes did not elapse before these preparations were effected, the supper table cleared, the smoking punch and toddy brewed to the several tastes of the companions, the choice manillas lighted, and a small cloud of thin gray smoke curling in lazy wreaths about the heads of either friend. For some brief space they sat in silence, both wrapped, as it appeared, in a voluptuous calm abstraction, the natural consequence perhaps of satiated appetite, aided by the soft influence of the soothing weed; but both in

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reality thinking, and that too rather deeply, on matters growing out of their late conversation. Harry was pondering in his mind whether of two beats would be the preferable for to-morrow; the one being by far the better for woodcock, but in bad rotten ground and exceedingly thick covert; the other much opener and easier shooting, but not by any means so favorite lying for the long billed birds of passage; while Heneage was ruminating on all that he had heard, and marveling not a little, and half doubtful whether he was not the subject of some wilful mystification, touching American field sports on the part of his companion. After awhile, however, he raised his eyes to a large and fine oil painting which hung over the fire-place, and which, from the accidental position of both the argand lamps on one—and that the right—end of the mantle-piece, was clearly visible in its best light. At first his eyes fell on it by mere chance, and then were riveted by the grand massing of the light and shadow, before he had so much as observed the subject of the painting. He was then on the point of speaking, and asking his friend something of the artist, when an idea struck him, and he examined it, not with a critic's only, but with a sportsman's eye; for, like most of the decorations of Harry's shooting box, it was connected with those matters that were for the most part uppermost in the mind of the owner. It was a large and nobly executed piece—a view of a narrow woodland lane expanding in the foreground of the piece into an open meadow, where it was closed by a set of strong timber bars. The wood and winding lane were actually natural—the gnarled and mossy trunks of the large trees just gilded on their western edges by the ruddy beams of the declining sun, the rich autumnal foliage over head here opening to let in long penciled rays of livid yellow lustre, there blackening into twilight shades, impervious to the strongest light; the mossy greensward checkered with slant gleams and long shadows, and the sandy lane most naturally varying from the brighest tints of ochre to the deepest umber, as it was touched by sunshine, or overhung by heavy foliage. The left hand foreground of the picture was occupied by a tall oak, its deep brown coppery umbrage casting a massive gloom over the earth below it, while here and there a flickering glance of gold glinted on its rough bolt between the sere leaves. In the front of this, brought into strong and papable relief, for it was in broad light, stood a stout built gray pony, with a long tail and heavy tangled mane, looking out of the corner of his eye with a half vicious glance, as if more than half inclined to kick at a small spaniel, which seemed to be tickling his forelegs by the feathery motion of his thick silky tail. A saddle lay ungirt by the dog, with all its trappings, crupper and stirrups and surcingle, cast in disorder on the ground, as it had been flung down by the smock-frocked urchin who leaned against the rails, holding the bridle carelessly in one hand thrust under his frock, and watching the actions of the principal personage, a stout, athletic man, with shooting jacket, game bag, boots and leather leggins, who was employed a little way advanced before the rest in smoothing down the feathers of a superb cock-pheasant, which he was holding up by the neck with his right hand, its varying and gorgeous hues glittering and glowing in rare mimicry of life. A large hare and small rabbit hung by their heels from the top rails of the fence, while a great pile of game, composed of hares and pheasants only, was heaped up at the sportsman's feet, his double barreled gun leaning against a post in the extreme right foreground, a bright and golden glitter falling upon the yellow bank and the light foliage of the bushes just behind it, and sleeping lovingly upon the sere and faded herbage that lay below, with every blade of grass, and shivered stick, and small white pebble, laughing out all distinct and sharp in the soft sunset. No words, however, can describe, so as to convey an idea of its *vraisemblance*, its strong reality, and truthfulness, that noble picture; and Harry Archer, as he observed his friend, whom he knew to be an amateur and connoisseur of no mean judgment or ability, said nothing, but, supposing only that he was admiring its very visible and striking beauties, relapsed into his own revery, from which he was aroused at length by a loud burst of laughter from Fred Heneage. Looking up, not amazed a little at this sudden interruption, he was encountered by an expression so funnily and joyously triumphant in the face of Fred, that he too was constrained to laugh, as he asked,

"What now—what the devil 's in the wind now, Heneage?"

"So you 've been humbugging as usual—stuffing me—at your old tricks—hang it!—but I 'll pay you for it."

"Now what *do* you mean in the name of all that 's wonderful?" Harry exclaimed, himself quite mystified. "I have not stuffed you; and, in truth, I cannot even guess what you are driving at."

"Oh! no—not you, I warrant you—here you 've been cramming me all night about ruffed grouse, and quail, and *wood* ducks, and Heaven only knows what else; and making me cut snipe under the name of woodcock—though they were mighty large snipe, I must acknowledge—just for the sake of cramming me that woodcock in America were not woodcock. I suppose you think I have never read about pheasant shooting in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and partridge shooting in Virginia and New York. But no you don't—no you don't, master judge! I am not to be had to night!"

"Faith! but you *are* had pretty thoroughly. Oh! how I wish Frank Forester were here—but I 'll tell him—I 'll tell him if I die for it, and he shall cook it up for some of the magazines, that 's poz. But how did you find out that you were had, Fred?"

"Why, I tell you, I have read books about America, if I never have been here before, and I *know* that there are pheasants in Pennsylvania, and partridges in New York and Virginia."

"Well, well, I grant that—I grant that—but did you chance to read, too, that the partridge of New York is *not* the partridge of Virginia—and farther yet, that the partridge of New York *is* the pheasant of Pennsylvania, and New Jersey? And farther, once

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again, that neither the partridge of New York nor the partridge of Virginia is a partridge at all—nor the pheasant of any place on this side the Atlantic a pheasant?"

"No, Harry, I never *did* read that—and you may just as well stop stuffing me, when I sit here with the proof of your villany before my eyes."

"Where, Fred—where is the proof—hang me if I know where you are in the least!—where *is* the proof?"

"Why this is too much! Do you think I'm blind, man—there!—there in that picture!—don't I see pheasants there, and hares too?"

"Oh! yes, Fred—yes, indeed!" shouted Archer, choking down a convulsive laugh that would burst out at times almost overpowering him. "Yes, that is it, certainly—and those *are* hares and pheasants—and that 's a right smart Jersey trotter, I some guess—a critter that can travel like a strick—and the boy holding him—that 's a Long Island nigger, now I calkilate,—oh, ya—as! and that 's a Yorker on a gunnin' scrape, stringin' them pheasants! ya—as;" and he spoke with so absurd an imitation and exaggeration of the Yankee twang and drawl, that he set Honeage laughing, though he was still more than half indignant.

"No!" he said, when he recovered himself a little, —"no, I did n't say that—the boy is not a nigger."

"A white nigger, I some think!" responded Archer, still on the broad grin.

"No, not a nigger at all—and that does *not* look much like an American fast trotter either—nor has that man much the cut of a New Yorker."

"No. I should think not *very much*. Negroes are not for the most part white—and, as *you* say, American trotters have not *in general* quite so much hair about their fetlocks, or quite such lion manes—it might do for a Canadian, though—but then unluckily they are not apt to be white!—and certainly you might travel from Eastport to Green Bay and not meet a man with laced half boots and English leggins, unless you chanced to stumble on your most obedient; and as to a blue Leicester smock-frock, such as that lad has got on, there most unquestionably is not such a thing on this side the Atlantic—but never mind, Fred, never mind. That gray cob is quite as much like Ripton or Americus, and that little fat faced chaw bacon *is* as much like a Long Island nigger, and that broad shouldered Yorkshire gamekeeper more like a New York gunner, than those long-tailed, green-headed, golden-breasted pheasants to any American fowl, be he called what he may. Why Heaven preserve your wits, Fred! That is an English picture, by an exceeding clever Royal Academician. See!—Fred, you must have heard of him! 'A Day in the Woods' he called it, and a right good day's work he has made of it. Now, listen to me; there is not one wild bird or beast in America, unless it be a few ducks, that is precisely similar to its European congeners. The woodcock is a distinct variety, *Scolopax minor*, rarely exceeding eight and *never* eleven ounces—he is red breasted, and is in the northern states a summer bird of passage; coming early in the spring, sometimes before the snow is off the ground, laying, rearing its young, and going off when the winter sets in to the rice fields, and warm wet swamps of Georgia and the Carolinas. The bird called in the eastern states the partridge, and every where southward and westward of New Jersey the pheasant, is, in reality, a grouse—the ruffed or tippet *grouse*—*Tetrao umbellus*—a feather-legged, pine-haunting, mountain-loving bird, found in every state. I believe, of the Union, in the Canadas, and even up to Labrador. There are many other grouse in North America, of which none are found in the states except the great abundance in Long Island, New Jersey, and the *pinnated grouse*, or prairie fowl, formerly found in northeastern parts of Pennsylvania, though on Long Island it is now quite extinct, and nearly so in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. They are still killed on Martha's Vineyard, a little island off the coast of Massachusetts, where they are now very rigorously preserved; and in Ohio, Illinois, and all the western states, they literally swarm on the prairies. The *spruce grouse*, a small and very rare kind, is found in Maine occasionally, and in a portion of New York, between the head waters of the Hudson and the Canada frontier. Four or five other species are found in Labrador, and on the Rocky Mountains, but none of these, though well known to the ornithologist, can be included in the sportsman's list of game. The partridge of Virginia is the quail of New York; commonly known as *perdix Virginiana*—though of late there has been a stiff controversy as to his name and genus. It is proved, I believe, beyond cavil, that he is not exactly a quail, nor a partridge either, but a sort of half-way link between them; the modern naturalists call him an *ortyx*—a very silly name, by the way! since it is only the Greek for quail, to which he is in truth the more nearly connected. His habits are far more like those of the quail than of the partridge, and he should be called quail in the vernacular. If you want to get at the merits of this case, I will lend you a book, written by my old friend, J. Cypress, Jr., and edited by Frank Forester, in which you will find the controversy I have mentioned. These three birds we shall kill to-morrow, and you will be convinced of the truth of what I tell you. Properly speaking, there is no rabbit in America—the small gray fellow, who is commonly so called, sits in a form, and never burrows, nor does he live in congregations—while the large fellow, who is found only in the eastern states, and some parts of New York and Jersey, turns white in winter, and is in fact a variety of the Alpine Hare. The first, I dare say, we may kill to-morrow, certainly *not* the latter. The snipe, moreover, which is called *English*, to distinguish him from all the thousand varieties of sandpipers, shore birds, and plovers, which are called *bay snipe*, indiscriminately; and from the woodcock, which the country folks call *mud* snipe, *blind* snipe, and *big-headed* snipe, just as their fancy prompts, is *not*—so say the ornithologists, —exactly the same bird as his English brother; although his habits, cry, feeding ground, and so forth, are exactly similar, except, by-the-by, that here he perches on trees sometimes."

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"Heavens and earth, what a whopper!" interrupted Heneage.

"Just so I told Sam B—d—t when he told me so six years ago, and ten days afterward I saw it myself, in company with Mike Sanford. Bill R——, of Newark, knows it right well, and has seen them do so himself, and so does Frank!"

"You be hanged!" answered Fred.

"You think so now," said Harry, "but you'll know better one of these days. Mean time I have about finished my yarn. All I have got to say more is, that the only birds I have found precisely similar here and in England are the mallard and duck—the teal, which is called here the green-winged, in contradiction to our garganey, which these folks call the blue-winged, teal. And now, ring the bell, and fill up a fresh glass of punch." So said so done; and, ere the tumbler was replenished, Tim made his entry.

"Now, Tim," said Archer, "we shall want breakfast before day break—say half past five o'clock. Do you drink tea or coffee, Fred—oh, either—very well, then black tea, Timothy—dry toast—no hot meat—that cold quail pie will do. The double wagon, with Lucifer and Pluto, at six precisely—we shall want Dick to bring the nags home, and you to go with us. Some luncheon in the game bag—the flasks all filled. I will shoot over Sancho and Jem Crow and Shot tomorrow—do you understand?"

"Ay, ay! sur," answered Tim, and exit.

"And now, Fred, this is your bed-room—all 's right, I fancy—you shall be called at five to-morrow, and, please the pigs, I 'll let you know, and that before sunset, that a day's tramping in the swamps of Warwick is quite another thing from our friend Lee's 'Day in the Woods.'"

MARRIAGE A LA MORT.

A PASSAGE FROM THE ANNALS OF THE REIGN OF TERROR.

BY W. E. BURTON.

CHAPTER I.

THE RETREAT.

In the gray of the morning of Christmas Day, in the year 1793, a young man, in the ordinary costume of a French peasant, with a bright red handkerchief bound round his head, stepped cautiously from a bushy shelter on the summit of a precipitous cliff that banked the current of the river Loire. His attention had been aroused by a slight splashing of the water below, and he vainly endeavored to distinguish in the rising mist the cause of his alarm. He poised a huge and rusty musket on his knee, drew his nail across the edge of the flint and loosened the caked powder that filled the pan. In a few moments, a man was seen swimming in the river's brink, and endeavoring to find a foothold among the rocks; he had scarcely effected his hazardous landing, ere the watcher, having descended the cliff, hailed him in the rude *patois* of Bretagne.

The swimmer paused, gazed anxiously around, and fell exhausted on the beach.

"Here, Jean Brive," shouted the watcher, "leave your hiding place in the bush—crawl down, and help me to assist a brother unfortunate."

Another figure appeared descending the cliff: a frightful wound deformed his youthful face, and streaks of gore stained his dress.

The historical reader will at once perceive that our actors are fugitive Vendeans from the fatal battle of Savenai.

"Peste!" exclaimed the swimmer, as he revived under the exertions of his comrades, "had the Loire been fifty yards wider I should, by this time, have been feeding its fishes. 'Tis a perilous swim on a wintry day."

"But why cross the river at this point, so far from the field of battle? We must travel along the northern bank, on our road to Nantes, to avoid the numerous streamlets that intersect this shore."

"Why, then, are you here?" said Raoul Moyse, the new comer. "How were you enabled to cross the Loire in the neighborhood of Savenai, when our whole force were not sufficient to command the pass?"

"We jumped into a ferry boat that was leaving the shore, during the thickest part of the pursuit. We thought we were unobserved, but the cowardly blue coats fired after us, although the rest of the passengers were women and children. One of the hired slaves of the covention, a dragoon, dashed his horse into the river, and swam some distance after the boat. We could easily have stopped his progress, but the girls pressed round us, and held our arms. The ruffian fired into the group, and killed a lovely creature—one who had been most earnest to save his life. We fired in return, and the dragoon, and the nobler brute, the horse, both sunk beneath the stream."

"You were right, André Bezas, in crossing the river at your earliest chance. The northern shore swarms with legions of the blues. I have been hunted by the demons during the entire night; and when the first glimpse of light exhibited a body of the enemy in advance on the east, I resolved to attempt the passage of the Loire, dangerous as it was, rather than run the risk of falling into the hands of the butchers."

A consultation was then held by the trio, respecting the method of procedure, when it was resolved to

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throw away their muskets, to avoid the banks of the river, to make a detour to the southeast, till they struck upon the only great road in the Bocage,* leading from Rochelle to Nantes. A passage on this road, by unarmed peasants, would not be a suspicious event; but, in case the troops of the convention were likely to be troublesome, a knowledge of the by-ways of the Bocage would enable the Vendeans in a few days to strike the river to the east of the city of Nantes, when, descending the stream in a market boat, they could not be suspected of participation in a battle fought many miles to the west, should the authorities deem it necessary to interfere.

"I can promise you both shelter," said Jean Brive, the man with the gash in his face, "should we gain the city. My sister, Pernelle, inhabits a small house built on the ruins of the old ramparts. The remains of a covered way pass under the house to an unexplored extent; at all events, there is room for a couple of runaway Vendeans, and I'll be bound that Pernelle will not let us starve."

"What reason can you assign for returning without your youngest sister, the pretty Benoite?"

"Pernelle knows why Benoite followed our people into the field. Patriotism is a pretty excuse for the love of a dashing young officer. Guillaume Roland has received a violent hurt—Benoite hastened to tend his wounds; and if he is captured by the enemy, she will not hesitate to share his imprisonment."

The hardy Vendeans proceeded to put their plan into execution. The wounds of Jean Brive were washed and bandaged—he had received the thrust of a pike in one of his cheeks, and a carbine bullet had gone through the flesh of his arm—yet he scorned to complain, and cheerfully essayed the long and toilsome march. A rough cross was erected by the river side; prayers were addressed to the Savior, and the aid of the Virgin Mary claimed in their behalf. A scant breakfast was extracted from the knapsack of André Bezas, and the trio set forth with cheerful and resolved minds. Their muskets were detained until they neared the great road, when a farmer gladly filled their knapsacks with the best of provisions in exchange for their arms. In due time they reached the city of Nantes, and, with but little difficulty, gained the friendly roof of Pernelle Brive.

CHAPTER II.

THE PRO-CONSUL OF THE CONVENTION.

After the disastrous battle of La Mans and Savenai, which occurred within a few days of each other, the Vendean chiefs meditated a concentration at Nantes, and the discomfited royalists hastened to obey their leaders. The republican troops offered no opposition to the progress of the sons of the Bocage, and thousands of the fugitives gathered together in the capital of the old duchy of Bretagne. But the emissaries of the Convention had possession of the plans of the royalist, and the Nantese authorities gave up the control of the city to a pro-consul sent from Paris with power to punish and to slay. The Vendean fugitives were arrested, and the jails were crowded with their thousand victims.

"Jean Baptiste Carrier, the pro-consul, might, to quote the language of Sir Walter Scott, "have summoned hell to match his cruelty without a demon venturing to answer his challenge." He was originally a low, unprincipled attorney in one of the Auvernoise villages, and early distinguished himself by his ferocious conduct during the various movements of the Revolution. He joyfully accepted the mission to Nantes, and bade his colleagues mark the energy of his acts. Informal trials gave his victims to the guillotine in daily crowds; the inhabitants wept at the unprecedented slaughter, but the insatiate Carrier grumbled at the inanity of his death dealings, and dispensing with all show of trial, doomed thousands to the grave.

Collot d' Herbois, Joseph Lebon, Maignet Robespierre—nay, the whole mass of the sanguinary ruffians of the Revolution were excelled in individual cruelty by this Carrier. Anecdotes of occasional mercy, of minute workings of human nature, of irresolution in the execution of their dreadful deeds, are related of many of the most conspicuous among the blood-stained crowd; but not a single point can be urged in Carrier's favor. He lavished death with a *gôut* that characterized him alone; blood seemed necessary to relish his daily bread; and the workings of an active imagination were employed to vary the monotonous doings of the executioner—to excite and gratify the appetite that reveled with a fiend's delight in the annihilation of his fellow creatures.

The three Vendean soldiers were concealed in the covered way of the old ramparts by the girl, Pernelle Brive, at the hazard of her life. This heroic creature obtained a poor living by trimming the better kind of hats of Nantese manufacture, famous throughout the west of France. Her scanty means were unable to furnish the additional food required by the new comers; and she was ultimately compelled to state her impossibility of providing another meal. It was resolved that one of the party should venture from the place of concealment, and, in disguise, perambulate the city, to obtain, if possible, the means of existence for his starving comrades.

The choice fell upon André Bezas, who returned empty-handed from his day's stroll. He had been unable to procure the requisite change of clothing to effect a perfect disguise; he was therefore fearful of venturing in the crowded avenues, lest he should be recognized by the busy foe. He was too proud to beg, and too honest to rob, even for the bread of life.

Jean Brive's wounded face was reckoned too remarkable to be trusted in the public streets. The

* *Le Bocage*, a little wood, or grove, is the name given to an extensive district comprising the choicest portions of the departments of La Vendee, the Lower Loire, the Mayenne and the Loire, and the Two Sevres. The whole of this country is woody, though there are not many large forests. The fields are small, enclosed with live hedges, interspersed with large trees. There is but one great road in the Bocage, as above stated, but cross roads leading to the public road from Tours to Poictiers, are innumerable. A by-way, or cross road, which serves also for the bed of a brook, may be found at the end of every field. A traveler cannot fail being bewildered in this endless labyrinth of muddy ways.

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third peasant, Raoul Moyse, unwillingly went forth, with many an oath, upon the necessary but fearful task. He returned with a basket of the choicest food—with a hamper of wine—with a purse of gold! He refused to explain to his comrades the cause of his success; and, despite their honest cautions, boldly ventured to walk the busiest streets at all hours of the day.

Pernelle Brive was a well-made buxom lass, and her cheerful looks and kind attentions made a powerful impression on the plastic mind of André Bezas. The horror of the times had driven the timid Cupid from the haunts of men; but in the damp recesses of the ancient war paths the little god found welcome. André told his amorous plaint in the secrecy of his dark hiding place, and saw not the blush that irradiated Pernelle's brown cheek when she listened to his welcome tale of love. Her brother gave his sanction to André's claim, and the willing maiden consented to bestow her hand whenever her lover dared boldly to claim his prize.

Raoul Moyse had also beheld the ruddy beauties of Pernelle with an amorous eye, and scrupled not to prefer his claim. He offered her a variety of choicest trinkets—jewels that the richest of the Nantese ladies might have worn with pride—but the honest girl rejected his present and his vows. The fellow pointed to the tri-colored cockade, which he had been compelled to assume in his disguise, and, with a grin of peculiar malignity, went forth into the crowded square.

CHAPTER III.

THE CARNAGE.

Few persons in the Vendean army knew the particulars of Raoul's life. He claimed La Vendee as his birth place, and it was known that he had done good service to the cause. One of the small islands on the western coast was in fact his natal spot; and for many years he belonged to a gang of desperate wreckers that haunted the troubled shores of the Bay of Biscay. When the civil war first reared its head in La Vendee, he joined the banner of the royalists at the command of a *seigneur*, to whom he had been obliged for protection in more than one of his suspicious deeds. The excitement of a soldier's life gratified his active disposition; and, as the peculiar mode of warfare adopted by the Vendeans permitted him to change his leader at his will, he rambled from post to post unquestioned, and at last achieved a character for patriotism and bravery.

On the day when he first quitted the vaults to seek for food, he encountered one of his brother islanders, who was then high in command in the army of the Convention, and deep in the confidence of Carrier, the pro-consul of the doomed city. Raoul kept his own secret, and his friend made him an offer of service. Ere the day had passed, Raoul was an officer in Carrier's own corps—a corps composed of Parisian thieves, convicts released from jail, galley slaves, the refuse of the provincial cities, the scum of the Revolutionary army—the executioners of rapine and of murder!

It has been remarked among the peculiarities attending the doings of the Reign of Terror, that timid and tender-hearted men became, without any stage of intermission, the most blood-thirsty and ferocious in their acts, when possessed of power over their fellow creatures. A score of names may be cited as authorities. Raoul Moyse had never exhibited any powerful traits of a sanguinary nature during the exterminating contest in which he had been engaged; but, when appointed to a command among the ruffian corps, he emulated the bloody fame of Carrier himself.

On the morning of the twenty-first of January, 1794, Carrier was standing in one of the public squares of Nantes, superintending the execution of nearly two hundred human beings of all ages. The condemned were placed in columns, to be mowed down by grape shot—in fine, to be murdered by the musketry of his pets, as he denominated the assassins under his command. The word was given—the cannon roared—a band of music struck up a gay and martial air, to drown the victims' shrieks. The musketeers poured in their fire—the cavalry dashed in among the dying and the dead, and, with their sabres, cut the maimed sufferers to the earth. The servile wretches that composed the staff of Carrier turned pale with horror and affright. A smile of triumph lighted the eyes of the chief demon of the group, and his thin lips quivered with joy.

An old man, a decrepit, time-bowed wretch, with a seamed and wrinkled face, and long white hair, now dabbled with his blood, escaped the aim of the marksmen with a flesh wound, and skillfully parried with his staff the sabre of the dragoon who tried to cut him down. He staggered to the feet of Carrier, and implored, not mercy, but time for one brief prayer to God!

"There is no God!" said the atheist, with a sneer. "The Convention has decreed that there is no God!—prayer therefore would be a waste of time."

Two of Carrier's ruffians drove their bayonets into the old man's body, as he knelt at Carrier's feet.

The old man started up, and his life-blood trickled unchecked from his gaping wounds. His piping treble seemed changed to the rich, full voice of his youth, as he said—

"I stand on the threshold of eternity! There is a God! He has summoned me to his presence, and I summon thee to meet me there ere another year be added to thy life!"*

For a moment the old man wavered as he stood. A smile enlivened his worn and pallid lineaments; the vividness of death passed away, and he dropped motionless at Carrier's feet.

The group stood aghast! The chief placed his foot upon the old man's corse, and, taking a pinch of snuff, quietly exclaimed—

"My pets must be looked to—they are becoming careless, or this poor wretch would not have escaped to

* Carrier closed his infamous life upon the scaffold within a year from the date of the massacre at Nantes. Upward of thirty thousand persons perished during his pro-consulship at Nantes.

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trouble us with his nonsense. Take care, gentlemen, or your feet will get wet;" and he pointed to the creeping gore of the old man as it was winding its little stream among his murderers as they stood.

"The soldiers are too well paid," said Raoul Moyse. "We have difficulties innumerable in keeping them to their duties. Women and wine will ruin them."

"Ah, they must have wine—their business requires it. The women will but soften their hearts. Let every *fille de joie* in Nantes be arrested, and their gallants shall shoot them down here, in open day, in my presence. This is not a time for love making."

The horrors of that day ended not with the slaughter of the people by the soldiery; the guillotine pursued its unceasing work upon the quay, and a stream of blood filled the kennels of the street. The assistant executioners refused to proceed; they were worn out with fatigue. The chief executioner, a man gray in the service of the law, once more ascended the scaffold. He was to slay a group of women and children! Babes at the breast were there—girls budding into womanhood, the teeming wife, the widow, and the matron, alike unconscious of a crime to either God or man.

The executioneer refused to slay again. His trade was death, but he was a father—a husband! He went home, and died that night from horrible agony of mind!

The city authorities remonstrated with the proconsul, but he threatened them with the guillotine, and issued an edict forbidding, on pain of death, any interference on behalf of the accused.

The legion of ruffians that constituted the corps of military executioners, had been despatched on errands of rapine and murder to several of the chateaux near Nantes. The regular troops refused to fire upon the untried victims, and rumors of dissatisfaction among the officers were currently afloat. Colonel Legare, a man of influence with the Convention, was desired to have his men in parade order in the University Square early the next morning.

"Citizen Carrier," was the reply, "let me advise you to wait till your own hang-dogs are at leisure. My men are soldiers, not executioners; they have expressed a pretty bold opinion of passing events. I am under your command; my men are at the disposal of my will. If you desire it, I shall parade them in the morning; but if they are ordered to fire, I cannot be answerable for the destination of their bullets."

It was at this moment, when the stream of blood seemed almost checked in its course, that Raoul Moyse stepped forward, and bound the pro-consul in the ties of service. He volunteered his aid in working the guillotine; he suggested other plans of extermination, and undertook the control of Carrier's proudest manœuvre, the establishment of the Noyades, a scheme that was to be attempted that evening for the first time.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NOYADES.

The *curés* of the various *seigneuries* in La Vendee were of much importance in these intestine struggles, and ranked, in the estimation of the peasantry, with the leaders of the partisan bands. Throughout the Bocages the worthy pastors espoused the side of the royalists; and, having incited their flocks to action, accompanied the levies into the field of battle. Nearly a hundred of these reverend victims filled the walls of *L'Entrepôt*, and Carrier resolved to make their fate an example to the ministers of the repudiated creed. He sneered at their threats of excommunication; the Convention had abolished the Catholic religion, by its decree of the tenth of November, when the worship of Reason was imposed upon the true republican. The dominion of the new goddess was characteristically short—for, in the ensuing May, the Convention deemed it necessary to issue a public acknowledgment of the existence of a Supreme Being!

But while Carrier despised the tenets of the priests, he pretended to dread their ecclesiastical influence; he promised to rescue them from the hands of the Convention—to enable them to cross the Loire on the road to their beloved La Vendee—desiring only the prayers of the holy men as a reward.

Raoul Moyse was intrusted with the care of the embarkation. The moon gave a brilliancy to the stone-walled buildings as he journeyed from the ramparts toward the jail. He still dwelt with the maiden Pernelle; for her charms yet held possession of his heart. On the steps, and beneath the walls of the jail, in the shade of the ancient trees—wherever, in fact, a glimpse of the prison windows could be obtained—sat hundreds of women, watching with the fond agony of love, for a sight—a glance only—of the husbands, fathers, sons, brothers and lovers, who were immured within the cells. The whips of the jailers, who several times essayed to clear the avenue—the bayonets of the guard—the piercing blasts of a January night—were all alike unheeded. Many victims were picked from the groups and thrust into noisome cells, to await a certain death, for uttering treasonous expressions—but the body of the watchers moved not; their all of love, of life, was locked within the jail, and the trusting heart of woman heeded not the pains of self.

The midnight bell sounded, and Raoul led the procession of the expectant *curés* from the portals of the jail. A spacious open barge awaited them below the range of lengthy bridges that span the bosom of the Loire. Raoul, from his coast-born experience, had arranged the manner of the proceeding with a cunning that defied defeat. He entered a boat with half a dozen of his island comrades, and towed the barge to the very centre of the stream. Casting off the tow-rope, he passed his boat along the side of the barge, and removed various plugs which projected a few inches below the water-mark. The departure of the boat for the city shore, and the rushing of the water into the barge, told the unhappy priests their doom. A wild shriek gave vent to their despair—it was answered by a shout from the murderous Carrier and his staff. A silence of a few awful moments then ensued, when the solemn peal of "Jubilate" ascended from the doomed barge, and continued to swell the echoes of the night, till a sudden silence following a rushing surge, told the end of La Vendee's holy sons.

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The success of this scheme delighted Carrier; it was repeated nightly, till the river was gorged with dead. Flocks of ill-omened birds hovered over the city, and were seen on the banks of the Loire tearing and devouring the putrid corses of the drowned. The municipal authorities forbad the introduction of the river fish in the markets; the doctors declared that the waters were infected with the putridity of the slain; and famine threatened its severest trials. The farmers dreaded contact with the horrors of the city, and refused to supply the markets with the produce of the land.

Carrier proceeded with his exterminations. The thousands of citizens who had been sacrificed, had left behind them several hundreds of orphan children. The Nantese would have adopted them, but Carrier determined to crush the spawn of the viper with the viper's self. Above six hundred children, all of them under the age of fourteen years, were assembled in the quarries of Gigan; the artillery were ordered to fire upon this group of innocents. The gunners had not sufficiently depressed their pieces, and the balls dashed out the brains of a few of the tallest victims, but touched not the multitude. The children rushed forward ere the cannon could again be loaded; they clung to the knees of the soldiery; they screamed for life and liberty—but Carrier let loose his pets, and the poor infants were bayoneted and sabred as they stood. The soldiers refused to bury the remains of these murdered children; a superstitious dread infected even the boldest of the ruffians; and the corses were left above ground to rot, and taint the air. An epidemic raged with fearful violence; but the murderers halted not in their career; hundreds of victims were stabbed in the cells of the prisons, and their carcases were thrown into the streets.

CHAPTER V.

THE IDIOT GIRL.

The destruction of the *filles-de-joie* consummated the deeds of horror conceived by the demon Carrier. Above three hundred of these unfortunates, divested of every particle of clothing, were driven at the bayonet's point into the river, in open daylight. The banks of the Loire were crowded with the pro-consul's ruffians, who fired at the females that succeeded in struggling toward the shore. The pets grumbled audibly at being compelled to murder their mistresses; but Carrier quieted them by allowing each revolutionary soldier the privilege of selecting a wife, at will, from the crowds of the *noyades* that were daily doomed.

Raoul Moyse, who was termed by Carrier *le grand amiral*, conducted in person, under the pro-consul's supervision, the whole of these hideous details. At one point of the quay the drowned bodies were washed into a heap, and one of the girls struggled with the water till she attained a seat on the corses of her companions. She soon attracted the attention of the soldiery by the extravagance of her actions. It was evident that her sense of reason had departed—a dozen muskets were leveled at her, when the voice of command was given by Raoul, and the gibbering idiot was borne ashore.

Raoul placed the rescued female in a covered *fourgon*, and drove to the house of Pernelle Brive. A few words of explanation sufficed; she recognized in the idiot the person of her sister Benotte, who had accompanied the royalists in their perilous campaign.

The history of this poor girl, and it is a matter-of-fact narration, combines a singular mixture of devoted love, courage and superstition. She had placed her affections on Guillaume Roland, a handsome domestic in the service of the seigneur or lord of the domain. He feasted with her at *les villes*, sat in the same pew at church, and danced with her on the Sabbath evenings. When the tocsin sounded, she determined to follow her lover to the wars. Previous to the disastrous battle of La Mans, Guillaume received a severe kick from a horse, and was unable to share in the perils of the war. The faithful Benotte, strong in her virtuous love, sat by the side of his cottage couch, and listened to the clamors of the battle field. The victory was gained by the republicans; the owner of the cottage fled from his home in fear, but Benotte refused to quit the guardianship of the man she loved.

The priests of the Bocage, with the peculiar licence of their creed, had promised miracles in support of their cause. The war was for a holy purpose, inasmuch as the first cause of dissatisfaction in La Vendee was the removal of the *curés* to make place for the creatures of the Convention. A joyful resurrection was to be the fate of all who fell in this sacred fight; the understanding of the peasantry gave but one well-known meaning to the phrase, and the pastors confirmed the people in the error. In three days the slain warrior was to rise again from the dead!

Benotte gazed on her wounded lover, and feared that he would die. His hurt had not been received in battle; the enemies of his party had not dealt the blow; he had no claim to the honors of martyrdom, and dare not anticipate a restoration to life. Flying parties of the blue-coated troops of the Convention were seen searching the adjacent wood for the defeated Vendeans. A thought darted across her mind, and the ignorant and superstitious girl received it as an emanation from Heaven—would it not ensure the future life of her beloved Guillaume if she could induce the Republican soldiers to slay him in his weakness—as an enemy—a warrior in the holy cause? Her determination was soon made. She loaded her lover's musket, and with a cool and deliberate aim, fired from the window at a party of the enemy who were passing within a few yards of the cottage. She saw a soldier fall. She dropped the musket, and hid herself beneath the bed, unheeding the feeble inquiries of the alarmed Guillaume. In one minute the blue-coats burst into the cottage; the musket on the floor told the tale; and Benotte heard the discharge of the gun that announced the fate of her lover; his death struggles shook the bed above her, as he writhed under the thrusts of the soldiers' bayonets.

With a throbbing heart, Benotte gazed at the mutilated form of him she loved. His manly features were sadly mangled by the furious dongs of the enemy, but she wiped the gore from his wounds, and sat down satisfied with the result of her plan. It was

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a piteous sight to behold that fond but erring creature, confiding absolutely in the promise of her priest, watching for many a weary hour in the dull chamber of that lonely hut, for the advent of the returning spirit of her beloved one. On the evening of the third day, having removed every trace of blood from the chamber, she illuminated the little room of the cottage, and donning her prettiest gown and showiest *toque*, awaited the resuscitation of that cold and scarred corse. The night was passed in excitement bordering on delirium, and when the morning sun convinced her that the flesh's decay forbad the possibility of restoration to life, her overworked imagination gave way; the dreadful nature of her act rushed upon her mind, and she fled from the hut a careless idiot.

How she contrived to reach the city could never be discovered. She was seen rambling about the streets on the night the girls were arrested, and with them she was thrust into the common jail.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MARRIAGE IN DEATH.

"I have saved your sister from a dreadful death, Pernelle," said Raoul Moyse. "I have kept secret the hiding place of the smooth spoken André Bezas, lest his discovery should affect the safety of your brother Jean, and do an injury to you. I have done all this, at the imminent risk of my own life, to win your love. Shall I not be paid for my labor?"

Pernelle knew not what to say. Raoul spoke the truth; but with the patriotic daring of a Vendean she despised the traitor, and wished to tell him so.

"The nation *must* rule the few, an 't were folly longer for the Vendeans to contend with the army of the Convention. Persuade Jean to join with me in service to Carrier. I stand high in his favor. I am rich. I have made some handsome pickings lately; and am to command a party of investigation about to proceed to Painboeuf. I love you—will make you happy—"

"Happy, and the wife of a common executioner! Love a man crimsoned with the blood of his countrymen! Wed a traitor and a murderer! I would sooner die the horrid death from which you rescued yonder senseless girl."

"Come, come, Pernelle, you know not what you say. What if I leave the service of Carrier?"

"Raoul, I never can be yours. My hand is sworn to André Bezas, a man I am not ashamed to love."

Raoul strode rapidly from the house. His plans of revenge were speedily formed. He would denounce the whole party to Carrier—the fugitive Vendeans would be instantly doomed to death, and the girl Pernelle would grace the list of the *noyades* for having harbored the rebellious peasants.

"Let the men drown—I care not. I can demand the girl as my wife, even on the river's brink. They must give her to me, and she dare not refuse my claim."

In the course of the next hour, Pernelle Brive and her idiot sister, her wounded brother, and the brave André, were stretched on the rotten straw of the crowded jail.

The privilege granted by Carrier to each republican soldier, of saving the life of any woman that pleased his fancy, even at the gate of death, was much practiced by the *sans culottes* of the Loire; and many a lovely daughter of a noble house was torn from the side of her dying parents to receive the embraces of their murderers. With demoniac mirth, Carrier resolved to extend the mockery of marriage to the whole body of the Noyades. A young girl and aged priest were stripped and tied together; they received a nuptial benediction; and amid the shouts of the soldiery were thrust into the waves. The most opposite and ill-assorted matches excited the loudest mirth—the death shrieks of the doomed were lost in the laughter of the executioners.

"A lovely morning this for a water party!" said Raoul Moyse, as he stepped aboard the bateau with his victims. "Come, cheer up, citizens; do not look so gloomy on your wedding-day."

Despite this attempt at *jolâtrerie*, Raoul was unable to meet the calm gaze of the maid Pernelle, or encounter the stern but honest looks of his former companions in arms.

Carrier had given orders to prepare a large vessel for the reception of this party of Noyades, and in compliance with the requisition of the municipality, the craft was moored some distance below the city bridges, in the deepest water of the Loire. Above two hundred of the doomed were to be immured in the hold of this vessel; the hatches were to be fastened down, and the waters were to be admitted by means of holes previously prepared in the sides of the ship.

The sun shone cheerily, and the ripples of the river gave their silver edges merrily to the light, as boat succeeded boat, in delivering their freights of human suffering to the care of the officer commanding the larger craft. Raoul Moyse handed his party up the vessel's side, and whispering in Pernelle's ear, said—

"I have brought you thus far, Pernelle, on the way to death, that you may more deeply appreciate the value of my interference. I claim you as my wife. Nothing else can save you from instant annihilation. Bid your brother and sister farewell, and hasten back with me."

Pernelle threw herself into the manacled arms of her lover André, and said, "I would rather die."

"I have no time to lose with this sickly sentiment," said Raoul. "Take this woman back to the boat—I claim her as my wife. Tie this wounded man to his idiot sister—such unions are not forbidden in our marriage code. Couple this scowling fellow with the old hag in yonder boat. My friend André is anxious to be wedded; and as I am depriving him of one wife, it is but honorable that I should provide him with another."

Jean Brive and the idiot Benotte were fastened together and thrust below. André Bezas, bearing a heavy load of fetters, the peculiar favor of Raoul, watched the motions of his enemy with a keen observance. The ruffian stood leaning on the bulwark, bearing the senseless form of Pernelle in his arms,

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and shouting to his men to bring up his boat, which had fallen astern from the action of the tide. With dreadful oaths he hurried them in their work, and went to the open gangway to enforce his orders. The ruffians on deck were about to seize the devoted André, and tie him to his *noyade* bride—but with an agile bound he eluded their grasp, rushed fiercely on Raoul Moyse, and seizing him with an iron gripe, threw himself over the vessel's side. The open gangway afforded no protection; Raoul was unable to withstand the impetus, and retaining the girl Pernelle in his arms, was dragged into the waters of the Loire. The weight of André's chains prevented the possibility of rescue—a loud splash, and the tale was told! The lover retained his grasp, and the stream flowed quietly over the bodies of the lover, the rival and the bride.

ORISKA.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

FAR in the West, where still the red man held
His rights unrifled, dwelt an aged chief,
With his young daughter. Joyous as a bird,
She found her pastime 'mid the forest shades,
Or with a graceful vigor urged her skiff
O'er the bright waters. The bold warriors marked
Her opening charms, but deemed her still a child,
Or feared from their grave kingly chief to ask
The darling of his age.

A stranger came
To traffic with the people, and amass
Those costly furs, which, in his native clime,
Transmute so well to gold. The blood of France
Was in his veins, and on his lips, the wile
That wins the guileless heart. Oft times at eve
He sought the chieftain's dwelling, and allured
The gentle girl to listen to his tale,
Well framed and eloquent. With piercing glance
He saw the love-flush on her olive cheek
Make answer to him, though the half hid brow
Drooped 'mid its wealth of tresses.

"Ah! I know
That thou dost love to please me. Thou hast put
Thy splendid coronet of feathers on—
How its rich crimson dazzles 'mid thy locks,
Black as the raven's wing. Thy bracelets, too!
Who told thee thou wert beautiful? Hast seen
Thy queenly features in yon mirrored lake?
Bird of the Sioux! let my nest be thine,
And I will sing thee melodies that make
Midnight like morn."

With many a spell he charmed
Her trusting innocence; the dance, the song,
The legend, and the lore of other lands;
And patient taught his pupil's lip to wind
The maze of words with which his native tongue
Refines the thought. The hoary chieftain frowned,
But when the smooth Canadian pressed his suit,
To be adopted by his tribe and dwell
Among them, as a brother and a son,
And when the indulgent sire observant read
The earnest pleading of Oriska's eye,
He gave her tenderly, with sacred rites,
In marriage to the stranger.

Their sweet bower
Rose like a gem amid the rural scene,
O'ercanopied with trees, while countless birds
Caroled unwearied; the gay squirrel leaped,
And the wild bee went singing at her work,
Satiate with luxury. Through matted grass,
With silver feet, a frolic fountain stole,
Still tracked by deepening greenness, while afar
The mighty prairie met the bending skies,
A sea at rest, whose sleeping waves were flowers.
Nor lacked their pleasant dwelling such device
Of comfort or adornment, as the hand
Of gentle woman, emulous to please,
Creates for him she loves; for she had hung
Attentive on his lips, as he described
The household policy of climes refined,
And with such earnest and inventive skill
Caught the suggestious of his cultured taste,
That the red people, wondering as they gazed
On painted basket, and on flower-crowned vase,
Carpets and curtains, called her house the court
Of their French princess. The rich, clustering vine
Crept o'er their porch, and 'neath its fragrant shade
Oriska sang her evening melodies,
Tuneful and clear and deep, the echoed breath
Of her soul's happiness. Her highest care,
And dearest pleasure, was to make his lot
Delightful to her lord, and he, well pleased
With the simplicity of fervent love,
And the high honor paid a chieftain's son,
Roamed with the hunters at his will, and brought
Birds of the gayest plume as trophies home
To his young bride.

Months fled, and with them, change
Stole o'er his love. And when Oriska marked
The shadow darkening on his brow, she feared
The rudeness of her nation, or perchance
Her ignorance had erred, and strove to do
His will more perfectly. And though his moods
Of harshness or disdain chilled every joy,
She blamed him not, for unto her he seemed
A higher being of a nobler race,
And she was proud and happy, might she bathe
His temples in some fit of transient pain,
Or by a menial's toil advance the feast,
Which still she shared not. When his step was heard,
She bade her beating heart be still, and smoothed
The shining tresses he was wont to praise,
And fondly hasting, raised her lobe to meet
His father's eye, contented if the smile
That once was hers might rest upon her child.
But that last solace failed, and the cold glance
Contemptuously repressed her toil of love,
And then—he came no more.

And as she watched,
Night after night, and questioned every hour,

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How bitterly those weeks and years were notched
Upon the broken tablet of the soul
By that forsaken wife.
. . . . . .
Calm moonlight touched
A fair Canadian landscape. Roof and spire,
And broad, umbrageous trees, were saturate
With liquid lustre. O'er a lordly dome,
Whose halls had late with bridal pomp been gay,
The silver curtains of the summer night
Were folded quietly.
A music sound
Broke forth abruptly from its threshold stone,
Shrill and unearthly—not the serenade,
That pleases beauty's ear, but a bold strain,
Loud even to dissonance, and oft prolonged
In low, deep cadence, wonderfully sad,
The wild song of the Sioux. He who first
Awaking caught that mournful melody,
Shuddered with icy terror, as he threw
His mantle o'er him, and rushed madly forth
Into the midnight air.
"Hence! Leave my door!
I know thee not, dark woman! hence away!"
"Ah! let me hear that voice! How sweet its tones
Fall on my ear, although the words are stern.
Say! know'st thou not this boy? These eyes are thine!
Those chestnut clusters round the lifted brow,
Said'st thou not in his cradle they were thine?"
"How cam'st thou here, Oriska?"
"We have trod
A weary way. My father and his men
Came on the business of the tribe, and I
Unto whose soul the midnight and the morn
Have been alike for years, came restlessly
A wanderer in their train, leading our boy.
My highest hope was but to hear perchance
That thou didst live, and lo! a blessed guide
Hath shown me to thine home."
"Oriska, go!
I have a bride. Thou canst not enter here—
I'll come to thee to-morrow."
"*Wilt* thou come?
The white-haired chief, I fear me, fades away
Unto the Spirit-land!"
"I bid thee hence
To thine abode. Have I not said to thee
I'll come to-morrow?"
With a heavy heart,
Through silent streets, the sad brow'd woman went,
Leading her child.
Morn came, and day declined,
Yet still he came not. By her sire she watched,
O'er whose dull eye a filmy shadow stole,
While to her troubled question no reply
Rose from his paleied lip. Nature and age
Slept wearily and long. The second eve
Darkened the skies, when lo! a well-known step—
He stood before her.
"Was it kind of thee,
Oriska, thus to break my bridal time
With thy strange, savage music?"
"Was thy wife
Angry with the poor Indian? Not to speak
Harsh words I came. I would not think of thee
A thought of blame. But ah! mine aged sire,
Thou see'st him dying in this stranger-land,
Far from his fathers' graves. Be thou a friend
When he is gone and I am desolate.
O let me be a servant to thy wife,
I'll bring her water from the purest spring,
And plant the corn, and be her household slave,
And never be impatient or require
Payment from her, nor kind regard from thee.
I will not call thee husband, though thou taught'st
My stammering lip that word when love was young,
Nor ask one pitying look, or favoring tone,
Or aught, except to serve and pray for thee
To the Great Spirit. And this boy shall do
Her will, and thine."
The pale-face turned away,
With well dissembled anger, though remorse
Stirred in his callous bosom!
"Urge me not!
It cannot be!"
And more he might have said,
Rosely and bitterly, but lo! the chief
Cast off the ice of death, and on his bed,
With clenched hand and quivering lip, uprose.
"*His* curse be on thee! He who knoweth where
The lightnings hide!"
Fond arms were round him thrown—
"Oh! curse him not, my father! Curse him not!
The father of my boy;" and blinding tears
Fell down so fast, she marked not with what haste
The white-browed recreant fled.
"I tell thee, child,
The cold, black gall-drop in a traitor's soul
Doth make a curse. And though I curse him not,
The sun shall hate him, and the waters turn
To poison in his veins.
But light grows dim!
Go back to thine own people. Look no more
On him whom I have cursed, and lay my bones
Where my dead fathers sleep."
A hollow groan,
Wrung by extremest agony, broke forth
From the old chieftain's breast.
"Daughter! I go
To the Great Spirit!"
O'er that breathless clay
Bowed down the desolate woman. No complaint,
No sigh of grief, burst forth. The tear went back
To its deep fountain. Lip and fringéd lid
Trembled no more than in the statued bronze,
Nor shrunk the slightest nerve, as o'er her passed
The asphyxia of the heart.
Day after day,
O'er wild and tangled forest, moved a train,
Bearing with smitten hearts their fallen chief,
And next the bier a silent woman trod,
A child's young hand forever clasped in hers,
And on her lip no sound. Long was the way
Ere the low roof-trees of their tribe they saw
Sprinkling the green; and loud the funeral wail
Over the honored dead, who, in his youth,
Their battles led, and in his wintry years
Had won that deeper reverence, which so well
The forest-sons might teach our wiser race
To pay to hoary age. Beneath the mounds,
Where slept his ancient sires, they laid him down,
And there the gathered nation mourned their sire,
In the wild passion of untutored grief,
With echoed dirges round his open grave,
Then smoothed its riven turf and went their way.

—

Who is you woman, in her dark canoe,
Who strangely toward Niagara's fearful gulf

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Floats on unmoved!
Firm and erect she stands,
Clad in such bridal costume as befits
The daughter of a king. Tall, radiant plumes
Wave o'er her forehead, and the scarlet tinge
Of her embroidered mantle, flecked with gold,
Dazzles amid the flood. Scarce heaves her breast,
As though the spirit of that dread abyss,
In terrible sublimity, had quelled
All thought of earthly things.
Fast by her side
Stands a young, wondering boy, and from his lip,
Half blenched with terror, steals the frequent sound
Of "Mother! Mother!"
But she answereth not;
She speaks no more to aught of earth, but pours
To the Great Spirit, fitfully and wild,
The death song of her people. High it rose
Above the tumult of the tide that bore
The victims to their doom. The boy beheld
The strange, stern beauty in his mother's eye,
And held his breath with awe.
Her song grew faint,—
And as the rapids raised their whitening heads,
Casting her light oar to the infuriate tide,
She raised him in her arms, and clasped him close.—
Then as the boat with arrowy swiftness drove
On toward the unfathomed gulf, and the chill spray
Rose up in blinding showers, he hid his head
Deep in the bosom that had nurtured him,
With a low, stifled sob.
And thus they took
Their awful pathway to eternity.—
One ripple on the mighty river's brink,
Just where it, shuddering, makes its own dread plunge
And at the foot of that most dire abyss
One flitting gleam—bright robe—and raven tress—
And feathery coronet—and all was o'er,—
Save the deep thunder of the eternal surge
Sounding their epitaph!

TRUTH—A FICTION.

The monarch sat upon his throne,
With gold and jewels crowned,
While at his side, in lofty pride,
Stood peer and prelate round.
It was a day of jubilee,
Beauty and rank were there to see
The painter's glorious art.
A wreath of laurel hung on high,
For him who should most skilfully
Approach the monarch's heart.
Forth from the crowd an artist strode,
Ambitious of a name,
And, flushed with pride, unveiled in haste
The herald of his fame.

Round a consuming martyr's fiery tomb
Stood the mad zealots who pronounced his doom,
And, as within his chains he writhed in vain,
A bloody priesthood gloated o'er his pain.
Woman was there—not shrinking with affright—
Woman, sweet woman, gazed in fierce delight;
Charity, mercy, kindness, all forgot,
Fled in despair from the unhallowed spot,
And left the being Heaven designed to bless
Reft of her greatest charm—her gentleness.
Priests, warriors, peasants thronged around to see
A fellow man's extremest agony;
And, as the growing flame rose far on high,
Shouted, that thus a heretic should die.

But from his throne the monarch sprung,
As the painter bent his knee—
"What call you this?" he sternly cried.
"Truth, my good liege!" "Out, knave! thou 'st lied;
I call it BIGOTRY!"

A second artist then appeared,
And from his picture drew
The curtain which enshrouded it
From the expectant view.

It was a vaulted pile!
With hands imbued in blood
Revolted peasantry stood,
Thronging through every aisle.
Upon the altar's height
Full in the crowd's admiring sight,
A naked prostitute was throned.
And as throughout the land
Their royal victims fell—a fated band,
The wild fanatics bent the knee,
And worshiped her with ribaldry,
"Goddess of Reason," by the atheist crowned.

Again the monarch rose in ire,
And shouted angrily—
"Sir Painter! call you this the truth?
Palm you such lies on me forsooth?
'T is SCOFFING ANARCHY!"

And lo! another painter came,
A stranger youth, without a name.
Unknown, unfriended, in the throng
He glided noiselessly along,
And placed before their wondering eyes
Another trial for the prize.

Within a dreamy tomb
A shattered coffin lay in gloom,
A ghastly skeleton lay mouldering there,
And on the brow once bright and fair
With innocence and youth,
The worm had made its slow attack,
And written in its slimy track
An epitaph—'t was TRUTH!

The monarch spake no angry word,
His tongue was silent, for his heart had heard;
He seized the wreath of laurel now
To place upon the victor's brow;
Quick to the stranger turned each eye
Where he was standing silently,
His mournful smile and thoughtful gaze
Waking a dream of other days.
They gazed!—the nobles of that land—
And lo! from the king's trembling hand
The wreath dropped withering away;
The monarch's hair grew thinly gray;
And, one by one, the throng around
Silently mingled with the ground.
The pictures mouldered from their frames,
Perishing with their makers' names;
Tower and turret dropped away;
The palace crumbled to decay;
And old TIME waved his fatal blade
Unmindful of the ruin he had made. FITZ CHARLES.

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THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

Of the many forms which ascetic zeal has assumed among those who "think to merit heaven by making earth a hell," there is perhaps none which appeals so directly to the heart, and satisfies so well the understanding as the various establishments of the Sisters of Charity. The vows which condemn an intellectual and sentient being to the monotonous and inert life of the cloister may be utterly repugnant to our ideas of active usefulness; but there is something sublime in that devotion which, while it denies every selfish gratification, subjugates every earthly passion, and crushes every heart-springing affection, yet consecrates one's whole existence to the active benevolence, the Christian charity, the self-forgetting ministry of good which is so peculiarly suited to woman's nature. How beautiful is the union of perfect purity of feeling with earnest sympathy! how noble the sacrifice of youth and health, and every selfish scheme of happiness to a sense of Christian duty! how grand that elevation of character which, while it can afford the aid of its compassionate tenderness to all who suffer, yet asks nothing for itself—which, secure in guarded innocence, can tread unscathed the burning ploughshare over whose fiery path all those must pass who encounter the world's ordeal—which can give out freely, and without stint, the fullness of human sympathy, while it rises superior to the yearning want of such sympathy for its own trials and temptations. A timid, tender woman, binding herself by a vow which shuts her forever from the enjoyment of every earthly affection, and keeping that vow, not in the dull and uneventful life of cloistered seclusion, but amid the dangers of the world of sin and sorrow which lies beyond her convent walls—a weak and feeble woman going forth, amid all that can excite her tenderness, ministering to the sick and the afflicted, bending over the couch of suffering, binding up the broken heart, and healing the wounded spirit, yet bearing within her a talisman which keeps her unspotted from the world—wearing that upon her bosom which enables her to touch pitch and yet not be defiled—such a creature is invested with a degree of sublimity which places her but little lower than the angels.

What wonder is it if, among the many who aspire to such a state of perfection, but few should be found equal to its attainment? What wonder if the spirit which would fain soar to such a height, sometimes finds that its feeble pinions have only borne it to the altar of an earthly idol?

Early in the summer of 182—, a diligence filled with passengers was overturned just as it was entering the city of Brussels. The accident was a most frightful one; every person in the vehicle was badly injured, and some so seriously as to be left apparently lifeless. In accordance with their usual benevolent zeal, les Sœurs Noires, or the Sisters of Charity, hurried to the spot, and, ere the sufferers had found the hospitable shelter of a friendly roof, each had been already provided with a tender nurse. Among those who were bereft of sense and almost of life on this occasion was a young Englishman, who had traveled alone, and of whom nothing was known excepting the name written in his passport. He was carried to the nearest inn, which, fortunately for him, happened to be one of the best in Brussels, and every means that medical skill could devise was employed in his behalf. Several days elapsed ere any hopes of his life were entertained, and even when he was at length aroused from the deep stupor into which he had been thrown by the severe concussion, it was only to relapse into the delirium of a violent access of fever. His bruises were numerous, and the care required by the compound fracture of a limb, together with his aberration of mind, afforded full employment to the *garde malade* who had been deputed to attend him.

La Sœur Thérèse had grown up from childhood amid the associations of religious life. Her education had been entrusted to the Sisters of Charity, and when she arrived at an age which entitled her to choose her vocation, she sought the shelter of the black veil, not from any disgust to the world, but simply from a love of the gentle and kindly and pious influences of a conventual life. Her docility, her quickness of perception, her neat-handed skill in the preparation of medicaments for the sick, had been tested long before she could claim the right to minister in person at the couch of suffering, and now five years of experience, since the assumption of her vows, had made her a most skillful and tender nurse. Her attention to the sick stranger was unbounded. Day and night she watched beside him, bathing his fevered brow, soothing the burning anguish of his wounds, smoothing his uneasy pillow, and calming the ravings of his frenzy by the tones of her sweet and musical voice.

The most devoted personal affection could suggest nothing which la Sœur Thésèse did not devise, yet in her heart piety and the tender sympathy of a paying nature were the only prompters. What did it matter to the gentle *religieuse* that the stranger was a man of goodly presence, young, stately, and as beautiful of feature as of form? She would have ministered as piously to the veriest wretch that ever wrestled upon a bed of pain. She had often done as much for the mendicant and the profligate, the branded in visage and the seared in conscience. Alas! alas! it was a wiser than man who said that "the heart is deceitful above all things." Would the hand of the holy sister

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have lingered as tenderly amid the matted locks of the beggar, as it was wont to do in the bright curls which clustered round the broad and open brow of the stranger? Yet what could she—the pure, the calm, the quiet nun, what could she know of

"Passions among pure thoughts hid,
Like serpents under flowerets sleeping."

How little could she image that world of heart,

"Where right and wrong so close resemble,
That what we take for virtue's thrill
Is often the first downward tremble
Of the heart's balance into ill."

Weeks passed away without restoring the stranger to his consciousness of outward things. But at length his illness reached its crisis, the most deadly lassitude took the place of his feverish restlessness, and his physician administered a sleeping potion from the effects of which he assured Thérèse he would awake either to life or death. The good sister watched beside the pillow of the feeble slumberer until she observed the deep shadow of profound repose settle on his brow, then, withdrawing from his side, she hastened to prepare the reviving draught which would be required on his awaking. The weather was oppressively warm, and Thérèse flung the heavy veil or hood which usually enveloped her, while at the same time she loosened the ungraceful folds of the linen which shrouded her neck, and laid aside her cap. Her hair, of that dark rich color which takes a tinge of gold as the light breaks upon it, was clustered in short close curls, that seemed to bid defiance to all conventual rules, and beautifully did they contrast with the exquisite fairness of a brow and throat which neither sun nor air had ever rudely kissed. As she sat with her head bent down, the perfect outline of her classical features and the beautiful curve of her graceful neck clearly defined against the dark wainscoted wall behind her, while the glow of a sunset cloud irradiated the apartment, and diffused a roseate halo around her whole person, she seemed scarcely a being of this living and breathing world. It was precisely at this moment that the sick man awoke from his deep and stony sleep. But the excessive feebleness of his worn frame gave to his returning reason a dreaming which he could not resolve into reality. His eyes opened slowly and almost reluctantly, while the object upon which they first rested—the beautiful and unconscious maiden—seemed to him only the vision of an excited brain. Long and earnestly did he gaze in silence unbroken by even a breath, and it was not until Thérèse replaced her ungraceful cap and coif ere she approached his bedside, that he could arouse himself from the vagueness of his fancies.

From that moment, Charles Nugent (for such was the name by which the stranger was known) seemed rapidly to improve. As soon as he was enabled to observe and appreciate the kindness of his gentle nurse, her ministry seemed to produce an effect doubly beneficial. He loved to take his food only from her hand, to feel her soft and dewy fingers upon his heated brow, to listen to the tones of her voice as she read to him from the missal which was her bosom companion, or sang the touching melodies of her church with a thrilling sweetness and pathos. Excessively enfeebled in body, and scarcely yet stronger in mind, it is not strange that Nugent should have yielded himself up without restraint to the sweet influences of beauty and pitying tenderness. He sought not to analyze the feeling which sent the blood like molten lava through every vein when he felt her touch; he asked not of his heart the meaning of its wild and sudden thrills when her fair pale cheek was bending over the lips which burned to impress the brand of passion upon its snow. It was enough for him to enjoy her presence, to luxuriate in this new and wild excitement, which was the sweeter for its close and guarded concealment. Gratitude for all her kindness, a sense of her perfect purity, a respect for the genuine modesty which needed no false shame to guard its delicacy, and that deep tenderness whose most endearing trait is its timid and delicate forbearance—such were the feelings which sealed the lips and governed the conduct of Nugent even while his heart was consuming within him.

There was something inexpressibly beautiful in the perfect unconsciousness of Thérèse to all this hidden passion. It was like the purity and sinlessness of childhood blended with the tenderness of matured womanhood. She had passed the season of girlishness, and the lapse of four and twenty summers had ripened the fine proportions of her noble form while it touched with a deeper, holier expression her beautiful face. Yet, her countenance bore the impress of that childlike simplicity, that sweet frankness which is so soon lost by those who mingle with the world, and amid its varied temptations are compelled to learn the existence of evil from the necessity of its avoidance. She was so quiet, too, in her sweet ministry, so gentle in every movement, and her attentions had so much of that charm which seems to belong only to anticipating affection, while she was totally free from the restless disquietude with which yearning tenderness so often mars its own efforts to relieve suffering.

Oh! beautiful indeed is that single moment in woman's life when her feelings are matured, and her affections are awakened while passion still slumbers in profound repose—the moment when she stands on the threshold of Love's temple, unconscious that the withdrawal of the veil which screens the "holy of holies" from her view, will blast her with excess of light, if it do not blight her with consuming fires. It comes but once in life, that delicious moment—and oh how much do they lose who, in the madness of their dream of passion, would shorten the duration of that brief season of perfect unalloyed happiness.

Charles Nugent had led the life of a man of the world; for his wealth, his station, and his advantages of person and mind had exposed him to temptations which his moral nature had not always been able to resist. But there was a principle of good in his heart, an innate sense of religious truth and reverence for virtue which no collision with the world could efface. He had passed the springtime of life, and when he had counted his thirtieth summer, he summed up the amount of real happiness which he could claim, and

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found that while he could number his riches by thousands, his associates by hundreds and his friends by tens, his genuine enjoyment of all these advantages was but as a cypher. Wearied and sated with what the world calls pleasure, he suddenly left England, and set out upon his travels alone, and destitute of all those luxurious appliances to which he was accustomed. The accident that had befallen him, and the state of utter unconsciousness in which he had so long lain, seemed to have made an impassable gulf between the present and the past. The life he had heretofore led was like a bewildering dream to him, and, in the stillness of his sick chamber, the voice of his better nature spoke to his heart in seraph tones. He had left his home a wiser man, he was now a better one also, and his fervent nature seemed to have imbibed a portion of the purity which made an atmosphere around the gentle *religieuse*.

Time passed on, and Nugent was now able to leave his couch, though still too feeble to dispense with the presence of his sweet attendant. Then it was, during the lazy lagging hours of convalescence, that he found ample leisure to drink full draughts of love. Then it was that the sweet beguilement led him to explore the mysteries of a silent and voiceless heart. The transparent truthfulness of Thérèse's character enabled him to look into her pure nature, even as one might behold the depths of a mountain lake. She listened to his tales of the world of gayety and fashion with almost infantine curiosity, but when he unfolded to her the world of intellect—when he taught her the magic of mental power—when he infused into her thoughts something of the sweet romance of poetry, the bosom of the gentle sister throbbed with a new and strange sense—half painful and half glad—a sense of that blending of inferiority and of capacity which is ever awakened by a high and holy love.

Pure and sinless as the tenderness of infancy was the love of la Sœur Thérèse for the gifted and graceful being who had thus opened to her a new existence; and carefully did he guard from her the knowledge of its real nature. He was too refined and epicurean in sentiment to tear rudely from her eyes the delicate veil which hid from her the wild and warm impulses of her heart. To outward seeming both were still unchanged; there was nothing in his manner to disturb her self-repose, and yet he *knew* that a change had come over her feelings. The hand which now lay upon his brow thrilled beneath his touch—the cheek which now bent over his pillow flushed as his warm breath swept over it, and the voice that responded to his had gained a deep and heart-echoing tone, such as never belongs to the gleeful accents of unappropriated affection. He knew that Thérèse loved him—he knew it, and the first sweet consciousness brought with it the deepest joy; but, in the secret chambers of his heart, conscience still kept her watch, and a feeling of deep and bitter pain—the pain of a remorseful spirit—tortured him. Why had he called into life feelings which could only bring wretchedness to her who had been the preserver of his life? Why had he suffered his shadow to darken the pure current of her life? Why, like the serpent in Eden, had he bade her to pluck from the tree of knowledge the poisoned fruit of death?

At length the time came when other duties claimed the cares of la Sœur Thérèse. She received a summons to leave the English stranger, and bestow her cares on another, who needed more her skill. But ere she could comply with the requisition, Nugent was again prostrated by a sudden and strange illness, which forbade her to leave him in the hands of strangers. Even then Thérèse was utterly unsuspicious of the true nature of his unaccountable ailment, but when, after his rapid recovery, a second summons produced exactly the same result, and again, when the third peremptory recall was followed by the avowal of his resolution to become incurable, since this alone could ensure her presence, she could no longer doubt the truth. Bitter was the agony of her heart when first her eyes were opened. Terrible was the conflict of her feelings when she looked into her heart and beheld its secret recesses filled with an earthly passion. But with the consciousness of her guilt came a sense of her great peril. The arms of him who had never before ventured to profane the purity of her nature, were enfolded around her at the moment when the truth first flashed upon her mind; his eyes were gleaming upon her with a light which seemed to scorch her very soul, and as his lips pressed her shrinking brow, it needed only the instinct of a womanly nature to teach Thérèse that the moment had come when they must part forever.

She uttered no reproach on him who had thus darkened her life with sorrow—the dream, bright, beautiful and brief, had passed away, and now she was left to waking loneliness and misery. But she had borrowed a strength from sorrow, and nobly did she resist the temptations of her own heart. In vain did her lover, forgetting all his better impulses, urge her to abandon the vocation which was now but as a thraldom to her awakened nature—in vain did he depict the perfect happiness of self-sacrificing, self-devoting passion. In unutterable anguish of spirit she turned from the voice of the charmer, and bidding a last farewell to him who had so wronged her heart, she hid her sufferings within her convent home. Alas! for her a glory had departed from every thing in life—the sunshine of a sinless heart no longer brightened the gloom of monastic duty, the spirit had gone out from its abiding place in search of strange gods, and now it could no longer bow down in the sanctuary it had desecrated. The image of him whom she had lost forever—the frank and noble face which haunted her troubled dreams—the thrilling words which had found an echo in her own bosom—the wild fancies of what might have been which came thronging around her in the vagueness of her solitary hours—these were but evil companions for her in her hours of prayer and penance.

Absorbed in her own bitter thoughts, Thérèse saw not the cold looks and changed demeanor of those who had heretofore been as kindred to her. She marked not the stately pride of la Superieure, she heeded not the shrinking contempt of the sisters, she recked not of the pitying glances which a few kindlier

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hearts bestowed when she returned sad and sorrowful to the convent. A cloud was hanging over her, which she saw not, but which was destined to blast her with its lightnings. They only delayed their vengeance—those cold and passionless beings—they only waited until they could be assured that the English stranger had left Brussels, and then, when no human aid was near, did they visit upon Sister Thérèse the error of which she had been guilty. Fearful indeed to her anguished soul was the ordeal to which she was exposed. In the deepest recesses of the convent, at the solemn hour of midnight, all the terrors of an ecclesiastical tribunal were enacted, and every engine of mental torture was put in operation to force from the unhappy woman a confession of her guilt. Overcome with remorse and fear, Thérèse did confess every thing. She told of the love which had grown up in her heart toward the stranger; she revealed the devices which Nugent had practiced to retain her in his society, and she acknowledged her tacit consent to the deception which so prolonged his apparent illness; she painted in the strong and glowing colors of truth the purity as well as the intensity of her new emotions, and she implored that she might be allowed to atone, by heavy penance, for thus desecrating the vow, which yet she had not broken. But their marble hearts, on which her impassioned words fell like water drops on the rock, could little comprehend her true nature. They were of that grosser clay which knows but of outward temptations and sins, and they could not believe in the tale of sinfulness of thought which grew not into sinfulness of deed. They could not, or would not, think that in heart only had she offended, and cold stony eyes looked calmly upon her agony while she listened to the doom which consigned her to contumely and to death.

Senseless, and almost lifeless, Thérèse was borne from the presence of her inhuman judges. For three days she lay within a noisome cell, deprived of food and debarred from the light of day, then, when totally exhausted with her sufferings, she was again brought before the eyes of the assembled sisterhood. At the hour of midnight, a solemn mass was said, and the *anathema maranatha* was pronounced against her, as she knelt on a jagged and pointed stone in the nave of the darkened chapel. A requiem, not tender and mournful, but filled with a fearful looking for of judgment, was then chanted, and the wretched woman was led away. A moment passed and she was again presented to the view of the terrified Sisters—the robes of her order had been rudely torn off, and now, wrapped in a course sheet, as her only protection against the inclemency of a night of intense cold, she was borne to the door of the chapel, and thrust out alone into the dark and deserted street. Half senseless from the exhaustion of mind and body, Thérèse had no power to remonstrate or to resist. As the rude ministers of the church's vengeance flung her from the porch, she tottered a few steps, and fell motionless upon the frozen earth.

. . . . . .

Ten years had elapsed since the events just recorded, and la Sœur Thérèse had become but a name "to point a moral and adorn a tale," while her story, with various embellishments, had become the property of every "stranger's guide" in the city of Brussels, when, on a certain day, two traveling carriages, not to be mistaken for any other than English, stopped at the Belle Vue Hotel. The waiter bowed obsequiously as he flung down the steps of the first equipage, and, to a request made by the tall and handsome man who descended first from the carriage, he replied,

"Yes, sir, certainly—the blue room if you desire it—but the golden chambers are the finest in the house—they are just empty, sir—have them ready in five minutes—oh, very well, my lord, just as your lordship pleases—the blue room certainly, if you prefer it;" and away he bustled, wondering at the perverse taste of *mi lord Anglais* in insisting upon a room which did not look out upon the public promenade. But a short time elapsed ere the tall gentleman, with a lady of exceeding beauty, but whose form showed the rich development of matronly years, and two lovely and merry children were comfortably settled in the suite of rooms which had been so strongly insisted upon.

"So you really gained your point, Charles, and obtained this very room; it will only remind you of unpleasant scenes, and perhaps of unpleasant changes," said the lady, half archly, while a sigh quickly followed her words.

"Confess now, Thérèse," was the reply, "that you were just as desirous as I to revisit scenes where we had known so much of joy and sorrow. Time seems to have flown on eagle's wings since I used to recline in the recess of yonder window, while you busied yourself in ministering to my helplessness."

"I wonder you were not superstitious about coming to this place, since both your previous visits were marked with disasters."

"Aye, but those disasters led only to happiness, dearest. My first mischance placed me within the influence of your gentle care, and, if I had not afterward been plundered on the road, and obliged to return to Brussels on the track of the robbers, I should not have been lingering near your prison-house at the moment when you were ready to perish. Good heavens! it makes me shudder even now to remember my sensations when I found you lying like a crushed flower at my very feet, in the deep, dark midnight, and then your long and cruel illness—"

"Nay, love, all that is past like a wild and painful dream; let us remember only to what sweet consciousness of bliss I awoke when I found myself in dear England, under the tender guardianship of your excellent sister; let us think only of the affection which made me your dear and honored wife—of the love which has measured my every hour by blessings."

"Brother—brother, do come and help me to laugh," exclaimed a merry voice, as a joyous-looking elderly lady entered the apartment; "I have just been listening to our landlord's story of the black nun. To be sure I was mischievous enough to tempt him into telling it, by my inquisitive curiosity respecting the Holy Sisters. Your history has become quite a

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traveler's tale, and, I warrant me, it is served up to every stranger with the same garnishing of supernatural horrors as it was proffered to me. Mine host avers that nothing was ever seen of Sister Therese save her rosary, which was found lying on the ground; hence he infers that she was carried away bodily by the demon who had tempted her, while it has now become one of the articles of the poor nun's faith that the handsome Englishman was no other than Satan in disguise."

"And pray, what did you answer to all this farrago?"

"I perfectly agreed with him in opinion, you may be sure. Indeed I avowed my belief that Sister Therese would never again be heard of, and that Charles Nugent had never existed, for I am very certain that Lord Ellerton feels no desire to resume his former *nom-de-voyage*, and I doubt whether even ten years' experience in the cares of wedded life would now reconcile my good lady sister to the serge robe of *les Sœurs Noires*."

REMINISCENCES OF GERMANY.

GERMAN DREAMS.

BY FRANCIS J. GRUND.

A YEAR ago, while sitting with some friends round the great table at the gentlemen's *casino*, in *Stuttgart*, I was struck with the rather dejected appearance of a middle aged person, who was wont to be the soul of the little party which assembled there regularly every evening. The group was a remarkable one, considering that Stuttgart is an out of the way place, in the south of Germany, built in a sort of caldron, formed by a branch of the Swabian Alps, at a distance of about four miles from the Neckar. To be sure, Stuttgart is a residence; but the whole kingdom of which it is the capital, though as thickly settled as the most populous English shire, is not yet equal in population to the State of Pennsylvania. On my right sat the grave diplomatist, *Geheimerath von K——*, a gentleman well known in the literary world, who had spent the better part of his life in Rome, and, as the agent of his government, succeeded much better with his Holiness and the celebrated secretary of state, Cardinal *Lambruschini*, than Chevalier *Bunsen*, the late Prussian envoy, who has simply made himself ridiculous. Next to him, *Wolfgang M——*, the historian, whose works have lately been translated in England, had posted himself. He, too, seemed to be in a pensive mood, much against his custom; for in the evening these professional sages lay aside scholarship, and make it their business to talk about trifles. Dr. K——, a pupil of the great *Schlosser* of Heidelberg, and author of "The History of the Civil Wars of Mexico," was in close conversation with Professor G——r, the king's librarian and author of that strange work, "Origin of Christianity," written in opposition to both *Strauss* and Professor *Paulus*. On my left was Dr. G——e, the editor of "The Upper German Gazette," one of the few political writers of Germany who have a plan and some idea of the means necessary to put it in execution. The chemist B——, a pupil of the celebrated *Gmelin*, and Col. M——, one of the few that returned from the battle of the Berezina, completed the back-ground. There surely were no elements of superstition in *this* company. All but the soldier were scientific or literary men, in the habit of reasoning *by induction*; most of them had traveled, and, with the exception of the editor, who was the dejected person above referred to, were known to me as gentlemen of a lively disposition, and sanguineous temperament.

"What is the matter with you all?" said I, addressing myself to the professor.

"Nothing," he replied, "except that G—— and K—— here have seen the ghost of that scoundrel, Hammer, whose body was, the other day, found in the woods. Only think, the old miser had not even changed his garments after death!"

"What," I cried, "are you in earnest?"

"Why, certainly," exclaimed the editor; "and I am only angry at myself for not having had sufficient *force of will* to keep him at a greater distance than ten paces."

"You are surely crazy," I rejoined.

"And why so?" interrupted the professor. "There can be nothing more natural than that the souls of the dead should come back, when they are unfit to go hence. I should be sorry to believe any thing else."

"The thought is certainly poetical," remarked the *geheimerath*, whom I will in future call by his English title, 'counsellor of legation.' The Italians, who have much more imagination than the people of Saxon origin, cherish a similar belief."

"And, were not the Romans," gravely remarked the historian M——, "whose warlike spirit certainly knew no fear, and who scoffed the Jews and the early Christians on account of their belief in supernatural beings, addicted to the same superstition?"

"It can hardly be called *superstition*," replied the counsellor of legation; "for it produced a *real* effect on the diplomatic transactions of such a man as Cicero, and on the military achievements of Brutus."

"Sure enough," cried the editor; "Brutus saw Cæsar's ghost at Philippi."

"As large as life," vociferated the doctor; "without that ghost, Augustus would never have swayed the destinies of Rome."

"It is certainly strange," observed the historian, "that either a real or imagined ghost should have been able to produce such an effect on Brutus, and

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that Cæsar's ghost should have appeared to him, not as the children of Henry VI and the Duke of Clarence did to the Duke of Gloster, in a *dream*; but in plain daylight, amidst a scene of action, at a moment when the whole soul of Brutus was absorbed in the one great thought of saving the republic!"

"And it is truly wonderful," added the doctor, "that Shakspeare should have seized upon that moment with so much poetical truth and justice. The immortal William hit off historical cause and effect with greater accuracy than many a compiler of chronicles. Cæsar's ghost is one of the principal actors in that play, and the whole conduct of Brutus would be unintelligible without it. *Schlegel* was right when he called Shakspeare 'the philosopher of superstition.' He has invented a peculiar language for demons, (for it is very clear that these cannot communicate with men in the usual manner) and created always such a combination of circumstances as make the appearance of his ghosts the only *natural* means of accounting for the event that follows. His ghosts are unavoidable, logical interpolations of the mind, in the same manner as mathematicians have invented imaginary quantities to solve real problems. Cæsar's ghost, like Hamlet's and Banquo's, is of that sort. They are causes of action, striking and incomprehensible if you please, but *necessary* for the action of the play, and not a whit better explained by substituting any other real person in their stead. For if a thing that *was* can affect our senses like something that *is*, it becomes in fact *present*, and is, to all intents and purposes, a *reality*. This exact fitness of Shakspeare's ghosts is the reason why none of our modern philosophers has, as yet, been struck with the absurdity of introducing improbabilities on the stage which could only serve to destroy the illusion. Shakspeare's ghosts, if I am allowed the expression, are all *in character*, whereas Voltaire's ghost in Semiramis is a mere supernumerary. Voltaire was an *unbeliever*, and could, as such, produce nothing but a common stage ghost, without cause or effect."

"Precisely so," interrupted the professor; "there is nothing so absurd as to suppose a *ghost* to do things which might just as well be done by *man*. It is no more appropriate than a thunderstorm on a frosty day."

"And, then," replied the editor, "the Greeks had the same notions of ghosts—of people coming back from the grave; though they clad their belief in a more poetical garment. Many that Charon rowed across the Styx, he brought *back* again from the Elysian fields."

"That 's what I wished to refer to," rejoined the professor; "a similar belief has existed among all people of antiquity, and has only been modified—not destroyed—by modern civilization. We believe in it in spite of ourselves. I, for my part, am always glad to meet a man who has seen a ghost. I saw the first one in the old convent, at Tubingen, and it was quite a comfort to me. It confirmed my belief in the immortality of the soul; for a cause that produces no effect remains, philosophically speaking, a mere hypothesis. These ghosts, or what people take for them, are, after all, the most palpable evidence that there is something besides matter which is not destroyed by death—a proof *à posteriori* that there is a hereafter—an existence which, though different from our former one, is still capable of effecting the internal sense. For it is very evident that these phantoms are not subject to the general laws of matter, and are therefore not perceptible by every one. We must be *predisposed* for them, as a patient is, by sickness, predisposed for Animal Magnetism."

"Precisely so," here exclaimed the editor. "The body must have received an injury somewhere. There must be some physical decline—a hole, if you please, for the soul to look through, and become cognizant of phenomena which it cannot perceive through the ordinary medium of the senses. Such is 'the second sight' of the Scotch, and the prophetic power of many persons of advanced age. Imaginative people are naturally more disposed for what the vulgar call 'superstition.' But imagination, after all, is the highest attribute of the soul, and the only one of which there is not a trace to be found in animals. The power of the imagination, to body forth phantoms, is as inexplicable as the appearance of a supernatural being, especially when the imaginative power is exerted by causes *independent of the individual*."

"You have a singular idea of the soul and of its immortality," here observed the chemist, blowing a cloud of tobacco smoke from his mouth. "I, for my part, have my own notions about these things. I believe we take all our properties, like Prometheus, from the earth, and can no more quit it than a single atom of which it is composed. There is, according to my notion, proportionally just as much lime in the human skeleton as in the ribs or mountains of our globe, and without this analogy, not only as regards that element, but every other substance contained simultaneously in the human body and in the earth, the equilibrium would be destroyed, and life itself become extinct. You call the resolution of the body into its elements, that state in which the elements are permitted to enter new combinations, according to their respective affinities. In this sense, you may say the elements of which the body is composed are immortal—that is, imperishable. Suppose, now, that there exists a close analogy between the body and the mind, and that after death a similar disposition may be made of the intellectual atoms; would it not follow that the elements of the human mind, though imperishable, would no longer exist in their collective capacity as an *individual*? Mind and matter would, in this case, be assuredly *enduring*, but subject to continual transition."

The pause which here followed lasted some time, and was only interrupted by the historian. "I have heard so much of that mysterious fellow haunting the neighborhood of our town," he said, "that, instead of all farther discussion, I should really like to hear some facts stated, such as a man may believe in, and might be vouched for by gentlemen."

"You can be gratified," replied the editor. "I was myself one of the party that went in search of him; but I must preface my account of that, by the story of the miser's life.

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"On the other side of the Forked Mountain, (*Gabeleberg*)" he commenced, after filling his pipe and blowing half a dozen puffs across the table, "stands a house at a short distance from the village, and about a hundred yards off the public road. That's the place which is now haunted. Its inhabitant was once a poor boy, whose parents had no means of educating him, and treated him so severely that he run away, begged his way as far as the Rhine, and took passage on board of one of our lumber traders down to Holland. From Rotterdam, it is believed, he sailed, with one of the ships of the Dutch East India Company, to Batavia, where he remained a good many years, and whence he at last returned, with a considerable fortune, to this neighborhood. He purchased the site on which that house now stands, erected himself the building, and lived there, retired from all the world, until the hour of his death. He was never known to speak to a neighbor or to give a *kreutzer* to a poor man, and refused even to see his relations for fear he might be called upon to assist them. Nobody believed he came by his money in an honest way; especially when they observed him talking to himself, and gesticulating at times like a madman. At last he was taken sick, but refused to see a physician, and accused the old housekeeper, the only person that waited on him, of being bribed, by his brother, to poison him. In the same manner, he objected to making a will, until he grew so weak that he was not expected to survive. His frightened housekeeper then came to town, in search of Dr. M——, the king's physician, who, accordingly, proceeded to see the patient. On arriving at the house, however, he found the latter locked up in his room, uttering the most dreadful oaths that none should obtrude on his privacy. This was the last they heard of him; for from that moment he even refused to see his housekeeper. Three days he remained, in that condition, without food, when the good woman, becoming alarmed, forced the door open, and, to her utter astonishment, found the room empty.

"The alarm was soon given that the miser had been murdered; but the officers of justice, repairing to the spot, found every thing in the most perfect order. No marks of violence or blood could be discovered—his writing desk and his money chest were locked, and, on being broke open, were found to contain a large amount of gold and Dutch securities. The housekeeper swore that none of his relations had been to see him, and that she could in no way account for the absence of her master. A week from that time, his body was discovered in a most singular manner."

"I presume," interrupted the chemist, "that the natural decomposition which took place was sufficient to indicate the place where it was concealed."

"Certainly; but yet unaccountably so," replied the editor. "The body was discovered by a stranger who had resided here for some time, and been in a habit of taking nightly walks across the mountains. On one of these occasions he chose Gabeleberg for his excursion; but what was his astonishment when, at a distance of about a hundred yards from the miser's house, which, at that time, was entirely deserted, he saw the very man, dressed as he had always been, coming toward him.

"'Here,' said he to himself, 'is the person they have been seeking for the last week. What could have induced him to leave his house?' He made a few steps forward, and, perceiving that the miser stood still, 'Hollo, my friend!' he exclaimed, 'you have been playing pretty pranks. Where have you been all the while?'

"Instead of an answer, the miser turned from the road, and, with the seeming purpose of avoiding him, took a footpath leading to the Oak-Grove. The stranger, piqued by this surly conduct, followed him; but the former walked so fast that the latter had to use great exertions not to be distanced. In this manner they walked on for nearly half an hour; the miser looking back from time to time, to see whether the stranger had come up with him, and redoubling his efforts whenever he seemed in danger of being overtaken. The stranger, who had always been accounted one of the best pedestrians, found his legs grow unaccountably heavy, and began, in his heart, to curse the old villain who, at such an advanced age, was yet able to keep ahead of him. It was now clear that the death of the miser was a mere hoax—that he was carrying on some unlawful business—probably that of coining base money, in some cave or sequestered spot in the woods. The old housekeeper was his accomplice. There was but one way to discover all, and that was to apparently desist from the chase, and yet to follow the old man to his hiding place. This he resolved to do, and, slacking his pace a little, took a direction different from that of his victim, but yet such a one as enabled him to observe the latter closely. The miser instantly perceived the drift, and, turning suddenly round, made straight toward him."

"You are becoming excessively tedious," here again interrupted the chemist. "Why don't you cut the matter short?"

"It would not do," rejoined the editor. "My story is my defence, and the basis of my creed."

"Go on, then," cried the company.

"Well," continued the editor, "the stranger was not armed, except with a large cane, which he now most firmly grasped, feeling assured that, if the miser had no fire arms, he would prove more than a match for him. No sooner, however, had he formed that resolution than the miser paused, turned round, and again pursued his first course. 'Very extraordinary fellow,' muttered the stranger, 'shaking his head, as if he could decipher my thoughts!' Were I not afraid, I believe I am now near enough to hit him with a stone.' At this moment, the miser came running toward him at full speed. 'Not so fast,' cried the stranger, making ready for him with his massive cane, and aiming a terrible blow at him, which must have stunned any ordinary human being, but which glanced harmless from the bony head of the old man. A second blow had no better effect, and a third, from the enormous resistance of the miser, deprived the stranger of the use of his arm. The cane dropped from his hand, and was, in an instant, applied to his

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own head. In another moment he was senseless. In this state the miser left him. When he recovered he found himself in the middle of a thick forest, with a bright July sun shining through the foliage. He had evidently been sleeping, and was just awaking from a dream. Still there was something unaccountable in all this—although he admitted that he had been drinking an extra bottle of Hock on the preceding evening—the aching of all his limbs, and an intolerable odor, similar to that of a charnel house, which proceeded from the body of the old miser, that was evidently in an advanced state of decomposition."

"Well," exclaimed the chemist, "did n't I tell you so? I knew it would end in the most natural manner in the world. The fellow was tipsy, had the nightmare, and, his imagination being heated by the story of the mysterious disappearance of the miser, it was again natural enough that he should dream of him."

"I thought so myself," resumed the editor; "but, then, that he should have walked in his dream to the precise spot where the dead body lay, *that* 's the difficulty I cannot solve. But hear me out. The stranger was, of course, taken into custody, and the body of the miser examined medically; but no marks of violence being found upon it, he was immediately discharged. The authorities concluded that the miser must have left the house to avoid the importunities of his relatives, and died from exhaustion on the way. The physicians were of the same opinion, and the whole matter was almost forgotten, when all at once the report was circulated that the miser's house was haunted."

"Which is natural enough, after the stranger's story," exclaimed the chemist, taking the pipe out of his mouth and emptying the ashes.

"Agreed," rejoined the editor; "but, then, the miser has since been seen by at least a hundred different people."

"Of lively imagination," added the chemist.

"Not more so than mine," replied the editor, coolly. "I can prove the miser's appearance by such witnesses as would be believed in any court of justice, if the evidence were not ruled out by the preconceived impossibility of the case. Parties of more than twenty persons, among whom there were men of education and learning, and none of whom were even known to be in the least degree superstitious, were formed for the purpose of making midnight excursions across the mountains, and never did they miss him. He appeared, however, never to more than one person at the time," he added, after a short pause.

"Who was probably the only impostor among them," again interrupted the chemist.

"Not exactly," observed the editor in his usual quiet manner; "on the contrary, it is quite unaccountable that there never should have been more than *one* such person in the party. I think *that* fact is rather *against* the natural explanation of the phenomenon. I reconnoitered the spot myself, the other night, with about a dozen resolute young men, and shall never forget the singular sensation I experienced. On approaching the mountain I felt as sleepy as if I had taken opium. My eyes became fixed, as my companions afterward assured me, and, instead of sharing in the general conversation, I stared before me like a sleep-walker. I remember distinctly that I mustered all my strength to keep awake, and that I struggled with the apparition which now stole upon my dream—it was the old miser, just as he was dressed when living. I made a desperate effort to keep him off; and remembering the force of the human will, as exhibited in the phenomena of Mesmerism, concentrated all my power of volition upon him. With this I succeeded to keep him at a distance of about ten paces. When we had descended the mountain I awoke, and was nearly simultaneously asked what I had seen, so certain was the whole company, from my extraordinary behavior, that I must have labored under a spell, and that the miser must have been playing his tricks on me. I did not, of course, reply to their inquiries, but pretended to have been fast asleep, in order to avoid their ridicule. Yet it appeared strange to me that none of the company beside myself should have been similarly affected. For awhile I tried to reason myself out of it, or concluded that the apparition, or whatever you may please to call it, must have been what logicians call purely subjective; but this involved me in another difficulty; namely, how to account for the fact that so many other persons had alternately experienced the same sensation. There must be one common cause productive of all these effects—and some *continuous* law which governs them."

"This is certainly very strange," here observed the counsellor of legation; perceiving that the chemist was no longer disposed to continue the argument, and my old story of the *Hôtel de l'Europe*, seems to be the very type of that of the miser.

"What story is that?" demanded the chemist.

"Why, it is a very simple one. Two ladies, mother and daughter, traveling in the diligence, in the south of France, lodged, for a night only, in the *Hôtel de l'Europe*, in Marseilles. Being much fatigued by the journey, they withdrew early to their chamber, and after carefully examining the premises and locking and bolting the door, retired quietly to bed. The mother soon fell asleep; but the daughter felt unusually restless. At first her head began to ache, then she was seized by a cramp in her limbs, and at last she felt a sharp pain across her chest, as if a rope were tied fast round her body. The pain increasing and becoming so intense as to render respiration difficult, she tried to make a light; but, strange to say, found it impossible to move! She now attempted to wake her mother, but had no command over her arm for the purpose. Chained as she now appeared to be to her bed, she glanced her eye on the door, which, by the light of the moon that had just risen, and was now shining through fleeting clouds, she discovered to be half open. Who could have done that? She remembered distinctly to have locked it. Who could have withdrawn the bolt? There must be some one concealed in the room; but then she had examined every part of it before going to bed! Perhaps the wind has blown it open—it blew a gale. Crush! the

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door flew wide open, and a man with a razor in his hand entered the apartment. He did not look ferocious, but rather sorrowful. His gaze showed that he must be a madman escaped from some lunatic asylum in the neighborhood. "The Lord have mercy upon me!" shrieked the young lady.

"What's the matter?" inquired the old lady, rubbing her eyes.

"Nothing, my dear mother; but I had such an awful dream. I dreamt of a madman coming toward me with a razor. And I have such a pain in my breast!"

"It's the rheumatism," replied the mother. "The weather is damp and I think there must be a pane broken in the window. I feel myself a little chilly."

On examining the windows it was found that one of them had, by the negligence of the chamber-maid, been left half open—the door was in precisely the same state they had left it when retiring to bed. The mystery being now explained, the window was quietly secured and the parties once more endeavored to catch a few hours' rest. The mother was soon fast asleep; but the daughter felt the same pain across the chest, and the same numbness of her limbs. What could be the cause now? Another crash of the door, and the same madman, only with a wilder stare, stood before her. She tried to scream, but in vain—to pray, but could not. He still held the razor in his hand, which he now brandished in the air. The cold perspiration was running down the forehead of the unfortunate girl. The madman approached the bed—in vain did she attempt to wake her mother; her limbs refused the office. He now bent over her mother to see if she were asleep—then he looked under the bed, and at last applied his dreadful weapon to her throat. At this moment filial love overcame every obstacle, and *with a mighty effort of the will* she seized the madman's hand, and—

"Do you mean to kill me!" gasped the old lady.

"Certainly not," stammered the poor girl, "I wished to prevent you from being hurt by that dreadful madman!"

"You must have had another frightful dream?"

"The same I had before. Nothing on earth will tempt me to go again to bed in this house."

The old lady now made a light, and they sat up the remainder of the night.

"What is the matter with this room; are the windows properly secured?" demanded the old lady of the waiter who served the breakfast.

"I always *try* to secure them," he replied, turning pale.

"It's no matter; at what hour does the diligence depart for Aix?"

"At six, precisely, madam."

"Well, then, have me booked."

At six, precisely, the names were called, and having early taken my place in the *coupé*, I was pleased to find that my two traveling companions were Madame de T— and her beautiful daughter, whose acquaintance I had made in the baths of Pyrmont.

"You have not rested well," I observed, after the usual ceremonies of recognition.

"*Non, monsieur!* I have had an exceedingly bad night," replied the young lady.

"No wonder," said the conductor, who had overheard us, as he fastened the door, and was about to jump on the *imperial*. "Mademoiselle slept in the *Hôtel de l'Europe*. *N'est ce pas?*"

"*Oui, monsieur le conducteur!* number twenty."

"That's it," cried the postilion, hitting his leaders a furious blow with his whip; "that's the room in which that English lady and her daughter had their throats cut." . . . . . .

"Do you see?" exclaimed the professor. "These ghosts do not appear as beings of flesh and blood; neither do they affect our external senses as was once believed by the vulgar; but communicate with us when the external senses—the positive poles of our existence—are closed. How often do we not dream of friends and relations that are in the grave—and how vivid and striking is not their apparition!"

"And it may be remarked," observed the editor, "that this capacity for dreaming is always greater in people inhabiting mountainous districts, as if there were some magnetic attraction in the hills which disturbs the equilibrium between the internal and external senses."

"Those countries are certainly exposed to greater changes of temperature," remarked the chemist; "and as great and sudden changes of temperature in one and the same body are, according to Oersted, capable of producing the electric and magnetic phenomena, the thing *may* perhaps be explained that way."

"Magnetism must have something to do with it," rejoined the counsellor of legation. "I shall never forget what effect the 'Seer of Prevost,'* so often quoted in the Reverend Dr. Townshend's interesting work on Animal Magnetism, recently published in London, produced on me. You all know that the *clairvoyante* prophesied the very day and hour of the late king's death.† Well, I never believed in it. But being at the time in Rome, I told a friend who was with me that, if I mistook not, this was the very hour he was to depart this life. By due course of mail I received the news of his demise, and precisely under the circumstances she had foretold. Such a woman would in former times have been burned for a witch."

"Very true," said the historian; "but they tell other stories about the late king."

"Who does not know them?" cried the professor, "who does not know that our late king, God forgive him! was a cruel master, especially on the peasants, and that he was extravagantly fond of the chase? Well, he has been condemned to hunt through the mountains, and is frequently seen, at midnight, coming out of the royal castle, and galloping with his old pack of hounds through the Königsgate. The sentinel on duty then cries, to arms, and the soldiers *present* arms; but it is only the *sentinel* who sees him. The first who saw him and called out the guards, was severely punished for his impious jest; but the thing being so often repeated, by men of the most excellent conduct

* "Die Seherin von Prevost," published by Cotta.

† This is an historical fact, as her prophecy was published long before the king's death.

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and unquestioned loyalty, the officers shut their eyes, and kept the secret as well as they could to themselves."

"Come," cried the counsellor of legation; "I do not like to draw our sovereign into the conversation. If our present kind and noble lord were to hear that his august father is still haunting this place, it would break his heart. He is a good man, and has never seen his father since his death."

"I agree with the counsellor," ejaculated the historian; "and think that it is best for us to retire for the evening."

"That I shall *not* do for awhile yet," remarked the professor, who was a remarkably stout and lusty person; I mean first to say good-bye to the miser."

"To the miser?" demanded the company.

"Certainly. I have already seen him more than twenty times; but he treats me with great respect. Unless I choose, he never comes near me. I can do with him whatever I please, in the same manner that I could magnetize you, and put you all to sleep in less than five minutes." . . . . . .

"Singular fellows!" thought I, as I walked home to my lodgings; but it is just as Goethe says—"Superstition is the last stage of infidelity, and the first which serves again as an introduction to religion."

THE MASQUES OF JONSON.

BY M. TOPHAM EVANS.

Archi. I think there is not in the world either *malice* or *matter* to alter it. *Winter's Tale, A. I., S.* 1.

WHATEVER clouds have rested heretofore upon the fair fame and poetical abilities of Ben Jonson have vanished. Before the brilliant defence of his character by Mr. Gifford, all the aspersions previously cast upon it by malice and ignorance have faded into thin air. Ancient and deep-rooted prejudices have been grubbed up by the sturdy critic. The long neglected tomes, redundant with learning and poesy, again embellish the shelves of the lovers of the ancient drama, and our admiration of the man's abilities daily heightens. The opinion, long maintained, of the plumbean characteristics of Jonson's verse, has been abandoned by every man who pretends to good taste and solid discretion. His dramas are read and studied. If he lacks the vivacity and copiousness of Shakspeare, he is nevertheless a deep, accurate, self-revolving observer of human nature. If his mind was of too solemn and grave a cast to take delight in the frivolities of love, it was capable of grasping the boldest as well as the nicer shades of the masculine character. If his verse is deficient in the glorious and starry effulgence of the lines of Shakspeare, it bears the impress of profound accuracy, not the less pleasing to the reflecting student because it carries the evidence of painful revisal, and of patient labor. Well did Jonson know that his poetry was destined for the eye of posterity. He was well aware that he gave birth to no ephemera—no mere creatures of a day. His sense of his own innate worth breaks ever forth. We cannot open a comedy which bears not this token with it. Cavilers may call this overweening self-love, and have called it so. But if a due sense of one's personal merit be considered as illiberal and unlaudable, the greatest poets of antiquity—the very cotemporaries of Jonson himself—the bards of later date—even the impeccable and infallible Shakspeare, must be classed in the category of egotists.

It is not however of the drama of Jonson that we are now to speak. We wish to exhibit him in another, and, perhaps, in an unaccustomed and somewhat surprising point of view, to those who are strangers to his productions. We have spoken above of the absence of vivacity from his dramatic verse, but we claim for him a due proportion of the poetic fire in his fugitive pieces, and, above all, in his Masques. To those unacquainted with the splendor of the English court in the days of James the First, and of his successor Charles, it may seem somewhat apocryphal when the statement is made, that in refined taste, elegance of entertainment and regal splendor, the English court of those days infinitely surpassed every thing previous, as well as all that has succeeded. Among the royal amusements of that age the masque was conspicuous. Poets of the first talent composed the verse. Musicians, dancers, painters and mechanists of the most cultivated genius united in adding brilliance to the scene. It was presented by the noblest of the kingdom. Every attraction was brought into play by which its charms could be enhanced. The flower of the nobility did not disdain to appear in the several characters; nor, indeed, was there discredit in speaking the composition of Jonson, or giving life to the notes of Ferrabosco and the dances of Hieronie Herne. Inigo Jones did not refuse to furnish the historical decorations, although at that time he enjoyed the appellation of the Vitruvius of Europe. In fact, all that was great and noble, all that was graceful and elegant, all that was talented and eminent, were united in one grand galaxy to give the due effect to an amusement which may truly be denominated "regal." In the words of Thompson

> Up springs the dance, along the lighted dome,
> Mixed and involved a thousand sprightly ways,
> The glittering court effuses every pomp.
> The circle deepens; beamed from gaudy robes
> Tapers and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
> A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves.

In the selection of any particular masque, where all are so enchanting, I am somewhat restrained by the

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fear of appearing invidious. Throughout the entire succession of these splendid entertainments there is so much and so various learning, so many poetical gems, and so great a profusion of invention displayed, that no analysis of a single piece can give the most remote idea of the beauties of the *rest*. To give an idea, and no more, is, in fact, the whole extent of information that a paper so cursory as the present can be expected to do. Perhaps the masque selected, the "Masque of Queens," will effect this purpose as well, if not better, than any other in the volumes before me, displaying, as it does, the great learning, the copious invention and splendid versification lavished upon these productions. "When spleen and malice," says the editor, "have done their worst, the magical part of the Masque of Queens will still remain a proof of high poetic powers, of a vigorous and fertile imagination, and of deep and extensive learning, managed with surprising ease, and applied to the purposes of the scene with equal grace and dexterity."

The moving moral of the masque represents the triumph of Fame over Calumny and Suspicion. The masque is usually divided into two parts, one of which is the main masque, and the other the anti-masque, a burlesque digression or departure from the proper progress of the scene. The anti-masque must have been a very grateful and amusing introduction to the audiences of those days, as well as an ingenious respite to the actors in the main scene. It was usually presented by the king's servants or players, or by the inferior officers of the household; and in one of the masques before us, "The Fortunate Isles," Sir Geoffrey Hudson, the celebrated dwarf of Queen Henrietta, was introduced as Tom Thumb, being drawn from the pocket of the gigantic porter, Evans, who personated the character of Doctor Rat. Buffoonery was the characteristic of the anti-masque, although in the piece before us it is made essentially subservient to the conduct of the entertainment.

The Masque of Queens accordingly opens with an entry of witches, (ridiculously supposed by Malone to be a "sneer" upon the Witches in Macbeth) from the jaws of Orcus. The pains bestowed upon the propriety of the *mise en scène* may be readily imagined, when we are informed, upon the authority of the poet himself, that their very attire was only adopted after a laborious investigation of "ancient and late writers," and was devised and modeled by the celebrated Inigo Jones.

Hag. Sisters, stay, we want our dame;
Call upon her by her name,
And the charm we used to say;
That she quickly answer it, and come away.
1 *Charm.* Dame, dame! the watch is set:
Quickly come, we all are met—
From the lakes and from the fens,
From the rocks and from the dens,
From the woods and from the caves,
From the churchyards, from the graves,
From the dungeon, from the tree
That they die on, here are we!
Comes she not yet?
Strike another heat.
2 *Charm.* The weather is fair, the wind is good,
Up, dame, on your horse of wood:
Or else mack up your gray frock,
And saddle your goat, or your green cock,
And make his bridle a bottom of thread,
To roll up how many miles you have rid.
Quickly come away,
For we all stay.
Nor yet! nay, then,
We'll try her again.
3 *Charm.* The owl is abroad, the bat and the toad,
And so is the cat-a-mountain.
The ant and the mole sit both in a hole,
And the frog peeps out o' the fountain.
The dogs they do bay, and the timbrels play,
The spindle is now a turning:
The moon it is red, and the stars are fled,
But all the sky is a burning:
The church is strode, and our nails the spade,
With pictures full of wax and of wood:
Their livers I stuck with needles quick:
There lacks but the blood, to make up the flood.
Quickly, dame, then bring your part in,
Spur, spur, upon little Martin.
Merrily, merrily, make him sail,
A worm in his mouth, and a thorn in his tail,
Fire above and fire below,
With a wisp in your hand, to make him go.

Upon the publication of this piece, a wish was expressed by Prince Henry, the eldest son of James I., that Jonson should annex to his text a list of the various authorities upon which his verse was founded. This wish was obeyed by the poet, and in the voluminous notes which accompany the piece, it is astonishing to perceive the vast extent of Jonson's reading, occupying, with an amazing avidity, works not only the most profound, but the veriest trivialities which ever dropped from the press. The work of James upon Demonology, (which, however, that monarch lived long enough to repudiate and to repent,) Delrio, Apuleius, Bartholus de Spina, Paracelsus, Baptista Porta, Agrippa upon Occult Philosophy, Remigius, Bodin, Porphyrio, and a host of writers upon necromancy and magic, of whose ponderous tomes no vestiges remain, are quoted chapter and section, with the same accuracy and hand in hand with Pliny, Athenæus, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Lucan, Theocritus, Seneca, and a perfect storm of classical authorities. So great was the capacity of this immortal man for study! To compare him with the writers of the present day were to compare a moth with a Hercules!

To the incantations of the hags the dame answers, and makes her appearance. Some powerful verses here occur.

Dame. Join now our hearts, we faithful opposites,
To Fame and Glory. Let not these bright nights
Of honor blaze, thus to offend our eyes:
Show ourselves truly envious, and let rise
Our wonted rages. Do what may beseem
Such natures and natures: Virtue else will deem
Our powers decreased, and think us banished earth
No less than heaven. All her antique birth,
As Justice, Faith, she will restore; and, bold
Upon our sloth, retrieve her Age of Gold.
We must not let our native manners thus
Corrupt with ease. Ill lives not but in us.
I hate to see these fruits of a soft peace,
And curse the piety gives it such increase.
Let us do much it them, and blast the light;
Mix hell with heaven, and make Nature fight
Within herself: loose the whole hinge of things;
And cause the ends run back into their springs.

To this succeeds an interrogation, upon the part of the dame, as to the occupations in which this venerable sisterhood have been engaged. This portion of the masque has been copied, with approbation upon the part of the learned editor, into Percy's Reliques of Ancient British Poetry. To be sure, its admittance is qualified with the remark that the learned and reverend bishop could find nothing else in Jonson

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worthy the honor of being associated with the other productions embalmed in that excellent collection; but the bishop could not have read the "Masque of Blackness," "Oberon," "The Vision of Delight," or the "Masque of Beauty," else he would have chanced upon gems of poetry, far more worthy of the honor which has strangely been assigned to the quatrains of the witches. The invocation proceeds:

Dame—You fiends and furies, (if yet any be
Worse than ourselves) you that have quaked to see
These knots untied, and shrunk, when we have charm'd;
You that, to arm us, have yourselves disarm'd,
And, to our powers, resigned your whips and brands
When we went forth, the scourge of men and lands;
You that have seen me ride, when Hecate
Durst not take chariot; when the boisterous sea,
Without a breath of wind, hath knock'd the sky;
And that hath thundered, Jove not knowing why;
When we have set the elements at wars,
Made midnight see the sun, and day the stars;
When the wing'd lightning in the course hath staid,
And swiftest rivers have run back, afraid,
To see the corn remove, the groves to range,
Whole pieces alter, and the seasons change;
When the pale moon, at the first voice, down fell
Poison'd, and durst not stay the second spell;
You, that have oft been copesmates in those sights;
And thou, three-formed star, that on these nights
Art only powerful, to whose triple name
Thus we incline, once, twice, and thrice the same;
If now, with rites profane and foul enough,
We do invoke thee; darken all this roof
With pitchy fogs; exhale earth's rottenest vapors,
And strike a blindness through these blazing tapers.
Come, let a murmuring charm resound,
The whilst we bury all i' the ground.

Compare this with Macbeth:

Mac.—I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it) answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yeasty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though blasted corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.

"Jonson's Masque," cries Mr. Malone, and the whole series of Shakspearian commentators join in the stupid shout, was written "on account of the success of Shakspeare's witches, which alarmed the jealousy of a man who fancied himself his rival, or rather his superior." Now to the proof. All that we know of the chronology of Macbeth is simply that the play *existed* in 1610. The quarto edition of the Masque of Queens appeared in 1609. In a comparison of the verse, Jonson certainly excels Shakspeare in descriptive merit, and even Shakspeare is here but an imitation of Middleton. This is one of many similar errors that disgrace the pages of Mr. Malone, and is by no means the most innocent among that batch of folly and misrepresentation.

It would lead to limits far beyond those which are purposed to be embraced in this paper, were I to extract from the subsequent invocations every passage of beauty and polished taste which is to be found there. The rythm is perfect; admirably adapted to the scene and to the sentiment. The effect of the entertainment, aided by all the powers of appropriate music, pictorial representation, and correct costume, may be readily imagined by those who are acquainted with the illusions of the modern stage. The entry of the main masque is described by Jonson as follows: The witches, failing in the success of their incantations, "with a sudden and strange music, fell into a magical dance, full of preposterous change and gesticulation.

"In the heat of their dance, on the sudden was heard a sound of loud music, as if many instruments had made one blast; with which not only the hags themselves, but the hell into which they ran quite vanished, and the whole face of the scene altered, scarce suffering the memory of such a thing; but in the place of it appeared a glorious and magnificent building, figuring the House of Fame, in the top of which were discovered the twelve masquers, sitting upon a throne triumphal, erected in form of a pyramid, and circled with all store of light. From whom a person by this time descended, in the furniture of Perseus, and, expressing heroic and masculine virtue, began to speak."

The speech of Perseus is written in the best style of our poet. Sonorous and masculine in versification, it is well adapted to the sentiments expressed, and a good specimen of the diction of Jonson, which often rises to a tragic sublimity worthy the imitation of the ancient tragedians. The masquers represent the female worthies and queens, who have distinguished themselves by their actions, and have received the meed of their virtue at the hands of the olden bards. To give an idea of the splendor of this spectacle, "I know no worthier way," to use the phrase of Jonson, than to insert the names of the presenters, many of which are enrolled upon the page of history; and that of one (the Countess of Essex) with too scandalous a notoriety. The presenters were the Queen, the Countesses of Arundel, Derby, Huntingdon, Bedford, Essex, and Montgomery, Ladies Elizabeth Guilford, Anne Winter, Lady Windsor, and Lady Anne Clifford, the flowers of English beauty.

The description of the scene, which was the design of Inigo Jones, may interest the curious in such matters. The lower columns of the temple were the statues of the most excellent poets. The upper, the heroes of old, which statues were as of massy gold. Between the pillars, in brass, heightened with silver, were designs of land and sea fights, triumphs, &c. Above were seated the masquers, over whose heads the figures of Honor and Virtue composed an arch. The friezes were filled with divers colored lights, as emeralds, rubies, sapphires, &c., "the reflex of which, with the lights, placed in the concave, upon the masquers' habits, was full of glory."

The masque concludes with a triumphal entry, in chariots drawn by eagles, griffins, and lions, preceded by Fame, the hags being drawn in as captives. The effect of this display, attended by numerous torch bearers, must indeed have been dazzling. To this succeeded the dances, and the music, composed by Ferrabosco. As a specimen of Jonson's taste, we subjoin the last song.

Who, Virtue, can thy power forget,
That sees thee live and triumph yet?
Th' Assyrian pomp, the Persian pride,
Greek's glory and the Romans dy'd;
And who yet imitate
Their noises tarry the same fate.
Force greatness all the glorious ways
You can, it soon decays;

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But so good Fame shall never;
Her triumphs, as their causes, are forever.

In the foregoing slight sketch which we have traced of this masque, the reader must be astonished at the magnificence lavished by the British court upon these entertainments. And yet we are annoyed by the everlasting cry "the pedantic—the tasteless James." Even Sir Walter Scott, who should have known better, has depicted this monarch as a childish, stupid pedant. The reverse is the case. James was an accomplished scholar, and an excellent man. His queen, Anne, drew about her all that was talented and attractive. The British court circle never shone more brightly than during that reign. The preceding remarks must have convinced our readers of the fact, that the king had other amusement than that of acting Solomon when "half fuddled." The masques of Jonson are ineffaceable monuments of his appreciation of the grand and of the beautiful. The pleasures of Carlton House, during the reign of George the Regent and George the King, show wretchedly when compared with the more refined pastimes of James the First. But with the martyrdom of the royal sufferer, Charles, those refinements disappeared. Even the muse of Milton failed to resuscitate them, and Comus, the most admirable composition of this sort which has been produced since the days of Jonson, only received its due appreciation at the hands of posterity. To the silent gloom of Whitehall during its occupation by the regicide, succeeded the brutal and blasphemous orgies of Buckingham, Rochester, Sedley and Killigrew. The masque of Jonson inculcated wholesome truths, and rarely failed to impart some salutary lesson. These would have fallen dead upon the ears of that profligate crew.

But the masque, with all its glories, its brilliant lights, its glittering decorations, its enlivening dance, is, to all ages successive to that which bore and fostered it, as a dead letter. *We* have refined upon it, for *we* have fancy balls and divers rare shows of a similar species. *Ours* is peculiarly the age of intelligence and of refinement. The noble and graceful who figured in those magical scenes have long since departed—some upon the bloody fields of Edgehill and Marston Moor—some broken hearted and ruined in worldly estate, ejected from their ancestral towers, and from the fair domains of their lineage. All that is left to point out the glories of those days is to be found in the verse of a poet, whose worth will be appreciated by the judicious, until time shall bring together the admired and the admirer. Emphatically "the age of chivalry is past."

"HOW OLD ART THOU?"*

BY S. D. PATTERSON.

I.

How old art thou? Is life's fair morning glowing
In glorious beauty o'er thee? Does thy heart,
With hope and fancy's dreamy bliss o'erflowing,
Deem earth a paradise, where sorrows smart,
Nor grief, nor fear may come? Is pleasure flinging
Fair flowers and precious fruits about thy way,
And, from its treasure-house of blessings, bringing
New joys to charm and make thy spirit gay?
O! in the sunlight of thy young heart's gladness,
Remember thou that chance and change may come,
E'en unto thee, and, with a cloud of sadness,
Wrap thy bright visions in funereal gloom—
And, though the saddening thought calls forth an anxious sigh,
Think that, though few thy years, thou 'rt old enough to die!

II.

How old art thou? Is youth's gay season over?
Hast learned that life and joy are things apart?
And dost thou wear a sunny smile, to cover
The anguish of a disappointed heart?
Or, are life's loveliest gifts spread out before thee—
No good withheld, no fond desire denied—
Hath fortune waved her golden sceptre o'er thee,
Bidding each longing wish be gratified?
Or, hath Ambition's magic influence bound thee,
Luring thee onward to some lofty height
Above thy peers, where the proud world around thee
May gaze, admire, and own thy spirit's might?
Alas! nor grief, nor bliss, nor aspirations high,
Can turn Fate's shaft aside. Thou 'rt old enough to die!

III.

How old art thou? Thou feeble man, and hoary,
Gay youth and manhood's prime hath passed away—
And, on thy brow, Time's record tells the story
Of ripening years, and nature's sure decay,
As lengthening shadows mark the day declining,
Life's dial-plate denotes thy setting sun—
And soon, all earthly cares and thoughts resigning,
Thou 'lt rest in calm repose, thy labor done.
The past, with all its mingled joys and sorrows,
Its wealth and honors can be naught to thee—
When, from the future, thy worn spirit borrows
Visions, which prompt fond longings to be free;
And taste of bliss, unknown to mortal sense or eye,
Eternal in the heavens. Rejoice! 'T is time for thee to die!

* Genesis xlvii. 8.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Poems by Samuel Rogers. With Numerous Illustrations. A New Edition, Revised, with Additions by the Author. Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard, 1843.

Such a quiet attribute as taste is not very efficient at a period like the present. And yet it is one of those qualities which go far toward perpetuating a poem as well as a statue or painting. We are now so accustomed to look for the rare and striking in literature, that the very principle which harmonizes and stamps with enduring beauty the effusions of mind, is scarcely appreciated. It is chiefly to the past that we must look for poetic taste. Recent bards have but seldom done justice to the form and manner of their writings. There is something, however, in a refined style and tasteful execution not unworthy the highest genius. It is due at least to that magic vehicle of ideas which we call language, that it should be wrought and polished into a shape fitted to enshrine the glowing image and the lofty thought. Many a work, the sentiment of which is without significance in this busy age, continues to delight from its artistical excellence, and much of the literature of the day, that bears the impress of genius, is destined to speedy oblivion, from its unfinished and ill-constructed diction. There is no little scope for sweet fancy and delicate feeling in the use of language. Not in his ideas and figures alone is the poet manifest. Indeed, it is as rare to find a good artist in the sphere of words and sentences as is that of marble and colors. Some ingenious philosophers have pointed out analogies between styles of writing and character, which suggest a much more delicate relation between the mind and its verbal expression than we generally suppose. Taste is no minor element of poetry; and the want of it has often checked the musical flow of gifted spirits, and rendered their development wholly unattractive. The epithet *healthy* has been applied with great meaning to a book. Of the same efficacy is taste in poetic efforts. It renders them palatable and engaging, it wins our regard immediately and gives double zest to the more imposing charms of the work. It is like a fine accompaniment in music; the sentiment of the song is heightened, and we cannot thenceforth even read it without a peculiar association of pleasure. Rogers is distinguished by no quality more obviously than that of taste. His general characteristics are not very impressive or startling. There are few high reflective beauties, such as win reverence for the bard of Rydal Mount, and scarcely an inkling of the impassioned force of Childe Harold. We are not warmed in his pages, by the lyric fire of Campbell, or softened by the tender rhapsodies of Burns; and yet the poetry of Rogers is very pleasing. It gains upon the heart by gentle encroachments. It commends itself by perfect freedom from rugged, strained and unskillful versification. It is, for the most part, so flowing and graceful that it charms us unaware. Without brilliant flashes or luxuriant imagery, it is still clear, free and harmonious. It succeeds by virtue of simplicity, by unpretending beauty, in a word, by the genuine taste which guides the poet both in his eye for the beautiful and the expression of his feelings. Great ideas are not often encountered in his poems, but purity of utterance and a true refinement of sentiment everywhere abound.

There is perhaps no Englishman who, by such universal consent, is more worthy the appellation of a man of taste. This tone of mind is the more remarkable, inasmuch as it has no connection with professional life. The ostensible pursuit of Mr. Rogers has no reference to his intellectual bias, except in having furnished him the means of mental gratification. Like his transatlantic prototype in the brotherhood of song, a good portion of his life is, or has been,

—"to life's coarse service sold,
Where thought lies barren, and naught breeds but gold."

His taste is the spontaneous and native quality of a refined mind. It has made him a discriminating collector of literary treasures and trophies of art, the liberal patron of struggling genius, the correspondent of the gifted and the renowned, and the centre of a circle where wit and wisdom lend wings to time. It is in contemplating such a life as this that the most philosophic and unworldly may be forgiven for breathing a sigh for that wealth, which a cultivated man can thus render the source of such noble enjoyment. And yet the very feeling that such an example awakens is an evidence of its rarity. How seldom in a mercantile community do we find fortune associated with taste, a competence with a mind able to enjoy and improve leisure, the means of dispensing worthy delight, with a benevolent and judicious character! An exception to the prevailing rule is presented by our poet; and even those who have not participated in his elegant hospitality and graceful companionship, may realize that pervading taste whence is derived their peculiar charm, by communing with the mind of the classic banker, in the sweet effusions of his muse.

The excellent taste of Rogers is exhibited in his simplicity. He does not seek for that false effect which is produced by labored epithets and unusual terms. He is content to use good Saxon phraseology, and let his meaning appear through the transparent medium of common but appropriate words. He recognizes the truth that distinct and clear enunciation of thought is the most beautiful, and that a writer's superiority is best evinced by the nice adaptation of language to sentiment. Obvious as such a principle is, there is none more commonly violated by the more showy minstrels of this generation, who seem to place great reliance on a kind of verbal mysticism, a vagueness of speech which, upon examination, proves but the dazzling attire of commonplace ideas. Instances of this simplicity are of frequent occurrence in the poems of Rogers. Their value is illustrated by the quiet emphasis of single lines, which, like a masterly stroke of the pencil, appear so felicitous that no revision can improve them. A few random examples will suffice—

When nature pleased, for life itself was new,
And the heart promised what the fancy drew.

—

How oft, when purple evening tinged the west,
We watched the emmet to her grainy nest,
Welcomed the wild bee home on weary wing,
Laden with sweets, the choicest of the spring!
How oft inscribed, with Friendship's votive rhyme
The bark now silvered by the touch of Time;
Soared in the swing, half pleased and half afraid,
Through sister elms that waved their summer shade;

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Or strewed with crumbs yon root-inwoven seat,
To lure the redbreast from her lone retreat!

When pensive Twilight, in her dusky car,
Comes slowly on to meet the evening star.

Far from the joyless glare, the maddening strife,
And all the dull impertinence of life.

Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
Quickening my truant feet across the lawn.

But not till Time has calmed the ruffled breast,
And those fond dreams of happiness confest,
Not till the evening winds forget to rave
In Heaven's sweet smile reflected on the wave.

With all due admiration for the loftier flights of the Muse, we cannot revert to the purer school of poetic diction which Rogers represents, without a feeling of refreshment. The simple, the correct, the clear and nervous style of versification has an intrinsic charm. The genuine taste in which it originates and to which it ministers, is an instinct of refined natures. It is the same principle that makes a Grecian temple more truly admirable in its chaste proportions and uniform tint, than all the brilliant hues and combinations of a Catholic church; and renders a classic statue more pleasing and impressive than the most ingenious mechanism. And it is from the same cause that the paintings of the Roman and Tuscan schools leave more vivid traces on the memory than the gorgeous triumphs of Venetian art. By virtue of their confidence in the feeling or thought to be presented, men of real taste are ever true to simplicity. They rely on the plain statement and the reader's imagination, and produce by a single comparison or remark an impression which more elaborate terms would greatly weaken. For instance, when Rogers describes the scenery of the Alps, speaking of one of those pools that have so dark an appearance amid the surrounding whiteness, he says—

—in that dreary dale,
If dale it might be called, so near to Heaven,
A little lake, *where never fish leaped up,*
Lay like a spot of ink amid the snow.

How completely is a sense of the dreariness and ebon hue of these mountain pools conveyed, and by what natural illustrations. The diminutive size of St. Helena is thus indicated—

—a rock so small,
Amid the countless multitude of waves,
That ships have gone and sought it, and returned,
Saying it was not.

The wild solitude of the convent of St. Bernard has been often described, as well as its awful place of sepulture. Do not these few lines give us a remarkably vivid idea of those who "perished miserably?"

Side by side,
Within they lie, a mournful company,
All in their shrouds, no earth to cover them,
In the bread day, nor soon to suffer change,
Though the latticed windows, *barred against the wolf,*
Are always open!

Speaking of the festive preparations on St. Mary's Eve, how expressive is this single circumstance—

—all arrived;
And in his stream the prisoner turned and listened,
So great the stir in Venice.

Whoever has visited that extraordinary city will feel that it is pictured by Rogers, not in the most glowing, yet in a style of graphic truth, which accords perfectly with the real scene—

There is a glorious City of the Sea.
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing: and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.
No track of men, no footsteps to and fro,
Lead to her gates. The path lies o'er the sea,
Invisible; and from the land we went
As to a floating city—steering in,
And gliding up her streets as in a dream,
So smoothly, silently—by many a dome
Mosque-like, and many a stately portico,
The statues ranged along an azure sky;
By many a pile of more than Eastern splendor,
Of old the residence of merchant kings;
The fronts of some, though Time had shattered them,
Still glowing with the richest hues of art,
As though the wealth within them had run o'er.

In an argument we have need of strong epithets, and to rouse men on an abstract theme, fervid appeals are unavoidable, but in view of the marvels of art or the sublimities of nature, what call is there for exaggeration? To the true soul is not the fact sufficient? Can expletives and strained metaphors add to the native interest of such objects? Are they not themselves poetry? Is not the poet's office in relation to them, to give us as true a picture as may be, that we too may thrill with wonder or revel in beauty? Even in portraying deep emotion our great dramatist was satisfied to place in Macduff's mouth—"He has no children!" And it is equally true to human nature, for Rogers to speak of Ginevra's bereaved father as

An old man wandering in quest of something,
Something he could not find—he knew not what.

Another evidence of the good judgment of Rogers may be found in the fact that he has published so little. It is the fashion to chide the authors of a few successful poems for their silences. Some deem it a very pretty compliment to say of a poet that his only fault is that he has not written more. But such praise is equivocal, to say the least. It betrays a singular ignorance of the very nature of poetry, which may be defined as an art above the will. Doubtless if fine poems were as easily produced as fine rail-roads, it would be incumbent on the makers thereof to be very industrious in their vocation. But as the activity of the fancy and the flow of thought are but occasionally felicitous, some degree of reverence should be accorded the poet who having once struck the lyre to a masterly strain, thenceforth meekly refrains from any rash meddling with its chords, without that authority which his own heart can alone vouchsafe. Occasional witticisms have been indulged in reference to the coyness and care with which the bard of Memory woos the Muses. To a delicate and considerate mind such a course approves itself far more than the opposite. How many desirable reputations have been sacrificed to the morbid vanity of unceasing authorship! The creative power of every intellect is limited, its peculiar vein is soon exhausted, and its most ethereal powers not to be too frequently invoked without vapid results. We have heard of an old lady who had a celebrated bishop to dine with her every Sunday, and invariably on these occasions, his worship inquired how her ladyship would have the punch made; to which polite query, the good woman always gave the same judicious reply—"Make a *little*, bishop, but make it *good*." Such a rule would often serve us well for poetry as for punch.

Rogers, in point of execution, belongs to the same category as Goldsmith. He has the requisite insight to copy from nature what is really adapted to poetical objects, to harmonize and enliven his pencillings with genial sentiment, and finally to present them in a form that charms the ear and imagination. The spirit of his poetry is not of the highest order. His talent is artistical rather than inventive. He is a clear delineator rather than a creative genius. A remarkable contrast is presented by his "Italy" and the

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fourth canto of Childe Harold. The former gives us a just and sweet picture of the graces and griefs of that beautiful land, as they were reflected in the mind of an amiable man of taste; the latter displays the same country, seen through the medium of an impassioned and self-occupied soul. Rogers looked upon the vale and river, the palace and the statue, the past and present associations of Italy, from the calm watch-tower of a serene consciousness; Byron surveyed those scenes as a restless seeker for peace, with a mind too excited and unsatisfied not to mingle with and color every fact and object with which it came in contact. There is a wild and melancholy beauty in Harold's musings that appeals to our deepest sympathy; repose and pleasurable calm in those of Rogers, that soothes and diverts us. Something of tragic impression and strong personal interest carries us along with Byron in his pilgrimage, while a quiet attachment and agreeable fellowship win us to follow the steps of Rogers.

The blank verse of "Italy" is of a somewhat uncommon description. In English poetry, this species of metre has generally been written in a sustained and dignified manner, and some passages of Shakspeare and Milton prove that there is no style so fitted for sublime effect. Rogers essayed to give a more easy and familiar construction to blank verse, and the attempt was remarkably successful. Occasionally the lines are prosaic, and scarcely elevated to the tone of legitimate verse; but often there is a natural and sweet cadence which is worthy of the most harmonious bard. The example, too, has obviously tended to chasten and render more simple the management of this kind of verse. In this respect, Rogers has illustrated blank verse as Hunt has the heroic measure. They have exemplified a less stilted and artificial use of poetic language. The poem of the former has, indeed, an epistolary character. It is precisely such a series of genial sketches as an artist might send his friends from a foreign country—light, graceful and true to nature, but pretending to no great or elaborate conceptions. In this, as in his other efforts, Rogers is often somewhat tame, and frequently lacks fire and point; but the mass of what he has published is conceived and executed in such an unassuming and tasteful spirit, that the reader has no disposition to magnify his defects. His minor poems have a very unpretending air, and remind us somewhat of the "copies of verses" that cavaliers were accustomed to indite for the gratification of friend or mistress. The prettiest and most characteristic of these occasional poems is, perhaps, that entitled "A Wish."

> Mine be a cot beside the hill,
> A bee-hive's hum to soothe my ear;
> A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
> With many a tall shadt linger near.
>
> —
>
> The swallow oft beneath my thatch
> Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
> Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
> And share my meal, a welcome guest.
>
> —
>
> Around my ivyed porch shall spring
> Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
> And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
> In russet gown and apron blue.
>
> —
>
> The village church among the trees,
> Where our first marriage vows were given,
> With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
> And point with taper spire to heaven.

To Rogers we must accord a true moral feeling. The cordial friend, the man of native literary sympathies and domestic tastes, are ever reflected in his pages. He has a kindly and liberal heart as well as an intellectual spirit. There are more imposing names on the scroll of poetic fame, but few who have a better claim to love and respect. He is not without a poet's ambition—

> Oh could my mind, unfolded in my page,
> Enlighten climes and mould a future age;
> Oh could it still, through each succeeding year,
> My life, my manners and my name endear!

The latter aspiration has already met its fulfillment. The clearness and elegance, the quiet ardor and urbane sentiment that appear in his verse, are too candid and winning not to excite interest. Our attachment to the higher and more affecting species of poetry does not militate with, but rather enhances our sympathy with the quiet graces of his muse. The delight with which we tread the sea-shore and listen to the dashing billows does not prevent us from reposing with pleasure beside the calm lake, to watch the clouds reflected in its bosom, or the flowers that hang their fragrant urns around its brink.

Death; or Medorus' Dream. By the Author of "Ahasuerus." Harper & Brothers, New York.

It has always been sufficiently well understood that "The Author of Ahasuerus" is Mr. Robert Tyler, the son of the President; and this understanding, while it has given currency to his poems, has stood very much in the way of a fair appreciation of the poet. By the enemies of the administration, the announcement of "Ahasuerus" was the signal, we are really ashamed to say, for every variety of prospective squib, and, by its friends, we are also very much ashamed to say, for every variety of prospective puff. When published, the poem, almost as a matter of course, was extravagantly lauded by the one party, and outrageously condemned by the other; and, so far as our own knowledge extends, there was really no attempt at purely literary criticism in the case. This, the author himself could not have failed to see; and it must have been to him a source of no ordinary regret that the circumstances of his political, rendered it impossible that he should obtain, in America at least, a distinct view of his poetical position. For ourselves, in the few words we have to say, we profess an absolute impartiality; but, as similar professions have been made, either directly or indirectly, by nearly all who have preceded us upon this topic, we can scarcely expect to be believed on the ground of the simple profession. Thus it shall be our endeavor to make our comments speak for themselves; our sole purpose being to present an intelligible view of the book—that is to say, of "Medorus' Dream;" for the time has gone by when a criticism upon "Ahasuerus" might come with propriety, under the heading of our "Review of New Books."

"Death, or Medorus' Dream," then, is an irregular poem, chiefly iambic, and consisting of some twelve hundred lines. It is divided into three parts—with no very ostensible reason for the division. The theme may be thus stated:—Medorus, a misanthrope, deeply imbued with a sense of the horrors of the grave, laments the sad destiny of Man, in being subjected to Death. While thus lamenting, Fancy descends to his aid, and consoles him by opening to his view the mysteries of Knowledge and of Love. She instructs him that the Death so dreaded is but a mode of progress from lesser to greater capacities of enjoyment and of power, until the soul finally returns to its august source in the Godhead itself. Medorus, in awaking from his dream, finds that the terror of Death is dispelled.

These allegorical subjects are faulty in themselves, and it is high time they were discarded. The best allegory is a silly conceit, so far as the allegory itself is concerned, and is only tolerable when so subjected to an upper current

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of obvious or natural meaning, that the moral may be dispensed with at pleasure—the poem being still good, *per se*, when the moral, or allegory, is neglected. When this latter is made to form an under-current—that is to say when an occasionally suggested meaning arises from the obvious one—then, and then only, will a true taste endure the allegorical. It can never properly be made the main thesis. In the present instance, however, it is not only so made, but handled in the crudest, most inartificial, and most commonplace manner. And this, too, for no purpose—with no object, since the end desired would have been equally, and far more naturally attained by the machinery of an ordinary dream. The only apology which can be suggested is, that the poem is intended rather less as a poem than as a philosophical essay in verse; but, then, there should be no such anomalies as philosophical essays in verse.

Apart from this leading error, the chief defects of "Medorus' Dream" are to be found in an unpleasant "farfetchedness" of versification, in confusion of metaphor, and in a too frequent introduction of epithet.

Of the general character of the versification, the lines annexed will convey an idea:

> The light of Knowledge and of happy Love.
> The one appears like some bright dawn that pours
> Its streaming tide
> Into the realms of Darkness and arrays
> Each cloud in gold,
> While in effulgence shine each fragrant world.
> The other, like those warm and rosy rays
> That sunset leaves,
> When all along you fleeting mists that wing
> Their silent way
> Through evening's twilight dome
> There seems a presence of Divinity,
> As though a group of angels hovered near,
> Or God's sweet smile
> Was lingering in the sky.

These are merely iambic lines, unrhymed, and varying in length from four to six and ten syllables—that is to say, from two to three and five feet. The effect in general has nothing beyond its oddity to recommend it. Occasionally, however, it assumes much force; as, for example, here:

> 'T was not the wavy outline of the form
> As, flexile on the breeze of the air,
> It lay instinct with grace;
> 'T was not the eye lit up with beams of love
> Bright as unclouded day;
> 'T was not the wing that veil'd his peaceful breast,
> White as unsullied snow;
> But 't was a truth and innocence of thought,
> An angel-gift of stainless purity,
> That had our worship won.

Nevertheless, we should have been better pleased with something in the way of *rhyme*; and, in fact, there is *no* metre which may not derive vigor from its employment. The Heroic, or Iambic Pentameter, can best dispense with it; but we know no instance, even of the stately rhythm, which would not be improved, even in its distinctive feature of stateliness, by the admission of *well-managed* rhyme.

In respect to the point of "confusion of metaphor," Mr. Tyler is far more objectionable than in his metre. For example:

> If but the fire of sacred truth could touch
> His stagnant heart,
> And melt the chains that curb its swelling tide,
> Then would he know, &c.

Here we have fire touching a stagnant heart, and, in this way, melting certain chains that curb its swelling tide—that is, the *swelling tide* of a *stagnant* heart. Observe!—first we have the idea of fire applied to water, (conveyed by the term "stagnant") this is one incongruity; then we have chains curbing a tide, a second incongruity; then we have the third incongruity of the "stagnant" heart's possessing a "swelling tide." Mixed metaphors like these abound in the poem.

As for the third count of our indictment—the excessive use of epithet—the opening passages of "Medorus' Dream" will afford us a good exemplification:

> How *sad* the *scene* and *melancholy* hour,
> When *scarcely* might escape of the *darkening* sky,
> While the *dull* whisper of the *gathering* gale
> Strikes like an omen on the *shuddering* ear,
> So Death, with his *chief* breath and *icy* hand,
> Pressed on the *sinking* heart, from out *dark* verse
> Shuts out the *fading* world, until the Tomb
> With its *dread* shadows steals in on the soul,
> Where Hope has buried in *sepulchral* gloom,
> And Joy shall be no more.

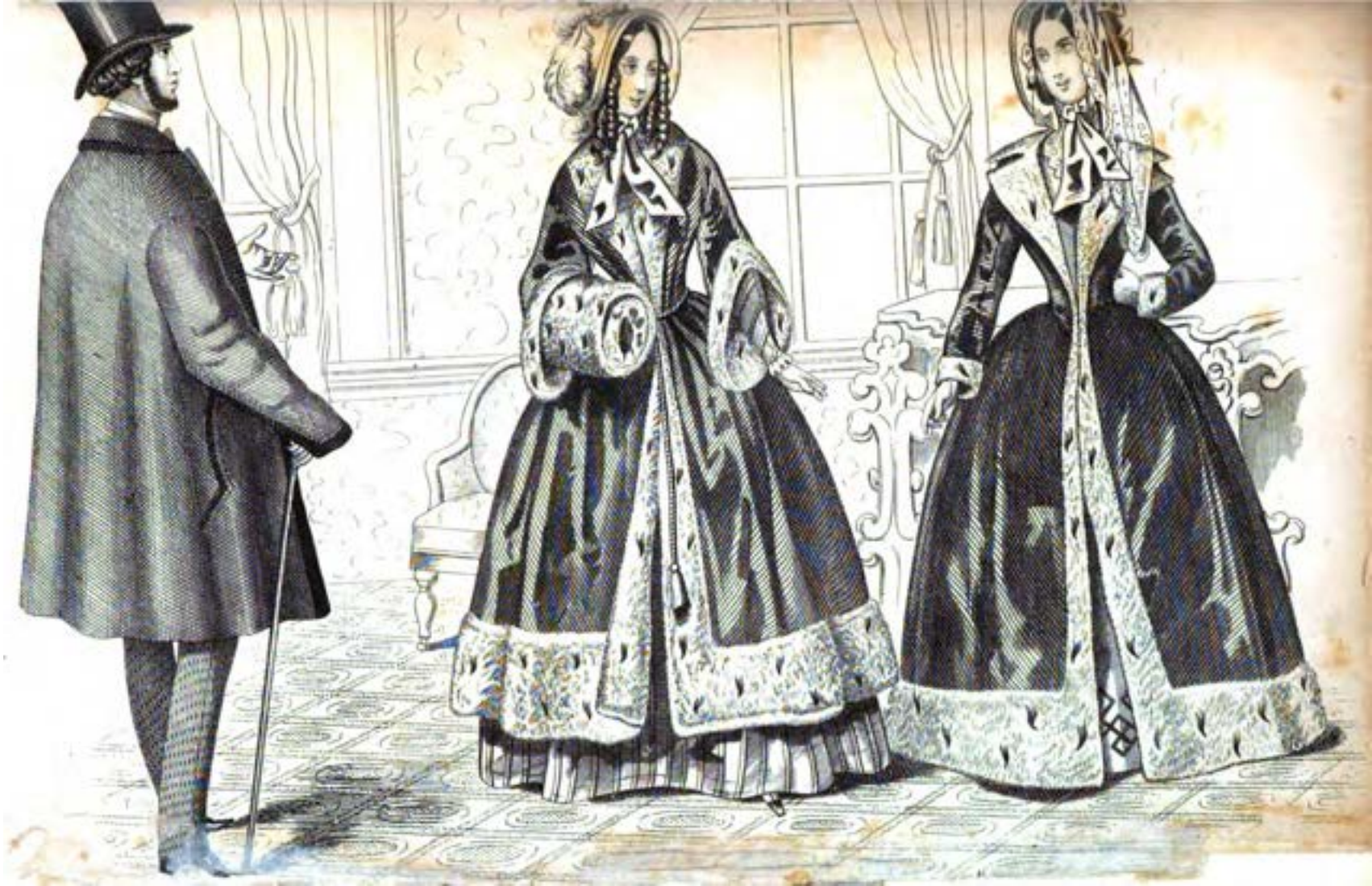
The ill effect of these frequent adjectives is heightened, here, by the similarity of those used at the terminations of the second, third, and fourth lines, where we have a "*darkening* sky," a "*gathering* gale," and a "*shuddering* soul."

These, we say, are the chief defects of the poem: but they are defects of a minor kind. The merits are first, a certain nobility and dignity of tone pervading every part, and betokening lofty aspiration and chivalry of heart in the poet; secondly, a rich and imaginative sense of the beautiful, with a capacity for its expression. Of course, it is only by a perusal of the whole poem that the reader can be made to feel the first of these merits; but, without advancing at this point, we may be permitted to say that the general philosophy of "Death," as well as of "Aïdenn," is, if not in *all* cases logical, still, at all times, noble, elevated, thoughtful, and worthy of the highest respect.

We conclude this notice with an extract which will do far to exemplify our allusion to the poet's "sense of the beautiful," and his "capacity for its expression:"

> Behold a fresh and oval-fashioned Dale,
> Deep-bosomed in the midst of rising hills,
> Through all the wide-extended landscape swelling,
> While on their verdant sides a woodland screen
> Reaches the mist horizon.
> No mortal footstep yet hath ever passed
> Its myrtle-guarded walls.
> No mortal hand hath ever yet profaned
> Its many-tinted flowers.
> Such as the wild enthusiast's *soul* hath viewed
> In Morning's primal sleep.
> Such as a poet's eager eye hath seen
> In youth's inspiring hour.
> While gazing on the smooth and pebbly beach
> Of some sun-glowing sea.
> Or gazing on the white-winged clouds of Noon
> From some sun-shaded glen:
> Such to Medorus' happy vision seemed
> This star-lit Vale.
>
> The turf lay thick and green,
> Close matted in its mossy woof,
> Upon the genial soil,
> Save where sweet beds of flowers
> Gaze upward on the stars,
> Whose odors rich, from where they lie,
> With gentle arms
> Enwreathed about each other's forms,
> Intoxicate the sense with a delight
> As blissful as their fragrance.
> The red Rose, blushing in its virgin pride,
> Hangs lightly on its green and briery stalk,
> And kisses from its pale-cheeked sister's brow,
> With trembling lip, the pearly tear away;
> Here Violets, that spring by stealth at night,
> Of purer scents and sweeter shapes than those
> Plucked by the village maiden in the vale.
> Ere yet the sun hath touched their dewy leaves,
> Mingle their balmiest odors and their hues
> With the soul-nectared sighs
> Of wind-flowers, pansies, hyacinths, oxlips,
> And sun-striped tulips tall.
> Until the freighted airs themselves grow faint,
> And on their weary way sink down to sleep
> Among the sleepless flowers!

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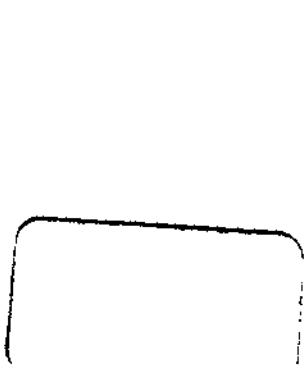
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